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DANISH ROYAL FAMILY IN MUSIC ROOM AT BERNSTORFF.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

DENMARK AND THE DANES.

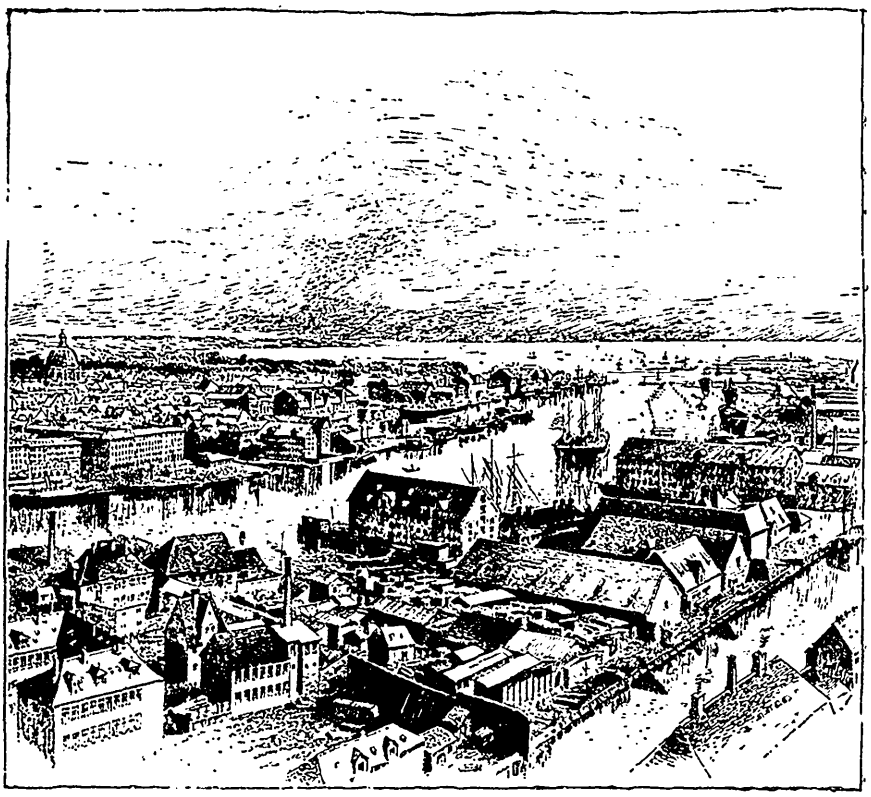
BY THE EDITOR.

CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.

"Saxon and Norman and Dane are we." So sang Tennyson in welcoming to England our future Queen Consort, the Princess of Wales. Many a thorpe and town from the Tyne to the Thames commemorates the invasion and settlement by the sea kings of the north. This virile race extended its conquests to the Orkneys, Iceland, Greenland, Markland, and Vinland. Their pirate galleys penetrated every river in Europe from the Elbe to the Guadalquiver. They sacked alike Utrecht, Antwerp, Cologne, Bonn, Treves, Metz, Bordeaux, Lisbon, and Seville. They overran Tuscany, Naples, and Sicily, and besieged both Constantinople and Paris. From Novgorod to Morocco their fierce and fiery energy was felt. They stabled their horses in the Cathedral Church of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, and defeated the Moorish conquerors of Spain at Cordova. "From the fury of the Northmen deliver us, O Lord," came to be a part of the Catholic litany. The intrepid spirit of our Norse and Danish ancestors throbs in the exploits of Howard and Drake, of Frobisher and Hudson, of Collingwood and Nelson, of Dewey and Schley.

The early home of these world conquerors is that narrow tongue of land thrust out between the Baltic and North Sea, with its adjacent islands. The surface of Denmark is almost an unbroken plain, in most cases but a few feet above the ocean, and in others below its level. Great fiords or arms of the sea penetrate far inland, so that no part of Denmark is more than forty miles from tidewater. Over much of its surface tempests and sand-storms sweep with destructive fury. Great forests, largely of beech, once covered its soil.

Surrounded and penetrated by the sea, commanding the entrance to the Baltic, and abounding in good harbours, its hardy sons led



COPENHAGEN.

an amphibious life—as much at home upon the rolling main as on the ploughed fields. The austerity of their motherland sent them forth on all the seas to seek new homes on all the shores.

The Danes are true sons of Balder the Beautiful, the Northern Apollo—with stalwart frames, yellow hair, and blue eyes. The first monarch of Denmark, it is claimed, was the son of Odin, the war god, himself. It was under Canute, our Anglo-Danish king, that Denmark became Christian. In the fourteenth century, Margaret, the northern Semiramis, united the kingdoms of Denmark, Norway and Sweden by the Compact of Calmar, 1397. On the Reformation they became Lutheran in religion.

Their warlike occupation gone, like Othello's, the Danes have settled down as peaceful tillers of the soil, keepers of cattle, and sailors on all the seas. They are among the best educated people in Europe. Every child between the ages of seven and fourteen is obliged by law to attend some school. It is rare to meet a Danish peasant, however poor, who cannot read or write. Every village has at least one school, and there are colleges in all the large towns, and at Copenhagen a university, founded before the discovery of America. It has forty professors, upwards of twelve hundred students, and a library of 200,000 volumes. The royal library ranks among the largest in Europe, having more than half a

million volumes and 20,000 MSS. Periodical literature abounds. The genius of Hans Christian Andersen, whose tales have been translated into all European tongues, the songs of Oehlenschlager, the greatest Danish poet in this century, and the books of many other writers, lend lustre to the literature of this ancient kingdom. Even in the subarctic Danish possession of Iceland education is universal. Its sagas and eddas are among the most ancient books of Northern Europe. Saxo Grammaticus, one of the foremost scholars of his time, Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer, and Thomas Bartholine, the first anatomist in his day, were typical Danes. Christian Rask was one of the greatest philologists of Europe, and Hans Oersted has a world-wide reputation as the discoverer of electro-magnetism. His works have been translated into all European languages. Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, has rivalled a Canova, Michael Angelo, or Praxiteles, and with a profounder religious spirit than they.

By its last census, 1890, Denmark reported a population of 2,185,335. Ninety-eight and a half per cent. belong to the National or Lutheran Church. There are 4,000 Jews, a few more Baptists, a few less Roman Catholics, 2,600 Irvingites, and 2,300 Methodists. The largest toleration is given to all forms of religion.

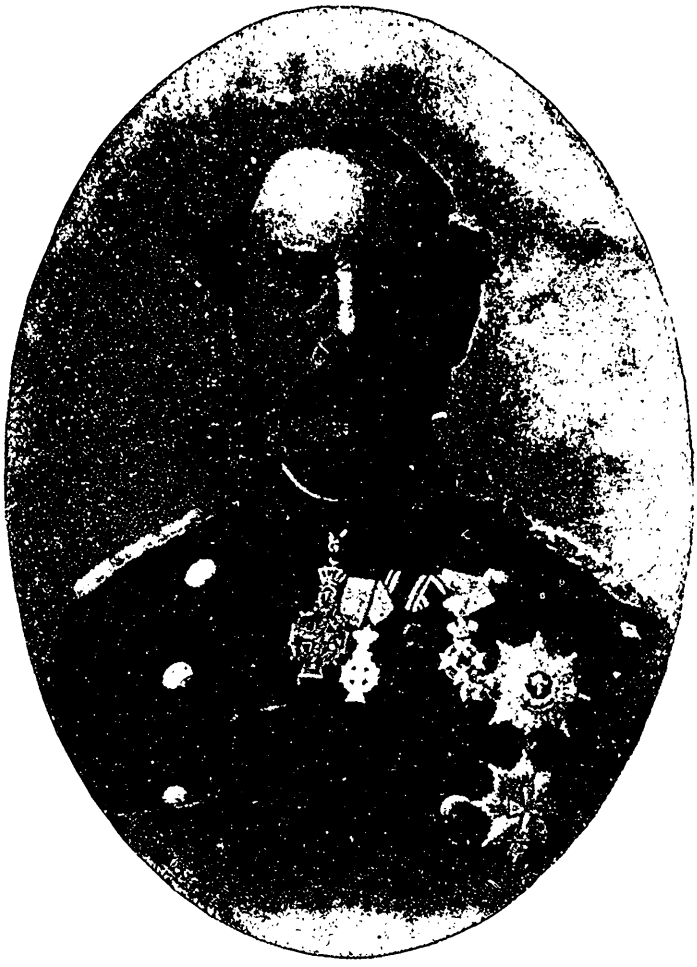
Denmark's principal industry is agriculture, nearly half the population being employed therein. The land is divided into small farms, which are cultivated chiefly by implements requiring little outlay. Massey mowers and reapers will find small demand in the Jutland peninsula. The principal crops are wheat, coarse grains, lentils, and roots. A great portion of the land is devoted to pasturage, and rearing of horses and cattle forms a considerable source of national wealth. Cattle are chiefly valued in connection with the dairy, from which is drawn the principal revenue of the farm. When we were touring in Palestine Danish butter and Swiss condensed milk contributed to our daily repast. About two million sheep are kept, largely for their milk, from which a sort of butter is made for domestic use.

The manufactures of Denmark are making progress. They comprise silk, woollen, and cotton goods, leather, lace, sail cloth, paper, soap, glass, earthenware, and spirits. The peasantry make most of their own wearing apparel and domestic utensils with their own hands. The principal exports are grain, butter, cheese, smoked and salted meat, cattle, horses, hides, fish, eiderdown, and woollens. The chief imports are salt, drugs, cotton fabrics, timber, coal, and foreign food products.

For a small country Denmark has a large marine of 3,648 vessels. In 1892 the entrances to her ports of all descriptions were 59,637, and clearances 60,770. The value of her exports to Great Britain alone that year was over $40,000,000. Of this more than half was the famous Danish butter. The value of Danish imports from Great Britain in that year was over fifteen million, those of coal and iron being nearly one-third of that amount.

The area of Denmark, including the islands in the Baltic and the Faroes, is only 15,289 miles, about three-fourths the size of Nova Scotia. The largest city in Denmark is the capital, Copenhagen, on the island of Zealand. It dates from the eleventh century, but seven centuries ago had become a busy trading town. It abounds in picturesque old streets and structures, and has many noble parks and squares. It was

several times partly destroyed by fire. In 1711 22,000 persons died from the plague. In the bombardment by the British in 1807 over two thousand buildings were destroyed or rendered uninhabitable, and two thousand persons



THE KING OF DENMARK.
(Photo: Hansen & Weller, Copenhagen.)

killed. It has a population, not including its suburbs, of 313,000. It is a stately city, abounding in squares, churches, hospitals and public institutions.

The castle or palace of Rosenborg, begun in 1604, is an immense and picturesque building. It has long ceased to be a royal residence, and is devoted to the chronological collections of the Danish kings, one or more rooms being devoted to the reign of each. The old palace of Christiansborg, destroyed by fire in 1794, was one of the handsomest in Europe. The Parliament Building, situated on an island in the harbour, is the most conspicuous structure in the city. It is adorned by colossal bronze statues by Thorwaldsen.

symbolizing Strength, Wisdom, Justice and Health. The mistake of the word "Sundhed," health, for "Sandhed," truth, in his commission, led to the substitution of a statue of the former for that of the latter.

THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK.
(Photo: Hansen & Weller, Copenhagen.)

Of special interest is the Thorwaldsen Museum, one of the noblest galleries in Europe. It contains the collection of his works, bequeathed to the nation, and serves also as his mausoleum. The Museum of Northern Antiquities was the first in which a systematic effort was made to illustrate the stone, bronze and iron ages of civilization. It is, in this respect, by far the best in Europe. The Ethnographic Museum also is one of the largest and best arranged museums in the world.

Elsinore is one of the strongest fortifications of Denmark. It is built on the narrowest part of the Sound, only three and a half miles wide. Here the Sound dues,

abolished in 1857, were formerly paid by all foreign vessels, except those of Sweden. Denmark accepted about twenty million dollars from the maritime powers as commutation for their abolition. Great Britain and Russia each paid about one-third, and the United States one-fiftieth of this amount. Near the town is shown the traditional tomb of Hamlet, of whose story, as told by Shakespeare, Elsinore is the scene.

Up till 1815 the Danish kingdom wielded also the sovereignty of Norway. On the reorganization of Europe, after the Napoleonic wars, it was obliged to cede that country to Sweden. In 1864 it lost one-third of its most fertile territory, the Schleswig-Holstein provinces, which were annexed to Prussia. The country was dreadfully exhausted by the war with Prussia, but has since been gradually recovering from its prostrate condition.

The Danish royal family, one of the most inconspicuous in Europe, has given sovereigns, actual or presumptive, to several of the greatest powers. Christian IX., the reigning monarch, was the fourth son of the late Duke Wilhelm of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg, and of Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel. Their eldest son, Prince Frederic, married in 1869 the daughter of King Karl XV. of Sweden and Norway, thus reviving the idea of a reunion of the three Scandinavian kingdoms. Princess Alexandra became in 1863 Princess of Wales, and prospective Queen Consort of England. Prince Wilhelm became King Georgios I. of Greece, and married the Grand Duchess of Russia. Princess Dagmar in 1866 married Alexander III., Emperor of Russia. The Princess Thyra married in 1878 Prince Ernest, Duke of Cumberland. Prince Waldemar, in 1885, married Marie D'Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres.

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, second son of the King of Sweden, says The Outlook, has been conducting a series of evangelistic services in the city of Copenhagen. The Prince startled his country and surprised the world a few years ago by marrying a maid-of-honour at the court. He first met her in a hospital ward where she was visiting the sick. His father, the king, made no objection to the marriage, but stipulated that, in accordance with the law, the Prince should renounce all right to succession to the throne and resign his title of Royal Highness. Since 1888 he and his wife have been recognized as among the noblest Christian workers in the country, and during the last two years he has devoted himself largely to evangelistic work. He has a marvellous acquaintance with the Scriptures, and reads them with extraordinary dramatic power. With perfect modesty and intense and unquestioned earnestness, the Prince and his wife seem to be reaching multitudes in their own country who before have been untouched by the Gospel message.

More recent intelligence comes that Prince Oscar and Princess Ebba contemplate leaving Fridhem, their beautiful home on Gothland Island in the Baltic, and sailing to Africa as missionaries, in response to the appeal from jungle and slave-pen in that unhappy land where men, women and little children are hunted as beasts, and, like beasts, sold for burden-bearing and to be slaughtered for food.

The following account of the domestic life of the royal family, by Mary Spencer Warren, who had the entree to their palace home, will be read with interest.

Copenhagen has been the capital

of Denmark since the year 1443, so that parts of the city present a very ancient appearance; and yet at the same time it can show modern buildings as handsome and costly as those of most European cities. Its royal palaces certainly belong to the past, and present a very modest and rather decayed-looking front. But the Danish royal family have been very unfortunate in their residences, having been burned out of their best abodes on three separate occasions!

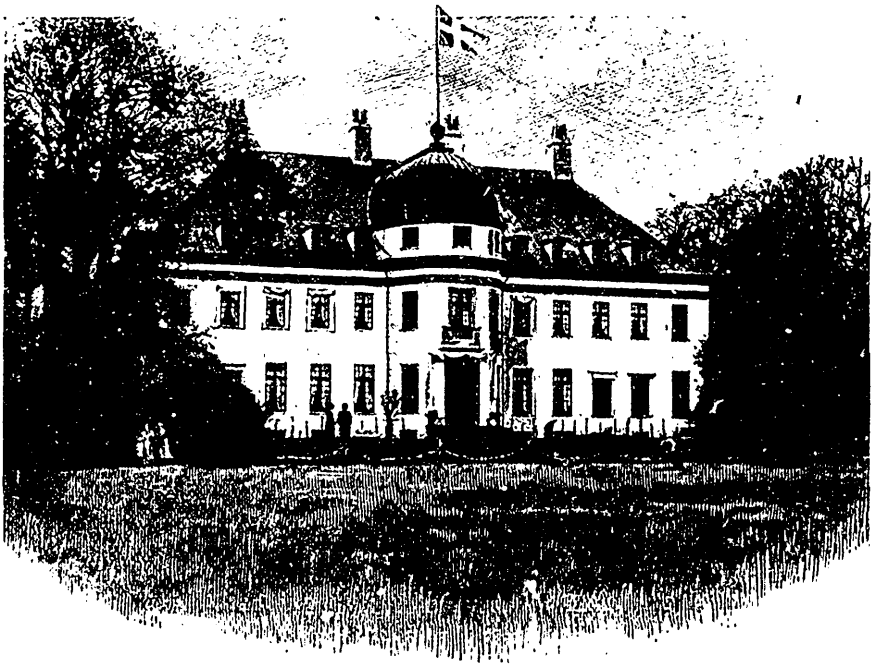
ENGLISH CHURCH, COPENHAGEN.

The Sunday service is, of course, strictly in conformity with the Lutheran Reformed Church. The King and Queen—generally accompanied by some of their numerous grandchildren — drive from the palace in pair-horse carriages, which look as nearly like those of the English royal family as it is possible for them to look, even the scarlet coats of the retainers being identical.

I watched their Majesties alight at the church doors on the first Sunday morning I spent in Copen-

hagen, and noticed how the King stood waiting for his consort, and how they walked into and across the church side by side; he, a tall, spare figure of soldierly bearing, clear-cut features, and keen expression, and she, a fair-haired and elderly lady, with a serene, smiling face and kindly expression, not looking anything like the seventy-five years she owns to. The seats were duly taken in the royal pew, and the service commenced.

By about twelve o'clock the congregation dispersed, and the King and his family drove back to the palace in time for luncheon. Having the privilege of entrance, I may say a little about the interior. The interior is on a much more sumptuous scale than one would expect to find after an outside observation. Beautiful suites of reception-rooms, a throne-room, a picture gallery, and other rooms remarkable for grace and elegance, are all well worth noting. On every hand you may see numbers of tributes presented to their Majesties on their Golden Wedding. These came from the crowned heads of Europe, from the children and grandchildren of the King and Queen, from dignitaries and provinces of the kingdom, and even from the poor of the country. Their simplicity of life and the freedom with which they have mingled with the people have also doubtless done much to secure to the royal couple a permanent place in the people's affections.



BERNSTORFF CASTLE.

The private apartments of the King and Queen are, of course, on a smaller and less pretentious scale; in fact, they are essentially cosy and homelike, but some of the rooms look like veritable museums, for they are full of

curios and knick-knacks, as well as legions of photographs from all the numerous members of their family. Russia, England, Greece, and Sweden have contributed to this collection, and one is forcibly reminded of the happy autumn gatherings which take place every year, when every member of the august family that can possibly get to Denmark joins the circle. But apart from this, their Majesties never have a lonely existence, for they have no less than thirteen grandchildren living, and some of these are always with them. Their liking for child-life is a marked trait in the character of the King and Queen, and so, whether at home or out, they nearly always have some of their grandchildren with them.

Not very far from the palace is a beautiful promenade by the harbour and sea known as the Langelinie. From here one gets a fine view of the large amount of shipping which is always to be seen in the Sound. The Copenhagen elite promenade here from about two to four o'clock in the afternoon, and members of the royal family are frequently to be seen amongst them, always unattended, and with nothing at all to distinguish them from the ordinary pedestrians. The Queen is not so frequent a visitor as formerly, but you may often see the King, as well as the Crown Prince and his sons; or perhaps you may see the King and Queen round the beautiful elevated drives in a modest two-horse carriage.

The Church of St. Alban's is remarkable as being the first English church erected in Denmark. It owes its origin principally to the exertions of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales; she had long felt that a need existed for it, and made the most strenuous efforts on its behalf. It is a very pretty, graceful-looking building, and stands on a site which was a free gift of the Danish Government. A beautiful stained-glass window commemorates the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale. There is quite a good-sized congregation in regular attendance. Whenever the Princess is in Copenhagen, she makes a point of being present, generally accompanied by some members of the Danish royal family, as well as one or two of her own daughters.

Bernstorff is the favourite residence. This is about eight miles from the city, and was a present from the nation to the now reigning king. Here, in 1896, there was a big family gathering, the Czar and Czarina journeying thither for the first time since their marriage, all of them enjoying country rides and drives, cycling and tennis playing. The chateau is small; and so, when there are many of the family staying there, they are somewhat crowded out, the Emperor and Empress of a powerful country finding themselves the occupants of but two rooms of very modest size. Before closing, I must call your attention to the photograph of the music-room—one of the principal apartments. The Queen is a talented musician, and her children take after her, so that this is a favourite rendezvous. Here you will notice quite a family group, the principal figures being the King and Queen, King George of Greece, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Cumberland.

Death of the Queen of Denmark.

Since the above was in type the Queen of Denmark has passed away at the venerable age of eighty-one, surrounded by "love, obedience, troops of friends." Her end was peace; the weary wheels of life stood still. At her bedside were the King of Denmark, the Dowager Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, the Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess

of Cumberland, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, and all the other members of the royal family.

We quote from the Montreal *Star* the following brief summary of her life:

"With the possible exception of Queen Victoria, no female personage of royalty has exercised for the last thirty years such a weighty influence on European politics as has Louise, Queen of Denmark, whose death is just announced; and to her, even more than to Great Britain's sovereign, is the title applicable—"the mother-in-law of Europe." When the comparative poverty and humble station that marked the early married life of Christian IX. and his spouse Louise are considered, the results appear more remarkable.

"Prince Christian, the fourth son of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, was, in 1850, a good young man of no expectations. Eight years before he had married for love, Louisa, Princess of Hesse-Cassel. He had a small salary and she had a small *dot*. Together the young officer and his wife managed to make things meet for ten years. In 1852, however, a change, in appearance, if not in material, came over their prospects. By the Protocol of London, Prince Christian was formally recognized as heir to his wife's cousin, King Frederick VII. of Denmark. The couple received the title of Royal Highnesses, and Christian secured a position, as became his new dignity, as Commander-in-chief of Danish Cavalry, whose personnel existed chiefly on paper.

"At length, in 1863, Frederick died, and the poor Prince became Christian IX., King of Denmark. The late sovereign had been idolized by his subjects, and the Prince was not regarded with favour. The Danes had nothing against him, however, except that they did not consider his wife good-looking. They called the King a "Teuton," and when he was proclaimed from the balcony of the Christianborg, they hooted and yelled in derision. The King, seemingly undisturbed, ordered his carriage, and taking his wife with him, proceeded to the Amalianborg, where he was residing. Stones were thrown at the carriage, and one struck the Queen on the cheek. The King, highly incensed, was for calling the military and having the mob dispersed by force of arms, but her Majesty quietly asserted herself, as she has often done since, and with consummate diplomacy said: 'They are all good people who loved the dead King very much. Let us wait while they come to their senses; then they will be curious to see what we are like.'

"She was right, for after a little brawling about the streets of Copenhagen, quiet was restored. But the populace of the capital city were not the only persons that gave King Christian and Queen Louise trouble. They were kindly tolerable, and soon the Danish nobility began to take advantage of what they assumed to be weakness. One crisis followed another in the Cabinet; but somehow or other the royal pair managed to retain their composure. The King had trouble with one Parliament after another; each was offensive, even abusive, to the other—characteristics which each have retained until this day. Such was the beginning of the rule of a King and Queen who in at least one respect have had a most remarkable reign. So meagre, it is said, was the income of the royal family that the Princesses were taught by their wise mother to make and trim their own hats and bonnets.

"During the last twenty years the Queen steadily set herself to maintain her maternal influence over her august connections, and in the case of the Prince of Wales and the late Czar of Russia she succeeded to a wonderful degree. In short, all Europe should owe her a debt of gratitude as a peacemaker. She relied more on the bonds of true affection than on diplomacy, although the latter element has been called into play when all else failed. Both Castle Fredensborg and the humbler palace of Bernstorff she made into regular family homes—holiday meeting places for Emperor and Empress, King and Queen, Princes and Princesses, and their offspring."

THINGS THAT CANNOT FAIL.

When the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbour than a spy.

I know that passion needs
The leash of sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

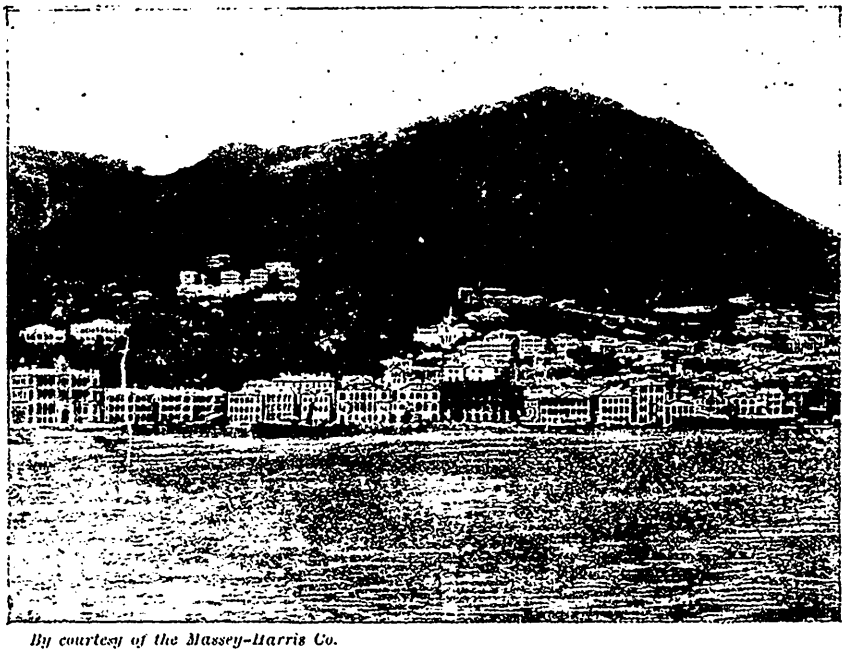
That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase;
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace.

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side.

BRITAIN'S KEYS OF EMPIRE.

HONG-KONG.



By courtesy of the Massey-Harris Co.

VICTORIA, HONG-KONG.

The first, and in some ways the most important, outpost of the advancing forces of civilization in China is the English colony of Hong-Kong. The traveller approaching China from the south, or, indeed, from almost any point but Japan, will get his first introduction to the characteristic scenes and people of the Far East at Britain's great island stronghold in the China Seas, and in some respects he could not possibly wish for a better introduction. Hong-Kong is a small and very hilly island lying just off the mouth of the Canton or Pearl river. It possesses the inestimable advantage of a very fine and easily defensible natural harbour, and from its position it enables a maritime country like England absolutely to command the great waterways of Southern China.

Such advantages as these could not escape the keen eyes of the class of Englishmen which during the last century and a half has been engaged in building up the vast fabric of Britain's Empire in the East, and, as was to have been expected, the very first opportunity was seized to secure and to fortify, in the interests of British trade and supremacy, this gateway of the Flowery Land. In addition to the more material advantages possessed by Hong-Kong, the place is singularly attractive, and, for the locality, singularly healthy. It forms the only European colony on the Chinese coast,

and is in many respects an admirable object-lesson in the many advantages that flow from an advanced modern civilization, which can hardly be altogether thrown away upon the myriads of Chinese who frequent its harbour and town for purposes of commerce.

The approach of the harbour of Hong-Kong is exceedingly picturesque, and is something in the nature of a surprise. The entrance is narrow, and the ribbon-like strip of deep, calm water that winds between the high hills and abrupt headlands covered with the luxuriance of a tropical vegetation discloses glimpse after glimpse of beautiful natural scenery, but, except in the busy crowd of vessels that ply on the water, gives no hint of the crowded centre of commercial activity within.

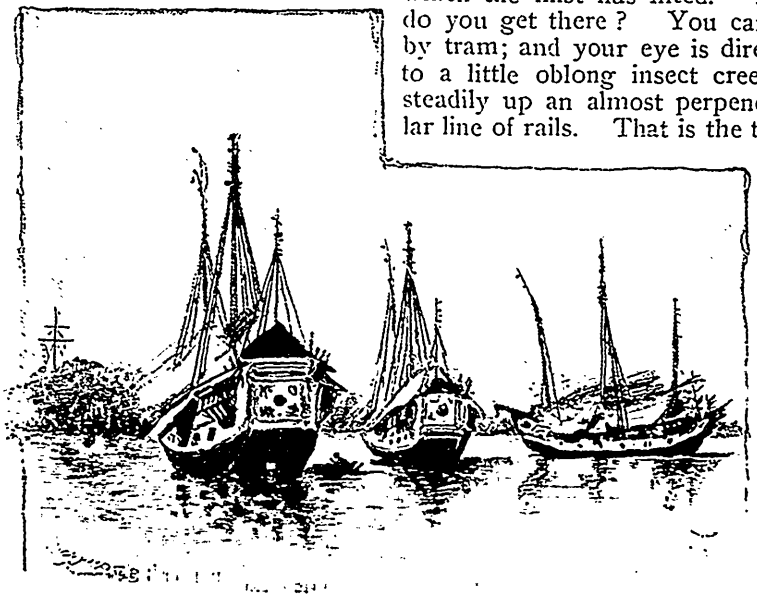
When at last, on turning the innermost bend of the sound—for such it really is—the visitor comes suddenly in sight of the town and harbour of Victoria, it is hard to say whether surprise or admiration is more likely to be the predominant feeling. The town is really unique, combining as it does some of the most marked characteristics of the East and West. Like Algiers and some other of the northern African towns, Victoria, or, as it is generally called in spite of official efforts to the contrary, Hong-Kong, rises tier above tier from the waters of the harbour, but, unlike them, the effect is wholly beautiful. The hot glare which takes so much from the peculiar charm of the amphitheatre towns of Africa is entirely absent from Hong-Kong, and its villas, rising rank above rank, glisten softly through veils of green, and gleam out from beneath the luxuriant shade of palms and a hundred others of the trees and shrubs with which nature adorns the tropical world.

The island of Hong-Kong was simply twenty-nine square miles of bare rock when it was ceded to us about fifty years ago, and it has a good deal of the bare rock about it still. The capital, Victoria, spreads its dull, gray skirts, edged with capacious warehouses, along the harbour side of the island; and at the first glance the visitor could imagine that these big "godowns" had been shipped bodily from the banks of the Thames to welcome, with their grim faces and love of free trade, ships and junks of every flag and rig and cargo under the sun. Around these gaunt, commercial rocks, a great ground-swell of Chinese people ever sways and surges—the whirling of blue and yellow and the bobbing and rushing of round black heads making one eye-giddy.

Amongst them a Sikh policeman is conspicuous by his twisted red turban as he makes his way with dark disgust through the Mongolian crowd; and again a private of a crack British regiment just arrived from Calcutta rolls along in a rickshaw, thin and thoughtful under his Indian helmet; and again a truly gorgeous private of the Hong-Kong Indian regiment stalks on in his brilliant uniform with a proud absent-mindedness. One marks Japanese, Portuguese, and ruddy men of every nation from the sea in their blue serge suits, and hears snatches of many languages, though little English, in this village fair of the nationalities, in which the British seem to be playing a most modest part.

You ascend to the higher levels up steep streets, by which the green verandahed houses come zig-zagging down, and you observe, as the pavements grow less crowded, how here bright Oriental tinsel is spread out, and there a group of Chinese flower-men stand amid banks of cut roses, heliotrope and camellias. As we climb

higher the noise and bustle of the Chinese die off, and we meet principally Parsees, Eurasians, and some Portuguese. Under their dark skins these have an air of thought, which seems entirely absent from the yellow-skinned crowd lower down. Here these dark ones have their little shops, where we may buy remnants of anything—or of nothing at all, just as luck will have it! These fascinating medleys of dry goods,



CHINESE JUNKS, HONG-KONG.

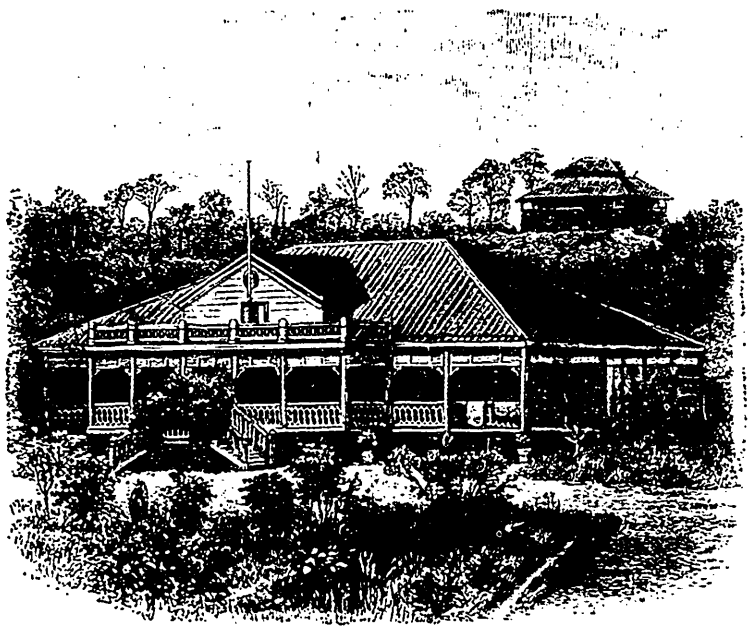
Indian shawls, Chinese silk, and bargains, is a favourite hunting-ground for women of every capacity of purse. Higher still, and a touch of mountain coolness impinges on the tropic languor. Glancing up we see the palatial balustrade work of handsome houses set off by large-leafed greenery. Here the pure, proud British resident is to be met. Over all, the "Peak" rises cool and massive above this brilliant, ever-changing human kaleidoscope, which has gathered itself together under the magic flag.

Hong-Kong was a bare and gloomy rock fifty years ago, and though now a brilliantly embroidered Oriental cloak has been thrown over its iron shoulders, and on its green, junk-dotted waters the latest keels from the world's dockyards ride at anchor, yet when the first fascination is over we feel the bare rock still. But people live at the "Peak," and our eyes go up to the uneven line of mountain heights from which the mist has lifted. How do you get there? You can go by tram; and your eye is directed to a little oblong insect creeping steadily up an almost perpendicular line of rails. That is the tram, and it will bear you steadily towards the clouds, while, as you look down, the villas below seem to be all aslant and ready to topple over. But you are going up to the roof of this iron Crown colony, which after all is worthy of a prominent place in our imperial regalia.

The highest point here is about two thousand feet above sea-level. The residences of people fortunate enough to live up here are perched daringly here and there on slant and level. In and out, along level and round height, this bare,

brown region is be-ribboned with asphalted paths. Here and there a scarlet pillar-box adds a bit of colour. Mount Kellet towers skyward, and there the land falls terribly down to the lone shores of an empty sea.

You sit down by the fireside, feeling all the sweetness of home mingled with a sovereign sense of command. Britannia, you reflect, rules not only the wavering waves of ocean, but the solid waves of



BUNGALOW AT HONG-KONG.

hills. British domesticity is here enthroned: where will the Britisher not take his ship! and where will he not make his home!

A sunny morning in January up in this brown region is very exhilarating, when the heights are clear against a cloudless sky, and the valleys are revealed to their humblest bush. The geological scenery seems to be a sad and suitable setting for these barren Mongolians. Hard toil of body seems to be their part in this holiday region. You constantly pass gangs of coolies, thin and lime-splashed, at some bit of public works; and you meet long processions of coolies, shod in straw sandals to keep them from slipping as they mount the steep asphalt paths. The patient toil of the Chinese, officered by the daring enterprise of the British, has made Hong-Kong human.

At Hong-Kong, a stranger in the East sees for the first time the feature which is after all the leading characteristic of every port and city in China—the superabundance of human beings. In the boats that throng the harbour, on the bund that fronts the water, on every street where the European merchants do their business, as well as on those given up to the occupancy of the swarming native population, the picture is alive with throngs of moving, bustling, eager humanity.

There are certainly two hundred

Chinamen to every European in the place, and the military force on the island is not a large one, yet the streets of Hong-Kong may well form an object-lesson to the Cantonese who swarm about in an orderly fashion which is a curious contrast to their turbulent behaviour in their own city.

Quite a considerable percentage of the average population of the city has its permanent residence on board the fleet of small trading-boats which is always to be found in or about the harbour. Whole families spend their lives on board these nondescript little craft, literally from the cradle to the grave, sharing the strictly limited accommodation with the dogs, fowls, goats, and occasionally pigs, that form the live-stock of the family. These people are seldom seen on shore, but lead a strange amphibious existence, being at least as familiar with the water as the dry land, of which they have little experience, except it may be for an hour at sunrise, when many of them accompany their live-stock on shore for exercise.

Human labour is, at Hong-Kong, as everywhere else in China, so plentiful that it forms a serious rival even to such admirably designed and conducted institutions as the cable railway, which scales the steep mountain-side and gives access to the numerous residences dotted over the slopes even to the summit-level. It is here that the rickshaw man has in his turn to yield the palm to the chair-carriers, who will trot up these steep inclines, carrying the heaviest passenger between two of them, apparently as little affected by the heat as by the steepness. The men themselves are fine athletic fellows of powerful physique, a race in all respects superior to the races of Northern China, whose comparatively puny build is well mated with a sluggish and unenterprising spirit.

Not content with thus occupying the gateway of the south in the island of Hong-Kong, the English colonists have extended their operations to the mainland opposite the island, where already there is growing up a settlement which promises soon to become a large centre of activity. Shipbuilding is the leading industry of the new settlement, and there are already three large docks in use in which ocean steamers can be docked for repairs. Thus at the very gates of the most valuable and progressive part of the celestial empire there is being established a great central depot of seaborne commerce, only awaiting the inevitable hour when the interior of China shall be thrown open to Western enterprise to supply free communication with the rest of the Old World and the American continent.

The attention being given to the movements of Germany and Russia in the China Seas, lends additional interest to the recent statement of Sir Thomas Sutherland, M.P., the chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company—that "Hong-Kong has become the largest shipping port in the world, and that its trade exceeds that of either Liverpool, New York, or Glasgow, considerably."

It is fifty-three years ago since, by the Treaty of Nanking, the island of Hong-Kong was ceded "to be possessed in perpetuity by her Britannic Majesty, her heirs and successors." At the time a controversy was waged among "experts" as to whether this was the most suitable strategic point for Britain to hold in view of future contingencies, for in those days the island was only notorious for fever and barrenness. To-day the health of the garrison

compares favourably with that of any other foreign station in a hot climate. The island has a population of 10,000 Europeans—one-third of whom are British troops—the Chinese population has increased to 230,000, and the harbour, to which in 1844 "no European or native craft had been attracted for mercantile gain," sheltered in 1896 over 12,000,000 tons of shipping,—indeed, to quote the London Times, "Hong-Kong has become the entrepot of trade for the south of China, the Philippines and French Indo-China, besides a great daily traffic with Canton on the mainland."

It seems probable that, after weighing all the possibilities likely to arise from the completion of the great railway from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock in a couple of years' time, the British Cabinet has concluded that its best policy is to make an eastern Gibraltar of Hong-Kong. A reference to the map will show what an admirable geographical position the island occupies with reference to the trade routes from America as well as from Europe.

Of this Eastern Key of Empire a recent traveller, Dr. Tiffany, writes as follows:

About the island of Hong-Kong, whether it was flat or perpendicular, prosaic or picturesque, I knew absolutely nothing. Suddenly, however, on stepping out on deck, what should be the revelation but a magnificent archipelago of islands like Mt. Deserts, though on a hundredfold grander scale! Then came the sail through the strait, a mile to two miles in width, and shut in on either hand by mountains. They fairly palpitated in the glow of the semi-tropical sun. This vivid glow characterizes the aspect of the mountains all day long. Look over the harbour, even at noon, and you would think the ranges, completely environing it, were steeped in warm sunset light.

Once through the strait and into the harbour, the city itself is another delightful surprise. With only a narrow selvage of level ground along the water, its houses, many of them spacious and noble mansions, with beautiful gardens, rise, terrace on terrace, up the flank of an abrupt mountain, eighteen hundred feet high, its topmost summit crowned with villas and hotels in which Europeans seek refuge from the overpowering heat of the summer. One would think himself in Genoa, so strikingly similar is the architectural effect.

Only forty years ago this beautiful island was a nest of Chinese pirates. Even at a far later date, a European took his life in his hand if he ventured alone a mile out of the settlement, or embarked at night in a sampan for his ship. To-day, in charming contrast, the most blind-drunk sailor, with just consciousness enough left to know he wants to be rowed out and put aboard at midnight, has the aegis of his country lovingly extended over him in the shape of a gilt-buttoned official taking the number of the sampan, giving it just fifteen minutes to get back, and, in event of an instant's overstay, firing a signal that forthwith sets the harbour swarming with armed launches. Thus by one electric flash of the higher civilization is murder discouraged in the Chinaman, and the mind of the European seafaring man relieved from the corrosion of anxiety as to just how much it may be wisest to drink ashore. Why the superiority of such a system is not immediately apparent to the celestial mind is a standing marvel. And yet the sampan-scullers still insist that the older way was the better.

Very curious does it seem, indeed quite international, to find

that the policemen in Hong-Kong are big red-turbaned Sikhs from India. It gives one a fresh conception of the resources England has to draw on. Equally curious is it to inspect the immense Chinese quarter of the city, with nearly a quarter of a million of inhabitants, and to see how much in the way of wider streets, sweeter sanitation, and the subjection of small-pox to the quill is possible. Not that it will do to make too hasty an induction that this is one proof more that the "quill is mightier than the sword," for here the two divide the honours. The quill has a hilt and a strong arm behind it to drive it in. "Hinc illae lachrymae" when the British doctors go round; along with some savage fights for "the wisdom of our ancestors." But Hong-Kong belongs to England, and here the "foreign devil" has his own "outside barbarian" will.

MORE SAILOR YARNS.

BY THE REV. J. G. ANGWIN.

Every large seaport town has in these days a more or less perfectly organized and adapted "Mission to Seamen," or "Sailors' Home," or "Seaman's Rest," under the auspices of which the long neglected mariner may have the needs of soul and body met after his long, toilsome, and dangerous voyages. Conspicuous among the efforts at present made for the spiritual welfare of our brethren of the sea is the "Mission to Seamen," whose headquarters are at Deal, and the work of which is done afloat on the Downs and among the difficulties and dangers of the widely-known and treacherous Goodwin Sands.

The Downs are a deep-water anchorage lying off the port of Deal, and in the immediate vicinage of the Goodwins. Here homeward and outward bound sailing ships of all nationalities find a brief resting place after long buffetings by the waves, or before trusting themselves to the mercies of the ocean. As already written, the work of this mission is done afloat, on the decks or in the cabins and forecastles of the rolling ships. Frequently the work of boarding these anchored vessels is not accomplished without risk to limb or even life.

One such adventure may well be told. The chaplain with his crew of two Deal boatmen have been fighting for hours with stormy wind and sea, and are nearing the ship which is their objective point. The rain is soaking—men, sails, ropes—everything drips with water from the clouds and water from the waves. Everything is slippery with the wet. With free sheet, on the boat rushes; foam churned from her shapely bows—foam hurled in frothing curves from left and right of her cutwater.

"On deck there!" is shouted—"Send us a line, please!"

The boat rounds to. A friendly hand flings a rope, which is deftly caught. The boat rides safely alongside. There is danger in an attempt to reach the sea ladder, as ship and boat plunge and roll in the seas. But the chaplain himself shall tell his own story of one such boarding.

"It occurred thus: On one Sunday morning, May 16, a stormy day with rain and rough sea, we beat by short tacks to the southward to reach a light outward-

bound barque anchored far out, and opposite Walmer Castle. The Diana towered above us quite twenty-five feet as we made fast to her chain plates. Over the side hung a rope dripping and slippery. Heavily dressed as I was, to get up this, hand over hand, was impossible; and for the first time and the last time I found myself helpless. Hailing the ship, I looked and saw a friend, the coxswain of the Walmer lifeboat, on board. 'I'll send down a rope for you,' he said, 'and haul you up.'

"The hands now tumbled out to see what was going on, and mustered in the fore-rigging, swinging to us a coil of rope, and helping to the best of their ability. Meanwhile I had fastened a bowline knot round my waist, and grasping the other rope which hung over the side to help the men who were straining with my weight, I swung clear of the boat into mid-air, keeping myself off the sides of the vessel with my feet, and at last by our united efforts I reached the deck as sheets of rain swept by and the wind roared in the rigging."

Once on board, the first thing to be done is to secure the captain's consent to visit the men in their quarters. The captain of a merchant ship is almost a complete autocrat in his exceedingly limited government, and it would be neither courteous nor wise to invade his kingdom and hold communication with his subjects without his consent and approval.

In one such instance the captain is at dinner, but gives permission to visit the men. Forward goes the chaplain, and with a "Good-morning to all hands!" enters that mysterious country called the "forecastle," usually shortened into "fo'cs'le." The great roomy space is in the bows of the ship, and so narrower at one end than at the other, and is lined on both sides with bunks for the crew. There is no table, and underneath the bunks are the seamen's chests, curious structures, broader at bottom than at top, and ornamented all round with a fringe of plaited rope yarns. Inside these chests are Jack's clothes, books and photographs, accordion, writing-materials, and very often, thank God, his Bible—his mother's parting gift. In the middle stands a stove, on either side of which run the great chain cables, out to the anchors, through the hawse-pipes, in which the cables jerk and strain as the ship rides. The men take their meals seated on their chests and are just finishing their dinner of salt junk and duff as the chaplain enters.*

A proposal for service being made, the harmonium is hoisted on board from the boat and put together. Sailors have their favourite hymns. The swing and melody of the songs of Moody and Sankey always prominent, but superior to these in the seamen's opinion stand the great classical hymns of our language. The sailors turn, with unswerving partiality, to Toplady's "Rock of Ages," Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my Soul," and Watts' "When I survey the wondrous cross." After hymn comes a short form of service and a sermon, which is almost invariably followed by the introduction of the temperance question.

The sailor has no more bitter enemy than strong drink. Without any question, more property is destroyed, more lives are lost, and more souls put in peril upon the sea by intoxicants than by all

* The forecastle on Canadian and American ships is usually one side of a deck-house. The other side is devoted to ship's galley and stores of various kinds. The same is also now true of the later built English and foreign ships. Such quarters are more cheery and comfortable than the gloomy fo'cs'le of former days.

the hurricanes of ocean combined. Sometimes the captain leads the way and signs the pledge-book. Should he do so, he is certain to be followed by many of his crew.

The sailor's life is full of dangers. There is often less than a step between him and death, and when death comes to him it comes not infrequently with awful suddenness.

Service had been held one day in the forecastle of an outward bound ship, and the chaplain had left with kindly "God bless you, sir," from the crew gathered on the bulwarks. A short week afterwards the pilot who took the ship down channel met the missionary and said,—

"The captain sent his best respects to you."

"How did you leave them all?" I said.

"Rather melancholy!" he replied; "we had a sad accident on board going down channel."

"What was it?" I asked.

"One of your men," he said, "fell from aloft."

"Where from?"

"Fore-topgallant," he said.

"Killed, of course?"

"Killed," he said, "smashed into matchwood."

The chaplain tells another sad story of a similar kind:

Viewing on another occasion the scene of a similar accident, the blood marks and the thwarts of the boat crushed into fragments by the fall of the poor victim, I asked the mate, "Where was the home of the poor fellow?"

"No one knew anything about him—a poor shell-back of his sort! We didn't, I believe, have his real name," was the reply.

"And where," I said, "may I ask, is your home?"

"Home!" he said, "I have no home!"

"I hope you will have a home in glory," I said. "Do you know the hymn, 'There is a fountain'?"

"Yes, well! all about the dying thief, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's the way," I said, though, indeed, it was hard to speak, so touching was the scene. "That's my own hope. There may I, as vile as he, wash all my sins away—and the gate of heaven is open for you to-day."

By the side of the smashed and red-stained boat, neither of us could speak much, and with a mutual hand-grasp we parted.

Such incidents serve to show at least a portion of the work, and its value as Gospel truth is brought into touch with the men of the forecastle and quarter-deck.

Not the least important portion of the work done in this mission to seamen is that included in the regular visitation of some of the nearer lightships, which mark the Goodwin Sands and other points of danger for the mariner. The Varne lightship is ten miles from the nearest land and double that distance from Deal, the mission centre. It is no mean task to accomplish this distance in an open boat, running all risks of change of weather as well as the dangers of the treacherous tides and sands.

These solitary ships are solitary indeed, swinging as they do day by day and week by week at the mercy of wind and wave. Their crews are composed of some twelve men for each ship. These are so arranged in watches as to give a portion of the time ashore to each of the men in turn. Were it not for the occasional changes made possible by such a system the awful monotony of life would be utterly unsupportable. The lightship men affirm that no cat can live long on board, but will go mad sooner or later. Dogs are forbidden, but canaries are allowed and flourish and sing gaily between decks. The little song-

sters make almost the only break in the dull monotony.

What a blessing to men weary of the utter sameness of their surroundings are the visits of the good chaplain and his crew. It may be that weeks have passed, and although within sight of their homes, the men have had no word, have seen no face, of stranger or of friend. The regular means of communication with the shore are afforded by the monthly visits of the Trinity House tender, which furnishes the lightships with supplies and provisions, and brings back the men from their shore leave, and carries away the men who have served their two months' term. One of the men of the Galloper lightship, in the North Sea, holds the following ideas. He writes,—

"We are out here to do a great duty for our country. I hardly think there is one which could teach us a better lesson. When our lights are aloft in the dark nights of winter, many a brave seaman is watching for a glimpse of our friendly light to guide them clear of the rocks and shoals of our dangerous coast. What a dreadful thing it would be for them if our lights round the coast were let go out for only one short hour. How many poor seamen would then be cast into destruction! O may we never neglect to let our light be burning, for we, too, are being watched every hour of our lives. I pray that my light may shine before all my shipmates, that they may see it is good to serve the Lord, and that walking in the light, the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Words like these make it evident that some of the lonely watchers on the sea are followers of Christ, and can and do appreciate their obligations to their fellowmen and to their Maker.

One of the striking features of lightship life is found in the multitudes of migratory birds which visit them. On one ship twelve dozen larks were captured in one night—with the result that the crew had lark pie the next day for their dinner. The Galloper lightship, thirty-one miles distant from the nearest land, is a sort of halfway house for the migratory squadrons. Round its lantern, high aloft, reeling against the stars, thick as snowflakes, rush the flights of birds, and one can hear the rustling wings while the birds are invisible in the darkness. Occasionally the passage of a flock is emphasized by the crash of a wild duck, flying at the speed of sixty miles an hour, against the lantern. Of course the bird is instantly killed by the shock, and yet the strong plate-glass is not even cracked.

The chief danger of these men is the liability of collision with other vessels. Swinging at anchor as they are, they have no power to avert the danger. The East Goodwin lightship has often been struck by other vessels, owing to the furious tide which runs past her. The Tongue lightship was some years since run into and sunk at midnight.

On his visits to these lonely men the missionary is the bearer of creature as well as ghostly comforts. Fruit, vegetables and flowers form no inconsiderable part of the lading of the heavy Deal lugger which often on such visits takes the place of the lighter, but less roomy and safe mission boat. These luggers are twenty or twenty-five ton open boats with a "forepeak" forward or a "caboose" amidships, for sleeping purposes. They draw five or six feet of water, carry two lug sails and a jib if requisite. Each boat is usually the property of five or six men, who venture their all in their purchase and outfit. The owners form the crew, and are called North Sea pilots. In pursuit of their calling these men brave all dangers. They make dash after dash at the flying ships

to put the members of the crew on board until perhaps only one is left to take his lugger back to Deal, one hundred miles or so. Good sea boats, handled by men of skill, experience and daring, they are supposed to be able to live through everything.

But here as elsewhere the unexpected often happens, and the staunch boat and her brave crew never return home. Some years ago, a fine lugger, the Petrel, was seen struggling hard in a heavy gale at sea. The captain of a schooner saw her, and said,

"Look at the splendid weather that lugger is making of it! I'd rather be in her than aboard this 'ere craft of mine!"

When he looked again the lugger was gone. She was lost with all her crew. These Deal boatmen are often fellow-workers with, as they are part of the charge of, the Mission to Seamen's chaplain.

Just one other yarn of the sea. It is supposed by many that so far as sailors are concerned there are no cases of such transformation as changed Saul the persecutor into Paul the saint. Let this narrative speak for itself.

Two brothers were sailors before the mast in the same collier brig. One, Jack, was a true believer, the other, Bill, was a careless fellow. Jack continually pleaded with his brother, to be met by the constant reply, "Shut up, Jack, I'm sick of your religion."

Jack did not overdo his appeals, but with natural tact chose only favourable opportunities. But his life was eloquent, and all his comrades "took knowledge of him." On one trip a fierce gale came up in the night and drove them slowly but surely toward the land. Each "watch" the end seemed closer, for they could hear the roar of the angry breakers and see in the grey light of dawn the spume flying from the rocks. To make matters worse the lower fore-topsail blew into rags, and the long ribbon-like strands thrashed and whipped, shaking the spars and rendering the task of cutting away the sail perilous in the extreme. But it had to be done, and every one of the crew bravely sprang to obey the captain's call.

"Away aloft, men!"

Jack led the way aloft, his brother closely following him. Just as Jack reached the "futtock shrouds," Bill called from beneath, "Jack, what about your religion now?"

"Jack leaned down for an instant," Bill said afterwards, "and I could somehow hear his voice above the storm, and he called to me, and he says, 'Bill, the peace of God which passeth understanding'—and when I heard that, death staring us in the face all the time, I thought to myself, If ever I reach the land alive, Jack's Saviour shall be my Saviour, and Jack's God shall be my God."

Who can doubt but that "common sailors" are capable of glorifying God in this world, and that many of them shall enjoy Him forever?

Bedford, N.S.

RESIGNATION.

To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown guest,
Who cries to me: "Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest."
And I make answer: "I am satisfied;
I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
God hath already said what shall betide."

—*Longfellow.*

A GAMBLER'S CONVERSION.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

All conversions are peculiar and each has its own individuality. But the conversion I am about to relate was unique. The subject of it was the son of a Methodist preacher, one of the old Oregonian preachers—men who could face the devil as they would face a grizzly bear by drawing a Gospel bead on him and shooting him straight between the eyes. Such men were in blissful ignorance of the higher criticism, but they could bring the wildest sinner to his knees and fill the lovely Willamette Valley with converted men and women.

The boy's life was spent on the frontier among Indians, trappers and miners, and he graduated in sport but degenerated in character. Card-playing was his especial forte, and he developed into a professional gambler. He purchased a complete gambler's "lay-out," and travelled from camp to camp to gamble, as his father travelled from camp to camp to preach the Gospel. He was found at every horse race and gambling saturnalia within a radius of hundreds of miles.

He was five hundred miles from home when I first made his acquaintance, and was "running a table" at one of the worst gambling hells in all British Columbia. The other gamblers introduced him to me as "The Methodist preacher's boy," a fact he never disowned, and woe be to the man who threw it in his face as a slur, for he was as ready with his pistol as he was with his purse. The one made him respected, the other made him beloved.

It was on a Saturday afternoon I first met my friend, "the preacher's boy." After a hard and long day's ride I came into a mountain hotel (?) kept by three as kind-hearted fellows as ever the sun shone on. Two of them were sons of good old Methodist parents, the other was a Roman Catholic. They all gambled—in fact, everybody in the camp that had money gambled, down to the negro cook. I was the solitary exception.

For about forty-eight hours I had to eat, drink, sleep, pray, and preach in a hotbed of excitement which might culminate any moment in the crack of pistol shots and the death of men.

My friend, "the preacher's boy," had up to this Saturday been the boss gambler of the "sit," and had "raked in" most of the dollars that were placed on the game.

There had travelled with me on the afternoon of Saturday two men. One of them was a free and easy sort of fellow, the other was reserved and silent almost to moodiness. He had a sharp countenance, and a glance as quick as a flash of lightning, and he seemed to be looking everywhere at one time. He carried a pistol with an ivory handle, and I noticed it was so placed that it could be used in a moment if its owner so desired.

The man with the ivory-handled pistol I soon found was the cleverest gambler and the surest shot west of the Rockies, and the other fellow was a sort of keeper to him, to prevent if possible his getting into mischief.

This strange partner's life only existed within the region of British Columbia; outside of that the keeper was a nonentity, for the

gambler could shoot or be shot without any one to say nay.

We three rode into camp together that Saturday afternoon, I as innocent of the character of my companions as a "sucking dove," and if they guessed mine they kept their surmises to themselves.

We were greeted in the usual Western style, but with the greetings I noticed an unusual reserve. After I had tethered my horse, I naturally inquired what it all meant. I suspected they had an aversion to me, and that they had no use for a minister of the Gospel. I was told it was not that. I was heartily welcome, but that one of the men who came in with me was the wickedest gambler of the Coast, and without a word had often "shot his man."

That evening the two gamblers, my friend from Oregon and the silent man with the ivory-handled pistol, sat down to play a gambling duel, to end only in the financial ruin of one of them, with the not improbable climax of the death of the winner or loser, and perhaps of both.

All through that Saturday night the game went on. I saw them sitting at the table as I rolled myself in my blankets for my night's sleep (?); and through the hours of darkness I could hear the "call" of the players and the chink of the twenty-dollar gold pieces passing from hand to hand. By my side lay a warm-hearted Irishman, and he expressed his wonder and his pity at a minister sleeping in such a place and with such company.

I replied that I was in God's keeping, and was as safe next door to hell as if I was next door to heaven.

He crossed himself, and I thought in the morning looked on me with a kind of religious awe.

The morning of the Sabbath dawned, and still the two gamblers sat at the table and shuffled their cards. It was a weird and awful sight. Two worn-out, haggard men, faces white, eyes bloodshot, more like wild beasts than human beings, sat silent and still except as the game compelled them to speak. The keeper of the man with the ivory-handled pistol was keen and alert. Gold on the table, cards covering the floor.

I went outside; it was heaven; the mountains looked peacefully down and the valleys smiled back at them, until all nature seemed to be singing a doxology; but inside was hell, a dark, forbidding hell, which seemed to shock my soul as if a devil had struck me.

I knew my friend from Oregon was losing, and strange as it may seem I prayed that he might lose all, and like the old-time prodigal find himself among the hogs and the husks and the hunger, with no man to satisfy his soul.

Out of respect to me the game was dropped long enough for a preaching service. The man with the ivory-handled pistol did not attend, my friend from Oregon did.

The whole service, room, congregation, text and sermon are as fresh to me as yesterday. In that camp were many gamblers, and when one of them proposed that each of them put a five-dollar piece in the hat, and took up the collection himself, the response was wonderfully unanimous.

But after the preaching came the gambling, and on into and through the long Sabbath night the chink of the money and the flipping of the cards mingled with the murmured oaths of the gamblers and the whispered comments of the lookers-on.

The morning of Monday came at last, and an unearthly silence followed the excitement of the hours preceding it. I found the man with the ivory-handled pistol

more moody and more morose than ever. He was too silent to be safe, but his keeper watched every look of his eye and every move of his hand.

My friend from Oregon sat a very picture of the prodigal in the moment of his dumb despair. Everything was lost, even to his blankets and pistol, the last things a gambler lets go.

To my overtures of pity he had nothing to offer but vexation and shame. He was five hundred miles from his father and his home. It was a hard and long road to travel, but he thought he had better foot it than stay and be the scorn of every gamester, to end at last in some miserable mountain saloon, with a solitary grave in the wilderness, in which "the preacher's boy" would lie until the resurrection morn.

"Go home," said I, "to your Father in heaven and then to your father in Oregon."

There and then the battle was fought and the victory won. He put his trembling feet on the lowest rung of heaven's golden ladder and he began to climb and he kept climbing until he reached the altitude of a perfect man in Christ Jesus.

Need I say the home of the old Oregon preacher was full of thanksgiving, and that the father and family made merry over the prodigal "who was dead, and is alive again, was lost and is found."

The man with the ivory-handled pistol ultimately found a man who could shoot quicker than himself. He died with "his boots on," and lies in an unconsecrated grave. His companion and keeper was hung for horse-stealing on the Californian border, which, according to the code of those days, was a much meaner death than the other.

To me the two men are still alive. I often ride over again with them that journey into the camp on that Saturday afternoon. And often again I see the prodigal "preacher's boy" arising and coming to his father, and the father falling on his neck and kissing him. And as I look the gambler's hell is illumined with the light of heaven.

Toronto, September, 1898.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

BY J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

Hark, hark, my soul! a voice from heav'n descending,
An angel voice that speaks earth's glad release;
Life's sceptre o'er the sleeping dead extending,
And making death itself a realm of peace.

Blessed the dead in Jesus' name reposing;
Blessed the dead, their earthly labours done,
On His dear breast their trustful eyelids closing,
Waiting the morning-burst of Easter's sun.

'Neath ivied tower and heav'nward pointing steeple,
In chiseled vault, in humbler grass-grown grave,
They wait His advent, all His blood-bought people,
Who died on Calvary their souls to save.

Angels of peace, that saw the Saviour sleeping,
That kept your vigils by that new-made tomb,
Beyond these realms of death, these nights of weeping,
Guide us where Christ prepares His ransomed room.

—*Christian Advocate.*

MORALS AND MANNERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

BY W. M. BASKERVILLE, PH.D.

Professor of English Literature at Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tennessee.

Walter Scott, it is said, was the first to show how history should be written. We have been looking more into novels, and diaries, and plays for the true life and history of the people. Paradoxical as it may seem, fiction is often more truthful than fact. The "Memoirs of a Cavalier" gives a more life-like account of the Civil War in England than Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

It was a quaint old world, strangely different from the one we live in. Loud swearing, loose talk and hard drinking were common; swords were drawn and duels fought on the slightest provocation. Intolerance in political and theological matters was marked. Intercourse even between parents and children was stiff and ceremonious, and coarseness reigned over all. The very books from which I draw examples and illustrations cannot now be indiscriminately recommended for perusal. At that time they were read aloud in mixed company, and reverend bishops and grave doctors recommended them from their pulpits.

Before examining in detail the different phases of English life it will be interesting, perhaps, to take a bird's-eye view of the situation. About Pall Mall and St. James Street the beaux are strutting, attired in richly embroidered velvet coats, sporting cocked hats and lace cravats. The belles are shopping on Ludgate Hill or in St. Paul's Churchyard, or taking the air in St. James' Park, with patches on their faces, wearing pyramidical headdresses, and carrying huge decorated fans, attired in immense hooped petticoats, and accompanied by black boys and curly lap-dogs. "The quality," as people of rank and style were usually styled, are repairing to the haunts of gaiety and pleasure in sedan chairs and gilded chariots. Travellers possessed of the stoutest hearts quailed at the prospect of continuing their journey after nightfall. Every highway was studded with gibbets, and yet a recognized hunting-ground for armed and mounted desperadoes. Stage coaches, pack-horses and waggons afforded the only means of communication between places situated far apart. Now and then it was found necessary to hitch a team of strong oxen to the cumbersome family coach in order to drag it through the sloughs and narrow, miry lanes. The rich veins of coal and iron had scarcely been opened. The great manufactures had barely emerged into existence. Neither steam nor electricity nor gas nor the post nor the newspaper press nor a hundred other kindred agencies favourable to the comfort and happiness of the people had begun to make their enormous power known and felt throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Let us pay our first visit to the highest society. Under at least three of the four Georges, royalty was ridiculous. George I., with his elderly German favourites, was bad enough; but George II. was the embodiment of the

* A lecture delivered at the Chautauqua Assembly, N.Y.

coarseness and the vices of the age. In his low, coarse fashion he loved his wife, and when he died, one side of her coffin was taken out that his dust might mingle with that of this faithful creature.

Next to the King and Queen was Sir Robert Walpole, who was noted for his orgies and his statesmanship. If he did not say, "Every man has his price," he doubtless thought so.

The lighter literature of this period affords abundant proof of the correctness of Lord Macaulay's celebrated sketch of the Anglican clergy, and offers an excellent preparation for a study of the causes and of the successes of the Methodist revival. The reaction from Puritan rule brought the Church into a torpid condition. "Rational piety" and the "reasonableness of religion" became favourite expressions, and a dislike to "enthusiasm" was a special mark of the time.

With rare exceptions the upper clergy were selfish, indolent, and immoral, and the lower, poor, ignorant and degraded in social position. One, Dr. Porteus, sings George II. into heaven and himself into a bishopric; and another buys the same office from my Lady Yarmouth for £5,000. Dr. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," burst into tears, because while he was preaching, "the defender of the faith and the dispenser of bishoprics" was chatting aloud to his attendants in German.

The inferior or lower clergy were held in almost universal contempt. They were regarded as a plebeian class and were not at all wealthier and not much more refined than small farmers and upper servants. Their pay was pitiably small. Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably.

When the clergyman exchanged this servitude for a curacy, a waiting woman being generally considered his most suitable helpmate, he fared rather the worse. "It was a white day (there) on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighbouring peasantry. His boys followed the plough, and his girls went out to service."

Since this was the condition of the clergy, we are not surprised to find them figuring so largely in the novels of the century.

In No. 58 of his Chinese Essays Goldsmith describes a visitation dinner "which was composed of three courses and lasted as many hours; till the whole company, from the low bishop of the diocese down to Rev. Dr. Marrowfat, were unable to swallow or utter anything more."

In real life were Bishop Berkeley, Bishop Butler, William Law, author of a "Serious Call," and Bishop Wilson. Of the last, Leslie Stephen in his "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," says: "'Wilson the Apostolic' was a man of the old sacerdotal type, full of simplicity, tenderness, devotion, and with a sincere belief, inoffensive because alloyed by no tincture of pride or ambition, in the sacred privileges of the Church. His example proves conclusively that a genuine Christian theologian, in the most characteristic sense of the term, might still be found under the reign of George II. in the Isle of Man."

Next to religion comes love, in the human heart. A people or an age rises or falls according to its conception and delineation of love. Who can point out in Greek or Roman literature a passage where love is described as a

purifying passion of the soul? In no respect does the literature of the eighteenth century differ more from that of the age of Shakespeare or of Tennyson than in its treatment of this subject. A Desdemona, or a Jeanie Deans would have been inconceivable by the writers of this generation. Libertinism was admired, and it became a common practice to boast of intrigues and gallantries in the presence of ladies.

If we are to believe the literature of this period, there were few women qualified either by education or by custom to ease genuine heart pains. We came across pert little hoydens, ogling the men, flirting their fans, their thoughts always running on a husband till they had got him, and then too frequently on some one else. Horace Walpole, in one of his letters giving an account of a visit to Vauxhall Gardens, tells of a "Miss Spurse, who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel—a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky as to see." But how could flightiness and silliness be avoided when, as Dr. Johnson observes, "in the female world any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured." Girls were taught little, "the needle, dancing, and the French tongue," says one, "a little music, on the harpsichord or spinet, to read, write and cast accounts in a small way."

But perhaps the question might be raised whether people who get themselves up so ridiculously could have refined and noble emotions. The fashionable headdress at the beginning of the last century was the commode or fontage, by which the hair was piled up on wires to a great height.

Hannah More, describing some young ladies whom she met in Suffolk in April, 1777, declared that amongst them they had on their heads "an acre and a half of shrubbery, besides slopes, grass plats, tulip buds, clumps of peonies, kitchen gardens and green-houses." Another monstrosity in the reigns of George I. and George II. was the hoop petticoats, which became so enormously large that they were a favourite subject for satire and ridicule. The men were as gaudy in dress as the women. Steele "always went abroad in a laced coat and large buckled periwig."

The French Revolution introduced new fashions in dress as well as new ideas into all kinds of life. The full-bottomed wig vanished before "the fierce republican head of Brutus." Walter Savage Landor dared, on entering Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1793, to wear his hair without powder. "Take care," said his tutor, "they will stone you for a republican." About this time the male attire changed, almost insensibly, we are told. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, writing of the dress worn in London about what he calls "the era of Jacobinism and of equality in 1793 and 1794," says, "It was then that pantaloons, cropped hair, and shoestrings, as well as the total abolition of buckles and ruffles, together with the disuse of hair powder, characterized the men; while the ladies, having cut off those tresses which had done so much execution, exhibited heads rounded a la victime et a la guillotine, as if ready for the stroke of the axe."

From the dawn of history to the present time gambling has been a besetting sin of the English race; but over no country has this fatal passion ever held more complete sway than over England in the eighteenth century. The nobility, lawyers, physicians, statesmen, actors, soldiers, seamen, the clergy

—all classes gambled prodigiously and systematically. In the "Life of Charles James Fox," Trevelyan says: "Society was one vast casino. On whatever pretext and under whatever circumstances half a dozen people of fashion found themselves together, whether for music, or dancing, or politics, or for drinking the waters or each other's wine—the box was sure to be rattling, and the cards were being cut and shuffled."

Charles James Fox, the one great Englishman who did not lose his head during the French Revolution, was hopelessly ruined by his propensity for gambling. Before he was twenty-four years old he had lost a hundred thousand pounds. The memorable debate in the House of Commons on the relief of the clergy from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, in which Fox shone so conspicuously, was preceded, Gibbon tells us, "by a twenty-two hours' recreation at hazard, at a trifling cost of £500 per hour, £11,000 in all." After Fox had lost his last shilling, Topham Beauclerk called on him one morning and found him reading Herodotus in the original Greek. William Wilberforce, in going to London, took part in play, won his twenty-five guineas from the Duke of Norfolk, and was found at the table with George Selwyn. "John Damer and his two brothers," wrote Walpole to Sir Horace Maine in 1776, "have contracted a debt, one can scarcely expect to be believed out of England, of £70,000." Not only men and women, but also boys and girls partook of this infatuation.

Associated with gambling are two vices which have well-nigh ceased to exist in good society now—drinking and swearing. At that time the habit of swearing was so common that it excited little attention. The novels and plays are full of oaths—in Miss Edgeworth's "Belinda" nine may be counted on a single page. Thackeray tells how a German officer who served with the English under Wellington greeted him with a copious supply of oaths, thinking that the old custom was still in vogue, and to this day on the Continent a common oath is an equivalent for an Englishman.

In regard to drunkenness there has been a still more marked change in good society—such entries as Lady Cowper used to make are scarcely possible now. Under date 1716 she says, "At the drawing-room George Mays turned out for being drunk and rowdy. He fell out with Sir James Baker, and in the fray had pulled him by the nose."

Addison was not free from hard drinking. Dick Steele imbibed all he could hold; Oxford not infrequently came drunk into the presence of the Queen; Bolingbroke sat up whole nights drinking, and "having bound a wet napkin round his forehead and eyes, to drive away the effects of his intemperance, hastened without sleep to his official business."

But drunkenness did not become a national vice till the early Hanoverian period. The introduction of gin-drinking, "the master curse of English life, to which most of the crime and an immense proportion of the misery of the nation may be ascribed," says Lecky, "was then fastened upon the English people." It infected the masses of the population and spread with the rapidity and the violence of an epidemic. Small as is the place which this fact occupies in English history, it was probably, if we consider all the consequences that have flowed from it, the most momentous in that part of the eighteenth century.

"The home distilleries were encouraged and the importation of foreign spirits was prohibited, and thus the Government helped to plant irrevocably this fatal passion in the nation." Retailers of gin were accustomed to hang out painted boards announcing that their customers could be made drunk for a penny, and dead drunk for twopence, and should have straw for nothing.

Another custom, called by Mrs. Delaney "that reigning curse," was duelling. Inflamed by drink and excited by gambling men easily quarrelled, and every gentleman who was challenged had to fight or forfeit his reputation. Scarcely a man of any note was to be found who had not been "called out." To avert the stigma of the world and to prevent himself from being driven out of society, even Dr. Johnson said, "while such notions prevail no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel."

But the saddest picture in the history of the eighteenth century is that presented by the prisons. The basest instincts and the most brutal passions of humanity seemed to have swayed those who had to do with prisoners. The description of the dungeon in the Fleet, found in Howell's "State Trials," is too loathsome to repeat. From such cesspools was generated a gaol fever which was helped in its work of destruction by squalor, overcrowding, insufficient nourishment and tortures. A brave soldier, accused of theft, but acquitted, was imprisoned for debt because he was unable to pay his fees; and cases were proved of debtors who, on account of this inability, were locked up with prisoners suffering from smallpox and thus rapidly destroyed.

In the Idler, 1759, Dr. Johnson computed that there were 20,000 debtors in English prisons, and that about one-fourth of this number died annually in consequence of "the corruption of confined air, the want of exercise, and sometimes of food, the contagion of diseases and the severity of tyrants," though in reprinting afterwards he modified this statement.

The thrilling stories of Fielding and Smollett, the lines of Thomson, and the pencil of Hogarth have commemorated the miseries of imprisoned debtors, and prepared us to appreciate the labours of John Howard. The real cause for this state of things is to be found in the gross materialism which dominated society and controlled men's thoughts and actions. "Money," wrote Montesquien, "is here esteemed above everything, honour and virtue not much. An Englishman must have a good dinner, a woman, and money. As he does not go much into society, and limits himself to this, so, as soon as his fortune is gone, and he can no longer have these things, he commits suicide or turns robber."

This condition of society was equally hurtful to literature. Horace Walpole, who, as Lecky has justly remarked, reflected very faithfully the fashionable spirit of his time, always speaks of literary pursuits as something hardly becoming in a gentleman, and of such men as Johnson and Smollett as if they were utterly contemptible.

In the preceding reign, Newton, Locke, Addison, Swift, Steele, Prior, Gay, Rowe, Congreve, Trickell, Parnell, and Phillips, as every reader of Thackeray knows, had obtained assistance from the Government. But neither George I. nor Sir Robert Walpole showed any appreciation of letters. The nobility, taking their tone from the Court, no longer patronized men of literary genius and

learning. Steele was allowed to close a brilliant and useful career in poverty and neglect. Savage and Johnson were permitted to wander about the streets without shelter and food—"cold, hungry, and comfortless." Goldsmith was left to die an untimely death burdened with care and debt. As Lecky has well observed, "the change in the position of writers was at least as injurious to society as to literature. It gave it a frivolous, unintellectual, and material tone it has never wholly lost."

But as Taine in his truly philosophical "History of English Literature" has acutely observed: "These were but the externals; and close observers, like Voltaire, did not misinterpret them. Betwixt the slime at the bottom and the scum on the surface, rolled the great national river, which, purified by its own motion, already at intervals gave signs of its true colour, soon to display the powerful regularity of its course and the wholesome limpidity of its waters." Again and again have the waters of English national life become muddy and foul, but ever and anon they are cleansed and purified as if by the touch of the troubling angel, and they become once more waters for the healing of the nations.

So we have seen it in the days of King Alfred, at the time of Wycliffe, during the Reformation and after the Methodist revival. This revival broke the lethargy of the clergy, and made the fox-hunting parson and absentee rector an impossibility. It diffused brotherly love and Christian charity among the various denominations of Christians.

Not till the Wesleyan impulse had been given could Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, establish Sunday-schools—the beginning of popular education. Not till the Wesleyan leaven had begun to leaven the whole lump could Hannah More by her writings and her own personal example draw the sympathy of England to the poverty and crime of the agricultural labourer. John Howard, the prison-reformer; Edmund Burke, the friend of the oppressed Hindu; William Wilberforce, the foe of slavery and of the slave trade, were all stirred by this same mighty impulse. It went further, and entering into the hearts of our poets, and finding expression in their undying lines, became the property of the human race. This religious thought and feeling budded in Cowper, flowered forth in Wordsworth and became the theme of the greatest poem of the nineteenth century.—"In Memoriam."

But in spite of the many and sweeping changes which have given strength and vitality as well as sweep and scope to English national life, it has always been imperilled by the same cause. Materialism, especially in the form of place-seeking and money-getting, seems to be the besetting sin of the Anglo-Saxon race. A greater heritage has not been devised to any people than that transmitted through the Methodist from the Puritan—faith in manhood, allegiance to conscience and belief in God." But, as President Patson has so well expressed it, when we lose sight of the great heritage, we have false standards of value, false estimates of life, and "we are now," he adds, "in the beginning of an era that makes men idolize wealth. The outcome of it is, that what might be the light of the world is darkness." The peculiar darkness of the eighteenth century is not likely to be ours, but by studying its period closely we can learn both the ills of materialism and the cure for them.

MELROSE AND ABBOTSFORD.

MELROSE ABBEY, FROM THE EAST.

No more sturdy figure appears in the beadroll of writers of the English tongue than Sir Walter Scott. The noblest feature in his character is not his brilliant imagination, his vein of genius, his splendid achievements in letters—not these, but his sterling integrity. At the age of fifty-five he found himself, through no fault of his own, but by the failure of the great publishing firms of Constable and Ballantyne, a debtor to the enormous amount of $750,000. He refused the composition which his creditors offered and set about the Archimedian task of lifting this debt with the lever of his pen.

With growing infirmities and failing powers he laboured on for six years till the hand of death arrested his toil. By this time he had paid off $500,000 of his indebtedness, and through the profits of his copyright the entire balance was soon discharged. No nobler character in his whole galaxy of heroes has Scott described, no Brasdefer or Front-de-boeuf of them all was more chivalric than the plain Tweedshire sheriff, who verified anew the phrase, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." How much grander a character is this than the refined selfishness of a greater genius than Scott, the cold-hearted Goethe. How much nobler his memorial in this regard than that of England's greatest philosopher, Bacon—"the wisest,

greatest, meanest of mankind." These considerations lend a deeper than mere literary interest to a visit to the homes and haunts of the Wizard of the North.

It is a delightful excursion from Edinburgh to Melrose and Abbotsford, through lovely scenery, over which is thrown the nameless spell,

EAST WINDOW, MELROSE ABBEY.

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

The heather and the broom mingled with the gorse and gowans on the green slopes of the Tweed side, and the names of Eskdale and Gala Water, Cockpen and Eildon Hills, recall many an ancient ballad or legend.

The old Abbey, dating from 1136, is one of the finest relics of Gothic architecture extant. The image-breaking zeal of the Reformers, and the cannon of Cromwell have left only a picturesque ruin. It was quite pathetic to see the roofless aisles, the broken windows, the crumbling columns, and the grass-grown chancel where once the cowled brotherhood chanted their matins and even-song. The battered saints looked down reproachfully from their ivied niches, and the effigies of the knights seemed to keep watch over the tombs, where, through the long ages their bodies "await the resurrection." I noticed the touching inscription, "Cvm venit Jesvs cessabit vmbra" —"When Jesus comes the darkness shall flee away." Here is the tomb of the arch-wizard Michael Scott, whose awful ap-

parition is recorded in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and here was buried at last the fiery heart of Bruce. I sat in Sir Walter's favourite seat and gazed where "the darkened roof rose high aloof," and on the lovely eastern oriel with its slender shafts of foliaged tracery,

"Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

Scott thus accurately describes the details of the architecture:

"By a steel-clenched postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small;
The key-stone that lock'd each ribbèd aisle
Was a fleur-de-lis, or quatre-feuille;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound."

In the chancel of St. Mary's is the tomb of the famous wizard, Michael Scott, whose magic books were burned with him, and of whose funeral the monk in "The

SOUTH TRANSEPT, MELROSE ABBEY.

Lay of the Last Minstrel" gives the following weird description:

"I buried him on St. Michael's night
When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright,
And dug his chamber among the dead
Where the floor of the chancel was stainèd red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave."

Near to this tomb is that of Sir Ralph Evers, "the Lord Ewrie," who, according to the ballad, rode rough-shod through Scotland—

"Burn'd the Merse and Teviotdale
And knocked full loud at Edinburgh gate."

Within the Abbey lie the remains of many a gallant warrior and venerable priest. It is said that Alexander II., King of Scotland, lies buried at the high altar. Here also the heart of King Robert the Bruce was deposited, after the unsuccessful attempt made by Lord Douglas to carry it to the Holy Land.

We pass into the cloisters by the same door through which the monk in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" led William of Deloraine to the grave of Michael Scott.

As we wandered around this noble old ruin, gazing at it from different points, and discovering new beauties from whatever point we looked, emotions akin to those of the poet stirred our thoughts.

"*I do love these ancient ruins:*
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history:
And questionless, here in these open courts,
Which now lie naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interred
Who loved the Church so well, and gave
so largely to 't
They thought it should have canopied
their bones
Till doomsday; but all things have an end.
Churches and cities that have diseases
like to men
Must have like death that we have."

ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE GARDEN.

Was ever ruin so sad and fair? I lingered for hours in the legend-haunted spot, and then walked along the green Tweed to Abbotsford where still wields his spell a

mightier wizard than even Michael Scott. It is a large and rambling house with fantastic yet picturesque groups of chimneys, gables and turrets. Over the door is the pious legend,

By night, by day Remember aye,
ye goodness of ye Lord,
And thank His name whose glorious
fame is spread throughout ye
world.

Then I stood with hushed spirit in the room in which he died, and through the open window heard the murmur of the distant Tweed, which in life he loved so well.

Mr. Canniff Haight thus describes the details of the structure :

The principal entrance is from the east side of the house, through a porch copied from one in Linlithgow Palace. It is adorned with petrified stags' horns. The

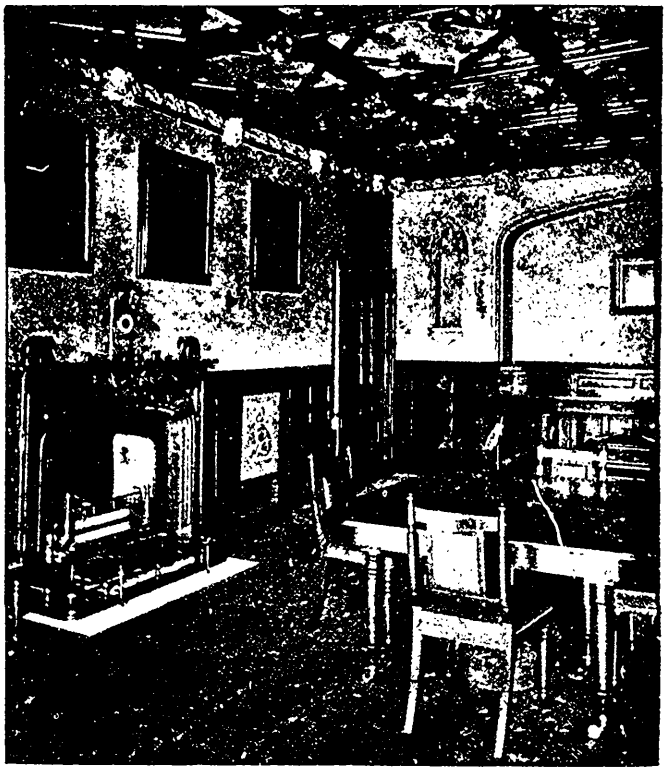
ENTRANCE HALL, ABBOTSFORD.

The house is full of old armour —targes and claymores, helmets and hauberks; antique furniture and relics—the keys of the Tolbooth, Queen Mary's cross and purse, historic portraits and the like. Of special interest was the stately library, and the small writing room, with the desk and books just as the master left them, and the effigy of faithful Maida. walls of the hall are panelled with richly carved oak from Dunfermline Palace, and the arched roof is of the same material. Round the whole cornice there are the armorial bearings of the Douglases, the Scotts, Kers, Armstrongs, and other stout border clans, who, as an inscription tells us, " Keepit the Marchys of Scotland in the old tyme for the

Kynge." On one side of the hall there are stained glass windows, and the spaces between the windows are decorated with pieces of armour, crossed swords and stags' horns.

On each side of the door at the bottom of the hall there is a figure in complete armour, one with a two-handed sword, the other with a spear, standing in a Gothic niche with a canopy above. The fireplace is a beautiful specimen of carving, designed from a niche in Melrose Abbey. Opposite this is a kind of side-table constructed from the boards of the pulpit of the old church of Dunfermline, in which Ralph Erskine, one of the founders of the Secession Church, had preached. Here are clothes worn by Sir Walter. The floor is laid with black and white marble from the Hebrides.

We pass out of the hall into the armoury, a long, narrow room, extending across the house, with openings right and left into the dining-room and drawing-room. The walls are thickly covered with Highland targets, Lochaber axes, broadswords, whingers, daggers, old muskets, bugle horns and other instruments of war—stags' horns again occupying conspicuous positions in the decorations.



DINING-ROOM, ABBOTSFORD.

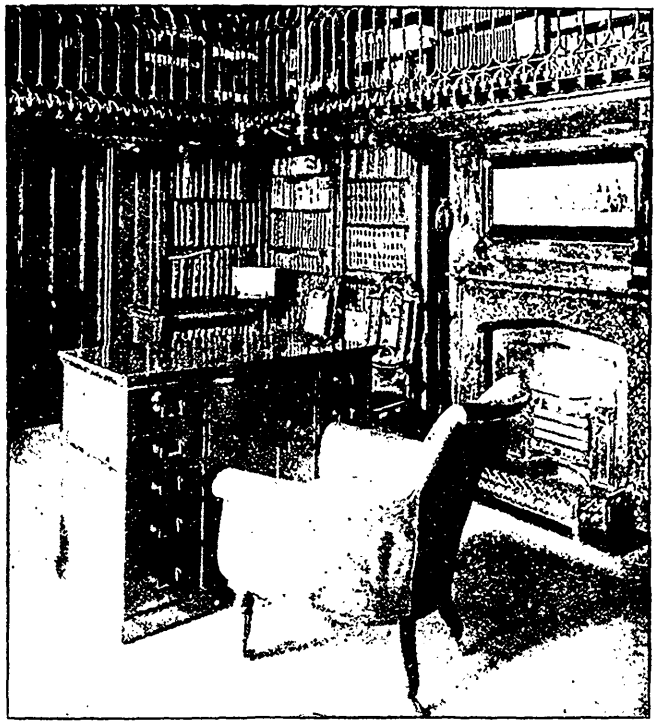
The drawing-room is a lofty and spacious apartment, richly finished. The carved ebony furniture, cabinets, chairs, piano, etc., were the gift of George IV. to the poet. There are fine portraits of Scott,

Cromwell and Hogarth, the latter painted by the artist himself.

The library is a spacious room, with carved oak ceiling, designed from models in Roslin Chapel. The book-cases contain nearly twenty thousand volumes, many of them extremely rare and valuable. In a niche is a marble bust of Sir Walter by Chantrey, and over the fireplace a full-length portrait of his son, Colonel Scott. The most interesting of all the rooms is the private study, where the great Wizard of the North toiled to free himself from the difficulties brought upon him by the failure of his publishers. The small writing-table and arm-chair, covered with black leather, stand where he left them. There are books of reference close at hand, and round three sides of the room there is a light gallery, which opens to a private staircase, by which he could descend from his bedroom unobserved.

Elihu Burritt, in speaking of Abbotsford, says :

"It is the photograph of Sir Walter Scott. It is brimful of him and his histories. No author's pen ever gave such an individuality to a human home. It is all the coinage of thoughts that have flooded the hemispheres. Pages of living literature raised up all these lofty walls, built these arches, panelled these ceilings and filled the whole edifice with these mementos of the men and ages gone. Every one of these hewn stones cost a paragraph ; that carved and gilded crest, a column's length of thinking done on paper. It must be true that pure, unaided literary labour never built before a mansion of this magnitude and filled it with such treasures of art and history. This will forever make it and the pictures of it a monument of peculiar interest.

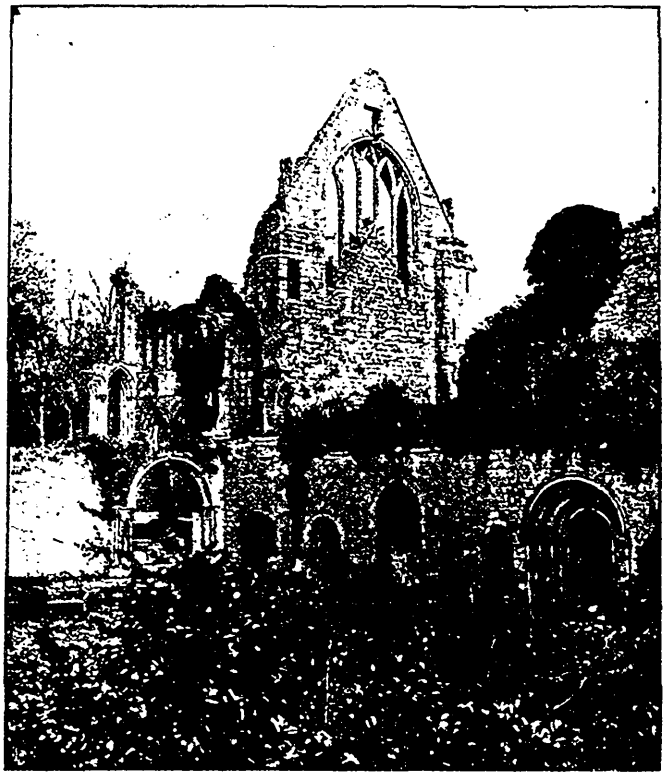


THE STUDY, ABBOTSFORD.

"I have said that it is brimful of the author. It is equally full of all he wrote about; full of interesting topographs of Scotland's history back to the twilight ages; full inside and out, and in the very garden and stable walls. The studio of an artist was never fuller of models of human or animal heads, or of counterfeit duplicates of nature's handiwork, than Sir Walter's mansion is of things his pen painted on in the life of its inspiration. The very porchway that leads into the house is hung with petrified stags' horns, doubtless dug up in Scottish bogs, and illustrating a page of the natural history of the country in some prehistoric century.

"The halls are panelled with Scotland —with carvings in oak from the old palace of Dunfermline. Coats of arms of the celebrated Border Chieftains are arranged in line around the walls. The armoury is a miniature arsenal of all arms ever wielded since the times of the Druids, and a history attaches to nearly every one of the weapons. History hangs its network everywhere. It is built high and low into the face of the outside walls. Quaint old carved stones from abbey and castle ruins, arms, devices and inscriptions are all here presented to the eye like the printed page of an open volume."

The best view to be had of Abbotsford is said to be from the opposite side of the Tweed. This



DRYBURGH ABBEY, FROM THE REFECTORY.

view we did not get, but satisfied ourselves with a stroll through the grounds, which descend to the river, and along the river's bank. Then we returned to our carriage.

The road to Dryburgh, some seven or more miles distant, gives some very pretty views of the surrounding scenery and the windings of the Tweed. On the brow of a hill, near Dryburgh, we note

a colossal statue of Sir William Wallace and a Temple of the Muses, erected by the Earl of Buchan. A lodge-keeper opens the gate to us, and we follow a well-beaten path running through a narrow belt of trees. In a few minutes we come upon the Abbey ruins. The walls are overgrown with ivy, and even trees are growing above some of the arches.

cestors, the Haliburtons of Newmains, at one time proprietors of the Abbey. On either side are the tombs of his wife and eldest son. His son-in-law, Lockhart, was also buried in the same place, in 1854. The inscription on the tomb of the poet reads :

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,

DIED SEPTEMBER 21, A.D. 1832.

TOMB OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, DRYBURGH ABBEY.

The luxuriant foliage, like the cloak of charity, seems wishful to cover with kindly protection the seams and scars time and spoliation have made upon the venerable structure.

St. Mary's Aisle, the most beautiful and interesting part of the ruin, contains the burial-place of Sir Walter Scott, who was interred there September 26th, 1832, in the tomb of his maternal an-

Of the monastery nothing is entire but the Chapter-house, St. Modan's Chapel and the adjoining passages. The hall is adorned with a row of intersected arches. A double circle on the floor marks the spot where the founder of the Abbey is buried.

Among the places shown to visitors is a cell or dungeon appropriated to purposes of punishment or torture. A hole is cut into

the stone wall, into which the hand of the victim was thrust and wedged in with wood. The hole is so placed that the prisoner was obliged to remain on his knees; he neither could stand up nor lie down.

Opposite the entrance of the Abbey grounds there is an old yew tree, said to have been planted when the original structure was founded. From it we cut a twig to bring away as a memento.

The abbey was founded by Hugh de Morville, Constable of Scotland, about 1150. It was too near the border to escape the attentions of Scotland's "auld enemies of England." Edward II., retreating from his unsuccessful invasion of Scotland, 1322, encamped in the grounds of Dryburgh, and burnt the monastery to the ground. The ruins are situated upon a richly wooded haugh, round which the Tweed makes a circuitous sweep. The site is supposed to have been originally a place of Druidical worship.

Those old monks had keen eyes to favourable sites. They knew well how to spy out the fat of the land. Wherever you meet with a monastery or an abbey, it is sure to nestle in a fruitful valley, and beside a well-stocked stream, where fish and game abounded.

THE WINDOW OF THE DREAMER.

BY MARGARET G. CURRIE.

I saw a lofty, strongly-pictured window,
The blood of life is paler than its dyes,
It shewed Rebecca's son at Bethel sleeping
'Neath starlight of the mystic eastern skies.

There gleamed the dream he dreamed as God anointed
His fast-sealed eyes the true and real to see—
The way that joins dark earth to glowing heaven—
The angels in their ceaseless ministry.

They came, as now they come, from deathly peril
To save the scoffer yet to turn and pray,
To welcome the new-born, to soothe the dying,
To carry souls of saints the heavenward way.

To minister to those, on some fair morrow
To wake salvation's heirs, though doomed to roam
Long amid scenes of sin and desolation,
Far from the glory of their Father's home.

To influence kingly counsels unsuspected
Save by opposing fiends of malice dire;
To shape the issue of momentous battle,
To stay the plague, to quell devouring fire.

Doubtless, because they die not, fade not, fail not,
Those self-same angels guard the earth to-day—
Ay, man is of a truth a little lower,
A little weaker and less wise than they.

O wondrous window 'neath a spire of marble
Of a far city by the salt, blue sea,
How oft have eyes, tired of earth's limitations,
And faint with heavenward longings, looked to thee!

I see not now that fane's sculpture and fretwork
Nor the strong picture of Rebecca's son,
But look with eye of faith on Christ, the Ladder,
The Way whereby the gates of God are won.

Some happy day, having o'ercome in all things,
My soul 'scaped scathless from these realms of strife,
Shall know what ills, dreaded or unimagined,
Strong angel arms hurled from my path of life.

Fredericton, N.B.

JOHN CARTER AND HIS WONDERFUL ETCHINGS.

BY CONRAD WILLIAMS.

HEAD, AFTER REMBRANDT.

Flat on his back, what can a man do? John Carter and his extraordinary work are an answer and example.

Flat on his back, literally; for so he fell, in the accident; so he was obliged to live, all the succeeding years of his mortal life; so he did his etchings; and so he looked upward to heaven, from which his gaze had been averted up to the hour when Providence finished Part First of his history, and commenced Part Second, the story of a cripple's life on earth.

John Carter, paralyzed from his shoulders to the tips of his toes, painted and etched things not only marvellous as the productions of a cripple, but because of their rare artistic merit.

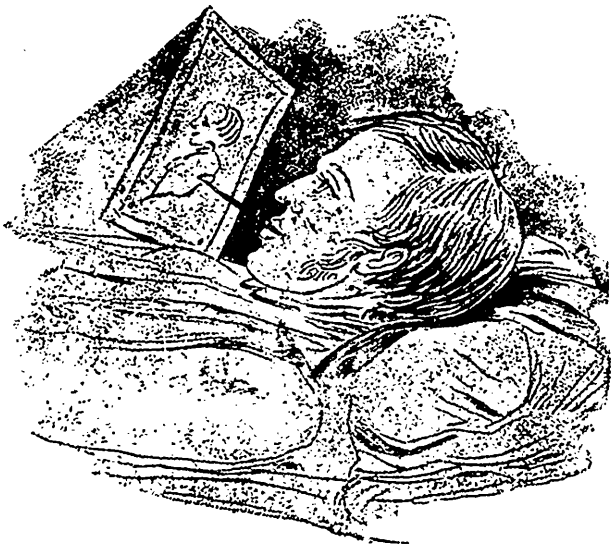
He was born July 31, 1815, in Essex County, England. He was twenty years old when the accident took place. One night in May, 1836, he and his roystering companions raided the rookery at Holfield Grange. He climbed one of the tall trees for birds. "When he reached a height of about forty feet from the ground, the limb of another tree, to which he was crossing, yielded more than was calculated upon; he missed his hold, and fell to the earth upon his back. He was taken up senseless, and from that hour never moved hand or foot. Serious injury to the spine had deprived him of all power of voluntary motion below the neck. He lived, but the paralysis was perpetual. The muscular power of the neck was retained; no permanent mischief was sustained by the organs of the head. This, with a very slight power of motion in the chest and the left shoulder, was all the muscular power which was left to John Carter.

Life, after the accident, must have had a dreary look to him. But, flat on his back, he gazed upward, and the heavens were opened to him. A knowledge of God came, that gave him more than resignation, even peace and courage. Then came a providential incident which he described in a letter; an incident which suggested to him occupation and fame.

"The manner in which I came to draw after I had lost the use of my limbs, was as follows: being fond of reading, I used to borrow books from my neighbours and others. My wife one day brought home for me a tract which gave an account of a young woman in some asylum at Liverpool, who had lost the use of her limbs, and used to amuse herself by drawing with her mouth. The thought at once came into my mind that I might certainly do the same, and I could not rest satisfied till I made the attempt. My first piece was a butterfly, in water colours. After drawing in this way for some time, I at length adopted the style in which I still continue to draw,

which is to shade them after the manner of a line engraving."

"The posture in which he drew was lying a little on the right side, with the head a little raised by pillows. A small, light desk, made under his own directions, was adjusted for him; on this desk his drawing-paper was fastened with large, brass-headed pins, such as artists and architects use for the same purpose. He never drew but in bed. He first sketched in the subject with a lead pencil,



JOHN CARTER SKETCHING IN BED.

sometimes as little as four inches in length, which he held between his teeth as firmly as if in a vice. This done, a little saucer of India ink was prepared, and the brush was moistened by his attendant, and placed in his mouth, when, by a curious muscular action of his lips and tongue, he would twirl the brush round with great velocity, until he had thrown off all superfluous ink and brought it to a very fine point. He then held it fast between his teeth, and by the motion of the head produced the most accurate and delicate strokes. He was accustomed to work with very fine hair-pencils (some almost as fine as needle points), about six inches long, which, by bringing the work so near his eye, would manifestly much enhance the difficulty of the operation.

Fourteen years he lay upon his back and etched. "During the winter months John Carter was a close prisoner at home, amusing and improving himself by reading; for the light in winter time was seldom strong enough to enable him to follow his drawing with satisfaction, or for any length of time."

Two traits showed conspicuously in him—a "love of truth, and "a singular patience and persistence in accomplishing his purposes." "In his works he ever aimed at doing his very best; that is to say, he earnestly, patiently and conscientiously laboured to develop, through the expression which his pencil gave, the true character of whatever subject he was engaged on, as he realized it in his own mind; and his was a mind that seemed fitted and formed in a high degree for the reception of truthful impressions."

Queen Victoria was the recipient of one of Carter's drawings, a small picture of "Our Saviour on the Cross," also of the head, imitated from Rembrandt.

On Sunday, June 2, 1850, his lips which had done such wonderful work, were motionless in death. But his works are a perpetual wonder and lesson.

"An inspiring sermon," said the New York Tribune, "teaching

lessons of faith and hope and constancy, of sweetness and humility, joined to an invincible courage and self-reliance which to read, ought to put strength into the weakest heart that shrinks, frightened and disheartened, from its appointed lot in life. Nor ought it less to shame those to whom strength and opportunity are given, but who, in the possession of all their faculties of body and mind, with sound limbs and perfect senses, still find a lion in every path, and are tripped by every straw.

"It is, besides, a revelation of the power of the human mind to rise above the afflictions and wounds of the flesh; to turn calamity itself into a blessing; and with a body hanging on the very verge of the grave, to conceive an impossible task and pursue it unwearied, uncomplaining and undaunted, through fourteen years of death in life."—Success.

GRACE AND GLORY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Who lean upon Thine arm, Lord, cannot fall,
Strengthless although they be;
Who choose thy paths to tread, yet all unknown,
Are blessed continually.

Though skies may lower and winds tempestuous wail,
While life grows sad and drear;
Not direst woe the souls can overwhelm
Who feel Thy presence near.

Bright gleams in deepest gloom, and gladness e'en
Where griefs do most abound;
Peace, though by wildest storm encompassèd,
There will with Thee be found:—

For Thou hast power and wisdom, joy and light,
And quietude most sweet;
Sufficient for all ills art Thou, in whom
All compensations meet.

Then closely, closely let me cling to Thee,
In this, my feebleness;
Be all my choosing only as Thine own,
Who choosest but to bless.

Open mine eyes, that, in the darkness, I
Thy cheering beams may see;
And make my heart, with sorrows though weighed down,
Yet to be glad in Thee.

Grant me repose while still earth's storms surround,
Beneath Thy sheltering wing,
Assured that Thou, ere long, to rest with Thee,
In heaven's own calm wilt bring,

Where, strengthened with Thy might for evermore,
Knowing as I am known,
The all-wise love that time's dark course ordained
I shall, rejoicing, own—

And, through eternity's unshadowed years
While I with Thee abide,
With praise-filled soul I shall the grace extol
That did to glory guide.

Toronto.

SIR JAMES SIMPSON.

A PRINCE OF DOCTORS AND A PRINCELY MAN.

SIR JAMES SIMPSON.

We frankly own to having been charmed by reading Miss Simpson's life of her father, Sir James Simpson, the celebrated Edinburgh physician. The formal, or official biography, by Dr. Duns, was in every way a respectable performance, though it can hardly be said to have survived during the twenty-four years since it was published, so that there was not only a distinct place for his life in the Famous Scots Series, there was a distinct want for a new biography of so distinguished, not to say, so great a man, for, although there is no likelihood of his name dying out while chloroform continues to mitigate pain and save life, yet the facts of his comparatively brief but brilliant history are unknown to the younger generation, and to the story of his remarkable career there could be no better handbook than this of his daughter, Eve Blantyre.

To several young people we have said : "If you want a book as interesting as a novel, and of vastly greater value, invest eighteen pence in this well-told story of a wonderful life." We have only one caveat to enter. We could have wished that the gifted authoress had not been so super-sensitive on the evangelical element in her father's life. Possibly some unwise people made too much of the part he took in the "revival" in the early sixties, and no doubt his enemies and the enemies of his Lord, sneered at his preaching and praying, while a few in their hate not only "hinted dislike," but they spoke of questionable motives. Yet why these too obvious protests ? The knowledge of the man and the bare statement of facts was a sufficient vindication.

The little town of Bathgate, on the lowest slopes of the Linlithgowshire hills, about midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, was his birthplace, and the time was when the century was eleven years old. His father, the village baker, was a fine specimen of the Scots commonalty; his mother, on the other hand, brought a new strain of blood into the family. Her name was Mary Jervays, in direct line from the Huguenot Gervaises, who sought and found liberty by flight into Scotland. This "dash of Southern blood" was on her mother's side, for on her father's there was a descent from the national hero, Wallace, whose spirit this son of Mary Jervays had, if his deeds were different. An eminent American once exclaimed, as he gazed at Sir James : "I guess your Sir William Wallace had a countenance like Simpson's."

His life was one never-ceasing fight with disease and pain, so that our most influential medical jour-

nal said, when he fell, "No braver or more brilliant soldier in the army of medicine has in these days been carried to the rear." He was the youngest child in the baker's household, and brought the proverbial luck of the seventh son. He was little more than "a toddling wee thing" when he began his schooling with a wooden-legged dominie, one Henderson, whose sobriquet was the expressive one of "Timmerleg." The boy was known as "a broad-made, towsie-headed lad," greedy of learning, with a memory that never forgot, and a nimble intellect; of a merry heart, a sunny face, and a ringing laugh; this was not only his make-up, it made him what he was to the end. He got to be called the "wise wean," because he loved to stand by the "wabsters'" (weavers') looms and listen eagerly to their talk and their discussions on theology, botany, natural history, or some geological find. But all his lessons, whether from Timmerleg, weaver, or parish schoolmaster, were shaped and driven home by a godly, well-informed mother, whose fervent spirit quickened the soul of her boy. But he suffered an irreparable loss by her death when but a child, though his elder sister became "a second mother," and filled the place not unworthily.

His boyhood showed the man, as the dawning shows the day; his path became a shining light. They went to college early in those days, and this Bathgate callant, a true "lad o' pairts," entered Edinburgh University when he was fourteen. Some of his people hoped to see him, some day, "wag his pow in a pu'pit;" he himself had some idea of the law, but his destiny came in medicine; "the demon of physic" fairly possessed him. The college course was made possible by the generosity of his elder brother, "Sandy," and made practicable by his own "plain living and high thinking." His prizes and ultimate success were not won by playing the student, nor by flashes of intuition, but by sheer hard work and taking infinite pains. Not only did he lay siege to the citadel of medicine, and take it, he studied botany, zoology, geology, and chiefly archaelogy, and they were studies, not "smatterings;" not a little of everything and not much of anything; it was not only search, it was research. Professor Masson, who never speaks heedlessly, says: "He was a man of encyclopaedian knowledge."

He became a full-fledged medico just when he was out of his teens, but before "settling down" a friend and he made a three months' tour—first to London for a month, where he "did" the hospitals in his characteristically thorough fashion; then they visited France and the Low Countries, speaking with admiration of Quentin Durward's country. He soon started practice in Heriot Row, Edinburgh, and plunged into work as only he, or such as he, could do, working all day and writing most of the night, rarely getting more than three hours' sleep. Before long he made the bold resolve to take a larger house and then take a wife. He was driven to borrow £500 from that "second father" of his, his brother Sandy. Thus he was heavily encumbered for a time, but he says that he had "put a stout heart to a stey brae."

If he was "bold" before, what must be said of his "going in" for a vacant Chair in the University of Edinburgh? He was so young (only thirty) and so inexperienced that it seemed the sheerest audacity, but he not only went in for it, he won it, after one of the hardest fights ever known, and never was an appointment better justified by results than this, for he made it

the best chair, not only in Edinburgh, but one of the best in Europe. He was ever gathering and hoarding up for use stores of information, "getting books which no one but himself seemed to know of." He had been in practice but five years when he bought a large house in Queen Street, afterwards so well known to thousands of patients and visitors, "where he kept an open door and a table for all."

His increasing fame brought him hosts upon hosts of patients from different parts of Europe and America; duchesses, countesses, ladies of all degrees and titles thronged his anterooms, yet he would leave them and tell them they must wait if he was urgently needed by a poor woman up half-a-dozen stairs in the High Street, where he not only got nothing, but left something good behind him. His fame reached the Court, and the Queen sent a special message appointing him one of her physicians in Scotland.

But the sad world of sufferers blessed him, and blesses him yet for the discovery of chloroform. Others had been on the anxious quest for some reliable anaesthetic; indeed, from very early times wise and compassionate men had been searching for, and experimenting upon, narcotic drugs and methods of many sorts and kinds. Later on they tried mesmerism, or hypnotism, Sir Humphrey Davy's oxide gas, and multitudes of other things, but without the desired result. An American used sulphuric ether successfully, and it is used yet. The most fruitful suggestion, however, came from Mr. Waldie, a countryman of Simpson's, that he should try perchloride of formyle. Here was the very thing wanted, and its name too—chloroform. The one anxiety of Simpson's life had been to find some workable, reliable substance to "cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part" (a prophetic line of Middleton's in 1620), and here it was. "See this," he said, holding up a little phial, "it will turn the world upside down."

One night he and his assistants tried it upon themselves, and in a trice they were all under the table, and, had the results not been so momentous to mankind, it would have been exceedingly laughable to have seen a professor and two doctors "lying sprawling and kicking" on the floor. It almost surpasses belief that so beneficent a discovery should have been met with such bitter resistance. Christians and ministers opposed it from Scripture and creed; doctors laughed and sneered and scouted it as a whim of quackery. So raged the furious storm of invective, bigotry, and hate, but when the Queen used it, and Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, publicly thanked Simpson for it, the storm abated, though it needed no royal imprimatur, it won its own victory, for in a very few years two million doses of chloroform were manufactured annually in Edinburgh alone.

The charm of his personality fascinated every one; timid, nervous, fearful people were assured and filled with courage or inspired with hope as he grasped the hand and spoke with silvery voice his well-chosen words of encouragement and good cheer, and looked at them, or into them, with his penetrating, yet sympathetic eyes. He was not a big man, though from his broad shoulders and finely-developed head, covered with an abundance of hair, he looked big; indeed, some one in this book speaks of him as "a big little man." Money flowed in upon him in shoals, though he cared not for it nor about it, thrusting gold, cheques, bank-notes carelessly into his pockets, and, had

not his servant or personal factotum cleared his pockets, handing their contents to Mrs. Simpson, no one knows where or how they might have gone. On an emergent occasion he wanted to stop a rattling window, and, as nothing could be found, he took a ten-pound note from his pocket and thrust it in.

We should like to give a programme of his daily work, only it would consume too much space. From eight in the morning on to one, two, or three next morning were his working hours. The "small hours" were devoted to writing, to experiments, or to special cases, for his "night-bell" was frequently in use. Yet somehow he found time for a game with his children, and entertained in princely spirit and style all sorts of people—noblemen, foreigners, scientists, doctors, anybody, almost everybody—and he had the true host's happy knack of putting everybody at ease with everybody else.

He dearly loved a good story, and could tell one himself, the droller the better; he sternly opposed practical joking, but an honest joke or piece of fun was greeted with the heartiest laughter. But he saw the other side of life too, the sorrowful, often the tragic side.

"What can I do?" asked a mother, as she saw, from the doctor's face, that her child was fated to go—"what can I do?"

"You must give her back to the Lord," and the tears ran down his face. "My little Maggie was her age when He took her; I know how hard it is."

The dark shadow of death fell several times upon his home, but the blow of all blows was when his eldest son, a bright young gifted doctor, with not a little of his father's spirit and manner about him, was taken. If an assistant was sent the patients murmured, but they had got to like and believe in "Dr. David." This wound was long in healing. His unfailing resource was prayer. On occasions when all his efforts failed, he would say, "Let us kneel and pray." One of his chief contemporaries said, "As a Christian he was a humble follower of his Lord," and when one asked him what was his greatest discovery, he answered at once, "That I have a Saviour."

He was a man of peace, and was ever busy in bringing estranged people together, and yet, when the question at stake demanded it, he could and did fight as few could. He was ever in controversy, though he never forgot that he was a gentleman and a Christian. His baronetcy came as a special mark of the Queen's favour, conveyed in a flattering letter from Earl Russell; not that he cared for it himself, he accepted it for his friends' sake, and it gratified the good brother Sandy and made him proud to see his brother called Sir James Young Simpson, Bart. He would have accounted the Principalship of his University a greater honour, and he should have had it, but it went to another. In his life he did the work of several ordinary lives, which, coupled with a weak strain in his constitution, broke down his health, and then quenched in death his bright, noble, Christian life when he was fifty-eight.—Primitive Methodist Magazine.

Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.
—*Gerald Massey.*

HENRY DRUMMOND.

BY THE REV. GEORGE W. HAMMEL.

PROF. DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.

"As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obeyed
And fell below his stem."
—*Coriolanus.*

"The ages have exulted in the manners of a youth," says Waldo Emerson, "who owed nothing to fortune, and who was hanged at the Tyburn of his nation, who, by the pure quality of his nature, shed an epic splendour around the facts of his death, which has transfigured every particular into an universal symbol for the eyes of mankind. This great defeat is hitherto our highest fact." . . . "There are many eyes that can detect and honour the prudent and household virtues; there are many that can discern genius on his starry track, though the mob is incapable; but when that love, which is all-suffering, all-abstaining, all-aspiring, which has vowed to itself that it will be a wretch and also a fool in this world, sooner than soil its white hands by any compliances, comes into our streets and houses, only the pure and aspiring can know its face, and the only compliment they can pay it is to own it."

The man owns that which is his own. Like flies to like. To the pure belong all things pure. Affinities rule life. Jesus Christ himself put the deep, eternal truth into fittest phrase when He said, "My sheep hear my voice. They who are of the light come to the light, that their deeds may be manifested." The magnet finds steel and steel finds magnet. Electricity finds its wire and makes way upon it, and the wire finds the fluid—somehow, by affinity, by inherent, subtle, mysterious fitness. So, the saint finds God, and God finds the saint. The sea flows in to bay, cove, gulf. If God flows in, it is because there is in-let, an opening of the mind, heart, soul.

The "opening of the mind to God" seems, at times, not so much an act of will, definitely performed, as an instinct, a natural aptitude—and we say, "He is naturally religious." There seems no need of refining, nor of reforming. Thoughts are pure and fearless, of full, free expression. Acts are noble, frank beyond suspicion of evil. Words have lofty tone of truth and pureness, and exhale an atmosphere of fidelity to deepest moral sense. In thought, word, act, this well-born soul is fit for place at table of King Arthur—unfearing banishment for violation of the fine law of perfect gentleness and justice. His virtue is not an victory, but an endowment, a gift, a characteristic.

"The reason why this or that man is fortunate is not to be told," says Emerson in his lecture on "Character." "It lies in the man; that is all anybody can tell you about it. See him, and you will know as easily why he succeeds, as, if you see Napoleon, you would comprehend his fortune." So, the reason why this or that man is pious, is virtuous, is religious, is not to be told. It lies in the man. If he have a carnal mind, he will live a carnal life. He will grovel, sink, and live in the alleys and slums of the soul. If he have a spiritual mind, a religious temperament, he will obey God. His life will be spiritual, lofty, excellent in impulse, and sweet in the amenities and beauties of conduct.

In all this, I am not forgetful of the need and possibility of the new birth, the birth of God, the influx of new life from the upper world of the Divine Spirit. I am only stating that which lies open to the eye. For there are inherent differences, inherent inequalities among men. There are men whose eyes are set on the stars, and they sail surely towards their port. There are others whose eyes are set on the sea—the shifting, changing, restless sea—and they never find port. There are men who, quite from the beginning, understand the duty of life, because they understand that its high destiny is to know God and enjoy fellowship with Him for evermore. Their birth was normal. Long lines of noble life centre, focus, culminate in them. Their genealogy is clear. Their advent was welcomed into pure homes, genial with affection, and graceful in tender justice of goodness. In them faculties are normal and balanced. All the signs of a fine soul are written on brain, brow, eye, nose, mouth, body, hand, foot.

"Henry Drummond," says his friend, D. M. Ross, "was singularly fortunate in his home life, with its congenial environment of affection, culture and robust evangelical religion." Affection, culture, robust evangelical religion—those were the three points through which ran the circle of a perfect life. Every life should begin under a roof where affection is—affection between the two who are heirs together of the grace of life—affection for the child born of their wedding—affection of child for parent, and for fellow. There should be culture, strong religion, robust faith, inspiring hope. Breezes from heaven should blow in at all windows. The thought of God should be vital, real, omnipotent.

The author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was well born. By chance—if there be chance—or destiny, by high favour of God he came to the noble heritage of a perfect body, a finely textured brain, a beautiful temperament, a winning spirit, an honourable parenthood, a holy home. He did not choose this circumstance. In Gournon, west of Thebes, in Egypt, homes are tombs, tombs are homes. "To set up their housekeeping the Gournonites get two or three earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, a mat for a bed." They pay neither rent nor tax. "No rain can pass through the roof, and there is no door, for there is no want of one, as there is nothing to lose. If the house do not please them, they walk out and enter another." Such homes under African skies do not welcome Drummonds. For birth of such spirits as his there must needs be a home in Scotland with an ancestry of virtue, wit, wealth, beauty, power, success, courtesy, chivalry, high thinking, sobriety, conscience, moral conviction, religion, culture, personal force, purity. His ancestors did not anticipate him, but they kept true to themselves and

God, and at last the flower of their lineage bloomed.

Henry Drummond was "born," we say, in 1851; and, after a happy boyhood, went to the University of Edinburgh. He knew Robert Louis Stevenson there, and John Watson, who afterwards wrote "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush"—and a beautiful sketch of him as preface to addresses on "The Ideal Life." Ross says of him, "His breezy sunniness, the kindliness of his fun and humour, the sparkle of his quiet remarks, and his never-failing courtesy and evenness of temper, made him a favourite in every company." He had strange powers then—powers that he never lost, but afterwards regulated, controlled, and even quite suppressed—strange powers of influencing others.

> "As weeds before
> A vessel under sail, so men obeyed
> And fell below his stem."

"What means did you employ?" was the question asked of Concine's wife, in regard to her treatment of Mary di Medici, and the answer was, "Only that influence which every strong mind has over a weak one." Drummond had a "strong" mind, was a man of large brain, well balanced—a noble head, organ of supreme and sensitive intelligence.

In 1870 he went into the Theological Hall of the Free Church of Scotland, and in 1873 crossed to Germany and studied at Tubingen. Even there, among German strangers (although he found Scottish fellows too), he fascinated and charmed, as he was wont to do. But, whether in Edinburgh or in Tubingen, he was thinking still of science. Even then his future was drawing him by subtle influence to the study of the world that God had made, and his double course of thought and study was unconsciously preparing him for the authorship of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

He was twenty-two years old before the religious life that had been latent, negative, became active, positive and magnetic. Mr. Moody came to Scotland—came to the college where Drummond was a student—and immediately a larger life began. Drummond left the college, and for two years was associated with the great American evangelist. He delivered addresses—he worked with inquirers in the "inquiry-rooms." To the end of his life he was an evangelist—a preacher of the holy Gospel—but to the end of his life also he was an ardent advocate of the heart-to-heart methods of the inquiry-room. He believed far more in conversation than in sermon, lecture or address. He believed in Jesus Christ and in religion as fundamentally a true relationship with Jesus Christ. He passed by *many things in theology*. He said little about the "church." For him Christ was supreme, sole, sufficient. For him religion was *companionship with Jesus Christ*. Twenty-three years ago that was less common than it is now. Then it had freshness of aspect that made it popular.

Drummond afterwards enlarged his range, but his early creed was sufficient for successful evangelism and his career was happy, scintillant with direct and dominant effectiveness. In the autumn of 1876 he went back to Edinburgh to finish his course of study in the Theological Hall. Ross says, "His was already one of the best known names in the evangelistic world, but he bore himself with a modesty which was the constant admiration of his class-fellows. . . He was so self-forgetting, so sympathetic, so brotherly, and there was about him such an atmosphere of the upper levels of life."

He became lecturer on Natural

Science in 1877. On Sundays he delivered addresses on "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," in Possil Park, a mission church attended by hard-working, hard-thinking artisans. These addresses were published in 1883, and at once spread through the thinking world like light. Drummond had studied theology and he had studied science. He was familiar with the terminology and the methods of both science and theology. Perhaps he believed that theology is the mother and queen of all sciences. I only know that he found men burdened with difficulties, and he thought he could remove them by proving that natural laws and spiritual laws are the same—and that scientific terms have their correlates in terms of religion—and that religious terms have definition in terms of science. So he published his "addresses."

One hundred and twenty thousand copies of the book were sold. Theologians attacked it. Scientists attacked it. Drummond himself subsequently disavowed its characteristic doctrine, yet, in one of his addresses, published after his death, we find it re-stated: The natural law and the spiritual law are not two. There are not two kingdoms. There is one law. There is one kingdom—as there is one God, one King, one law-giver. Ross finely says: "He learned to appreciate better the deep affinities between the ethical and the spiritual life, and he also learned to appreciate better those elements of human personality, such as self-consciousness and volition, which make it impossible to interpret the moral and spiritual life of man by the help of nothing more than the categories of biological science."

Professor Drummond was in Africa when news of his splendid success first reached him. He had left Scotland soon after the appearance of "Natural Law," on a voyage of exploration, and for five months he had not seen a newspaper. He left Europe a comparatively unknown man. He returned one of the Church's Forty Immortals. Again he resumed his work as preacher. Every week he went over from Glasgow to Edinburgh and spoke on Sundays. Books and booklets appeared—the famous little books on "The Greatest Thing in the World," "The City Without a Church," "Pax Vobiscum."

Then came "The Ascent of Man," and antagonistic criticism. "The Natural Law" was orthodox enough—but "The Ascent"!! Cyclones of bitter judgment swept furiously down upon its author. But Drummond remained sweet, gentle, unwavering, unselfish. It was well for him. In 1895 strange ailment of muscles and bones fell upon him, and after two years' agony, he died, March 11, 1897—"one of the purest, brightest, most lovable spirits that have ever gladdened God's world."

To him life was Christ. To die was gain. For him Christ was not a problem to be solved, but a presence to be realized, a person to be known and adored, here and hereafter, now and for evermore.

TRIALS.

Pray, pray, thou who also weepest,—
  And the drops will slacken so;
Weep, weep—and the watch thou keepest,
  With a quicker count will go.

Think—the shadow on the dial
  For the nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
  Proves the presence of the sun.

—*Browning.*

THE MOON'S STORY.

BY SIR ROBERT BALL,

Lowndean Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, England.

I do not think there is any chapter in modern science more remarkable than that which I here propose to describe. It has, indeed, all the elements of a romance. I am to sketch an event of the very greatest moment in the history of the universe, which occurred at a period of the most extreme antiquity, and has been discovered in the most remarkable manner.

It might be thought that it would be utterly impossible for us to learn anything with regard to what took place at a time so immeasurably anterior to all sources of tradition, and, indeed, to all the ordinary channels for obtaining knowledge by observation. It, however, fortunately happens that the darkness of this early period is illumined by a bright and steady source of light which will never deceive us, if only we will follow it properly. Our trustworthy guide is to be the pen of the mathematician, for it is well known that, unless we are going to dispute the fundamental proposition that two and two make four, we cannot impugn the truths which mathematics discloses. This science knows no boundaries of space. It recognizes no limits in time. It is ever ready for discussing operations which take place, either in the millionth part of a second, or in the lapse of unaccounted millions of centuries. The processes of mathematics are alike available for tracing out the delicate movements in the interior of a molecule not one-millionth part of the size of a grain of sand, or for investigating the properties of space so vast that the whole solar system occupies only an inconsiderable point by comparison. Let us, therefore, see what this infallible guide has to teach us with regard to that momentous epoch in the history of our system when the moon was born.

Our argument proceeds from an extremely simple and familiar matter. Every one who has ever been on the seashore knows the daily ebb and flow of the waters which we call the tides. Long ere the true nature of the forces by which the moon acts upon the sea was understood, the fact that there was a connection between the tides and the moon had become certainly known. Indeed, the daily observation of a fisherman, or of any one whose business was concerned with the great deep, would have taught him that the time of high water, and the time of full moon, stood at each place in a certain definite relation. Indeed, we are told of some savage race which, recognizing that the moon and the tides must be associated, was still in some considerable doubt as to whether it was the moon which was the cause of the tides, or the tides which were the cause of the moon.

The ebbing and flowing of the tide opens up this chapter in remote history, which we can now explore mainly by the help of the researches of Prof. George Darwin. For as the tides course backwards, sweeping to and fro vast volumes of water, it is obvious that the tides must be doing work. In fact, in some places tides have been made to do useful work. If the water as it rises be

impounded in a large reservoir, it can be made to turn a water-wheel as it enters, while another water-wheel can be driven as the reservoir empties itself a few hours later. Thus we produce a tidal mill.

Every practical man knows that a certain quantity of work can be done only by the expenditure of a certain quantity of energy. He also knows that there is in nature no such thing as the creation of energy. It is just as impossible to create out of nothing the energy which should lift an ounce weight through a single inch as it would be to create a loaf of bread out of nothing. If, therefore, the tides are doing work—and we have seen that they undoubtedly are doing work—it follows that there must be some source of energy on which the tides are enabled to draw. A steam-engine is able to put forth power because of the energy developed from the coal which is continually supplied to the furnace. But where is the equivalent to the coal in the great tidal engine? We might at first hazard the supposition that, as the moon is the cause of the tides, so we must look to the moon to provide the energy by which the tides do their work. This is, however, not exactly the case. The match which lights the fire under a steam-boiler is in one sense no doubt the cause of the energy developed, but we do not, therefore, assert that the power of the engine is derived from the match. It comes rather from the fuel, the consumption of which is started by the match. In like manner, though the moon's attraction causes the tides, yet it is not from the moon that the tidal energy is drawn. There is only one possible source for the energy necessary to sustain the tides.

Every one who is conversant with mechanical matters knows the important duty which the fly-wheel performs in a mill. The fly-wheel, in fact, may be considered as a reservoir into which the engine pours the power generated with each stroke of the piston, while the machinery in the mill draws on this accumulated store of power in the fly-wheel. If the engine is stopped, the fly-wheel may yet give a turn or two, for the energy which it contains may still be sufficient to drive for a few seconds the machinery through the mill. But the store of energy in the fly-wheel would necessarily speedily become exhausted and the fly-wheel come to rest, unless it were continually replenished by the action of the engine.

The earth may be regarded as a mighty fly-wheel which contains a prodigious store of energy. That energy is, however, never added to, for there is no engine available. If, however, no energy was withdrawn from the earth, then the globe would continue to spin round on its axis once every twenty-four hours for ever. As, however, the tides need energy to get through their work, they abstract what they require from the store which they find at hand in the rotation of the earth. Next time you see the tides scouring up and down a river, you may reflect that the power which impels that mass of water to and fro, has been obtained solely at the expense of the spinning of our globe. Indeed, the little child who digs a moat in the sand which is filled by the rising tide, affects to a certain extent the revolution of this earth about its axis.

This withdrawal of energy from the earth is incessantly taking place along almost every coast. From day to day, from century to century, from aeon to aeon, energy is daily being withdrawn and daily wasted, never again to

be restored. As the earth has no other means of replenishing its stores, the consequence is inevitable. The quantity of energy due to the rotation of the earth must be gradually declining. Stated in this way, perhaps the intimation is not very alarming; but placed in other words, the results at which we have arrived assume the more practical expression that the tides must be gradually checking the speed with which the earth turns round. The tides must, in fact, be increasing the length of the day. In consequence of the tides which ripple to and fro on our shores, and which flow in and flow out of our estuaries and rivers, to-day is longer than yesterday, and yesterday is longer than the day before.

I may, however, admit at once that the change thus produced is not very appreciable when only moderate periods of time are considered. Indeed, the alteration in the length of the day from this cause amounts to no more than a fraction of a second in a period of a thousand years. Even in the lapse of ordinary history, there is no recognizable change in the length of the day. But the importance of our argument is hardly affected by the circumstance that the rate at which the day is lengthening is a very slow one. The really significant point is, that this change is always taking place, and lies always in the same direction. It is this latter circumstance which gives to the present doctrine its great importance as a factor in the development of the earth-moon system.

We are accustomed in astronomy to reason about movements which advance for vast periods in one direction, and then become reversed. Such movements as this are, however, not the real architects of the universe, for that which is done during one cycle of years is undone during the next. But the tides are ever in operation, and their influence tends ever in the same direction. Consequently the alteration in the length of the day is continually in progress, and in the course of illimitable ages, its effects accumulate to a startling magnitude.

The earth now revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours. There was a time, millions of years ago, very likely, when it revolved once in twenty-three hours. Earlier still it must have spun on its axis in twenty-two hours, while this succeeded a time when the day was only twenty hours. The very same arguments applied in those times that apply at the present, so that if we strain our vision back into the excessively remote past, we find the earth spinning ever more and more rapidly, until at last we discern an epoch when the length of the day, having declined to eight hours, and seven hours, had at last sunk to something like five or six hours. This is the time when the moon's story commences. At this eventful period the earth accomplished about four revolutions in the same time that it now requires for a single one. We do not attempt to assign the antiquity of this critical moment. It must certainly have been far earlier than the time when this earth became fitted for the reception of organized life. It must have been at least many millions of years ago.

But our story has another side to it. Among the profoundest laws of nature is that which asserts that action and reaction are equal and opposite. We have seen that the moon is the cause of the tides, and we have further seen that the tides act as a brake to check the speed with which the earth is rotating. This is the action of the moon upon the earth,

and now let us consider the reaction with which this action must be inevitably accompanied. In our ordinary experience we observe that a man who is annoyed by another feels an unregenerate impulse to push the annoying agent away as far as possible. This is exactly the form which the reaction of the earth assumes. It is annoyed by the moon, and accordingly it strives to push the moon away. Just as the moon, by its action on the earth through the medium of the tides, tends to check the speed with which the earth is rotating on its axis, so the earth reacts on the moon, and compels the satellite to adopt a continuous retreat. The moon is, therefore, gradually receding. It is farther from the earth to-day than it was yesterday; it will be farther to-morrow than it is to-day. The process is never reversed, it never even ceases. The consequence is a continuous growth in the size of the track which the moon describes around the earth. It is quite true that this growth is a slow one; so too the growth of the oak is imperceptible from day to day, though in the lapse of centuries the tree attains a magnificent stature. The enlargement of the moon's orbit, though imperceptible from month to month, or even from century to century, has revolutionized our system in the lapse of many millions of years.

Looking back through the mists of time, we see the moon ever drawing nearer and nearer to the earth. Our satellite now revolves at a distance of 240,000 miles, but there was a time when that distance was no more than 200,000 miles. There was a time, millions of years ago, no doubt, when the moon was but 100,000 miles away; and as we look further and further back, we see the moon ever drawing closer and closer to the earth, until at last we discern the critical period in earth-moon history, when our globe was spinning round in a period of about five or six hours. The moon, instead of revolving where we now find it, was then actually close to the earth; earlier still it was in fact touching our globe, and the moon and the earth were revolving each around the other, like a football and a tennis-ball actually fastened together.

It is impossible to resist taking one step further. We know that the earth was at that early period a soft molten mass of matter, spinning round rapidly. The speed seems to have been so great that a rupture took place, a portion of the molten matter broke away from the parent globe, and the fragments coalesced into a small globe. That the moon was thus born of our earth uncounted millions of years ago, is the lesson which mathematics declares it learns from the murmur of the tides.

GOD'S GIFTS.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

I gazed forth in the gathering evening gloom,
And saw approach my dwelling one who bore
An urn, and pall, and fresh-cut flowers abloom—
I bolted fast the door.

He knocked—I waited. Would he not depart?
"These are thy Father's gifts to thee," he cried.
And then, with trembling hand and breaking heart,
The door I opened wide.

Delhi, Ont.

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."

CHAPTER XII.

"Yet lackest thou one thing: sell all that thou hast and distribute to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me."

When Henry Maxwell began to speak to the souls crowded into the Settlement Hall that night, it is doubtful if he had ever before faced such an audience in his life. It is quite certain that the city of Raymond did not contain such a variety of humanity. Not even the Rectangle, at its worst, could furnish so many men and women who had fallen entirely out of the reach of the Church and all religious and even Christian influences.

What did he talk about? He had already decided that point. He told, in the simplest language he could command, some of the results of obedience to the pledge as it had been taken in Raymond. Every man and woman in that audience knew something about Jesus Christ. They all had some idea of His character, and, however much they had grown bitter towards the forms of Christian ecclesiastics, or the social system, they preserved some standard of right and truth, and what little some of them still retained was taken from the person of the Peasant of Galilee.

So they were interested in what Maxwell said. "What would Jesus do?" He began to apply the question to the social problem in general, after finishing the story of Raymond. The audience was respectfully attentive. It was more than that. It was genuinely interested. Henry Maxwell never knew how much it meant to hold the respectful attention of that hall full of diseased and sinful humanity. The Bishop and Dr. Bruce, sitting there, looking on, seeing many faces that represented scorn of creeds, hatred of the social order, desperate narrowness and selfishness, marvelled that even so soon, under the influence of the Settlement life, the softening process had begun already to lessen the bitterness of hearts, many of which had grown bitter from neglect and indifference.

And still, in spite of the outward show of respect to the speaker, no one, not even the Bishop, had any true conception of the pent-up feeling in that room that night. Among the men who had heard of the meeting and had responded to the invitation were twenty or thirty men out of work, who had strolled past the Settlement that afternoon, read the notice of the meeting and had come in out of curiosity, and to escape the chill east wind. It was a bitter night and the saloons were full. But in that whole district of over thirty thousand souls, with the exception of the saloons there was not a door open to the people except the clean, pure, Christian door of the Settlement. Where would a man without a home, or without work, or without friends, naturally go, unless to a saloon?

It had been the custom at the Settlement for a free and open discussion to follow an open meeting of this kind, and when Henry Maxwell finished and sat down, the Bishop, who presided to-night, rose and made the announcement that any man in the hall was at liberty to ask questions, to speak out his feelings or declare his con-

victions, always with the understanding that whoever took part was to observe the simple rules that governed parliamentary bodies and obey the three-minute rule which, by common consent, would be enforced on account of the numbers present.

Instantly a number of voices from men who had been at previous meetings of this kind, exclaimed, "Consent! consent!"

The Bishop sat down and immediately a man near the middle of the hall rose and began to speak.

"I want to say that what Mr. Maxwell has said to-night comes pretty close to me. I knew Jack Manning, the fellow he told about, who died at his house. I worked on next case to his in a printer's shop in Philadelphia for two years. Jack was a good fellow. He loaned me five dollars once when I was in a hole and I never got a chance to pay it back."

The minute he sat down, two men who were on their feet for several seconds before the first speaker was through, began to talk at once.

The Bishop called them to order and indicated which was entitled to the floor. The man who remained standing, began eagerly,

"This is the first time I was ever in here, and maybe it'll be the last. Fact is, I'm about at the end of my string. I've tramped this city for work until I'm sick. I'm in plenty of company. Say! I'd like to ask a question of the minister, if it's fair. May I?"

"That's for Mr. Maxwell to say," said the Bishop.

"By all means," replied Mr. Maxwell quickly. "Of course I will not promise to answer it to the gentleman's satisfaction."

"This is my question." The man leaned forward and stretched out a long arm, with a certain dramatic force that grew naturally enough out of his condition as a human being.

"I want to know what Jesus would do in my case? I haven't had a stroke of work for two months. I've got a wife and three children and I love them as much as if I was worth a million dollars. I've been living off a little earnings I saved up during the World's Fair jobs I got. I'm a carpenter by trade, and I've tried every way I know to get a job. You say we ought to take for our motto, 'What would Jesus do?' What would He do if He was out of work like me? I can't be somebody else and ask the question. I want to work. I'd give anything to grow tired of working ten hours a day the way I used to. Am I to blame because I can't manufacture a job for myself? I've got to live, and my wife and my children. But how? What would Jesus do? You say that's the question we all ought to ask."

Henry Maxwell sat there staring at the great sea of faces all intent on his, and no answer to this man's question seemed, for the time being, to be possible. "O God!" his heart prayed. "This is a question that brings up the entire social problem in all its perplexing entanglement of human wrongs and its present condition contrary to every desire of God for a human being's welfare. Is there any condition more awful than for a man in good health, able and eager to work, with no means of honest livelihood unless he does work, actually unable to get anything to do, and driven to one of three things, begging, or charity at the hands of friends or strangers, or suicide, or starvation. What would Jesus do? It was a fair question for the man to ask. It was the only question he could ask, supposing him to be a disciple of Christ.

But what a question for any man to be obliged to ask under such conditions ?"

All this and more did Henry Maxwell ponder. All the others were thinking in the same way. The Bishop sat there with a look so stern and sad that it was not hard to tell how the question moved him. Dr. Bruce had his head bowed. The human problem had never seemed to him so tragical as since he had taken the pledge and left his church to enter the Settlement. What would Jesus do ? It was a terrible question. And still the man stood there, tall and gaunt and almost terrible, with his arm stretched out in an appeal which grew every second in meaning.

At length Mr. Maxwell spoke.

"Is there any man in the room, who is a Christian disciple, who has been in this condition and has tried to do as Jesus would do ? If so, such a man can answer this question better than I can."

There was a moment's hush over the room and then a man near the front of the hall slowly rose. He was an old man, and the hand he laid on the back of the bench in front of him trembled as he spoke.

"I think I can safely say that I have many times been in just such a condition and have always tried to be a Christian under all conditions. I don't know as I have always asked this question, 'What would Jesus do ?' when I have been out of work, but I do know I have tried to his His disciple at all times. Yes," the man went on, with a sad smile that was more pathetic to the Bishop and Mr. Maxwell than the young man's grim despair, "yes, I have begged, and I have been to the charity organizations, and I have done everything when out of a job, except steal and lie, in order to get food and fuel. I don't know as Jesus would have done some of the things I have been obliged to do for a living, but I know I have never knowingly done wrong when out of work. Sometimes I think maybe He would have starved sooner than beg. I don't know."

The old man's voice trembled and he looked around the room timidly. A silence followed, broken by a fierce voice from a large, black-haired, heavily-bearded man who sat three seats from the Bishop. The minute he spoke, nearly every man in the hall leaned forward eagerly The man who had asked the question, "What would Jesus do in my case ?" slowly sat down and asked the man next to him, "Who's that ?"

"That's Carlsen, the socialistic leader. Now you'll hear something."

"This is all bosh, to my mind," began Carlsen, while his great, bristling beard shook with the deep, inward anger of the man. "The whole of our system is at fault. What we call civilization is rotten to the core. There is no use trying to hide it or cover it up ? We live in an age of trusts and combines and capitalistic greed that means simply death to thousands of innocent men, women and children. I thank God, if there is a God, which I very much doubt, that I, for one, have never dared to marry and try to have a home. Home ! Talk of hell ! Is there any bigger than the one this man with his three children has on his hands right this minute ? And he's only one out of thousands.

"And yet this city, and every other big city in this country, has its thousands of professed Christians who have all the luxuries and comforts, and who go to church Sundays and sing their hymns about giving all to Jesus and bearing the cross and following Him all the way and being saved ! I don't say that there ain't some

good men and women among them, but let the minister who has spoken to us here to-night go into any one of a dozen aristocratic churches I could name and propose to the members to take any such pledge as the one he's proposed here to-night, and see how quick the people would laugh at him for a fool or a crank or a fanatic. Oh, no! That's not the remedy. That can't ever amount to anything. We've got to have a new start in the way of government. The whole thing needs reconstructing. What we need is a system that shall start from the common basis of socialism founded on the rights of the common people—"

Carlsen had evidently forgotten all about the three-minute rule and was launching himself into a regular oration that meant, in his usual surroundings, before his usual audience, an hour at least, when the man just behind him pulled him down unceremoniously and rose. Carlsen was angry at first and threatened a little disturbance, but the Bishop reminded him of the rule and he subsided, with several mutterings in his beard, while the next speaker began with a very strong eulogy on the value of the single tax as a genuine remedy for all the social ills. He was followed by a man who made a bitter attack on the churches and ministers, and declared that the two great obstacles in the way of all true reform were the courts and the ecclesiastical machines.

When he sat down, a man who bore every mark of being a street labourer sprang to his feet and poured out a perfect torrent of abuse against the corporations, especially the railroads. The minute his time was up, a big, brawny fellow, who said he was a metal worker by trade, claimed the floor and declared that the remedy for the social wrongs was Trades Unionism. This, he said, would bring on the millennium for labour, more than anything else. The next man endeavoured to give some reasons why so many persons were out of employment and condemned inventions as works of the devil. He was loudly applauded by the rest of the company.

Finally the Bishop called time on the "free for all," and asked Rachel to sing.

Rachel Winslow had grown into a very strong, healthful, humble Christian, during that wonderful year in Raymond dating from the Sunday when she first took the pledge to do as Jesus would do, and her great talent of song had been fully consecrated to the service of her Master. When she began to sing to-night at this Settlement meeting, she had never prayed more deeply for results to come from her voice—the voice which she now regarded as the Master's, to be used for Him.

Certainly her prayer was being answered as she sang. She had chosen the words,

> "Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
> Follow me, follow me!"

Again Henry Maxwell, sitting there, was reminded of his first night at the Rectangle, in the tent, when Rachel sang the people into quiet. The effect was the same here. What wonderful power a good voice consecrated to the Master's service always is! Rachel's great natural ability would have made her one of the foremost opera singers of the age. Surely this audience had never before heard such melody. How could it? The men who had drifted in from the street sat entranced by a voice which, "back in the world," never could be heard by the common people, because the owner of it would charge two or three dollars for the privilege.

The song poured out through the hall as free and glad as if it were a foretaste of salvation itself. Carlsen, with his great black-bearded face, absorbed the music with the deep love of it peculiar to his nationality, and a tear ran over his cheek and glistened in his beard as his face softened and became almost noble in its aspect. The man out of work who had wanted to know what Jesus would do in his place, sat with grimy hand on the back of the bench in front of him, with his mouth partly open, his great tragedy for the moment forgotten. The song, while it lasted, was food and work and warmth and union with his wife and babies once more. The man who had spoken so fiercely against the churches and the ministers, sat with his head erect at first, with a look of stolid resistance, as if he stubbornly resented the introduction into the exercises of anything that was even remotely connected with the church or its form of worship. But gradually he yielded to the power that was swaying the hearts of all the persons in that room, and a look of sad thoughtfulness crept over his face.

Henry Maxwell was more and more impressed with the appalling fact that the comparatively few men in the Hall, now being held quiet for a while by Rachel's voice represented thousands of others just like them, to whom a church and a minister stood for less than a saloon or a beer garden, as a source of comfort or happiness.

He had planned when he came to the city to return to Raymond and be in his own pulpit on Sunday. But Friday morning he had received at the Settlement a call from the pastor of one of the largest churches in Chicago and had been invited to fill the pulpit for both morning and evening service.

At first he hesitated, but finally accepted, seeing in it the hand of the Spirit's guiding power. Saturday night he spent in prayer nearly the whole night. There had never been so great a wrestling in his soul, even during his strongest experiences in Raymond. He had in fact entered upon a new experience. The definition of his own discipleship was receiving an added test at this time, and he was being led into a larger truth of his Lord.

The great church was filled to its utmost. Henry Maxwell, coming into the pulpit from that all-night vigil, felt the pressure of a great curiosity on the part of the people. They had heard of the Raymond movement, as all the churches had, and the recent action of Dr. Bruce had added to the general interest in the pledge. With this curiosity was something deeper, more serious. Mr. Maxwell felt that also. And in the knowledge that the Spirit's presence was his living strength, he brought his message and gave it to the church that day.

He had never been what would be called a great preacher. He had not the force or the quality that makes remarkable preachers. But ever since he had promised to do as Jesus would do, he had grown in a certain quality of persuasiveness that had all the essentials of true eloquence. This morning the people felt the complete sincerity and humility of a man who had gone deep into the heart of a great truth.

After telling briefly of some results in his own church, in Raymond, since the pledge was taken, he went on to ask the question he had been asking since the Settlement meeting. He had taken for his theme the story of the young man who came to Jesus, asking what he must do to obtain eternal life. Jesus had tested him: "Sell all

that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, follow me." But the young man was not willing to suffer to that extent. If following Jesus meant suffering in that way, he was not willing. He would like to follow Jesus, but not if he had to give up so much.

"Is it true," continued Henry Maxwell, and his fine, thoughtful face glowed with a passion of appeal that stirred the people as they had seldom been stirred, "is it true that the Church of to-day, the Church that is called after Christ's own name, would refuse to follow Jesus at the expense of suffering, of physical loss, of temporary gain? Is it not true that the call has come in this age for a new exhibition of discipleship, Christian discipleship? You who live in this great, sinful city must know that, better than I do. Is it possible you can go your ways careless or thoughtless of the awful condition of men and women and children who are dying, body and soul, for Christian help? Is it not a matter of concern to you personally that the saloon kills its thousands more surely than war? Is it not a matter of personal suffering in some form for you, that thousands of able-bodied, willing men tramp the streets of this city, and all cities, crying for work, and drifting into crime and suicide because they cannot find it? Can you say that this is none of your business? Let each man look after himself? Would it not be true, think you, that if every Christian in America did as Jesus would do, society itself, the business world, yes, the very political system under which our commercial and governmental activity is carried on, would be so changed that human suffering would be reduced to a minimum?

"What would be the result if all the church members of this city tried to do as Jesus would do? It is not possible to say in detail what the effect would be. But it is easy to say and it is true that, instantly, the human problem would begin to find an adequate answer.

"Are we ready to make and live a new discipleship? Are we ready to reconsider our definition of a Christian? What is it to be a Christian? It is to imitate Jesus. It is to do as He would do. It is to walk in His steps."

He closed the service with a tender prayer that kept the Divine Presence lingering very near every hearer, and the people slowly rose to go out.

Then followed a scene that would have been impossible if any mere man had been alone in his striving for results.

Men and women in great numbers crowded around the platform to see Henry Maxwell and to bring him the promise of their consecration to the pledge to do as Jesus would do. It was a voluntary, spontaneous movement that broke upon Maxwell's soul with a result he could not measure. But had he not been praying for this very thing? It was an answer that more than met his desires.

There followed this movement a prayer service that in its impressions repeated the Raymond experience. In the evening, to Maxwell's intense joy, the Endeavour Society, almost to a member, came forward, as so many of the church members had done in the morning, and seriously, solemnly, tenderly, took the pledge to do as Jesus would do. A deep wave of spiritual baptism broke over the meeting during its close, that was indescribable in its tender, joyful, sympathetic results.

That was a remarkable day in the history of that church, but even more so in the history of Henry Maxwell. He left the

meeting very late. He went to his room at the Settlement where he was still stopping, and after an hour with the Bishop and Dr. Bruce spent in a joyful rehearsal of the wonderful events of the day, he sat down to think over again, by himself, all the experience he was having as a Christian disciple.

He kneeled to pray, as he always did now before going to sleep, and it was while he was on his knees this night that he had a waking vision of what might be in the world, when once the new discipleship had made its way into the conscience and consciousness of Christendom. He was fully conscious of being awake, but no less certainly did it seem to him that he saw certain results with great distinctness, partly as realities of the future, partly as great longings that they might be realities. And this is what Henry Maxwell saw in this waking vision:

He saw himself, first, going back to the First Church in Raymond, living there in a simpler, more self-denying fashion than he had yet been willing to observe, because he saw ways in which he could help others who were really dependent on him for help. He also saw, more dimly, that the time would come when his position as pastor of the church would cause him to suffer more, on account of growing opposition to his interpretation of Jesus and His conduct. But this was vaguely outlined. Through it all he heard the words, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

He saw Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page going on with their work of service at the Rectangle and reaching out loving hands of helpfulness far beyond the limits of Raymond. Rachel, he saw married to Rollin Page, both fully consecrated to the Master's use, both following in His steps with an eagerness intensified and purified by their love for each other. And Rachel's voice sang on in the slums and dark places of despair and sin, and drew lost souls back to God and heaven once more.

He saw President Marsh of the college, using his great learning and his great influence to purify the city, to ennoble its patriotism, to inspire the young men and women who loved as well as admired him to live lives of Christian service, always teaching them that education means great responsibility for the weak and the ignorant.

He saw Alexander Powers meeting with sore trials in his family life, with a constant sorrow in the estrangement of wife and friends, but still going his way in all honour, seeing and living in all His strength the Master whom he had obeyed even unto loss of social distinction and wealth.

He saw Milton Wright, the merchant, meeting with great reverses; thrown upon the future by a combination of circumstances, with vast business interests involved in ruin through no fault of his own, but coming out of all his reverses with clean Christian honour, to begin and work up to a position where he could again be to hundreds of young men an example of what Jesus would be in business.

He saw Edward Norman, editor of The News, by means of the money given by Virginia, creating a force in journalism that in time came to be recognized as one of the real factors of the nation, to mould its principles and actually shape its policy, a daily illustration of the might of a Christian press.

He saw Jasper Chase, who had denied his Master, growing into a cold, cynical, formal life, writing novels that were social successes but each one with a sting in it, the reminder of his denial, the bitter remorse that, do what he

would, no social success could remove.

He saw Rose Sterling, dependent for some years upon her aunt and Felicia, finally married to a man far older than herself, accepting the burden of a relation that had no love in it on her part, because of her desire to be the wife of a rich man and enjoy the physical luxuries that were all of life to her.

He saw Felicia and Stephen Clyde happily married, living a beautiful life together, enthusiastic, joyful in suffering, pouring out their great, strong, fragrant service into the dull, dark, terrible places of the great city, and redeeming souls through the personal touch of their home dedicated to the human homesickness all about them.

He saw Dr. Bruce and the Bishop going on with the Settlement work. He seemed to see the great blazing motto over the door enlarged, "What would Jesus do?" And the daily answer to that question was redeeming the city in its greatest need.

He saw Burns and his companion and a great company of men like them, redeemed and going in turn to others, conquering their passions by the divine grace, and proving by their daily lives the reality of the new birth, even in the lowest and most abandoned.

And now the vision was troubled. It seemed to him that as he kneeled he began to pray, and the vision was more of a longing for a future than a reality in the future. The Church of Jesus in the city and throughout the country! Would it follow Jesus? Was the movement begun in Raymond to spend itself in a few churches like Nazareth Avenue and the one where he had preached to-day, and then die away as a local movement, a stirring on the surface, but not to extend deep and far? He felt with agony after the vision again. He thought he saw the Church of Jesus in America open its heart to the moving of the Spirit and rise to the sacrifice of its ease and self-satisfaction, in the name of Jesus. He thought he saw the motto, "What would Jesus do?" inscribed over every church door, and written on every church member's heart.

The vision vanished. It came back clearer than before, and he saw the Endeavour Societies all over the world carrying in their great processions at some mighty convention a banner on which was inscribed, "What would Jesus do?" And he thought, in the faces of the young men and women, he saw future joy of suffering, loss, self-denial, martyrdom. And when this part of the vision slowly faded, he saw the figure of the Son of God beckoning to him and to all the other actors in his life history. An angel choir somewhere was singing. There was a sound as of many voices and a shout as of a great victory. And the figure of Jesus grew more and more splendid. He stood at the end of a long flight of steps. "Yes! Yes! O my Master, has not the time come for this dawn of the millennium of Christian history? Oh, break upon the Christendom of this age with the light and the truth! Help us to follow thee all the way!"

He rose at last with the awe of one who has looked at heavenly things. He felt the human forces and the human sins of the world as never before. And with a hope that walks hand in hand with faith and love, Henry Maxwell, disciple of Jesus, laid him down to sleep, and dreamed of the regeneration of Christendom, and saw in his dream a Church of Jesus "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing," following Him all the way, walking obediently in His steps.

THE END.

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHO FIRED THE SHOT.

Mr. Superintendent James was not slow to respond to Edward Trethyn's message, and within half an hour from receiving it (though it was yet early morning) was sitting in Edward Trethyn's room drinking in with great wonderment all the details of last night's tragedy.

"It is perfectly amazing, Mr. Trethyn!" he exclaimed, when at last Edward had finished his tale, or at least that part of it which related to the shooting of the poor horse.

"And until now," queried Edward, "you have heard nothing of it?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing," replied the superintendent.

"Who was on beat last night?"

"Let me see," mused the superintendent; "what time do you say this affair took place?"

"Between eleven and one o'clock."

"Between eleven and one," considered the superintendent. "Oh! that would be the time when Constable Churchill was on duty. He went on duty at ten, and went off at four this morning."

"Didn't he hear the firing?"

"He has not reported it. And now, when I come to think of it, he would scarcely be in that neighbourhood at that hour. His beat lies towards the Capel Newydd, and he would not get round to the row of houses on the mountain side where Betsy Morgan lives until about two this morning. So he could scarcely be expected to hear it all that way off. It's a long beat, you know, sir. But it was a dastardly deed."

"It was a murderous one," warmly replied Edward. "Do you know, superintendent, that I've not the smallest doubt but that the shot was meant for me."

"You don't say?"

"I do say it," emphatically answered Edward.

"Do you suspect anyone?"

Edward did not immediately answer, and paused a few minutes, as if to give due weight and solemnity to what he was about to ask.

"Have you noted any strangers in the neighbourhood lately?" he inquired.

"No."

"Nor nave any been reported to you?"

"No."

"Then my suspicions are confirmed," said Edward gravely. "You see, Mr. Superintendent, if strangers had been seen in the neighbourhood—tramps, for instance, or any other dangerous-looking characters — it might have been thought that some one of them had fired the shot with the purpose of robbery, but now it is clear to my mind that it could have been no such thing. Whoever the scoundrel was came here and fired that shot—I'm perfectly convinced of it, Mr. Superintendent—with the distinct purpose of——"

"Of shooting you?" gasped the superintendent, taking the words out of Edward's mouth.

"That's now my firm belief," said Edward.

"Then who do you suspect?"

"Wait a moment. Someone did fire that shot."

"That's certain," said the superintendent emphatically.

"As may be proved from the wound in my poor horse's flank," went on Edward. "Someone did shoot, I say, yet no strangers are about. It is clear, therefore, that some hidden scoundrel is lurking in this neighbourhood."

"Whoever he is," cried the superintendent excitedly, "we shall unearth him," and sprang to his feet as if about to go in search of the would-be murderer there and then.

But Edward detained him.

"Wait a moment," he said; "listen attentively to what I've further to say."

Very briefly, but very lucidly, Edward then narrated all the antecedent facts of the story to the superintendent. There was his riding leisurely home from the Bucklands to tell about; his sudden alarm at the cry of madness that startled the night-echoes; of his discovering Betsy Morgan flying wildly past him,

with Rake Swinton in full pursuit; the story that poor Betsy had told him of seeing Stephen Grainger's face at her door; and of the confirmation given to Betsy's story by the one related to him by his housekeeper, Mrs. Thornton.

"Then it is Stephen Grainger you suspect?" divined Superintendent James at length.

Edward nodded his head.

"That's the man," he said. "Who else could it be? Who else would wish to do me an injury?"

"Is it your opinion," asked the superintendent, "that the wretch is still lurking in this neighbourhood?"

"There's every probability of it," answered Edward; "at all events he cannot be very far away, even if he has left it."

"Then," said the superintendent, rising, "we'll scour the whole neighbourhood but we'll find him."

"Stay," said Edward. "Had Grainger any friends in the locality?"

"I think not."

"There's no one at whose house he might possibly be hiding?"

"I don't believe there's a single soul in Trethyn," answered the superintendent, "who would say one good word for him, much less harbour him in their houses. He is too well detested for that."

"That's just what I thought," said Edward, "but it is as well to make sure, and I'm determined, if possible, that the dastard shall not escape this time. I've a long list of offences against him, Mr. Superintendent."

"Well, if he's in the neighbourhood I'll promise you he shall not escape our clutches this time. We'll visit every house and every corner."

"Do," urged Edward, "and without the least delay, Mr. James. Every moment is precious."

"I think we ought to wire to Detective Carlyle," he said. "At this juncture he might be of inestimable service."

"It could do no harm," replied the superintendent.

"It would be good," said Edward earnestly. "Here, I'll write it out now, and you can wire it as you pass the post-office."

A few minutes afterwards the message was flashed up to Scotland Yard:

"Squire Trethyn.

"To Detective Carlyle.

"G—— supposed to be in the neighbourhood. Come at once."

Half an hour afterwards this reply was handed in at the Manor House, addressed to Squire Trethyn:

"Detective Carlyle already in Trethyn. There since yesterday."

"Already in Trethyn!" exclaimed Edward in amazement. "Can it be possible that he is already on the track of Stephen Grainger? It is very likely, for the detective is a sharp and shrewd officer. But why hasn't he informed me of his presence here? I've never known him to come here without at once calling upon me, that is, since I returned to the Manor House. It may be," Edward mused, "that he has good hopes of running Stephen Grainger to earth, and that he hopes to surprise me with the news."

After breakfast Dr. Shearer called and dressed Edward's bruised thigh.

"It is very painful," Edward said.

"I've no doubt of that," said Dr. Shearer, "because the thigh is a fleshy part of the body; but it is not very serious."

"You think not?"

"Oh, no," said the doctor; "it'll be healed again in a few days, especially if you can give it rest."

The doctor had hardly gone than Edward was apprised of another visitor.

"Detective Carlyle!" he exclaimed, looking up from his writing.

With noiseless footstep, a habit peculiar to the detective, Mr. Carlyle entered the room, and as noiselessly closed the door behind him.

"What's this I hear?" he asked, without any further preliminaries.

"Do you refer to the shooting?" asked Edward.

"Yes. Is it true?"

"True enough," said Edward, "and here I am a prisoner because of it. Did you meet Dr. Shearer?"

"I saw his carriage drive from the door."

"He has ordered me complete rest."

"Have you been shot?"

"No;" and then Edward explained all that had happened to the detective.

"It's well it's no worse," said Mr. Carlyle, after a few moments' thoughtful consideration. "Where's the horse?" he asked suddenly.

"Somewhere about the stables," answered Edward.

"I must see it," he said.

Edward thought it a strange thing for the detective to say, but he at once rang for William to conduct the

detective to where the carcase of the horse had been deposited.

"Can you come?" queried the detective, addressing Edward. "I know the doctor says rest, but I want a witness."

Despite the doctor's orders, therefore, Edward went round to the stables with the detective. The faithful old horse was lying in the coach-house, covered with rugs, and when William had uncovered it for the detective's examination, Edward could hardly restrain his feelings.

"There's no veterinary surgeon near?" asked the detective, as he knelt by the horse and critically examined its wound.

"Not nearer than Netton," answered William.

"That's rather unfortunate," he said presently. "But I must do it myself." Then, looking up into Edward's face, he said, "I've been a bit of a vet. myself in my time. Before I entered the service I was assistant to the renowned vet., Jameson Downes, Esq."

"Indeed!" said Edward; "but why do you need a veterinary surgeon? The horse is dead, and it died from loss of blood after the shot."

"It's the shot I want," said the detective. "I've a reason for wanting the bullet that did this, laying his broad forefinger on the wound. "Have I your permission to operate?"

"Is it necessary?" asked Edward with apparent unwillingness, for it pained him sorely to think that his faithful old horse should have to be subjected to any mutilation.

"It is necessary," replied the detective, "as you shall see presently."

Permission being given, very quickly the detective probed about for the bullet, and soon, with a pair of small pliers, extracted it, and then wiped it carefully with his handkerchief.

"Now, sir," he said, "we'll go into the house again, and then I'll tell you why I need this," holding the bullet between his thumb and forefinger.

"Have you any suspicions as to who fired this shot?" asked the detective by way of opening the conversation.

"My firm belief——" said Edward.

"Firm belief?" exclaimed the detective; "that's stronger than suspicion. Have you any exact knowledge?"

"No, but still it is my firm belief," said Edward, "that the man who fired that shot was Stephen Grainger."

"But you have no absolute knowledge?"

"Not in the manner you mean."

"Then your belief only comes from mere suspicions?"

"From very strong suspicions indeed," said Edward, warmly.

"Well," said the detective, "I think they may prove true. Listen! This bullet which you have witnessed me extracting from your horse corresponds exactly with some others which I have here."

"Yes, they appear to be the same," he said.

"Appear to be!" exclaimed Mr. Carlyle. "They are the same. More than that, they are from the same packet. Three days ago this bullet was purchased from Hammersfield's in Regent Street, and the man who purchased it was Stephen Grainger."

Very much astonished by the intelligence, Edward could only look amazedly at the detective.

"That is absolutely the fact," said Detective Carlyle, "and therefore it is now plain to you who it was that fired the shot. I got my information in this way. Having some little business at Hammersfield's in connection with another case, the senior partner of the firm dropped a casual remark about the merits of a certain revolver he sold, and mentioned incidentally that he had sold one of these remarkably straight shooters to a gentleman from the country."

"'For what purpose?' asked a customer who happened to be in the shop at the time.

"'For bringing down large game,' he said.

"'And did he prefer a revolver to a gun for that purpose?' the customer asked.

"'Yes,' replied the senior partner. 'In Trethyn——'

"What he was going to say about Trethyn," went on Detective Carlyle, "I didn't stop to hear, but instantly asked for a description of the man who had bought the revolver. That description revealed to me Stephen Grainger as the buyer. I then waited until the customer had left the shop, and then asked for a little private conversation with Hammersfield senior, and got these bullets from him."

"And then you posted down here after Grainger?"

"Exactly; but until this morning discovered nothing of him."

"And have you now discovered him?"

"Not yet; but I am in good hopes of laying hands on him within the next few hours. What I have discovered is the certainty of his being in this neighbourhood, and I promise you he'll not escape this time."

"Is it the fact of this bullet having been fired that proves this to you?" asked Edward.

"That and what Rake Swinton has told me."

"Rake Swinton? Then you've already met Rake?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you of Betsy Morgan's affair?"

"Yes."

"And of what she saw looking in at her door?"

"He has told me the whole story," said the detective.

"I have also something to tell you," said Edward; and he then related what Mrs. Thornton had told him the night before.

Detective Carlyle looked thoughtful.

"It is plain," he said, "that the villain is desperate, and means mischief. Unless accompanied by someone, I don't think it would be advisable for you to leave the house."

"Then you think it is I whom he would injure?"

"It looks like it. You see, if you were out of the road his wastrel friend, Arthur Bourne Trethyn, would inherit the estate here."

"Never," said Edward. "I'll have Jeffries over here, and soon put that beyond any doubt. In case anything should happen," he added.

"And when I go from here I shall ask Superintendent James to put a watch on the park, lest Grainger should enter it again. And now, come to the window for a moment. Look to the top of yonder mountain. What do you see?"

"I see a few men walking about, that's all."

"Now, look yonder in the direction of Netton. What do you see there?"

"More men. Nothing else."

"What do you see yonder on the road leading to Coyty?"

"Men again. What does it mean?"

"It means this," said the detective. "It means that every road out of Trethyn is blocked, and that Stephen Grainger is closed in."

"What men are they?"

"Your own workmen. It is Rake Swinton's idea. It is he who has posted all those men at these different points, and, while they watch, he and a dozen more are even now going round the parish, visiting every house, looking into every possible hiding-place, and prosecuting a vigorous search in order to make the capture."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Edward.

"Those men are prepared to stay at their posts all night, if needs be. And, mark my words, Squire Trethyn, Stephen Grainger's doomed."

"Tell William," he said to the servant who answered his ring, "to get the carriage ready for me at once."

The servant curtseyed and withdrew. Two or three minutes afterwards William knocked at his master's door.

"Come in," cried Edward.

"Did you order the carriage, sir?"

"Yes; didn't Mary give you my message?"

"I thought p'r'aps she was mistaken, sir."

"Why mistaken?"

"'Cause I heard doctor say you were to rest yourself to-day."

"Yes, I know that was the doctor's advice. But I've an engagement which I must keep. Get the carriage ready, William. We shall start for the Bucklands in half an hour."

And so right through Trethyn, and out far beyond it, Edward, lying comfortably back in his carriage, rode joyously along, all oblivious of the intense but subdued excitement that was then going on in every corner of Trethyn, and which was destined in a few hours to break out in wildest fury.

CHAPTER XL.

EXCITEMENT IN TRETHYN.

At the Bucklands Edward met with the greatest cordiality, especially from Sir Charles Montgomery. Nellie's welcome, not less cordial, yet was one of great surprise.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Edward.

"Have I heard the news! Certainly I have," and he took Edward's hand and wrung it warmly; "do you think I could not read it last night when she came in?" nodding his head towards the blushing Miss Nellie. "That little puss would have kept it all from me until you told me your-

self ; that's the way she put it. But there's no deceiving a father in these matters."

"My dearest boy," said Sir Charles rapturously, seizing his hand, "it's been the fondest wish of my life. And it was also your father's wish, too. The idea was often talked over between us."

"This was not the news that I came to tell you," said Edward presently. "It was something altogether different."

"Indeed," said Sir Charles. somewhat indifferently ; "but this is news."

"Well, I suppose it is," said Edward, falteringly, "and I'm pleased to learn that it pleases you. Your consent was the only thing needed to complete what Nellie and I agreed upon last night. I take it, then, Sir Charles, that both your consent and Lady Hettie's is given to our marriage ?"

"And with it our blessing, too," cried Sir Charles warmly.

"Now let me tell you the news of which I spoke some little time ago, and then I must get away home again."

"What need of hurry ?"

"Detective Carlyle is in Trethyn, and he may want me any moment. Stephen Grainger is also supposed to be hiding in the neighbourhood, and even now diligent search is being made for him." Sir Charles was instantly all attention. "But let me tell you the story."

While Sir Charles, Lady Hettie, and Nellie pressed around him in terribly anxious interest, Edward related all that had passed since he bade goodbye last night.

"The dastard !" exclaimed Sir Charles when Edward had finished. "To think that he tried to murder you."

"Yes, that's just the word," said Edward, "for there is little doubt but what that was his object. But now I must get back to Trethyn. I will send you, or bring you, news of all that transpires."

"You're not going back to Trethyn alone," cried Sir Charles. "I shall accompany you."

"It is quite unnecessary," said Edward ; "I shall be all right."

But Sir Charles had hastened off to get himself ready.

"Oh, Edward !" said Nellie, "you mustn't say nay to father. He will protect you, and you don't know what might happen to you if you went alone. I should be in terror all the time."

"If Stephen Grainger is captured, that's all we need to know for tonight. I shall come back at once after learning that."

"And if he isn't captured——"

Sir Charles hesitated.

"Look you," said Lady Hettie, rising. "I'm going to accompany you, and when you come back I'll come back. I am not going to be left here filled with suspense."

"Really," said Edward pleadingly, "it will be perfectly safe for me to return alone. There is nothing to fear."

"In case anything should happen to detain us," asked Sir Charles, "can you put us all up for the night ?"

Edward laughed.

"Yes, and a dozen more than you number, but——"

"Then we'll all accompany you," said Sir Charles, "for, really, I've a strange presentiment that something mysterious will detain us."

Thus having arranged it, very soon two carriage were on the road towards Trethyn, Edward and Nellie riding in the first, and Sir Charles and Lady Hettie following in the second.

"I am so glad," said Nellie, "that we are accompanying you."

"I am glad to have you with me, Nellie," Edward replied, "but it seems unnecessary trouble."

"Do you think Grainger will be taken ?"

"I hope so ; indeed, I think so. It seems pretty clear from all that has passed that he is in the neighbourhood, and if so I cannot see how he could escape."

"You say the roads are blocked ?"

"Yes, that is the information given to me by the detective. See, yonder is the red glare of the fire of the watchers on the mountains."

Nellie looked in the direction he pointed, and saw the sky blood-red. As they drew nearer and nearer Trethyn the leaping flames of the fire became visible.

"I can't understand it being so large," said Edward, after a few moments' quiet observation. It's as huge as one of the old beacon-lights. They must be burning the trees wholesale."

It was only a guess, but it proved correct. Finding their fuel running short, the watchers on the mountains had cut down several mighty

trees and cast them on the fire, so that now the flames rose several feet high.

"This kind of thing," said Edward, "produces fire in men's brains. I don't [illegible] it. It is quite unnecessary, and I fear the result of it."

"You said it was the doings of one of your workmen ?"

"Yes, Rake Swinton, a reckless fellow, who is always at the head of any mischief in Trethyn. And he has great influence with the miners, so that he is a man whom we cannot afford to offend."

"Is he a dangerous character ?"

"Yes, if roused. He, however, has always been loyal to me, and I b'lieve the greater part of Grainger's troubles here were due to him. The mysterious Black Brotherhood, of which I've told you, I've always suspected to have originated in him, and I believe he was the notorious leader of it."

"You never tried to discover who were its members ?"

"No, it was unnecessary. It never broke the law only at Stephen Grainger's expense, and some of its doings were more laughable than reprehensible."

They were nearing Trethyn now, and could hear the hum of the little town. Edward thought that the noise was very unusual, for, as he remarked, Trethyn was usually so quiet when darkness set in, and now it was black darkness. As they drew nearer and nearer, however, the noise increased and increased, until at length the night air was filled with a very Babel of voices. The whole place was in a state of seething excitement : crowds of people thronged the streets, many of them carrying torches ; wild cries for revenge were being shouted out from a hundred throats ; women, men, and children were all mixed together in one confused, riotous mass, and everybody seemed mad with rage and excitement.

Nellie clung to Edward's arm.

"You needn't be frightened," he whispered ; "these are all my people, and won't harm us. But I must inquire into this."

Again Edward stood up in the carriage, and the light from the torches fell weirdly upon his set face.

"Men of Trethyn !" he cried, "what does all this mean ?"

"We're searching for the agent," cried several voices in quick reply.

"He's in the town here," shouted several others, "and we don't mean to let him go this time."

"We've old scores to pay off with him," said one burly miner, "an' he's goin' to be nabbed this time, isn't he, lads ?"

"Ay, ay !' stormed a chorus of voices, completely drowning all Edward's attempts to make his voice heard.

"Israel," he said, "this excitement is very foolish, and can do no good. Cannot you influence this crowd to quietly disperse to their homes ?"

Israel shook his head.

"Trethyn's blood be up," he said.

"But the people can do no good," urged Edward ; "there are plenty of officers in Trethyn to find out where Stephen Grainger is hiding, if, indeed, he be here at all. And Detective Carlyle is here, too."

"He be here," said the man doggedly, evidently referring to Stephen Grainger.

"Have you any knowledge of it ?" asked Edward.

"Didn't he shoot at you last night, sir ?"

"Someone did," said Edward.

"Someone was Stephen Grainger, sir."

"Men of Trethyn !" said Edward, again rising in his carriage, while all the time Nellie sat trembling beside him, and Sir Charles' carriage halted a few yards away, "I ask you to quietly disperse to your homes. All this excitement can do no good to anyone——"

"We mean to have Grainger," shouted a gruff voice, and the words struck Edward's ear with a peculiar meaning.

"But," he immediately answered, "the officers of the law are already on his track, and——"

"We mean to have him !" answered a score of voices, with full emphasis on the pronoun.

"No law for him except one law," bawled someone else, a cry which was immediately cheered by the crowd.

Edward understood the meaning of the words, and at once resumed his seat.

"Drive on," he called to the coachman, and away went the carriage amidst a perfect hurricane of "cheers for the squire."

"What will be the outcome of it all ?" whispered Nellie.

"I fear to think," said Edward, "but it strikes me if Grainger is captured we'll have to turn his defenders. These people will not let

the law deal with him if they can help it. It will be mob-law for him."

The first thing Edward did when they had all arrived safely in the Manor House was to send William for Superintendent James, but William shortly returned with the intelligence that the superintendent was not at the police-station.

"Was no one there?" queried Edward testily, for he thought William would have had wisdom enough to bring someone with him.

"No, sir; the place is shut up."

"What!"

"There's not a soul at the police-station."

Edward knit his brows in vexation.

"Didn't you see any of the officers about the streets?"

"I did not, sir," replied William.

"Well, they must be somewhere about," said Edward. "Go through the streets and look for them. Anyone will do, either Churchill or Nelson."

"I can't understand this," said Edward to Sir Charles Montgomery. "Here's the whole place in a regular uproar, and not a single constable to be found."

"It's a thing that has troubled more minds than yours, Edward," said Sir Charles. "When everything is quiet and peaceful constables are often as thick as blackberries on the ground, but when commotion takes place they are seldom to be found."

"Think of it!" cried Edward. "Here's Trethyn left to a mob, and not a single representative of the law here to defend either property or lives."

"They are probably prosecuting the search for Grainger," said Sir Charles.

"If they were," replied Edward, "William would surely have come across them somewhere in the town."

"I went all over the place, sir," explained William.

"Where can they be?" mused Edward in palpable vexation. "It appears such an act of folly—— Hist!"

The sounds of a horse's hoofs were heard plunging into the gravel path outside, as if the horse were racing at its utmost speed.

"Someone bringing news," said Sir Charles; "perhaps they've apprehended Grainger."

Edward himself hastened to the door, and, in the light streaming from the hall, saw the outline of a man on horseback.

"I bring a letter for Squire Trethyn," he said.

"From whom?" asked Edward, going out to take it from the horseman's outstretched hand.

"From Detective Carlyle."

"Detective Carlyle? Where is he?"

"In Netton—the letter explains," and the next morning the horseman was galloping away.

Edward took the letter indoors, and read it hastily, while the others gathered round him in intense excitement.

"It is from Detective Carlyle," said Edward; "I will read it aloud. Listen:

"'Dear Sir,—Can you come over to Netton at once? I think we have tracked the wretch at last. You will find us at the Trethyn Arms. Come, if possible, without delay. Yours,

"'M. Carlyle.'

"'Edward Trethyn, Esquire.'"

CHAPTER XLI.

TRETHYN ARMS IN FLAMES.

"What will you do?" asked Nellie anxiously.

"Go at once to Netton," replied Edward.

"But not alone?"

"Why not?"

"You might meet with some danger."

"That's not likely now," said Edward; "the only one who would injure me is the one who fired last night's shot, and he probably is in immediate danger himself now."

"That letter seems to imply," said Sir Charles, "that Trethyn Arms at Netton is the villain's hiding-place."

"That's my interpretation of it, too," said Edward.

"And if so," said Sir Charles, "his arrest is certain."

"Certain," repeated Edward. "I shall take the dogcart and drive over at once. My thigh is yet too painful to ride on horseback."

"I shall go too," said Sir Charles.

"No," said Edward, "you must stay here in charge of the ladies. It would never do for both of us to leave them."

"You won't stay longer than you can help?" asked Nellie anxiously.

"Not a moment," replied Edward.

"In two hours' time I shall be back again."

The black darkness of the night seemed even more dense when William brought the dogcart to the door, but the uproar in the town sounded as if it had increased.

"If the people of Trethyn hear of it," said Sir Charles, as with the others he accompanied Edward to the door, "they'll be off for Netton."

"That's what we must guard against," said Edward. "William." addressing the coachman, "I want you to drive me to Netton, and I want you to take me there by some unfrequented route. It is necessary that the people in Trethyn shouldn't suspect where we are making for."

"We can go round by the Goose and Cuckoo, sir," said William, touching his cap.

"Yes, that will do very well," said Edward. Then, turning to those standing at the door, he cried, "Good-bye for the present. In two hours' time."

In two hours' time. Not in twice two hours' time; but then he had no idea of all that he was destined to witness and take part in at Netton. Before Edward Trethyn would return home to his anxious friends the dawn would break and a new day be born.

And in the matter of getting away from Trethyn secretly, Edward was also destined to be disappointed. The dogcart had hardly passed through the park gates when it encountered half a dozen men with torches.

"That's the squire," said one of the men as the dogcart rushed past them. "Where be he agoin' at that rate?"

The men stood staring after the dogcart, their torches flaring in the night breeze.

"Shouldn't wonder," said one of them, "if he hasn't news of Grainger. He be goin' in the direction of Netton."

The men looked, and saw the dogcart take the high-road to Netton.

"That's it, I'll be bound," said Rake Swinton, who was one of the torchbearers. "The villain has taken refuge in the Trethyn Arms. He was always thick with the lan'lord there, you know."

"That explains," said another, "why the detective went that way."

"Did he go that way?" said Rake.

"Yes; I seed him myself," replied the man.

"Then two and two makes four, lads," said Rake; "an', I say, let's all start at once for Netton."

All unconscious of this little scheme, Edward arrived at Netton without any mishap, and made straight for the Trethyn Arms. To his great surprise he found a small crowd gathered near its door, and, with the detective, Superintendent James and Constables Churchill and Nelson. The constables were labouring to keep the people back from the door at the moment of Edward's arrival.

"I'm glad you've come," said the detective, cordially greeting Edward. "Our man is there," pointing excitedly to the public-house, "and in a little while he'll be my prisoner, with cold steel on his wrists."

"Have you seen him?"

"No; but he's in there."

"How do you know?"

"Try that door, sir," said the detective, "and that will tell you. It is barred, bolted, locked and barricaded. Try that window; you will find it also securely fastened. Go round to the back and try the door there; it is also barred, bolted, locked and barricaded. Try all the windows in the house; the inside shutters are barred across, and every one of them secured."

"All this is sufficient evidence to us," remarked Mr. Superintendent James, "that someone has fortified himself inside."

"And," said Detective Carlyle, "from what we already know there can be no difficulty in guessing who that someone is."

"I hope your guess may prove correct," said Edward.

"It is correct," replied the detective with emphasis; "there cannot be the least doubt about it."

"May the landlord of the Trethyn Arms himself not have shut those doors and fastened the windows?"

"For what purpose?"

"Well, that I can't say," said Edward. "It is not very obvious, but it's a very probable thing."

"Not in the least," replied the detective; "the thing is as plain as daylight. You have not studied the habits and tricks of the criminal classes, sir; if you had, you wouldn't question for a moment who is inside there. But a little patience and you shall see."

"How did you come to learn, or rather, what led you here?" asked Edward.

"Nothing but professional intuition, sir," replied the detective with swelling pride. The thing came to me like a lightning flash as I was leaving your house this morning. I suppose you are aware that this place," pointing towards the silent house, "was always a rendezvous of Grainger's ?"

"Yes."

"Having got that thought," went on the detective, "the rest was as clear as A B C."

"But why are these people here ?"

"Ah ! that's another story. These people were here when I arrived. It seems some tale got abroad of a cry for help being shouted from within, and consequently the people flocked together as you see them now. But I fancy no such cry was made, and that the story has been invented by someone who had observed the closed doors."

"Well, what are you now waiting for ?" asked Edward. "Can't you effect an entrance ?"

"We shall do so presently," replied the detective. "We're waiting for an order from the magistrates, and all we can do in the meantime is to guard the place and see that no escape is made."

Long before the magistrates' order, however, arrived, Rake Swinton and his boon companions, followed by quite a hundred other resolute men of Trethyn, arrived on the scene.

"No more hanging fire," remarked an old Nettonite. "Rake Swinton's with the Trethyn men, and that means business."

That was also Detective Carlyle's opinion, and it produced no little anxiety in his mind.

"Your people have got wind of it," he whispered to Edward, "and that may complicate matters exceedingly. These fellows may take the law into their own hands. If they do, it'll take us all our time to protect our prisoner when we've captured him. Mob law is always dangerous."

"I will see what I can do," said Edward.

Leaving the detective standing in front of the Trethyn Arms, Edward elbowed his way through the crowd, and went in search of Rake Swinton. He found him, with the skill of a general, forming a guard round the house, posting men back and front, and at every corner of advantage.

"Don't stir from your posts, my lads," Rake was shouting when Edward came up to him. "Be awake and alive. Don't let the hound have the least opportunity of escaping."

"Rake," said Edward, laying his hand on his shoulder, "what are you doing ?"

"Assisting in the capture of the agent," was the ready reply ; and as he spoke his face wore a determined look.

"But the officers do not need your assistance now," said Edward ; "and you would perhaps only spoil their work by having all these men here."

Sick at heart, Edward rejoined the officers in front of the house.

"Well ?" asked Detective Carlyle.

"My influence with the men is gone," said Edward. "In this matter they will not listen to me, and I fear they mean mischief. I think you had better send for more officers."

"Here comes Rake Swinton," said Superintendent James, suddenly. "Rake, what are you doing here ? You know you ought to be in Trethyn. Any harm done here you'll be punished for. My order to you is to go home, and take all the Trethyn fellows with you."

"Let me have my fling to-night, sir," said Rake, "and you can do what you like with me afterwards. Let me have just ten minutes with that fellow yonder, an' I'll not whimper if I've got to do twenty years' stretch for it."

"Come, come," said Superintendent James, "don't talk so recklessly. The best thing you can do is to clear out."

"Look here, superintendent, you just take care, or a dozen fellows will take charge of you. Remember, I am boss here to-night. You and your blues have had several years' innin's an' done nothin'. It's our turn now ; an' I warn you if you attempt to cross the will of the people it'll be the worse for you." Then, turning to the detective, Rake asked, "You be sure he's inside ?"

"We're never sure of anything," replied the detective, evasively.

"Be it your opinion ?"

"I'm not going to give you my opinion," said the detective.

"You're not ?"

"No."

"Very well." And Rake stalked off defiantly.

A PRINCESS IN CALICO.

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

She stood at her bedroom window before going down-stairs to take up the burden of a new day. She was just seventeen, but they didn't keep any account of anniversaries at Hickory Farm. The sun had given her a loving glance as he lifted his bright old face above the horizon, but her father was too busy and careworn to remember, and, since her mother had gone away, there was no one else. She had read of the birthdays of other girls, full of strange, sweet surprises, and tender thoughts—but those were girls with mothers. A smile like a stray beam of sunshine drifted over her troubled young face, at the thought of the second Mrs. Harding stopping for one instant in her round of ponderous toil to note the fact that one of her family had reached another milestone in life's journey. Certainly not on washing day, when every energy was absorbed in the elimination of impurity from her household linen, and life looked grotesque and hazy through clouds of soapy steam.

She heard her father now putting on the heavy pots of water, and then watched him cross the chip-yard to the barn. How bent he looked and old. Did he ever repent of his step, she wondered. Life couldn't be much to him any more than it was to her, and he had known her mother! Oh! why couldn't he have waited? she would soon have been old enough to keep house for him!

The minister had spoken yesterday of a nebulous heaven where people were presumably to find their height of enjoyment in an eternity of rest. She supposed that was the best of it. Old Mrs. Goodenough was always sighing for rest, and Deacon Croaker prayed every week to be set free from the trials and tribulations of this present evil world, and brought into everlasting peace. An endless passivity seemed a dreary outlook to her active soul, which was sighing to plume its cramped wings, and soar among the endless possibilities of earth; it seemed strange that there should be no wonders to explore in heaven. Well, death was sure anyway, and after all there was nothing in life—her life—but hard work, an ever-recurring round of the same thing. She thought she could have stood it better if there had been variety. Death was sure to come, sometime, but people lived to be eighty, and she was so very young! Still, perhaps monotony might prove as fatal as heart failure. She thought it would with her,—she was so terribly tired. Ever since she could remember she had looked out of this same window as the sun rose, and wondered if something would happen to her as it did to other girls, but the days went past in the same dull routine. So many plates to wash, and the darning basket seemed to grow larger each year, and the babies were so heavy. She had read somewhere that "all earnest, pure, unselfish men who lived their lives well helped to form the hero—God let none of them be wasted. A thousand unrecorded patriots helped to make Wellington." It seemed to her Wellington had the best of it.

"Help me git dressed, *P'liney*," demanded Lemuel, her youngest stepbrother, from his trundle bed. "You're loiterin'; why aren't you down helping Mar? Mar'll be awful cross with you. She always is wash days. Hi! you'll git it!" and he tried to suspend himself from a chair by his braces.

"Come and get your face washed, Lemuel. Now don't wiggle, you know you've got to say your prayers before you can go down."

"Can't be bovvered," retorted that worthy, as he squirmed into his jacket like an eel, and darted past her. "I'm as hungry as Wobinson Crusoe, an' I'm goin' to tell Mar how you're loiterin'."

She followed him sadly. She had forgotten to say her own.

"Fifteen minutes late," said Mrs. Harding severely as she entered the kitchen. "You'll hev to be extry spry to make up. There's pertaters to be fried, an' the children's lunches to put up, an' John Alexander's lost his jography. I believe that boy'd lose his head if it twarn't glued to his shoulders. There's a button off Stephen's collar, an' Susan Ann wants her hair curled, an' Polly's frettin' to be taken up,—it beats me how that child does fret. I believe I'll put her to sleep with you after this—I'm that beat out I can hardly stand. Here, Leander, go and call your father,

or you'll be late for school again, an' your teacher'll be sending in more complaints. 'Bout all them teachers is good for anyway—settin' like ladies twiddling the leaves of a book, and thinkin' themselves somethin' fine, because they know a few words of Latin, and can figure with an X. Algebry is all very fine in its way, but I guess plain arithmetic is good enough for most folks. It's all *I* was brought up on, and the multiplication table has kept me on a level with the majority."

Pauline smiled to herself, as she cut generous slices of squash pie to go with the doughnuts and bread and butter in the different dinner-pails. That was just what tired her, being "on a level with the majority."

The long morning wore itself away. Pauline toiled bravely over the endless array of pinafores which the youthful Hardings managed to make unpresentable in a week.

"Monotony even in gingham," she murmured; for Polly's were all of pink check, Lemuel's blue, and Leander's a dull brown.

"Saves sortin'" had been the brief response when she had suggested varying the colours in order to cultivate the æsthetic instinct in the wearers.

"But, Mrs. Harding," she remonstrated, "they say now that it is possible for even wall-paper to lower the moral tone of a child, and lead to crime—"

Her stepmother turned on her a look of withering scorn.

"If your hifalutin' people mean to say that if I don't get papering to suit their notions, I will make my boys thieves and liars, then it's well for us the walls is covered with sensible green paint that'll wash. To-morrow is killing time, and next week we must try out the tallow. You can be as æsthetic as you're a mind to with the head-cheese and candles."

Pauline never attempted after that to elevate the moral tone of her stepbrothers.

Her father came in at supper-time with a letter. He handed it over to her as she sat beside him.

"It's from your Uncle Robert, my dear, in Boston. His folks think it's time they got to know their cousin.

"Well, I hope they're not coming trailin' down here with their city airs," said Mrs. Harding shortly. "I've got enough people under my feet as it is."

"You needn't worry, mother, I don't think Sleepy Hollow would suit Robert's family—they're pretty lively, I take it, and up with the times. They'd find us small potatoes, not worth the hoeing." He sighed as he spoke. Did he remember how Pauline's mother had drooped and died from this very dullness? Was he glad to have her child escape?

"Well, I don't see how there's any other way for them to get acquainted," retorted his wife: "Paw*liney* can't be spared to go trapezing up to Boston. Her head's as full of nonsense now as an egg is of meat, an' she wouldn't know a broom from a clothes-wringer after she'd been philandering round a couple of months with people that are never satisfied unless they're peeking into something they can't understand."

"But I guess we'll have to spare Pauline," said Mr. Harding. "She's been a good girl, and she deserves a holiday." He patted Pauline's hand kindly.

"Oh, of course!" sniffed Mrs. Harding in high dudgeon, "some folks must always have what they cry for. I can be kep' awake nights with the baby, and work like a slave in the day time, but that doesn't signify as long as Paw*liney* gets to her grand relations."

"Well, well, wife," said Mr. Harding soothingly, "things won't be as bad as you think for. You can get Martha Spriggs to help with the chores, and the children will soon be older. Young folks must have a turn you know, and I shall write to Robert to-night and tell him Pawliney will be along shortly—that is, if you'd like to go, my dear?"

Pauline turned on him a face so radiant that he was satisfied, and the rest of the meal was taken in silence. Mrs. Harding knew when her husband made up his mind about a thing she could not change him, so she said no more, but Pauline felt she was very angry.

As for herself, she seemed to walk on air. At last, after all these years something had happened! She stepped about the dim kitchen exultantly. Could this be the same girl who had found life intolerable only two hours before? Now the Aladdin wand of kindly fortune had opened before her dazzled eyes a mine of golden possibilities. At last she would have a chance to breathe and live. She arranged the heavy, common ware on the shelves with a strange sense of freedom. She would be done with dish-washing soon. She even found it in her heart to pity her stepmother, who was giving vent to her suppressed wrath in mighty strokes of her pudding-stick through a large bowl of buckwheat batter. *She* was not going to Boston. When the chores were done, she caught up the fretful Polly and car-

ried her upstairs, saying the magic name over softly to herself. She even found it easy to be patient with Lemuel as he put her through her nightly torture before he fell into the arms of Morpheus. She did not mind much if Polly was wakeful—she knew she should never close her eyes all night. The soft spring air floated in through the open window, and she heard the birds twitter and the frogs peep; she heard Abraham Lincoln, the old horse that she used to ride to water before she grew big enough to work, whinney over his hay; and Goliath, the young giant that had come to take his place in the farm work, answer him sonorously; the dog barked lazily as a nighthawk swept by, and in the distant henyard she heard a rooster crow. Her pity grew, until it rested like a benison upon all her humble friends, for they must remain in Sleepy Hollow, and she was going away.

CHAPTER II.

"I suppose you'll be wanting some finery, little girl," said Mr. Harding the next morning as he pushed away his chair from the breakfast table. "Dress is the first consideration, isn't it, with women."

"I don't know about the finery, father," and Pauline laughed a little. "I expect I shall be satisfied with the essentials."

Mr. Harding crossed the room to an old-fashioned secretary which stood in one corner. Coming back he held out to her a ten-dollar bill. "Will this answer? Money is terrible tight just now, and the mortgage falls due next week. It's hard work keeping the wolf away these dull times."

Pauline forced her lips to frame a "Thank you," as she put the bank note in her pocket, and then began silently to clear the table, her thoughts in a tumultuous whirl. Ten dollars! Her father's hired man received a dollar a day. She had been working hard for years, and had received nothing but the barest necessaries in the way of clothing, purchased under Mrs. Harding's economical eye. When Martha Spriggs came to take her place she would have her regular wages. Were hired help the only ones whose labour was deemed worthy of reward? Dresses and hats and boots and gloves. Absolute essentials with a vengeance, and ten dollars to cover the whole!

"You can have Abraham Lincoln and the spring waggon this afternoon if you want to go to the village for your gewgaws."

"Very well, father."

"I don't suppose you'll rest easy till you've made the dollars fly. That's the way with girls, eh? As long as they can have a lot of flimsy laces and ribbons and flowers they're as happy as birds. Well, well, young folks must have their fling, I suppose. I hope you'll enjoy your shopping, my dear," and Mr. Harding started for the barn, serene in the consciousness that he had made his daughter happy in the ability to purchase an unlimited supply of the unnecessary things which girls delight in.

"You're a grateful piece, I must say!" remarked her stepmother, as she administered some catnip tea to the whining Polly. "I haven't seen the colour of a ten-dollar bill in as many years, and you put it in your pocket as cool as a cucumber, and go about looking as glum as a herring. Who's going to do the clothes, I'd like to know? I can't lay this child out of my arms for a minute. I believe she's sickening for a fever, and then perhaps your fine relations won't be so anxious to see you coming. For my part I wouldn't be in such a hurry to knuckle to people who waited seventeen years to find whether I was in the land of the living before they said 'How d'ye do.' But then I always was proud spirited. I despise meachin' folks."

"I guess I can get most of the ironing [illegible] this morning, if you'll see to the dinner," said Pauline, as she put the irons on the stove and went into another room for the heavy basket of folded clothes. Dresses and hats and boots and gloves! The words kept recurring to her inner consciousness with a persistent regularity. She wondered what girls felt like who could buy what they didn't need. She thought it must be like heaven, but not Deacon Croaker's kind; that looked less attractive than ever this morning.

As she passed Mrs. Harding's chair Polly put up her hands to be taken, but her mother caught her back.

"No, no, Pau*liney* hasn't got any more use for plain folks, Polly. She's going to do herself proud shopping, so she can go to Boston and strut about like a frilled peacock. You'll have to be satisfied with your mother, Polly: Pau*liney* doesn't care anything about you now."

Pauline laughed bitterly to herself. "A frilled peacock, with a ten-dollar outfit!"

She began the interminable pinafores. The sun swept up the horizon and laughed at her so broadly through the open window that her cheeks grew flushed and uncomfortable.

Lemuel burst into the room in riotous distress with a bruised knee, the result of his attempt to imitate the Prodigal Son, which had ended in an ignominous head-over-ears tumble into the midst of his swinish friends. This caused a delay, for he had to be hurried out to the back stoop and divested of garments as odorous, if not as ragged, as those of his prototype. Then he must be immersed in a hot bath, his knee bound up, reclothed in a fresh suit and comforted with bread and molasses.

She toiled wearily on. The room grew almost unbearable as her stepmother made up the fire preparatory to cooking the noontide meal, and Polly wailed dismally from her cot. The youthful Prodigal appeared again in the doorway, his ready tears had made miniature deltas over his molasses begrimed countenance, his lower lip hung down in an impotent despair.

"What's the matter now, Lemuel?"

"I want my best shoes and a wing on my finger, an' the axe to kill the fatted calf."

Would the basket never be empty? Her head began to throb, and she felt as if her body were an ache personified. The mingled odours of corned beef and cabbage issued from one of the pots and permeated the freshly ironed clothes. She drew a long, deep breath of disgust. At least in Boston she would be free from the odours of "boiled dinner."

Her scanty wardrobe was finished at last and she stood waiting for Abraham Lincoln and the spring waggon to carry her to the station. A strange tenderness toward her old environment came over her, as she stood on the threshold of the great unknown. She looked lovingly at the cows, lazily chewing their cud in the sunshine, she felt sorry for her stepmother, as she strove to woo slumber to Polly's wakeful eyes with the same lullaby which had done duty for the whole six; she even found it in her heart to kiss Lemuel, who, with his ready talent for the unusual, was busily cramming mud paste into the seams of the little trunk which held her worldly all. She looked at it with contemptuous pity. "You poor old thing! You'll feel as small as I shall among the saratogas and the style. Well, I'll be honest from the start and tell them that the only thing we're rich in is mortgages. I guess they'll know without the telling. I wonder if they'll be ashamed of me?"

Her father came and lifted the trunk into the back of the waggon, and they started along the grass-bordered road to the station. He began recalling the city as he remembered it.

"You'll have to go to Bunker Hill of course and the Common, and be sure and look out for the statues, they're everywhere. Lincoln freeing the slaves—that's the best one to my thinking, and that's down in Cornhill, if I remember right. My, but that's a place! Mind you hold tight to your cousins. The streets and the horses and the people whirl round so that it's enough to make you lose your head. Well, well, I wouldn't mind going along with you to see the sights."

He bought her ticket and got her a comfortable seat, then he said, "God bless you," and went away.

Pauline looked after him wonderingly. He had never said it to her before. Perhaps it was a figure of speech which people reserved for travelling. She supposed there was always the danger of a possible accident. Ah! if they could only have started off together, as he said, and never gone back to Sleepy Hollow any more!

CHAPTER III.

To the day of her death Pauline never forgot the sense of satisfied delight with which she felt herself made a member of her uncle's household. Her three cousins, Gwendolyn, Russell and Belle, had greeted her cordially as soon as the train drew up in a station, which, for size and grandeur, surpassed her wildest dreams, and then escorted her between a bewildering panorama of flashing lights, brilliant shop windows, swiftly moving cars and people in an endless stream, to another depot, for her Uncle Robert resided in the suburbs.

They were waiting to welcome her at the entrance of their lovely home, her Uncle Robert and his wife. With one swift, comprehensive glance she took it all in. The handsome house in its brilliant setting of lawns and trees, the wide verandah with its crimson Mount Washington rockers, luxurious hammocks and low table covered with freshly cut magazines, the pleasant faced man who was her nearest of kin, and his graceful

wife in a tea-gown of soft summer silk with rich lace about her throat and wrists, her cousins in their dainty muslins, and Russell in his fresh summer suit. Here, at least, were people who knew what it was to live!

"So we have really got our little country blossom transplanted," said her uncle, as he kissed her warmly. "I have so often begged your father to let you come to us before, but he always wrote that you couldn't be spared."

A hot flush burnt its way up over her cheeks and brow. And he had let her think all this time that they had not cared! Her own father! He might, at least, have trusted her!

She started, for her uncle was saying, "This is your Aunt Rutha, my dear," and turned to be clasped in tender arms and hear a sweet voice whisper the all-sufficient introduction,

"I loved your mother."

And then she had been taken upstairs by the lively Belle to refresh herself after her journey, and prepare for dinner, which had been delayed until her arrival.

The dinner itself was a revelation. The snowy table with its silver dishes and graceful centrepiece of hot-house blooms, the crystal sparkling in the rosy glow cast by silken-shaded, massively carved lamps, the perfect, noiseless serving and the bright conversation which flowed freely, little hindered by the different courses of soup and fish, and game and ices; conversation about things that were happening in the world that seemed to be growing larger every minute, apt allusions by Mr. Davis, lively sallies by Belle and quotations by Russell from authors who seemed to be household friends, so highly were they held in reverence.

Afterwards there had been music, Russell at the piano and Gwendolyn and Belle with their violins, and she had sat upon the sofa by this gracious, new found friend, who stroked her rough hand gently with her white jewelled fingers, and talked to her softly in the pauses of the music of what her mother was like as a girl. Verily Aunt Rutha had a wonderful way of making one feel at home!

She laughed to herself as the thought came to her. She felt more at home than she had ever done before in her life! She remembered reading somewhere that the children of men were often brought up under alien conditions, like ducklings brooded over by a mother hen, but as soon as chance was given they flew to their native element and the former things were as though they had not been. An inborn instinct of refinement made this new life immediately congenial, but—could she ever forget the weary conditions of Sleepy Hollow! She frequently heard in imagination the clatter of the dishes and the rough romping of the children as they noisily trooped to bed. Her nerves quivered as she listened to Mrs. Harding shrilly droning the worn-out lullaby to the sleepless Polly, and Lemuel demanding to have "Jack, the Giant Killer," told to him six times in succession. It seemed to her the life in its bare drudgery had worn deep seams into her very soul, like country roads in springtime, whose surface is torn apart in gaping wounds and unsightly ruts by heavy wheels and frost and rain.

She looked at her cousins with a feeling nearly akin to envy. Their lives had no contrasts. Always this beautiful comradeship with father and mother; and Aunt Rutha was so lovely—she stopped abruptly. She would not change mothers. No, no, she would be loyal even in thought to the pale, tired woman, whom she could remember kissing her passionately in the twilight while bitter tears rained on her childish, upturned face. She would not let the demon of discontent spoil her visit. She would put by and forget while she enjoyed this wonderful slice of pleasure that had come to her. There was just as much greed in her wanting happiness wholesale as in Lemuel's crying for the whole loaf of gingerbread; the only difference was in the measure of their capacity

"What is it, dear?" asked Aunt Rutha with an amused smile, "you have been in the brownest of studies."

She looked up at her brightly.

"I believe it was a briar tangle, Aunt Rutha, of the worst kind; but I shall see daylight soon, thank you."

Mrs. Davis laid her hand on her husband's arm.

"Your penknife, Robert. Our little girl here is tied up in a Gordian knot, and we must help to set her free."

Her uncle laughed as he opened the pearl-handled weapon.

"If good will can take the place of skill, I'll promise to cut no arteries." Then he added more gravely, "But you have nothing more to do with knots, my dear, of any kind. You belong to us now."

They discussed her a little in kindly fashion after she had gone to her room for the night.

"The child has the air of a princess,"

said Mrs. Davis, thoughtfully, "she holds herself wonderfully in spite of her rustic training, but I suppose blood always tells," and she looked over at her husband with a smile.

"She has wonderful powers of adaptability, too," said Gwendolyn. "I watched her at dinner, and she never made a single slip, though I imagine there were several things that were new to her besides the finger glasses."

"But she is intense, mamma," and Belle heaved a sigh of mock despair. "I don't believe she knows what laziness is, and I'm sure she will end by making me ashamed of myself. When I told her we had a three-months vacation she never said, 'How delightful,' as most girls would, but calmly inquired what I took up in the holidays, and when I groaned at the very thought of taking up anything, she said so seriously, 'But you don't let your mind lie fallow for three whole months!' and then she sighed a little and added, half to herself, 'Some girls would give all the world for such a chance to read.' I believe she is possessed with a perfect rage for the acquisition of knowledge, and when she goes to college will pass poor me with leaps and bounds and carry the hearts of all the professors in her train."

"And did you see her," said Gwendolyn, "when I happened to mention that our church was always shut up in the summer because so many people were out of the city. She just turned those splendid eyes of hers on me till I actually felt my moral stature shrivelling, and asked, 'What about the people in the city, don't they have to go on living?'"

"She is plucky, though," said Russell, admiringly. "Did you notice when you were both screaming because one of our wheels caught in a street car rail, and the carriage nearly upset, how she never said a word, though she must have been frightened, for we were nearly over. I like a girl that has spunk enough to hold her tongue."

"She is a dear child," said Mr. Davis, "and she has her mother's eyes."

Upstairs in her blue draped chamber Pauline spoke her verdict to herself.

"They are all splendid, and I'm a good deal prouder of my relations than they can be of me. I'm a regular woodpecker among birds of paradise. I wish I hadn't to be so dreadfully plain. Well, I'll ring true if I *am* homely, and character is more than clothes, anyway."

She undressed slowly, her æsthetic eyes revelling in all the dainty appointments of the room which was to be her very own. Then she knelt by the broad, low window seat and said her prayers, looking away to the stars which glowed green and red and yellow in the soft summer sky, and then in a great hush of delight she lay down between the delicately perfumed sheets, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the present which God had given her. She would not think of Sleepy Hollow. She had put it by.

CHAPTER IV.

Belle entered Pauline's room to find her cousin revelling in the exquisite pathos of Whittier's "Snowbound" before dressing for dinner.

The problem of clothes had been solved by Aunt Rutha in her pleasant, tactful way.

"You are just Belle's age, my dear," she had said the day after Pauline's arrival, as she lifted a delicately pencilled muslin from a large parcel which had been brought in from White's, and laid it against her fresh young cheek.

"That is very becoming, don't you think so, Gwen? It is such a delight for me to have two daughters to shop for. I have always had a craze to buy *doubles of everything*, but Gwendolyn was so much older I could never indulge myself. There is no need to say anything, dearie," and she kissed away the remonstrance that was forming on Pauline's lips.

"You belong to us now, you know, and your uncle thinks he owes your mother more than he can ever hope to repay."

Then she led her to the lounge which Gwendolyn was piling high with delicately embroidered and ruffled underwear.

"I did not know whether you would like your sets to be of different patterns or not, but Belle has such a horror of having any two alike that I ventured to think your tastes would agree."

"The girls are going in town to-morrow to order their summer hats, so you can finish the rest of your shopping then, if you like, and get an idea of our city."

And then had followed a morning such as she had never dreamed of. The excitement of driving to the station in the exhilarating morning air, past houses which, like her uncle's, seemed the abodes of luxurious ease. Before many of them carriages were waiting, and through the open doors she caught

glimpses of white-capped servants and coloured nurses carrying babies in long robes of lawn and lace. A vision of Polly in her pink checked gingham flashed before her. How could life be so different!

The ride in the cars was delightful, past a succession of elegant houses and beautifully laid out grounds, till she began to feel she had reached a new world where care was an unknown quantity.

Then the city with its delightful whirl of cars and horses and people. She had never imagined there could be so many in any one place before. She marvelled at the condescension of the gentlemen in the handsomely appointed shoe store, and blushed as one of them lifted her foot on his knee. She looked in amazement at the elegantly furnished apartments of Madame Louise, and the wonderful structures of feathers and lace and ribbon, which the voluble saleswoman assured them were cheap at thirty dollars, and was lost in a rapturous delight, as, with the calmness of experienced shoppers, her cousins went from one department to another in White's and Hovey's, laying in a supply of airy nothings of which she did not even know the use; always being treated by them with the same delicate consideration; there was nothing forced upon her, only, as they were getting things, she might as well be fitted too. Then to Huyler's for ices and macaroons, then up past St. Paul's and the Common, and then home to a lunch of chicken salad and strawberries and frothed chocolate, in the cool dining-room, with its massive leather covered chairs and potted plants and roses.

She was growing used now to the new order of things, and smiled a welcome to Belle from the velvet lounging chair in which she, Pauline Harding, who had never lounged in her life, was beginning to feel perfectly at home.

"What an inveterate bookworm you are, Paul," and Belle looked at the pile of volumes Pauline had brought from the library, to study in the long morning hours which the force of a lifelong habit gave her, before the rest of the family were astir.

"You forget I'm an ignoramus," she answered quietly. "I must do something to catch up."

Belle shrugged her shoulders.

"What's the use? It is surprising with what an infinitesimal moiety of knowledge one can get through this old world."

"Such a speech from a woman in this age is rank heresy!"

"Oh, of course, if you are going in for equal suffrage and anti-opium, etc., but I never aspired to the garment of either Lucy Stone or Frances Willard. I *do* pine to be an anatomist, and Professor Herchel says I have a decided talent for it too. Last term we were on cats, dissecting them, you know, and he said I took out the brain of my feline specimen better than any of the rest of the class, for I never once cut into any of the twelve pairs of small nerves. It took me three hours to do it, but it paid for the trouble. However, papa is not progressive, at least he does not want his daughters to be, though I tell him I might be a Professor in Harvard some day, so there is nothing left for me but to fall into the ranks of the majority and do nothing."

"Why so? Is there nothing in the world but suffrage and opium and—cats?"

"Oh, dear yes, there's philanthropy, but Gwen does that for the family. She is on every Society under the sun. Let me count them if I can. There's the Society for the prevention of cruelty to children, and the Society for the improvement of the moral condition of working women, and the Society to improve the sanitary condition of tenement houses; she's a member of the Y.W.C.A. and the W.C.T.U. and the Y.P.S.C.E.; she's on the Board of Lady Managers of the Newsboys' Home, and one of the Directors of the Industrial School for Girls; in fact, she is fairly torn asunder in her efforts to ameliorate the condition of the "submerged tenth."

"Submerged tenth," echoed Pauline, wonderingly. "Is anyone submerged in Boston?"

"You dear stupid, of course! The unseen population in filth, rags and unrighteousness, and the rest of us in lazy self-indulgence, which perhaps, in God's sight, is about as bad. I often think if each professing Christian took hold of one poor beggar and tried to elevate him, we would solve the problem a good deal sooner than by starting so many societies to improve them in the aggregate. I can theorize, you see, but the practice is beyond me."

"But why don't you try it?" cried Pauline, her eyes sparkling. "It's a splendid idea."

"Bless you, my child, because it would involve work, and that is a thing I abhor."

"But Gwendolyn must work on all these societies," said Pauline.

Belle danced across the room, and seated herself on the arm of her chair.

"You dear old thing! You're as innocent as your own daisies, and it's a shame to take you from your mossy bed. Don't you know there is work and work? God says, 'Go work in my vineyard,' and we good Christians answer, 'Yes, Lord, but let someone else go ahead and take out the stumps.' The most of us like to do our spiritual farming on a western scale. It's pleasanter to drive a team of eight horses over cleared land than to grub out dockweed and thistles all alone in one corner."

She leaned forward and began reading the titles of the books Pauline had selected for her study.

"Homer's Iliad and Plato. I told mamma you were intense. Hallam's *Middle Ages* and Macauley's *History of England*. I had no idea you had monarchical tendencies. I must take you to our little chapel and show you the communion service that belonged to Charles the Second, or perhaps it was one of the Georges, I'm not very clear on that point. My dear Paul, you're delicious! To think of anybody voluntarily undertaking to scrape acquaintance with all these dry-as-dust worthies—and in summer time! It needs the pen of a Du Maurier to do you justice!"

"It is not easy for you to understand how hungry I am," said Pauline, with a tremor in her voice. "You have been going to school all your life."

"Unfortunately, yes!" sighed Belle. "But don't pine for the experience. You will soon have enough of it. May I enquire when you expect to find time for these exhilarating researches?"

Pauline laughed.

"Between the hours of five and eight a.m."

"Horrible!"

She faced round upon her suddenly.

"I wonder what you think of us all? You are as demure as a field-mouse, but I know those big eyes of yours have taken our measures by this time. Come, let us have it, 'the whole truth,' you know. Don't be Ananias and keep back part of the price. 'Oh wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oorsel's as ithers see us.' I delight in revelations. Show me myself, Paul."

Pauline hesitated a little, then she spoke out bravely.

"I love you all, dearly. You have been so kind! But, Belle—if I had your opportunities, I would make more of my life."

QUIETNESS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"—Job xxxiv. 29.

"He giveth quietness." Sweet words of blessing,
When the storms gather and the skies grow dark;
Out of the tempest to His sheltering bos
Fly, O my soul, and find a welcome ark.

"He giveth quietness." O Elder Brother,
Whose homeless feet have pressed our path of pain,
Whose hands have borne the burden of our sorrow,
That in Thy losses we might find our gain.

Of all Thy gifts and infinite consolings
I ask but this: in every troubled hour
To hear Thy voice through all the tumult stealing,
And rest serene beneath its tranquil power.

Cares cannot fret me if my soul be dwelling
In the still air of faith's untroubled day;
Grief cannot shake me if I walk beside Thee,
My hand in Thine along the darkening way.

Content to know there comes a radiant morning
When from all shadows I shall find release;
Serene to wait the rapture of its dawning,
Who can make trouble when Thou sendest peace?

—*Christian Advocate.*

ABOUT PRAYER.

BY ROMAINE VANNORMAN.

We who are of country congregations are favoured, I think, with more of the teaching or prophesying ministrations of our pastors than are our brethren of city congregations. Our ministers seem to remember better one part of their commission—"Go . . . teaching them." Accordingly we have very full and precise directions how to pray, when to pray, how often to pray, and how long to pray.

The observations I shall make in this paper, it is only fair to say, are not of recent promptings. Rather they are a fragmentary collection of things that have been dropped in my way, in the course of a pretty long life, passed for the most part in the country or small village—with some occasional seasoning of my own thrown in. My neighbours are toilers with their hands. It is as a countryman among country people that I remark upon some of the teaching and speculations upon the subject of prayer as addressed to us of the hard hands.

The morning, before entering upon the duties of the day, is admittedly an opportune and proper time to render thanks for blessings received and to ask guidance and our bread for the day before us. It is when we come to specifications that questions may arise.

Most persons have heard, as I have heard, that at the very least one hour each morning before commencing the secular business of the day should be sacredly set apart for prayer. This by no means as fulfilling all the law, but merely as a right commencement. Time spent upon one's knees, it is said, is no hindrance, but very helpful in getting through with the day's labours. Indeed, I heard it once given out with the greatest assurance that if there is very unusual stress of work to be got through with it is best to take two hours for prayer that morning.

The parable of the Unjust Judge, which we are told was given to teach that men ought always to pray and not faint, is sometimes so placed before us that it is not the contrast in character of the unjust and selfish human judge and the Divine beneficence that gives assurance to the reasonable prayer of the Christian and invites to a bold persistence until he gets the answer. The stress is laid upon the mere teasing, as if it were a question of tiring out the Almighty by crying after Him.

There are those who are very enthusiastic admirers of the prophet Daniel. They conclude and teach us that as Daniel three times a day kneeled upon his knees and prayed, so everyone who makes a claim to the Christian name should three times each day, morning, noon, and night, go apart for prayer. If—so it is argued—if under the inferior dispensation of law this was the practice of the devout Hebrew, how much more should the Christian, under the more glorious dispensation of grace, at least three times each day have his place and season for prayer.

The flaw—if there be any flaw—in this reasoning lies in the differences in the persons compared—in their surroundings, manner of living, and their intellectualities. With all my partiality for my good friends and neighbours I am constrained to declare that there are not many Daniels in the church I attend. I mean intellectually. Our congregations are made up of the neighbouring farmers, their families and hired men, and of the village mechanics and day labourers and their families. Many of these work the livelong summer day in the sun and winds out in the fields. When they come in at night and have eaten their supper, if they sit down for five minutes naturally they are fast asleep. In commending fine historic acts, even of Holy Scripture, to present-day actors there is need to consider whether the conditions are parallel. Of necessity there will be few repeats of Daniel or John the Divine. In measurement of devotional attainments with these, I cannot help thinking that my brother in the next seat who spent the half of yesterday poisoning potato-bugs is—so to speak—heavily handicapped.

The example of the sainted Fletcher—who wore away the floor where he passed whole nights upon his knees in prayer, I once heard dwelt upon as very suggestive. If not pointedly held up before us for imitation by church members of the farmer class, it was placed before us as evidencing what a holy man was constrained to do, and we were permitted to draw our own conclusions as to what would become of us who go to our rooms at night—pray—undress—and get well

on to snoring, all in five minutes by the clock.

With some prayer seems to have passed away from spiritual longings into the asking for every earthly thing they want or fancy they want. When not in the act of asking they are wondering if they have committed sin in having omitted to ask for some unremembered thing or other, or in not having been sufficiently importunate and having quit too soon. They assure us that our temporal and financial interests are as much a matter of Divine concern as are our spiritual affairs. They say we may as properly lay before our Heavenly Father a need for money to pay a debt as for any spiritual blessing.

In support of this we are furnished with instances where prayer for money has been followed by answers and the exact sum required has been placed at the suppliant's disposal just on the stroke of the clock, in some wholly unexpected and uncommercial way. I doubt it not. I have reason to believe there have been just such instances. Nevertheless I am strongly of the opinion that the way for God's children to get money or bread, or any earthly thing else in ordinary circumstances, is to work in the ordinary way for it—not forgetting while they work to pray also. This world's goods and chattels, it seems to me safer to teach, are in general obtained by toil—concentration of purpose a .d self-denial, in the exercise of which there will come also allied spiritual blessings, increase of peace and love, and also health and soundness of body.

To pray for rain for our field of corn, or for our fruit or grain crops to yield abundantly, or for our ship to come in with a timely cargo, I am afraid is hardly anything better, and not nearly so direct and economic, as would be a prayer for a pocket full of money. I would say to the man with the field of corn: "Before planting the seed get for the coming crop all the conditions right. Work a deep tilth to hold a supply of moisture. When the crop is growing and the drouth is on, stir the surface of the ground frequently with a light cultivator at the hour of the day—it may be five o'clock in the morning—when it will do the most good. Do your duty faithfully by that field of corn. The rain and dew business may be safely left without suggestion from you with our Father who is in heaven and knows."

"Blessed are ye poor!" The fact of being poor and not having things not absolutely essential to life is certainly not an evil in the conception of the Divine mind. In the natural order of things the poor are in large majority in the world. Given the poor man of Ontario, blessed with sound health, fairly good mental equipment, a fair field, the grace of God in his heart, prayer for deliverance from such a lot would be most irrational. "Ninety-eight per cent. of genius is hard work," Mr. Edison is credited with saying.

In the early history of Canada France sent out every year supplies of money, clothing, and even provisions. This was continued almost down to the day of the capture of Quebec and the loss of the colony. Moreover, through the whole French colonial period a French army was ever kept in the colony to protect the *habitans*. England saw the Pilgrim Fathers leave her shores for the sterile coasts of Massachusetts, to be there confronted by savage Indians, by starvation, by sickness, by all the ills and terrors that flesh and spirit is heir to, wholly unaided and unblessed. The heroic band for many long dreary years carried on an almost desperate struggle for existence and freedom to worship God in the way they believed to be right. But the one hundred years of strife and endurance were not unfruitful years. The New England colonist became hammered into a very saint in morals, was wise far beyond his day in political maxims, and in time of action was a recognized leader of conduct and daring. French Canada to the very last received from France her laws, her religion, her provisions, and the clothes she wore.

The moral is, that to get out of him the best there is in a man he must for the most part be allowed to go alone, and to get out of holes, if he gets into them, unassisted. Prayer that would counter this principle can hardly be either acceptable or availing.

It is sometimes taught—erroneously, I think—that prayer should be preceded by a distinct act of dismissing the world out of our thought. So far as it is possible we are to go out of the world and place ourselves at the heavenly footstool apart from the flesh and the world. The body is looked upon as a drawback and an encumbrance. We would fain be at the time spirit only.

I opine that it is as a man, and a man in the world and of the world, loaded with earth's responsibilities, that I specially need the aids and consolations obtainable at the Throne of Grace. Per-

haps it is only by a man with foot upon the earth that prayer is ever made, or ever need be made.

Whenever there is war between two peoples, from the days of Balak to the present summer, it has always been considered a distinct strategetic advantage to get our side blessed and the other side cursed. A few months ago the Church in Spain, with most imposing array of Church dignitaries, attended by the Queen Regent, nobles, officers of State, and multitudes of common people proceeded to the seaport town and there in due form solemnly blessed the fleet of Admiral Camara, and commissioned it as from God to proceed to the Philippines and forthwith capture or sink the American fleet there. Very fortunately, as it appears to us—for the Spaniard—Admiral Camara took counsel of Admiral Dewey's guns rather than of the Archbishop's blessing, and contented himself with patrolling the Mediterranean, keeping the Indian Ocean between his fleet and Admiral Dewey.

In the Franco-German war, after a battle Kaiser William used to send home to the Empress a brief bulletin of very devout tone, giving the outcome of the fight. English sentiment at the time was rather caustic over the pious expressions of the hard old fighter.

It is the universal drift of superstition and insincerity to overdo and multiply religious observances. The Pharisees were noted for making long prayers; they were, to use an expression of Dominie Sampson—prodigious! So were some of the Middle Age saints—peace be to their afflicted ashes. It may be profitable to observe how our Saviour treated the matter of prayer by His disciples.

In the second year of His public ministry, and, according to the accepted chronology, nearly at the close of the second year, the question was asked Him: "Why do the disciples of John fast often and make prayers, and likewise the disciples of the Pharisees, but thine e and drink?" Is this not a very suggestive statement of a fact? It puzzled the disciples of John, and it puzzled also the Pharisees of that day.

Upon another occasion, and I suppose upon a later occasion, the disciples themselves seemed to think there was an omission in this respect, for they said that John had taught l s disciples how to pray and they asked to be instructed also. Our Saviour prefaced His compliance, "When ye pray, say"—the time when to pray, the duration of the period of prayer and the frequency of it are not touched upon. The model prayer which follows may be slowly and reverently repeated in thirty seconds.

We may, perhaps, the better understand our Saviour's apparent hesitation in moving the disciples out in the way of prayer in the early days of their discipleship if we dissect our own very common prayers. Yes, our prayers for spiritual blessings where we think the ground is perfectly sure. We pray for certain spiritual blessings that we are conscious that we need, increase of faith, more of reverential love to God. More of considerate fruit-bearing, love towards our neighbour, more of the Christ-like character. Even here, supplicating our Heavenly Father for that which we are well assured we do most sadly need; and for that, moreove. which we are also well assured our Father wills that we should have in abounding measure; I say even here, I misdoubt there needs some going slow. There were instances of marvellous faith in the days of our Lord: the Woman of the Coast, the Centurion, and others. To the woman our Lord said: "Oh, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee as thou wilt." In all these recorded instances of faith it seems to have been native, not communicated. I do not remember an instance in the ministry of our Lord or of His disciples where a weak faith was strengthened in answer to prayer.

To love and to believe are acts which are commanded us to do. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," "Believe, and thou shalt be saved." Being commands they must be possible and reasonable. If our love is weak it is because it is being starved. If our faith is nerveless, it is through guilty inaction. Our prayer should rather be for forgiveness that inasmuch as we have done nothing, and proposed to do nothing for others, we have defrauded our hearts and are grown cold—oh, so cold! Perhaps, worse than all else, having shut up our bowels of compassion toward the suffering poor at our door, we have gone upon our knees to our Heavenly Father, have told Him in pitiful tones how cold and hard the heart within had become, and prayed to Him to give us more love! Prayers of this sort do us double injury. They transfer to God the responsibility, and they induce a criminal complacency on our part—we have prayed and are consequently very good.

"The Model Prayer." The address is

to "Our Father who art in heaven," and the first section, "Hallowed be thy name." After the address the further references to the Deity are by use of the familiar pronouns—Thy, Thine. The name is hallowed by careful abstention of use. Some preachers in their public prayers iterate and reiterate the sacred name under every title known to the Bible, and for the sake of rounding out a sentence use irreverent repetitions of the name of God.

Beamsville, Ont.

EDITOR'S COMMENTS.

One of the functions of this magazine is to bring the pulpit and the pew closer together, to let the whole Church know what our laymen are thinking of. It is of infinite value to the pulpit to be criticised by a thoughtful hearer.

We have, therefore, much pleasure in printing the above contribution by a venerable layman of our Church, now in his eightieth year. Much of his well-written paper will command wide assent. The man that makes prayer for either temporal or spiritual blessings the substitute for earnest effort to obtain them, fails to apprehend God's means and method of bestowment. "Faith if it hath not works," says St. James, "is dead, being alone."

In accepting this article we reserved the right to make a few comments upon it. There is such a thing as a mechanical kind of prayer measured by the clock that may be little more acceptable in the sight of God than the rotation of the prayer-wheels of Thibetan priests, or the counting of his beads of a Roman Catholic devotee. It is living in the spirit of prayer (of constant dependence upon God) and looking to Him every hour and moment for aid that is meant, we think, by the exhortation, "Pray without ceasing."

A story is told of John Wesley and one of his "helpers" who shared the same room and probably the same bed with him, in one of his preaching excursions. This helper expressed some surprise at the brevity of Wesley's prayers. "Oh," said the modern St. John, "I keep prayed up." The expression suggests the keeping the harmonies of the soul, like an instrument of finest music, in accord with the unseen melodies of heaven.

Yet we know that John Wesley had times of special intense and prolonged intercessions with God. So also have had the mighty men of faith who have moved the world. Knox was heard wrestling all night with God, and crying, "Give me Scotland or I die." Cromwell and his Ironsides knew the power of prayer. Baxter, Increase and Cotton Mather and the Puritans had their seasons of special pleading with God for themselves, their Church and their country. Gladstone was a man on whom the weight of an empire far transcending in extent and complexity of its problems that of which Daniel was premier, and he sought and obtained strength to bear this burden of Atlas by daily public and private prayer, probably not less than Daniel's stated intercessions.

Even the humblest of us have imperious needs, personal, domestic, social, and as citizens, which we need to lay daily before God. We question if any man has a right, even in thunderous harvest weather, to give himself only "five minutes by the clock" for this duty and privilege. We need to feed our souls by communion with God and the study of His Word. Hence, the importance of "the Morning Watch," "the Quiet Hour," as it is now called, in which Father Endeavour Clark is enrolling so many earnest young souls, and which is so largely adopted in our Epworth Leagues.

Nor need this make great inroads upon even the scantiest leisure. One of the busiest men I ever knew, the late Robert Wilkes, travelling almost every night and engrossed every day, used to learn day by day a verse or two of his Sunday-school lesson on the cars or at the railway station, or in the streets, and ruminate and pray over it, and come to his Sunday-school class filled with the very richness of the Gospel. In even the busiest life there are enforced pauses which may be employed in swift swallow-flights of prayer to heaven. While waiting at the telephone or for the electric cars, or walking the street a man's thoughts may be lifted above earth and be saved from many of the worries and exasperations of life. Still more may this privilege be enjoyed while pacing the furrow or pursuing the quiet avocations of rural life.

Our Blessed Lord was much in prayer. He had prolonged and deep communion with His Father in heaven. We read that "He went up into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." We, too, have our seasons of temptation and hours of Gethsemane when we need special communion with our Heavenly Father.

We make these remarks merely to guard against misinterpretation of the excellent article of our venerable contributor. The essence of prayer is more the state of the

soul than the language of the lip, as described in Montgomery's beautiful poem:

"Prayer-is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

"Prayer is a burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven by prayer."

Let us, therefore, more and more realize the privilege of prayer, of daily and hourly communion with the Father of our spirits.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore
let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day,
For what are men better than sheep or
goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call
them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of
God."

"COLLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS."*

It is often difficult to get from the pages of history a just conception of the past. Even a clever novel, though it may depict society with vividness, leaves one with the haunting fear that the author has drawn upon his imagination for his facts. A good biography supplies, in part, the defect mentioned, but refers to but one person or to a very limited group. A book like that under review, with its character-sketches and stories of the men of light and leading of the past half-century, gives a better conception of the changes which society has undergone than anything else.

The author seems to have known every one who is best worth knowing in political and literary circles. He has kept a careful diary of the table talk, *bon mots*, anecdotes and repartees that he has heard or heard of. Among the portraits which he paints at full length are those of Lord Russell, Lord Shaftesbury, Cardinal Manning, and Lord Houghton. But he gives us vignettes and sketches of a whole host beside. Chief among these are the great political antagonists, Beaconsfield and Gladstone. We have many anecdotes of the Queen, of the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and others of the titled great. Of even more interest are those of such kings of thought as Matthew Arnold, John Bright, A. J. Balfour, Carlyle, Chamberlain, Lord Coleridge, Fox, Froude, Macaulay, Stanley, Tait, Thackeray, and many others.

Four chapters of special interest are those on religion and morality, social equalization, social amelioration, and the evangelical influence. It is difficult to conceive the change which has passed over society in the last hundred years. "All testimony," says our author, "seems to me to point to the fact that towards the close of the last century, religion was almost extinct in the highest and lowest classes of English society. The poor were sunk in ignorance and barbarism, and the aristocracy was honeycombed by profligacy. Morality, discarded alike by high and low, took refuge in the great middle class, then, as now, largely influenced by evangelical dissent."

These years, he adds, witnessed the nadir of British virtue. "Whitefield and the Wesleys, and that grim but grand old Mother in Israel, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, found their evangelistic energies fatally cramped by Episcopal authority, and, quite against their natural inclinations, were forced to act through independent organizations of their own making."

The examples given of clerical drunkenness are almost incredible. "I have known," says the writer, "a country gentleman who had seen his own vicar drop the chalice at the Holy Communion because he was too drunk to hold it." He tells of three clerical neighbours in Bedfordshire who were so drunk that neither of them could read the service at a funeral, which had to wait till the next day.

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* "Collections and Recollections by One Who has Kept a Diary." New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 375. Price, $2.50.

As an illustration of the coarse gorging of the times he quotes a tavern bill of fare for seven persons in which are enumerated fifty items. The total charge was over £80.

"The penal code was inconceivably sanguinary and savage. In 1770 there were 160 capital offences on the statute-book, and by the beginning of this century the number had greatly increased. To steal five shillings' worth of good from a shop was punishable by death. A girl of twenty-two was hanged for receiving a piece of woollen stuff from the man who had stolen it. The treatment of the insane was darkened by incredible barbarities. As late as 1828 Lord Shaftesbury found that the lunatics in Bedlam were chained to their straw beds, and left from Saturday to Monday without attendance, and with only bread and water within their reach, while the keepers were enjoying themselves."

The anecdotes about clergymen are very instructive, and not a little amusing. The examples of repartee are many of them very clever. "One of the best repartees ever made," says our author, "because the briefest and the justest, was made by 'the gorgeous Lady Blessington' to Napoleon III. When Prince Louis Napoleon was living in impecunious exile in London he had been a constant guest at Lady Blessington's hospitable and brilliant but Bohemian house. And she, when visiting Paris after the *Coup d' Etat*, naturally expected to receive at the Tuileries some return for the unbounded hospitalities of Gore House. At length she encountered the Emperor at a great reception. As he passed through the bowing and curtseying crowd, the Emperor caught sight of his former hostess. 'Ah, Miladi Blessington! restez-vous longtemps à Paris?' 'Et vous, sire?' History does not record the usurper's reply."

The following is also very clever. "A fellow of Oriel had behaved rather outrageously at dinner over night, and, coming out of chapel next morning, essayed to apologize to Marriott: 'My friend, I'm afraid I made rather a fool of myself last night.' 'My dear fellow, I assure you I observed nothing unusual.'"

A strenuous advocate of modern studies said: "I have the greatest contempt for Aristotle." "But not that contempt which familiarity breeds, I should imagine," was Lord Sherbrooke's mild rejoinder.

This by Pio Nono is also good: "A gentleman in the diplomatic service, visiting Rome in the old days of the temporal power, had the honour of an interview with Pio Nono. The Pope graciously offered him a cigar—'I am told you will find this very fine.' The Englishman made that stupidest of all answers, 'Thank your Holiness, but I have no vices.' 'This isn't a vice; if it was, you would have it,' said the Pope."

When the German Emperor visited Leo XIII., Count Herbert Bismarck attempted to follow the Emperor into the audience chamber. "A gentleman of the papal court motioned him to stand back, as there must be no third person at the interview. 'I am Count Herbert Bismarck,' shouted the German, as he struggled to follow his master. 'That,' replied the Roman, with calm dignity, 'may account for, but it does not excuse your conduct.'"

Some years ago a Mr. Tooth created a good deal of excitement by his ultra ritualism. A clergyman, protesting in the pulpit against his conduct, said, "I shall not mention his name, but it is in everyone's mouth," and wondered at the audible smile that pervaded his audience.

The chapter on Beaconsfield gives a wonderful insight into the character of the man. "Browning once told Mr. Gladstone a highly characteristic story of Disraelitish duplicity, and for all reply heard a voice choked with indignation: 'Do you call that amusing, Browning? I call it devilish.'"

The book is one of fascinating interest and of no small historical value.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Lord, in this our triumph hour,
Let us own Thy sovereign power!
Not to us the praise belongs;
Unto Thee the victors' songs.

Thine the arm that struck the blow;
Thine the conquest of our foe;
So to-day we raise to Thee
Hymns of thanks on land and sea.

Now that cannon roar no more,
Now that clash of arms is o'er,
On our lips Thy praises swell,
In our hearts Thy name shall dwell.

In Thy hands the issue lay;
Thou hast led us all the way;
Then shall all the honour be,
God of Battles, unto Thee!

BISMARCK, SOME SECRET PAGES OF HIS HISTORY.*

This book is unquestionably the most notable of the year, and is of absorbing interest. It reveals the man of Blood and Iron as he really was. It was reserved for one of his most ardent admirers, a man who refers to Bismarck in terms of fulsome adulation, who describes him as his Messiah, and speaks of standing in his presence as before an altar, to reveal the conscienceless character of this great builder of empire.

Bismarck moulded the political history of Europe more than any man since the great Napoleon, and he did so with equal remorseless cruelty. Great armies were but the pawns with which he played on the chess-board of Europe. The London *Times* remarks: "It was reserved to the sublime unconsciousness of one of his sincerest worshippers to expose all the meanness, duplicity and brutality which he combined with so many brilliant and admirable qualities." This is a severe indictment, but an examination of this bulky book more than vindicates it. The kings and princes were but puppets in his hand. He was the power behind the throne. In his Chancellery in Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin he controlled the great political movements in the chief capitals of Europe.

The book gives a vivid picture of the Franco-Prussian war, the downfall of the French Emperor, the siege and capture of Paris, the integration of the German States, ending in the crowning of the aged King of Prussia as Emperor of Germany. The cold-blooded cruelty of the Iron Chancellor, the truculent ferocity with which he advocates the shooting of prisoners by the thousand, reveal the hideousness of war as nothing that we ever read.

Bismarck moulded the old king like a lump of putty. He found the Emperor Frederick and his son less pliable material. The antipathy of the Chancellor to the Empress Augusta and the Empress Victoria are strikingly shown. As he handed a glass of water to the latter, she said to one of her court ladies, "He has made me shed more tears than this glass would hold."

There was something colossal about the character of this man. There is also much that is tragically pathetic in the story of his life, the ingratitude and petty espionage shown by the reigning Emperor, the curt dismissal of the maker of modern Germany, his soured and sullen old age in his castle of Fredericksruh, where in disappointment and discontent he gnawed out his heart like a new Prometheus chained to a rock.

Dr. Busch was for a quarter of a century his literary jackal, who wrote for the home and foreign press the mean and mendacious articles which Bismarck inspired or dictated. The book abounds in striking stories and anecdotes of the leading politicians of Europe, with satire and humour sometimes sinister and grim. The subject is too large to be treated in a book notice like this, but will be made the subject of fuller treatment in the body of the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

* "Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of His History," being a Diary kept by Dr. Moritz Busch during twenty-five years' official and private intercourse with the great Chancellor. With portraits. In two volumes. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Price, $7.50.

NOVEMBER.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

A wraith-like figure all in solemn gray,
With wreaths of phantom seed-pods in her hair,
She roams with rustling footsteps here and there,
Tossing the dead leaves in her careless play,
And leaving woods bereaved and branches bare.

Swift she puts out the fires upon the hills,
And rakes the ashes o'er their dying glow;
And while the southward-reaching sun drops low
She shakes her drapery of clouds, and fills
The fields of air with violets of snow.

Dear, she but leads us through her dreary straits
To find the halcyon Indian summer days,
Where, sitting in a dreamy, tender haze,
We catch the glimmer of the jasper gates,
And hear the echo of celestial praise.

—*New York Sun.*

The World's Progress.

Canada First Again.

A long forward step has been taken in the world's progress by the vote of the people of Canada on September 29th. For the first time in the history of civilization has a great country as large as Europe spoken in such emphatic condemnation of the liquor traffic. The enemies of Prohibition may seek to minimize its import, but there the verdict stands, another milestone on the way to the millennium.

The battle was fought by the moral reformers under great disadvantages. The expenses for printing and canvassing were the free-will offerings of men having no interest save the welfare of their fellows and the succour and salvation of the victims of strong drink. On the other side were arrayed the immense moneyed interest of the drink traffic and the drunkard makers. Their craft was in danger, they worked for their lives. They appealed to every selfish and sordid and sinister motive. The voters were told that prohibition meant direct taxation—two dollars a head for every man, woman and child in the Dominion. Against this may be set the drink bill of eight dollars per head, which is borne by the drinking classes, chiefly the poor, the ignorant, the besotted, and the degraded,

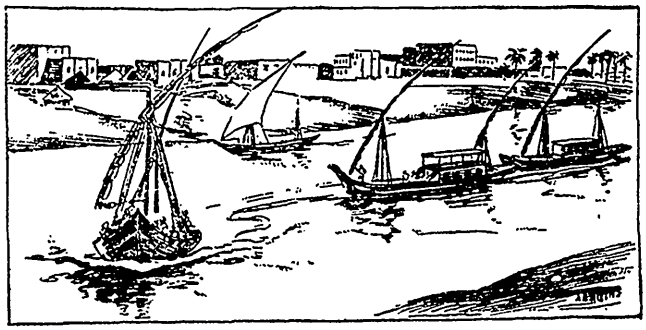
MAP SHOWING ADVANCE OF FRENCH EXPEDITIONS.

whose wives and children suffer penury and want that their liege lords may drink to raise the revenue. The plea of personal liberty was raised. The right of every Briton to drink what he likes, forgetful that civilization is a whole system of restrictions instead of the so-called liberty which savages enjoy. Every means, the most unscrupulous and illegal, was employed. Many cases of personation of voters, living or dead, took place. It is alleged that in Toronto alone two thousand of these occurred. We had prohibition for one day at least. The taverns of the Dominion are closed by law on election days. In a few places this rule was defied, and liquor flowed freely. In most places it was observed, and order prevailed. In Toronto not a single drunk was arrested. This, however, left a large and well organized set of canvassers and ward heelers at liberty to get in their fine work—and they did it very effectually.

The venal votes of the city slums; of the employees or victims of the drink traffic; the weight of two great Churches, the Roman Catholic and the Anglican, which have in the Old Land been the chief allies of the liquor interests; and the society people by whom fashionable wine-bibbing is held as one of the pillars of the constitution, were all largely hostile to Prohibition. Some of these, doubtless, were sincere in their opposition to drunkenness and in honest effort to restrain it. But they were, unfortunately, in very bad company.

It is true that most of the towns and cities gave majorities greater or less against prohibition, but there the liquor organization is most perfect, its resources most ample, its agents most numerous, and society influences the most subtle and pervasive. But it was the bone and sinew of the country, the intelligent farming community that piled up the great majorities in its favour.

The mandate of the people is clear. Any government which had received a majority of twenty thousand in the Dominion, or sixty thousand if Quebec be excluded, would feel on pretty sure ground for carrying out its policy. The liquor dealers say that their minority holds the balance of power. Let the temperance vote show where the real weight of influence lies. The six Provinces that by clear and large majorities demand Prohibition should at least have it. If Quebec does not want it and protests against being coerced, neither must she be allowed to coerce the other Provinces. Let these Provinces send to Parliament men pledged to support Prohibition, and no Government can dare to withhold the demand of the people thus expressed.



FASHODA.

THE FRENCH ON THE UPPER NILE.

From the *North-Western Christian Advocate* we reproduce the accompanying map and cut, and quote as follows:

"On his retirement from Fashoda General Kitchener sent this dispatch to his home government: 'Met at Fashoda, September 19, Marchand, flying French flag. Marchand arrived July 10 with eight officers and 120 Soudanese tirailleurs.' Major Marchand admitted in conversation that the arrival of General Kitchener saved him from annihilation by the dervishes.

"The meeting between General Kitchener and Major Marchand is another step toward the question: Who shall have the Bahr-el-Ghazal—the British or the French? The Bahr-el-Ghazal is a former province of the Egyptian Soudan, south of Khartoum and north of Equa-

toria. It may be described as about five times as big as England and is covered with forests and mountains and seamed with low valleys subject to inundation. It includes the larger portion of the basin watered by the Bahr (or river) Ghazal, which, with its affluents, the Bahr-el-Arab, Jur, Rohl and Roa, forms a labyrinth of streams. Fashoda is situated on the Nile proper, just northward of this labyrinth, and hence commands access to all the streams which feed the great river. It is the capital of the Shilluk country and it was annexed to Egypt nearly half a century ago."

General Kitchener raised the British and Egyptian flags, and the scene of negotiations is transferred from the Soudan to Paris and London.

The French are not likely to make much trouble over the occupation of Fashoda by the British. They have trouble enough at home with the Dreyfus scandal, the Ministerial crisis, the gigantic strike in Paris, which menaces the great exhibition on which they are spending so much money. This will be the pledge of peace till at least 1900.

EMPEROR OF CHINA.

China continues to be the storm centre of the East. News of the most sensational character arrives. Now we are told that the Emperor is ill and all the court physicians of the empire are summoned. Then we read that he is dead—whether by suicide, assassination or multitude of physicians is not known. Then we are assured that he is alive but in seclusion. Meanwhile, the Dowager Empress, whose puppet he was, sets up one and puts down another at her will. The powers have landed guards to protect their embassies. China protests at their action. The head and front of the ex-emperor's offending is that he was too progressive, too open to new ideas, and too friendly to missions. Should chaos come in the empire the missionaries will be in serious danger. The Church should be much in prayer for her conscripts whom she has sent into the field.

DR. JOHN HALL.

The death of the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, closes an honourable career. Dr. Hall was a gift of the Old World to the New—of the Green Isle of Erin to the great Republic of the West. Thirty years he ministered to one of the wealthiest congregations in America, yet he was faithful in his visitation of the poorest in his parish. While visiting a member of his congregation who was lying ill in the top story of a tenement, he was suddenly affected with a heart spasm and fell insensible on the floor of the dying man's room. Dr. Hall had tendered his resignation of his heavy charge, but at the request of a large section of his congregation withdrew it. He went on a vacation tour to the Old Land, and there, surrounded by his nearest kin, he passed away. To a friend at his bedside he spoke of "the rest that remaineth for the people of God," and requested his son to sing to him "In the cross of Christ I glory." Dr. Hall was not a very learned man, not a great theologian, nor even a very eloquent preacher. But he was a faithful, diligent, consecrated worker in the vineyard of the Lord. He rests from his labours and his works do follow him.

DR. KINGSFORD.

On August 20th Dr. William Kingsford, the distinguished historian of Canada, passed away in his seventy-ninth year. He had just finished his monumental work in ten octavo volumes. It brought down the history of Canada to the year 1841. This completed Dr. Kingsford's design, as, to use his own words, to write the more recent history would be "like walking on embers but lightly covered with treacherous ashes." Dr. Kingsford was born in London, spent some years in the army, coming to Canada with the First Dragoon Guards. Leaving that regiment in Montreal he obtained professional employment as civil engineer, and rendered important service on the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways, also on the Panama and Sardinian Railways. Ten years ago he began his great work and has issued a volume every

year since, the last one appearing but a short time before his death. He was an indefatigable worker, rising at five and toiling all day at his desk or in the public archives. His labours were not duly appreciated, and but for the financial aid of kind friends would never have reached completion. His history is characterized by painstaking accuracy, impartiality and fulness of detail.

One of the schemes of Gordon was the establishment of a school at Khartoum, where the sons of the desert sheiks should receive an education in English and the Christian religion This plan is now being revived. It would be Gordon's grandest monument, the noblest Christian revenge upon his murderers.

Spain is drinking her cup of humiliation to the very dregs. She is making strenuous objection to the terms of peace, but will have to yield to the inevitable.

William Saunders, of Leek (Stafford), who died recently at the age of ninety-four, was a preacher in the Primitive Methodist Church in England for about seventy years.

Book Notices.

The Kingdom of God and Problems of To-Day. Lectures Delivered before the Biblical Department of Vanderbilt University. By ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D. Nashville: Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South. Barbee & Smith, Agents. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

This is an august theme akin to that of Augustine's great work, "De Civitate Dei." It is not merely the Kingdom of God in the heavens, but the Kingdom of God set up on earth, ruling the thoughts and moulding the lives and institutions of men. This is not an abstract theological discussion, but an argument for the particular application of the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule.

We heard these lectures highly commended by men who heard them from the living voice. They here appeal to the wide range of thoughtful readers in all the Churches. Each of the lectures is accompanied by a prelude discussing in brief certain aspects of the general theme. For example, the lecture on "The Principles and Polity of the Kingdom of God," has a prelude on the relation of that kingdom to civil governments. The lecture on "The Problem of Poverty," has its prelude on the Inequalities of Wealth and Opportunity. The lecture on "Labour Disputes, and How to End Them," has its prelude on the Church and Workingmen. The lecture on "The Stability, Perpetuity, and Final Consummation of the Kingdom of God," has its prelude on Socialism, the World's Counterfeit of the Kingdom of God. In this volume the Gospel of Christ is set forth as the great remedy for social ills. The cogency of argument, the felicity of expression, the lofty and sustained eloquence of these lectures is what we might expect from their accomplished author.

China in Transformation. By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN. With three coloured maps in pocket, compiled from latest documents. 8vo. Pp. x.-397. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.50.

This is a very opportune and admirable book. China is now the world's storm centre. The vivisection of the Sick Man of the East is the most delicate surgical operation of the times. The dissection of Africa is not to be compared with it. The author has lived many years in the East, and knows China, Japan, and Burma well. He has been administrator of Mashonaland, and special correspondent of the London *Times*, in the far East. He writes with vigour and vivacity. He discusses the geographical, economic and political questions, the commercial development, government and administration of China, diplomatic intercourse, the native press and kindred topics.

Britain controls to-day over four-fifths of the trade of the country, but the Germans and Russians are exhibiting extraordinary vigour in commercial and political aggression, The government of China is utterly corrupt. Every mandarin and merchant "squeezes" all that taxes and trade will bear.

The record of the development of Hong Kong is a marvel of British enterprise. Last year its shipping amounted

to over 17,000,000 tons. It is thus the third port in the British Empire and probably in the world. Its history is like the tale of Aladdin's lamp. The author pays a high tribute to the missionaries, but not so high, we think, as they deserve. The great province of Sz-chuen, whose capital, Chentu, is the headquarter of our Chinese Mission, is described as the richest in the empire, as "an empire in itself." The capital has nearly a million people, and is the second trade emporium of Inland China. The great Yang-tse, or "River of Golden Sand," is three thousand miles long, of which two thousand miles are navigable. The study of Chinese character and of the political problems of the times are of immense value.

England, and not Russia, is lord paramount of Asia. While Russia, including Siberia and its recent acquisitions of Manchuria, dominates twenty-three millions of people in Asia, Great Britain controls 292,000,000 directly, and through its trade affects profoundly as many more. The numerous maps and diagrams of this book, and its up-to-date information, make it simply indispensable for those who would comprehend the Chinese problem.

So important is this book that we must make it the subject of a special article.

Canadian Folk-Life and Folk-Lore. By WILLIAM PARKER GREENOUGH, "G. DE MONTAUBAN." With illustrations by WALTER C. GREENOUGH. New York: George H. Richmond. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

We give in this magazine special prominence to books by Canadians on Canadian subjects. We have special pleasure in calling attention to this interesting volume. To most English-speaking Canadians French Canada is an almost unknown country, and the *habitant* a very unfamiliar person. A sail upon the St. Lawrence or sojourn at Malbaie or Cacouna gives a scant acquaintance with their character. Mr. Greenough knows French Canada well. He has lived among the people, he has shared their lumbering, fishing, and hunting exploits, their amusements and festivities. He has strong sympathy with them. In this volume he describes their occupations, their Church relations, their national characteristics, the feudal system, etc., and gives admirable examples of their folk-tales and songs. We read much about the Spanish peasants, and the Magyar gypsies. We owe it to those interesting people, dwelling under the same flag and loyal to their heart's core, to have a more intelligent and sympathetic acquaintance with them. The numerous engravings are exceedingly good, and the whole is an admirable specimen of bookmaking.

Labour Copartnership. By HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD. Pp. 351. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

We believe that the methods described in this book more than any others will solve the difficulties of the labour question. In Great Britain as nowhere else has co-operation been a success. In one generation co-operative stores have reached a membership representing one-seventh of the population—and that the picked seventh—and doing a business of $272,000,000 a year. "We must make men as well as money," and "We must help our brothers," are the mottoes of these societies.

Mr. Lloyd describes his visit to co-operative workshops, factories, and farms in Great Britain and Ireland, in which employer, employee and consumer share in ownership, management and results. The thrift and industry, the fellowship and good will, the heart and hope and happiness developed by this brotherly co-operation goes far to convert labour from what is often a grievous oppression to a perpetual blessing. We wish that working men everywhere could read this book. It would be the best cure for strikes and lock-outs that we know. Working men have tremendous power to raise their social condition, to dignify their daily toil. Were these counsels followed, sweating and intemperance would be abolished, and poverty become almost unknown. The author quotes the statement that "the system of church government devised by the administrative genius of Wesley was, although not designedly so, the first avenue through which the most thoughtful of the agricultural class became familiarized with the principle of acting together, and were brought to realize that they were small but necessary parts of one great living organization. The silent part which the constitution and procedure of the various Methodist bodies has enabled them to play, in paving the way for the peaceful social revolution which is taking place in the villages, is rarely recognized."

Letters to his Son on Religion. By ROUNDELL, FIRST EARL OF SELBORNE, London: Macmillan & Co., Limited. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Price, $1 25.

Even in the darkest days of religion in England, the British peerage has always had some conspicuous members who were not ashamed to bear the name of Christian. As Cowper says:

"We boast some rich ones whom the gospel sways,
And one who wears a coronet and prays."

This was never more true than at the present time. Such conspicuous examples of British statesmen, though not of the peerage, as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour, who devoted their great powers to the defence of impregnable rock of Holy Scripture, are a presage of the day when kings shall be the nursing fathers of the Church of God.

The book under review is another illustration of this gratifying fact. These are just the sort of letters which any father would like to put in the hands of his son. They treat such subjects as the Importance of a True Knowledge of God, the Means to a True Knowledge of God, the Outward and the Inward Light, the Scriptures—their Inspiration and Authority, and the like. The scholarship of the author and the recognition of scholarship in the son are shown by the frequent quotations from the New Testament in the original Greek. The author of the Book of Praise, in this volume has added another to his claims of honour more signal than his coronet. The title of the book recalls another volume of letters to his son of a very different character, those of the Earl of Chesterfield. The contrast marks the religious difference between the eighteenth and the nineteenth century.

A Study of a Child. By LOUISE E. HOGAN. Illustrated with over 500 original drawings by the Child. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

The study of childhood in the hands of Professor Stanley Hall has become an important part of the science of psychology. The most thorough and systematic record of such study that we know is that in the volume before us. If the child is the father of the man, it is of infinite importance that he be rightly trained. The little boy whose story is here told, said in his eighth year, "Mamma, I am like a little tree growing: bad boys pull me over crooked, and you straighten me. If mothers didn't do this the boys couldn't grow straight when they get older, but would be crooked." In his seventh year he had already learned to pray as follows: "Dear God, I want you to keep the good good, and make the bad good, and I thank you very much for bringing papa back safely, and I want you to take care of me in the night-time, and I thank you very much for letting me pass all the day so happily." No doctor of divinity could have improved on this child utterance.

This book will be invaluable to parents and teachers in enabling them to make child life happy. Many children are almost worried to death by being made pets and playthings, by being "shown off," and by over-training. They should be largely left alone. They are a bundle of nerves in a world of wonders. Their little minds may be dazed and injured by excitement. How would grown-ups like to be tossed in the air and dandled into fits?

The book contains a record of the mental and moral development of a bright and intelligent child. He was encouraged to make pencil drawings and cut out paper. His early efforts were very crude and funny, but his powers of observation were greatly developed and his drawings and cuttings at the age of eight were quite remarkable. His bright sayings, queer questionings, and sweet child-like ways will form suggestive and instructive reading. He did not die young, like the boys in the Sunday-school books, but will grow up, we hope, to be a wise and good man.

Text-Book of Physics, Largely Experimental. By EDWIN H. HALL, PH.D., Professor of Physics in Harvard College, and JOSEPH Y. BERGEN, A.M., Instructor in the Harvard Summer School of Physics. Revised and enlarged. Pp. xvi.-596. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

One of the most fascinating studies in the world is the study of physics. It reveals the wonders of the world around us, explains many of the mysteries of the universe, and invests all nature with a new and potent charm. The domain of this study has been of late wonderfully enlarged. The realm of molecular physics has been invaded and the storms and hurricanes of gases have been described,

and the secrets of the atoms and molecules wrested from them. It is said that every text-book of science becomes superseded in a decade of years. It is important, therefore, to find one up-to-date, recording the most recent discoveries. Such, we think, is the volume before us. The edition of 1891 has been revised in 1897. The greatest advances have been in electrical science. These are fully described here with the aid of diagrams and illustrations. The world-wide reputation of the oldest college in America is guarantee as to the scientific value of this work.

Two Men of Devon in Ceylon. A story of East and West. By the REV. SAMUEL LANGDON. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

From the days of Drake the men of Devon have been famous for their maritime adventures. To Drake and his merry men it was meat and drink to singe the King of Spain's beard by capturing his galleons and pillaging his treasure-house at Nombre di Dios and elsewhere. The heroes described in this story are true to the Protestant traditions of their fathers and hate the Pope and all his works as much as even Drake himself. They were carried captives to the Portuguese settlement in Ceylon, where they had a wonderful series of adventures and became brave and noble men. The book is full of incident and gives much information as to the history and religion of Ceylon.

The Bibliotaph and Other People. By LEON H. VINCENT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Several of the papers in this volume are reprints from the *Atlantic Monthly.* Whatever appears in that magazine bears the stamp of higher literature. This is emphatically true of these essays. They have a lightness of touch, a vein of humour, a literary grace that makes them easy reading, although they have, probably, been hard writing. They bear the mark of the file and are finished "*ad unguem,*" as Horace would say. The humours of book collecting have never been better treated than in the Bibliotaph Papers in this volume. The sketches of Hardy, Keats, and Robert Louis Stevenson are clever studies in literature. It is gratifying to note that the writer is the son of a Methodist preacher, the Rev. B. T. Vincent, D.D., and a nephew of Bishop John H. Vincent.

Wesley's House. Sermons and Addresses delivered in Wesley's Chapel at the Dedication Services held on February 27th and 28th, March 1st and 2nd, 1898. Revised by the authors. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

Our readers know that by a recent effort the entire indebtedness on the house in which Wesley died in London has been paid off, and an endowment of $25,000 created to make it a museum forever. This book contains the sermons delivered at the recent dedication services. It has numerous portraits and other illustrations.

Saints of Christ. By THOMAS F. LOCKYER, B.A., Author of "The Inspiration of the Christian Life." London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is one of those odd-shaped pocket volumes now in vogue, which we do not altogether like. The book is a timely one on the call of God's people to be saints. It is full of vigorous thought tersely and strongly expressed.

I'D GLADLY DIE.

BY ANNIE WITTENMYER.

If I could lift from every heart
  Its load of sin and sorrow,
And calm each fear, and dry each tear,
  I'd gladly die to-morrow.

I'm weary of the cries of pain,
  The bloody scenes of horror;
I'd give my life to quell the strife,
  And gladly die to-morrow.

But then the wrong must be put down,
  And human right defended;
Peace cannot reign o'er hill and plain
  Till tyrant rule is ended.

If shot and shell can clear the way,
  Then keep the cannon booming
Till all are free, on land and sea,
  And every valley blooming.

Make way for Truth and Liberty,
  Ye planets, in your courses!
Let wind and tide, and all beside,
  Aid Freedom's bannered forces.

—*Zion's Herald.*

The Methodist Magazine and Review FOR 1899

GOOD as the MAGAZINE has been in the past, it is proposed to still further improve it in 1899. With the November Number is commenced a bright original story entitled, "**A Princess in Calico,**" by EDITH FERGUSON BLACK, a popular writer and favorite contributor of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* The story describes in a graphic manner the heroism of common life, and will be read with great interest by young and old.

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