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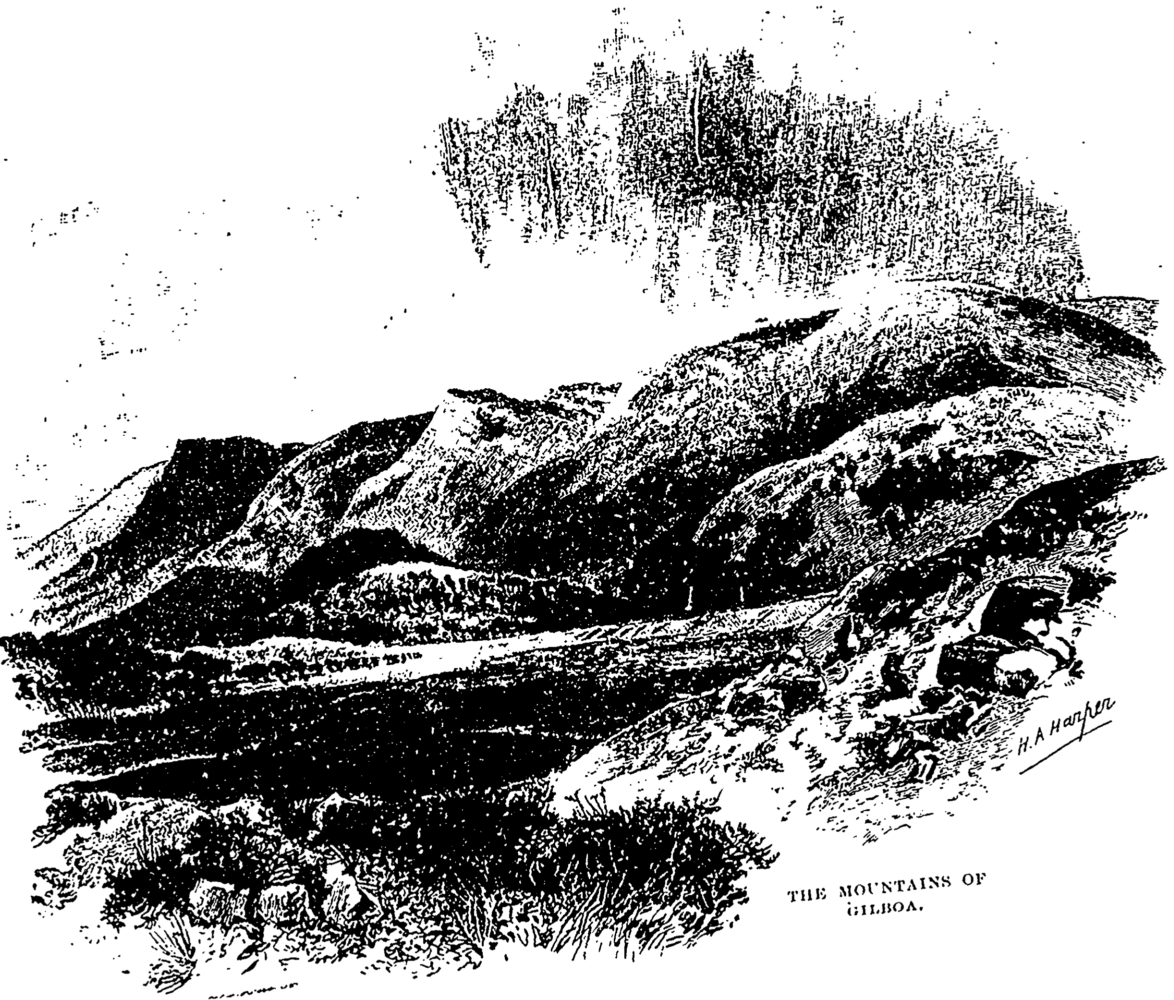


THE MOUNTAINS OF GILBOA.

THE

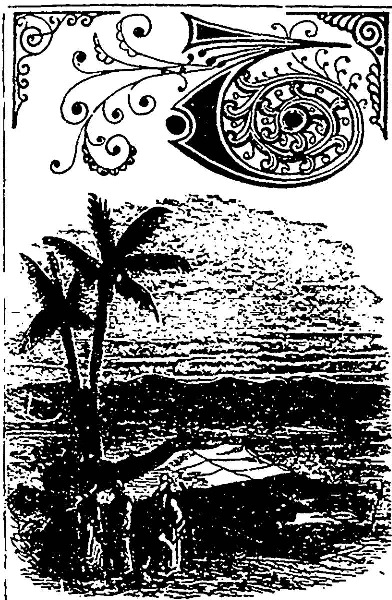
Methodist Magazine.

MAY, 1894.

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THROUGH GALILEE.



ARAB TENT.

THE important consideration in Palestine travel is to secure good camping-places. Sometimes the choice is limited, and he who is first on the ground gets the best place. There is often a good deal of rivalry between touring parties, or their guides, to secure the eligible camping spots. Our indefatigable dragoman, Abdallah, was determined that for our Easter Sunday at Nazareth we should have the very best place that could be had. For several mornings he had roused us at a dreadfully early hour, but he found that the rival dragoman had got his camp off earlier still. At Genin, therefore, Abdallah determined not to be outdone, and shortly after midnight our large dining-tent and one other were struck and sent on to Nazareth, so as to pre-empt the desired camping-ground. In their zeal for the honour of the camp Abdallah and the muleteers slept in the open air.

Starting early in the morning we rode though the fertile plain

of Esdraelon, covered with a waving sea of grain of 18,000 acres. On the right were the mountains of Gilboa, to the north the symmetrical dome of Tabor, to the west the bold bluff of Carmel,

PLAIN OF ESDRAELON AND MOUNTAINS OF GILBOA.

jutting far out into the Mediterranean, and beyond the Jordan the far-sweeping, sombre-hued mountains of Gilead. Peaceful as this landscape now is, it has been the scene for three thousand

years of frequent and bloody conflicts. On its southern border Deborah and Barak triumphed over the hosts of Sisera with his nine hundred chariots of iron. Later, Gideon, with his valiant band, having dismissed all who were "fearful and afraid," and further winnowed his host, by the strange test at the fountain of Gilead, to three hundred heroes, with the war-cry "the sword of

PLAIN OF ESDRAELON AND MOUNTAINS OF GILEAD.

the Lord and of Gideon," signally defeated the Midianites and the Amalekites, who were the Bedouins of that day, driving them to the fords of the Jordan and capturing two of their sheiks, Oreb and Zeeb, the "Raven" and the "Wolf." A neighbouring crag and cave are still known as the Raven's Nest, and the Wolf's Den.

Through Israel's unfaithfulness this victory was followed by

the disastrous defeat of Saul by the Philistines on the mountains of Gilboa, which rise before us grim and bare as though in perpetual confirmation of the lament of David: "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. . . How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places!"

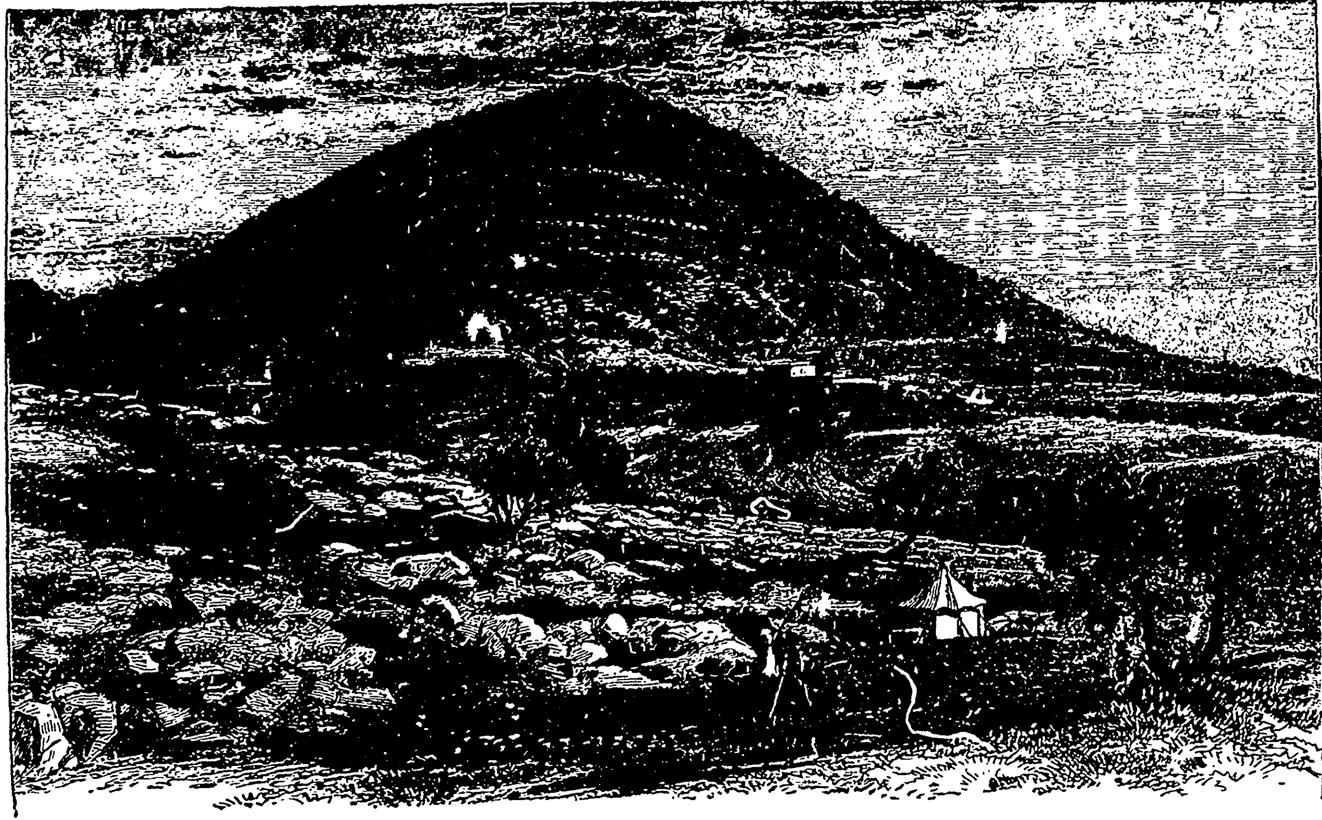
Here, also, towards the close of the Judæan monarchy, King Josiah attacked the army of Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt, and, "sore wounded" by Egyptian archers, was borne in his chariot to Jerusalem and died there.

In the broad plateau of Carmel, which looks down upon the Plain of Esdraelon, the priests of Baal uttered their vain and frantic appeal, "O Baal, hear us," but in answer to the prayer of Elijah the God of Israel answered by fire; and from the summit of Carmel the prophet beheld arise the little cloud from which came the rain which deluged the land after the three years of drought and famine.

In the New Testament era, A.D. 67, the Roman General Placidus decoyed the Jewish garrison from the Castle of Mount Tabor into this plain and slaughtered it. Here in 1799, the French under Kleber, with 1500 men, kept in check, as they fought in square from sunrise to noon, the whole Syrian army of 25,000, and, by the aid of Napoleon, completely routed them. This same plain is described in Revelation as the type of the field of "Armageddon," where the forces of good and of evil shall join in the final battle for the conquest of the earth.

Amid these grand historic and prophetic surroundings we made our way over the undulating plain, studded with the black tents of the Bedouins. Other camps were moving, some of them encumbered with clumsy palanquins, borne by mules, but with our light equipment we were able to pass them all at a brisk gallop.

On a rounded foot-hill of Gilboa is the miserable Arab village of Zerin, the ancient Jezreel. Here Ahab built his lordly palace, in which was an "ivory house." (1 Kings xxii. 39.) And here was the temple of Astaroth, in whose service were the four hundred priests supported by Jezebel. Stone sarcophagi have been found bearing the crescent sign of the goddess. On the slope of this hill was the field of Naboth, for the possession of which Jezebel concocted her plan for his judicial murder. From its summit could be distinctly seen the whole road to Jordan, and the furious driving of Jehu; and here, by his arrow, Joram, that bad son of a bad father, was smitten through the heart, and his body



MOUNT TABOR.

cast into the field of Naboth. Then from the palace window, "with painted face and tired head," looked forth the wicked Jezebel, with haughty defiance of the conquering hero. But soon, flung from the window by her own chamberlains, her blood spattered the palace walls, and in the "portion of Jezreel" did the dogs devour this daughter of a king, "save the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands." Here, too, the heads of the seventy sons of Ahab were laid in two heaps at the gate of Jezreel. So forever the names of Ahab and Jezebel, and their wicked house, are a memorial of Divine justice. Where stood the lordly palace and the ivory house, are now but a few squalid Arab huts.

Riding down the steep slope of the hill, we soon reached the "Well of Harod" (Judges vii. 1), "the fountain which is in Jezreel" (1 Sam. xxix. 1). It springs from a deep cavern immediately under the crags of Gilboa, and forms a pool three hundred feet across, through which issues a broad, deep stream of pure, transparent water. In this the black and red kine were standing mid-leg deep, while the long-eared goats climbed the mountain slope. We rode our horses into the pool, from which they drank deep draughts with great satisfaction. It 's pleasant to know that this is the very pool where Gideon's heroes drank over three thousand years ago. Here Gideon had his camp, and along this valley were the Midianites and Amalekites, "like grasshoppers for multitude," and here by the process of Divine selection was the motley host of 32,000 reduced to the little band of three hundred conquering heroes. Here Mr. Read dismounted and lapped the limpid water after the manner of the chosen three hundred. Through the long ages, how many conquering or discomfited warriors have here quenched their thirst!

Three miles north-west of Jezreel is the village of Shunem, at the foot of Little Hermon—a squalid hamlet of miserable mud huts surrounded by a hedge of giant cactus, rising in places to the height of twelve feet. Its name is engraved upon the world's heart forever by the exquisite story of the Shunamite woman who made "a chamber on the wall," for that man of God, Elisha. In the fields below our eyes the little lad, the child of promise, wandered at the harvest-time, and sank beneath the burning sun, crying, "My head, my head." Carried to his mother's arms, at Shunem, he lay upon her knees till he died, but the prophet's prayer availed to restore him to life. (2 Kings iv. 8–37.) It makes the narrative strangely vivid to feel that these are the very hills amid which this lovely idyl found its setting. In the mud walls of the village are built blocks of marble, with traces

DRESS OF A WOMAN OF NAZARETH.

of sculpture upon them, possibly relics of its former grandeur. A finely carved sarcophagus serves as a drinking-trough for the long eared goats and sheep. Hundreds of such costly stone coffins have been found even east of the Jordan, attesting the former wealth of the country. A splendid view is here obtained of the rounded dome of Tabor, and the snowy summit of Hermon,

like the great white throne of God in the heavens. This view was possibly the occasion of the noble words, "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name."

Two or three miles from Shunem we reach a modern village of the usual Palestine type, with shapeless ruins, narrow lanes and flat-roofed, mud-built houses, crowded with ignorant and fanatical Moslems. Yet this village is dear to the heart of the world by reason of its precious memories of our blessed Lord. It is Nein, the ancient Nain. Issuing from its gate, as the Lord approached, came the funeral procession of a young man, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." If, as many believe, these words describe the relationship of our Lord Himself, it lends a deeper pathos to His touching sympathy as He had compassion on the weeping mother and said unto her, "Weep not." A steep path leads to a group of rock-hewn tombs, the ancient burial-ground of the place, and it must have been on this very path that our Lord wrought that miracle of grace and comfort. The genial Dr. Macleod thus expresses the sentiment we all must feel in connection with this miracle:

"Nain, in the light of the Gospel history, is another of those fountains of living water opened up by the Divine Saviour, which have flowed through all lands to refresh the thirsty. How many widows, for eighteen centuries, have been comforted, how many broken hearts soothed and healed, by the story of Nain,—by the unsought and unexpected sympathy of Jesus, and by his power and majesty! It was here that he commanded those who carried the bier of the widow's only son to stop, and said to the widow herself, 'Weep not,' and to her son, 'Arise!' and then 'delivered him to his mother,' the most precious gift she could receive, and such as a Divine Saviour alone could bestow.

"What has Nineveh or Babylon been to the world in comparison with Nain? And this is the wonder constantly suggested by the insignificant villages of Palestine, that their names have become parts, as it were, of the deepest experiences of the noblest persons of every land and every age."

We made somewhat of a *détour* to visit the ancient village of Endor, with its sombre memories of the first king of Israel. That dark and moody monarch, seeing that the Lord answered not, "neither by dream, nor by Urim, nor by the prophets," sought the witch of Endor to divine unto him the unknown future by a familiar spirit.* It is now a small and wretched hamlet overlooking the broad plain. There are numerous caves in the hillside,

*Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, Bring me up Samuel. . . And Samuel said to Saul, Why has thou disquieted me, to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams: therefore I

several of which are still occupied as dwellings for man and beast. In one of these, probably, lived the witch of Endor, and, it may be, amid its dark recesses performed her "damnable sorceries." "The whole place," says Dr. Thompson, "is in striking accord with this ancient story, and these old hags grinning at us from the yawning mouths of their habitations look more like witches than women. How they curse the fathers and grandfathers of the Christian dogs, the kind of salutation you now hear from the vilest people in the country!"

These, being pressed for time to climb Mount Tabor, which rose in all its majesty before us, we did not visit, but Sheriff Widdifield, of Toronto, who did, describes as of exceeding impressiveness the gloomy cavern, in which was an unfailing spring, and the uncanny, witch-like creature, who mumbled her curses and begged backsheesh.

Riding, or rather stumbling down the steep slope, we crossed the fertile plain, green as emerald with tender wheat, and made our never-to-be-forgotten ascent of Mount Tabor, and then in the evening twilight rode on to our camp at Nazareth. Our ascent of Tabor and our Easter Sunday at Nazareth have been described in these pages by the graceful pen of Mrs. Carman in a very interesting manner. I shall, therefore, omit any reference to these except to explain two or three pictures of Nazareth. The small cut shows the ruinous arch of the Fountain of the Virgin, somewhat repaired since this cut was made. It is the only unfailing water-supply of the town.

FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN AT NAZARETH.

have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do. Then said Samuel, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy? . . Moreover the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines: and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: the Lord also shall deliver the host of Israel into the hand of the Philistines. —1 Samuel xxviii. 11, 15, 16, 19.

This is the favourite resort of the sweet-faced maids and matrons of Nazareth. On Easter Sunday they wore their gayest garb of bright crimson, purple, white or yellow silk, harmonizing with their dark eyes and Madonna-like expression. Here the

SHEIK'S TOMB—"A WHITED SEPULCHRE."

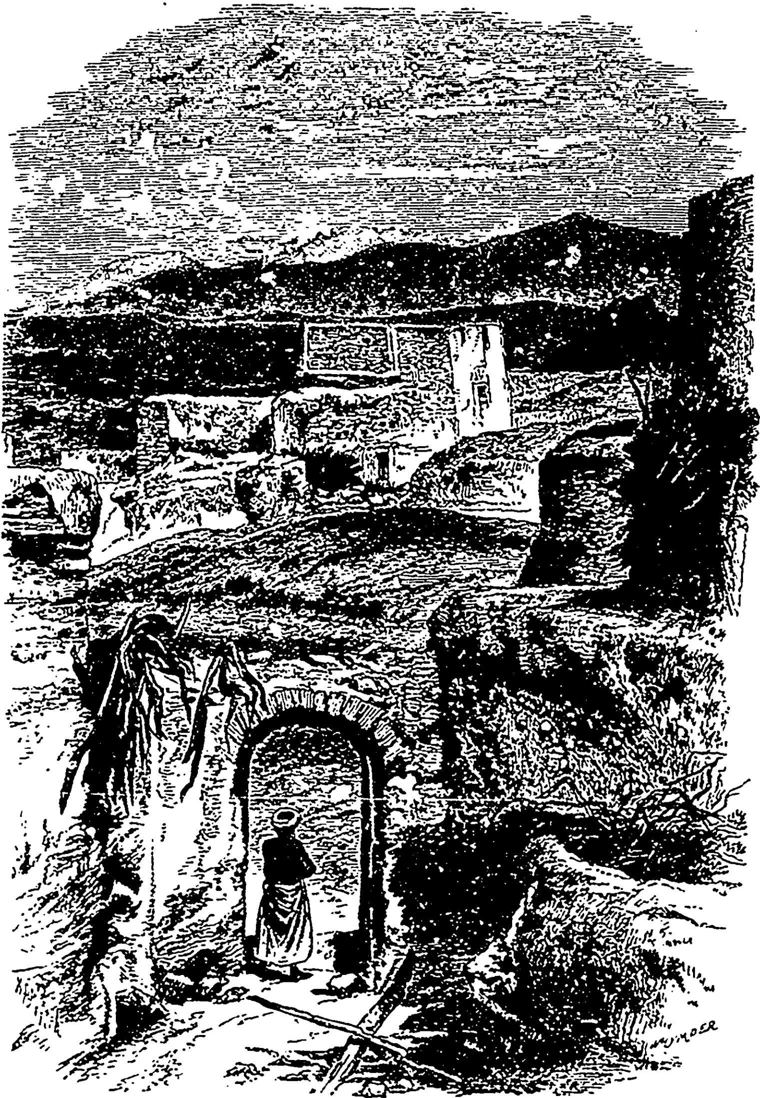
Virgin Mary and the child Jesus must often have come for the daily supply of water for the village household. Most of these women are Christians of the Greek or Latin Churches and do not veil their faces like the natives of the country. Cut on page 433 shows the graceful garb of these Nazarene women. The head-

dress and necklace of coins will be noticed. Some of these are quite valuable, as the women wear their fortunes, if not in their faces, on their heads. It was doubtless—such is the permanence of custom in the East—to these pieces of silver that our Saviour referred in the parable of the woman searching diligently for the lost piece of money.

The high hill at the back of Nazareth commands a magnificent view, which embraces the grandeur of Tabor and snow-crowned Hermon, "the excellency of Carmel," and the nearer beauty of the Sea of Galilee and Mount of Beatitudes. On the summit of this hill is the tomb of a Moslem sheik, or saint, of which many occur throughout the Orient. To such a tomb as this our Saviour referred in the words, "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but within are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness."

FOUNTAIN AT CANA.

Early on Easter Monday we set out from Nazareth for Cana of Galilee and Tiberias. A two-hours' ride brought us to Kefr-Kenna, or village of Kenna, identified by most scholars as the "Cana of Galilee" where Jesus wrought His first miracle. It is a squalid town of some six hundred inhabitants, with its Greek and Latin churches, each claiming to be erected on the site of the miracle. In the Latin church was a rather good fresco of the marriage at Cana, with the neighbouring hill-country depicted in the background. In the portico of the Greek church were two large stone jars, about three feet high and three feet wide, positively affirmed to be a part of the "six water-pots" which were filled with water—possibly supplied from the fountain in a neighbouring square which now flows through an ancient stone sarcophagus, shown in small cut. I had previously seen another of these veracious "water-pots" at the church of St. Ursula in Cologne, but *it* was an alabaster jar of much smaller size. But if we become too critical we shall doubt the authenticity of both.



KEFR-KENNA—CANA OF GALILEE.

We went to the house of the Greek priest and partook of a rather meagre repast, part of which consisted of very thin, sour wine, not unlike diluted vinegar. I am no *connoisseur* in wines, but this did not commend itself to my taste. I liked much better some thick, sweet wine, which we received elsewhere, made of the pure juice of the grape, boiled down and preserved in jars, and

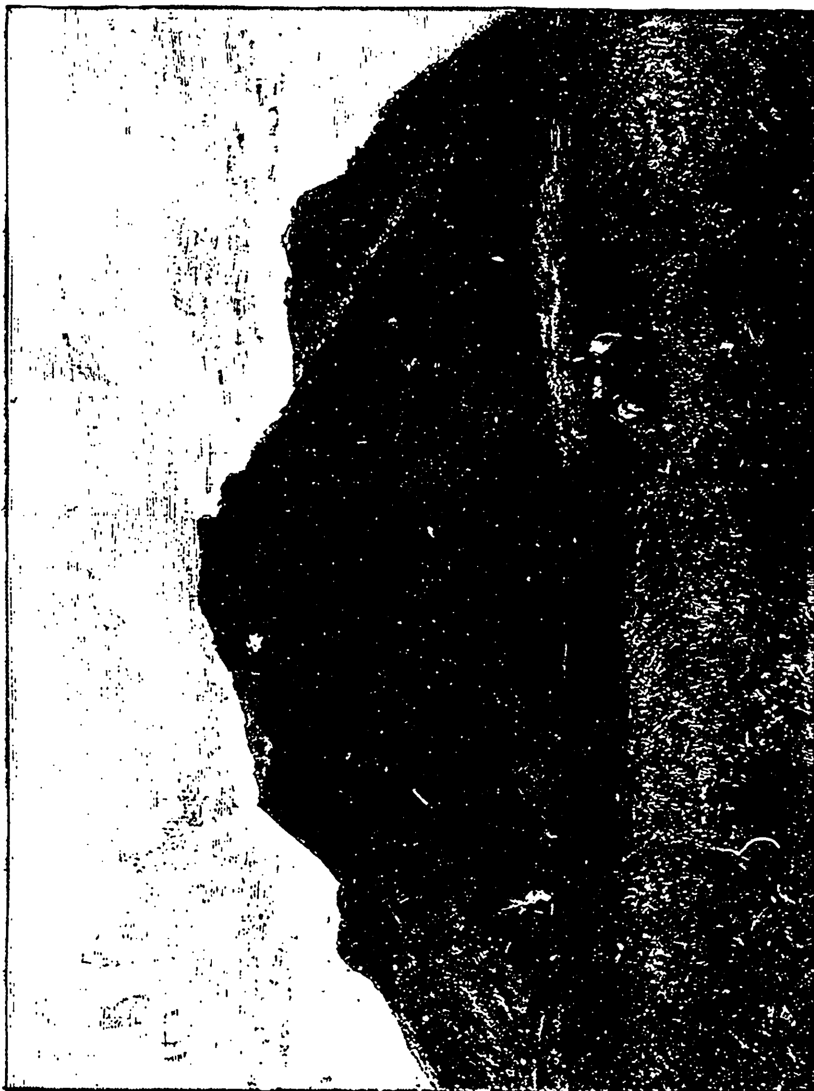
eaten with the pancake-like bread of the natives. As we rode on, a low mist hung on the mountains, but as soon as the sun rose with a burning heat, like the early cloud and the morning dew it vanished away.

Seffurieh, the ancient Sipphoris, with its square castle and ancient church, is conspicuous on a neighbouring hillside. This was the Dio-Cæsarea of the Romans, and a stronghold of the crusaders. Here Count Raymond, with his army, encamped the night before the disastrous battle with Saladeen, 1187, which terminated the kingdom of the Franks in Palestine. Here Joachim and Anna, the parents of the Virgin Mary, are said to have resided, and a chapel commemorates the Salutation of the Virgin.

After the marriage feast at Cana, we read that Jesus and His mother and brethren and disciples "went down to Capernaum," and "down" it certainly is, for the Sea of Galilee lies seven hundred feet below the Mediterranean. The hillsides were dotted with the black tents of the Bedouins, and an occasional group of sheep or goats gave life to the landscape. Volcanic forces in the unknown past have poured over the limestone rock, leaving beds of lava. High on the right rises a saddle-shaped hill with a peak on either end, known as the "Horns of Hattin," the traditional Mount of Beatitudes. This hill is an oblong mass of black basalt: the depression in the middle may have been the crater of an active volcano. The consensus of opinion agrees that here He who spake as never man spake, spake as He did at no other time. The very stone on which the Great Teacher sat is pointed out. Here, too, tradition avers that the five thousand were fed, but the more probable scene of this multitude was near the seaside. We rode up the rather steep incline through tangled thickets. The view sweeps over the fair and fertile plain of Gennesareth, the blue sea of Galilee, the white-walled Safed in full view on its lofty site, the "city set on a hill that cannot be hid," and the billowy sea of mountains rolling off to the base of the snow-clad Hermon in the north. Pointing to the swifts and swallows darting through the air, and to the flowers springing at His feet, the Divine Teacher uttered the words whose music lingers in the ear as the holy thought sinks into the heart: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? . . Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe

the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faitn?"

We dismounted, recited the beatitudes, and mused and pondered over the matchless sermon on this holy mount.



HORNS OF HATTIN—MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

What a sad comment on the teachings of our Lord that here, after twelve long Christian centuries, in the heat of a Syrian July, 1187, two thousand knights, with eight thousand men-at-arms, were crushed beneath the victorious arms of the Saracens, led by

the brave and generous Saladeen. Dr. Norman Macleod, in a few terse sentences, thus describes the scene:

"The crusaders had behaved in a most treacherous manner to the Moslems, and had grossly broken their treaty with them. Saladeen was more righteous than they. They carried as their rallying banner the true cross from Jerusalem; but the Moslems had its justice on their side, though not its wood. After days of suffering, and after many gross military mistakes, the crusaders found themselves terribly beaten, and all that remained of them on the evening of this awful battle-day gathered on and around the Horns of Hattin. King Guy, of Lusignan, was the centre of the group: around him were the Grand Master of the Knights Templars, Raynald of Chatillon, Humphrey of Turon, and the bishop of Lydda, the latter of whom bore the holy cross. All at last were slain or taken prisoners, and the Holy Land was lost."

As we descended the abrupt slope, we enjoyed a glorious view of the lake lying like a map a thousand feet beneath us, placid as after the words of our Lord, "Peace be still," reflecting as in a mirror the abrupt steeps of the Gadarene shore.

BETWEEN.

BY REV. R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

Forward, the sparkling sea
Of possibility,

Behind, the solid ground
Of certainty is found.

And I stand evermore
Upon the wave-beat shore.

Each sunrise flings its gleams
O'er landscapes rich with dreams.

Each sunset breathes "Farewell"
O'er things unchangeable.

The New Year turns with hope
Time's great kaleidoscope.

Twelve months the colours set
In gladness or regret.

Youth's fairy castles rise
'Midst sheen of angel's eyes.

Manhood moulds plastic clay
While Hope's sweet harpers play.

Age standeth all alone,
His life-work silent stone.

Each world that sweeps the skies
Was born in Paradise,

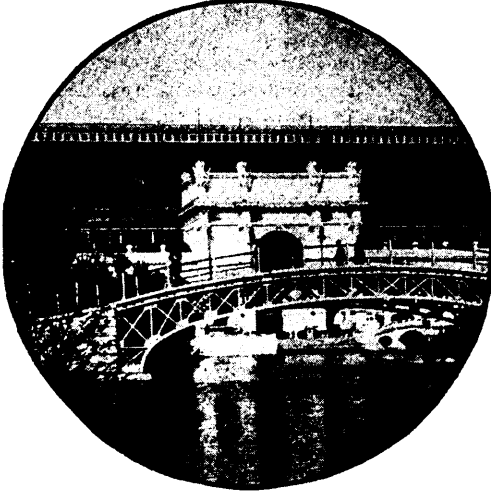
Its orbit mystery;
Its goal reality.

End of all Time and Sense
Eternal permanence.

Plattsville, Ont.

THE WHITE CITY THROUGH A CAMERA.

II.



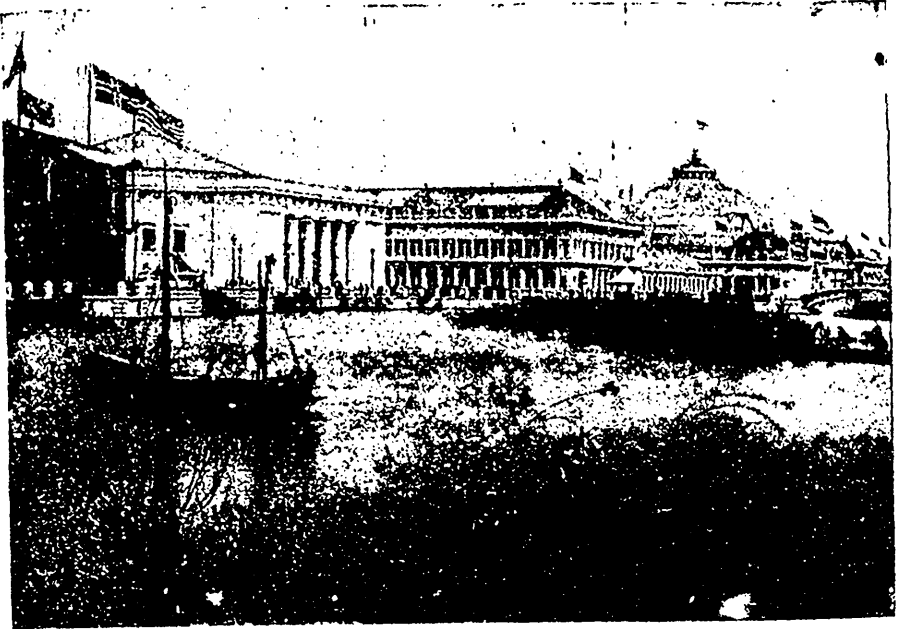
LAGOON, BRIDGE AND CENTRAL ENTRANCE OF MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

ONE of the most delightful features about the World's Fair was the ample scope which it gave to landscape gardening. Never before was this carried out on so large a scale and with such great success. As under the spell of an enchanter's wand a marshy stretch of beach was converted into a lovely blended land-and-water-scape with winding lagoons and fairy-like bridges, which furnished admirable vistas from many points of view. One of these bridges, with a fine background of the main building, is shown in our initial sketch.

When the illuminated water-pageants were held at night, and boats of every kind and degree, covered with lanterns and sometimes blazing with coloured fires, swept by, and the islands in the background were illuminated with thousands of lamps, the sight was like fairyland.

A very striking vista is shown in the second cut, with, to the left, part of the Transportation Building and the great Music Hall, and in the distance the vast dome of the Horticultural Building.

A still more imposing vista is that shown on the same page a fine illustration of the canal or lagoon between the Agricultural Building on the left and Machinery Hall on the right. At the end of this lagoon is a beautiful colonnade, and just beyond it the spacious building where the cattle and horses were exhibited, known as the Stock Pavilion. The view from this colonnade, looking north from it, was one of the finest on the grounds.

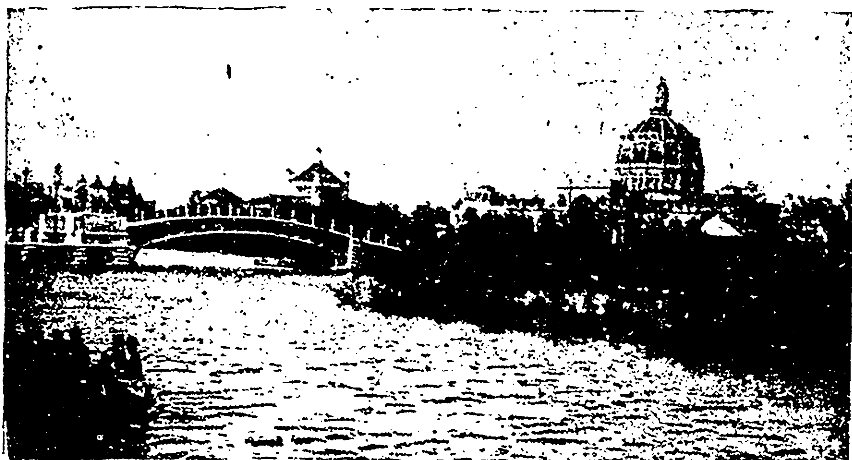


VIEW FROM THE MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

VISTA LOOKING SOUTH TOWARDS THE OBELISK AND COLONNADE.

From the tall campaniles to the right a noble chime of bells rang out some noble hymn-tunes with exquisite effect. To linger in the colonnade and look for nearly a mile over the noble vista of architecture, and listen to these bells w. s a pleasure not soon to be forgotten. The columns, with the rostra or beaks of old Roman galleys, are an exact reproduction of some of those columns at Rome which celebrated the naval power and superiority of the august mistress of the world.

One of the most remarkable structures was the Fishery Building, with a great central octagon and two curving wings with circular extremities. The decorative design of columns and capitals consisted of bas-reliefs in plaster of marine life, fish, frogs, and uncanny-looking creeping things, enough to give one



VIEW OF LAGOON, FISHERY AND UNITED STATES BUILDINGS IN BACKGROUND.

the nightmare. The views from the arches of these corridors of the noble architecture of the other buildings, as shown in cut on page 445, were exceedingly impressive.

Many of the States erected sumptuous structures for the accommodation of their citizens, and to furnish departmental offices for the State commissioners. The most magnificent of these was that of the State of New York, the great reception-room of which, where social functions were frequently held, was more grandiose than many halls of kings. The State of Pennsylvania had an exact reproduction of the old Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The State of Massachusetts had a counterpart of the old John Hancock's Colonial Mansion. The State of Virginia reproduced

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

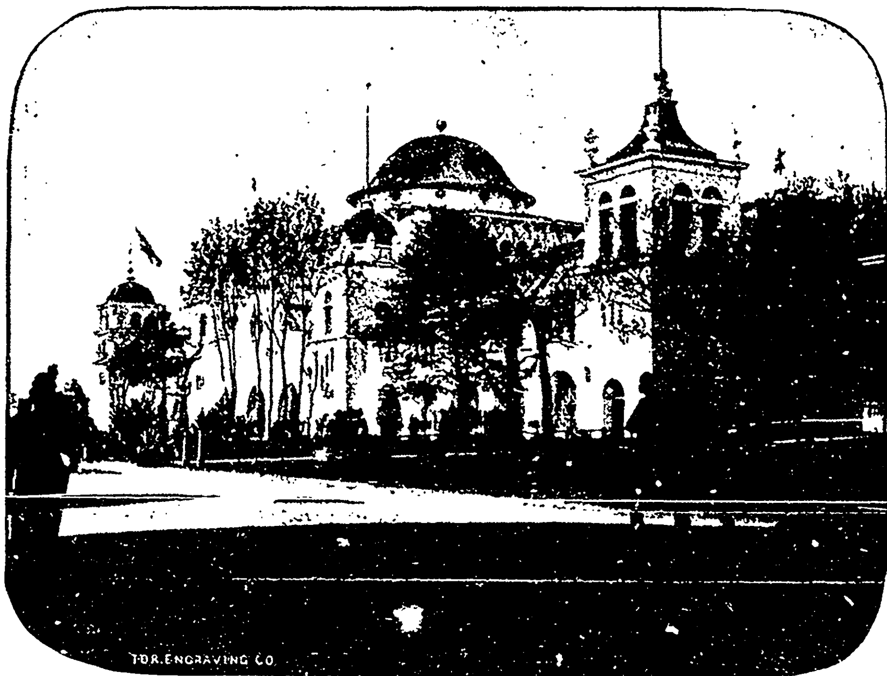
Washington's residence at Mount Vernon, with many interesting *souvenirs* of the Father of his Country. The severe, Spartan simplicity of this historic home was a surprise to many accustomed to the greater splendour of modern architecture and house decoration. The State of Florida had, on a reduced scale, a reproduction of Fort Marion, Augustine, an old Spanish structure, of exceedingly picturesque architecture.

The State of California had an immense building, shown on page 446, after the architectural style of the Spanish missions of that State. The low, curved dome, with red-tiled roof, white walls and long arcades were very effective. Its magnificent fruit exhibits, especially its trophies of oranges, were also very attractive. On California Day a lavish free distribution of fruit took place; but, in the scramble, we are afraid that the agressive boys got more than their share, while modest tourists received very little.

The Washington State Building was constructed largely of enormous unhewn timber, brought across the continent for that purpose. Its agricultural resources were a surprise to many.

One feature of interest was a reproduction on a small scale of a farm, with all the farming operations going on.

The grounds were so vast that an elevated intramural railway was constructed whereby one could with ease traverse them from end to end. This circuit of seven miles could be made for ten cents in a breezy open car; and a more delightful ride it would be hard to conceive. One could look down, as shown in two of our pictures, upon the wonderful panorama beneath, and from the ever-varying position of the car get views of new groups



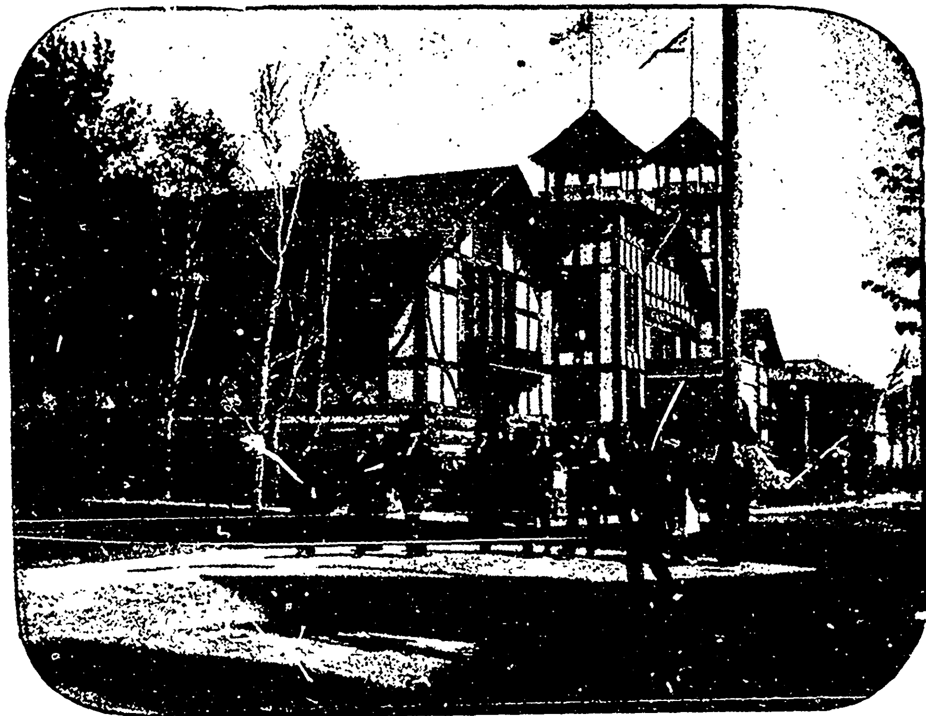
THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING.

and architectural features of the buildings. In the cut on page 448, we have in the foreground part of the Illinois Building; in the middle distance another of the great Western State Buildings, and in the background the sumptuous architecture of the Art Palace.

In a cut on page 449 we have to the right a wing of the Woman's Building, with its beautiful surrounding grounds. On the roof was a tea garden, where light refreshments were served beneath an awning, and one could at once feast the mind upon the noble landscape, and the body on the dainty provender sup-

plied by the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In the distance are seen the many gables and turrets of the Fishery Café, adjoining the Fishery Building, where one was furnished fish served up in every conceivable form.

Many private firms had their individual exhibits. Conspicuous among these were the beautiful Chocolate Cafés, in Dutch architecture, in which that fragrant beverage was served by neat-handed maidens, dressed in fair costume. They looked for all the world like the fair frauleins of Holland, with their snowy



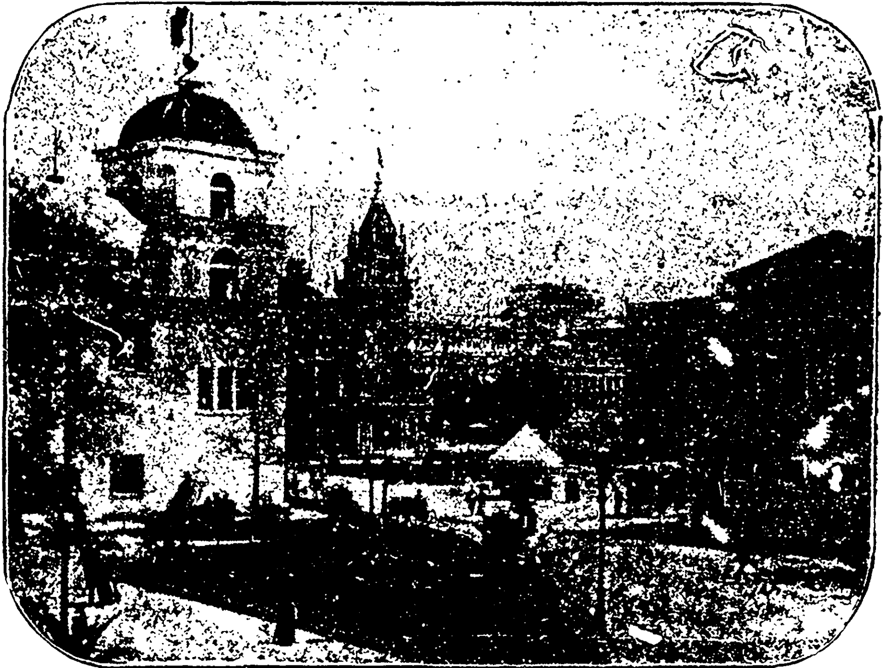
THE WASHINGTON STATE BUILDING.

caps and gilt headbands, only they spoke with a remarkably broad Western accent.

The White Star Steamship Line had its beautiful circular pavilion, and *Puck* Publishing Company another structure, in which the whole process of lithographing and printing an illustrated paper was shown.

A curious picture is that on page 450, described by Mr. Walter H. Massey, as follows: "It was taken," he says, "just a few moments after the accident happened. Fortunately no one was

injured. A number of these heavy traction rollers were used in making the splendidly-formed roadways through the park and around the buildings. At this particular point a road had been built upon old logs and rubbish, in part supported by posts, to save the expense of filling in a little ravine below. The contractor's work was decidedly superficial; hence the accident. However, considering the fact that so vast an amount of work was performed for an exhibition to last but six months, it seems wonderful that they took so much pains to do it as well as it was done."



A VIEW FROM THE INTRAMURAL ELEVATED RAILWAY.

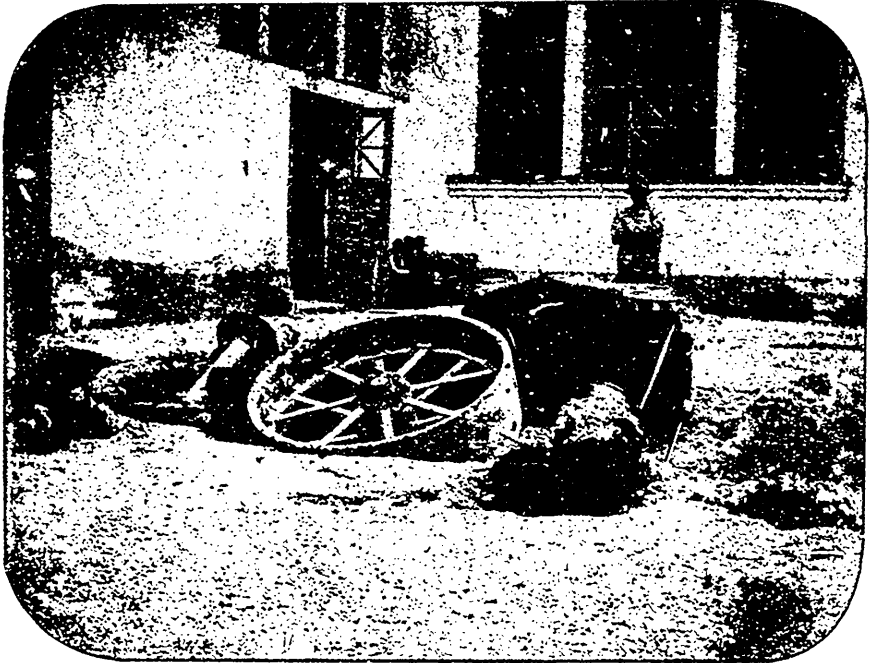
An account of the Fair would not be complete without a reference to its grotesque humours. Where so many people assembled some very ludicrous situations were certain to arise. The story is told of a prosperous coloured citizen, who exclaimed, as he saw the vast expanse of the White City, "Land o' Goshen, Dinah, wouldn't I like to hab de job of whitewashing dese buildings?" He would have found a somewhat heavy contract on hand to secure its completion in time. The buildings were sprayed by steam-power through a hose with the white colouring matter. An honest couple from Wayback were so dazed and amazed by

A VIEW FROM THE INTRAMURAL ELEVATED RAILWAY.

"WHITE STAR" AND "PUCK" BUILDINGS.

the magnificence of the structures, it is said, that they thought they would try some of the minor exhibits first, and passed through a wicket marked "Exit," to them a new word, and found themselves outside the grounds. When they had paid their dollar to enter again they had learned, we presume, the meaning of the word.

The so-called "gospel chariots," or wheel-chairs, were a great convenience to the weary, and everybody was soon reduced to that condition. They received their name from the fact that the chairmen were, for the most part, students at the various theo-



ONE OF THE HEAVY TRACTION ROLLERS GOES THROUGH A ROADWAY.

logical seminaries of the country. One might, however, furnish his own man-power. Our coloured friend, after pushing his rather corpulent spouse for some time, remarked that "it was the mostest like ploughing and being one's own mule of anything he knew."

The rather incredible story is told of some wag who, asked where the lagoons were kept, pointed to the Fishery Building, saying, "Over there. They feed the animals at one o'clock, you will be in time if you hurry." The much enduring Columbia guards were an embodiment of courtesy, and answered all manner

of questions on all sorts of subjects. The query as to what the strap under his chin was for seems to have exhausted the patience of one of these, who replied: "To give it a rest when it is tired answering foolish questions."

The crudeness of the art taste of many of the spectators would have been amusing were it not so pathetic. One of these declared that he thought more of the "butter woman," an effigy in that edible, than of a whole carload of "stun figgers—*it* was worth thirty cents a pound anyway." The fantastic designs in grasses, grains, and the like were of greater interest to many than the masterpieces of some of the world's greatest artists. The object in the California building which was best remembered was, doubtless, the huge group made up of prunes—"a bushel and a half in the horse's tail." Nevertheless, the Fair was a great means of education for the people. It broadened the horizon, gave new topics of thought and converse—especially converse—and combined many of the advantages of travel with a minimum expense of time and money.

THE MESSENGER HOURS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

I.

I THOUGHT, as I watched in the dawning dim
 The hours of the coming day,
That each shadowy form was surely robed
 In the selfsame hue of grey;
And that sad was each half-averted face,
 Unlit by a cheering ray.

But as one by one they drew near to me,
 And I saw them true and clear,
I found that the hours were all messengers,
 Sent forth by a Friend most dear,
To bring me whatever I needed most—
 Of chastening or of cheer.

And though some of them, truly, were grave and sad,
 And moved with reluctant feet,
There were others came gladly, with smiling eyes,
 And footsteps by joy made fleet;
But whether with gladness or sorrow fraught,
 The message each bore was sweet.

For even the saddest, and weighted most
 With trial and pain for me,
Yet breathed in my ear, ere it passed from sight,
 "This cross I have brought to thee

Comes straight from the Friend, Who, of all thy friends,
Doth love thee most tenderly;

"*He would rather have sent thee a joyous hour,*
And fraught with some happy thing,
But He saw that naught else could so meet thy need
As this strange, sad gift I bring;
And He loved thee too well to withhold the gift,
Though it causes thee suffering."

II.

So, now, as I watch in the dawning dim
The hours of each coming day,
I remember that golden threads of love
Run all through their garments gray;
And I know that each face as it turns to me,
Will be lit with a friendly ray.

And, whether they most be sombre or glad,
No hour of all the band
But will bring me a greeting from Him I love,
And reach out a helping hand
To hasten my steps, as I traverse the road
That leads to the better land.

For the Lord of that land is the Friend I love,
And I know He keeps for me
A home of delight in His kingdom fair,
That I greatly long to see;
And the hours that shall speed me on my way
I must welcome gratefully.

III.

And soon I shall trace, through the dawning dim,
'Mid the hours of some coming day,
A figure unlike to its sister forms,
With garments more gold than gray;
And the face of that one, when it meets my gaze,
Will send forth a wondrous ray.

So I watch for that latest and brightest hour
Which my Lord will send to me;
I know that its voice will be low and sweet,
And this shall its message be:
"Come quickly, and enter thy Home of joy,
For the King is calling thee."

I shall go to Him soon! I have waited long
To behold His beauty rare;
But I surely shall see Him and hear His voice,
And a part in His glory share,
When I answer the summons, solemn yet glad,
Which the last sweet hour shall bear.

TORONTO.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.*

A CHARACTER-SKETCH.

BY W. H. STEAD.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

"A ROMANCE adorning English life"—that is Lady Henry Somerset. Her character-sketch would, if adequately written, be a kaleidoscopic picture of English life, bright with its splen-

* Abridged from *The Review of Reviews.*

dour and lurid with its gloom—radiant with the glories of ancient fame, and still more radiant with the promise of things to come, but at the same time never entirely free from the shadow of the lowering thunder-cloud.

Last May Lady Henry Somerset was re-elected to the presidency of the British Woman's Temperance Association, at the close of a campaign, which for vehemence, to use no more unpleasant word, could hardly be paralleled in the stormy arena of parliamentary politics. She has asserted the conviction which has been driven in upon her by long years of silent study and active work—the conviction, that is, that if the woes of the world are to be lessened, women must grapple bravely with their causes, that in the world's broad field of battle women must range themselves on the side of those who are struggling for justice, and that if any mending or ending of the worst evils of society is to be accomplished in our time, the heart and the instinct and the intellect of women must be felt in the councils of the nation. The aristocratic Lady Clara Vere de Vere has developed into the modern Britomart, couching her lance in the cause of Temperance and Womanhood, Labour and Democracy—a notable evolution indeed.

Lady Henry Somerset is a Somerset only by marriage. By birth she was Lady Isabel Somers-Cocks, for she was the daughter of Earl Somers. Lady Isabel in those early days was as punctilious about asserting her caste as Lady Henry is to-day indifferent to the trappings of her order. The story goes that some thirty years ago and more, Lady Isabel, then a pretty little chit of six or seven, was taken by her parents to a children's pageant given by the Queen. When Her Majesty and the Prince Consort quitted the dais where they had been seated during the early part of the *fête* and went into the banqueting hall for refreshments, the children remained behind. After wandering about for a time she was suddenly attracted by the royal seat, and, a childish whim seizing her, she clambered up into the Queen's chair and sat herself down. When the Queen returned she smiled to see a pretty little damosel dressed in white, with a wreath of daisies, sitting in state in the chair of majesty. As the Queen reached the seat she said pleasantly, "This is little Isabel." Whereupon the offended little aristocrat, tossing her head, said with aggrieved emphasis to amused Majesty, "*Lady* Isabel!" and fared her forth.

A dozen years passed. The shadows of the Mutiny fell and lifted; the darker shadow of death fell, and did not lift across the Royal household; great wars came and went, convulsing continents; King Demos was enthroned as monarch in boroughs, and the young girl, now a woman grown, stood once more before

the Queen. It was the day of her presentation at Court. As the *débutante* in white, wearing a daisy wreath, bent forward to kiss her hand, the Queen's marvellous memory asserted itself. The old scene in the throne-room flashed before her mind, and the Sovereign said, with a pleasant smile and an unmistakable emphasis: "*Lady* Isabel!"

Lady Isabel was the elder of two daughters. Lady Adeline, now Adeline Duchess of Bedford, was the only other living child of one of the romantic marriages of the Middle Century. When Mr. Watts was a young artist in the first triumph of his genius, he painted a portrait of Miss Virginia Pattle, the daughter of a prominent director of the East India Company. The picture is still well known, and when it was first hung on the walls of the Academy it became one of the pictures of the year. Everyone thronged to see it, and among others came Viscount Eastnor. But while the rest admired and passed on, he remained, unable to tear himself away from the fascinating canvas. At last he exclaimed to his friend: "That woman I must know!" Next day, the Fates being propitious, he met the fair original of Mr. Watts' picture at one of Lady Palmerston's famous receptions, and found the artist had not exaggerated her beauty. He pressed his suit with unusual precipitancy; he soon proposed, was accepted, and within a few months of the time he first saw her portrait in the Academy, Miss Virginia Pattle became Viscountess Eastnor. Within twelve months Lady Isabel was born. Two years later the second Earl of Somers died, and the erstwhile Miss Pattle was Countess Somers.

The Countess Somers was French on her mother's side. Epicurean rather than Puritan, she reigned among her admiring circle as a queen. Lady Somers was about the last woman in all England whom sober, serious Puritans of the Temperance cause would have expected to be the mother of their chief.

Earl Somers was a noble of a very different stamp from those who are so styled through the courtesy of fortuitous circumstances. He was a man of unalterable fidelity, of sound judgment, who inherited something of the spirit of adventure which has constantly re-asserted itself in his family, and which recently impelled his grandson to pursue a venturesome quest for grizzlies in the unexplored regions of Athabasca. He was one of the companions of Sir Henry Layard in the great expedition which resulted in the unearthing of the ruins of ancient Nineveh, and he was never so happy as when he was camping out on archæological expeditions in the deserted lands of Asia Minor. His sterling qualities were highly esteemed by all who

knew him, from his Sovereign to his peasants. His faith was as simple as his disposition. He retained a deep love and reverence for the Bible and for its inspired teaching, and to the time of his death busied himself daily in making accurate translations from the Greek in the endeavour to acquire new light on the meaning of obscure passages.

Lord Somers was devoted to his children, and bestowed special pains upon the education of his daughters. From earliest childhood Lady Isabel appears to have been a bright, engaging child, with occasional traces of the *enfant terrible.* Lord Somers was a scholar, although not a pedant, and as he had no son he bestowed special pains upon his daughter's education. From childhood she was familiar with French as her mother tongue, and she was almost equally at home in Italian and in German. She and her sister grew up to womanhood, subject to many influences, but persevering and developing a very strong and well marked individuality.

When Lady Isabel "came out," as the phrase goes—which, being interpreted, means that she had been presented at Court and was entered as an eligible for engagement in the matrimonial market she created a mild stir of excitement among match-making mammas. For Lady Isabel was a great heiress. Eastnor Castle and Reigate and Somers Town were her destined heritage Lady Isabel was the pursuit of the marriageable youth. Among her suitors was a younger son of the Beaufort family. He proposed, and Lady Isabel refused. But a course was pursued by this by no means disconcerted aspirant that was likely to prove successful in the present emergency. He withdrew from the world, announced his intention to live for a philanthropic purpose, and seemed to scorn the idle life of the society lounger. Lady Somers was above all things anxious that her daughter should remain with her after marriage as before, and she saw in Lord Henry Somerset, who had no fortune of his own, a son gained and a daughter regained; and with the influence which such a mother naturally exerted over such a daughter, when Lord Henry Somerset renewed his suit, Lady Isabel passively acquiesced, and then it was that Lady Isabel Somers became Lady Henry Somerset.

From a worldly point of view it did not seem disadvantageous. Lord Henry Somerset, the second son of the duke, was, as befitted a scion of such a house, in high favour in Court, with fair prospect of one day becoming a member of the Cabinet. He was already a member of the House of Commons and a Privy Councillor.

For a time all went well or fairly well. They were married

in 1872. Tennyson sent the bride on her bridal day a basket of snowdrops which he had gathered for her with his own hands. In 1874 Lady Henry, then twenty-three years of age, became the mother of a boy, her only child, in whom she found some consolation for the disappointments of an uncongenial marriage; for Lord Henry had few tastes in common with his wife. That, however, would only have resulted in the usual wretchedness of an unhappy marriage, but for the fact that he was addicted to practices the pursuit of which is incompatible even with the large laxity of the English aristocratic life. The result was that the law courts pronounced the mother the guardian of the boy, an amicable separation was arranged, and Lord Henry, after a brief attempt to pose as a martyr in England, retired to maintain the state of a *déclassé* English peer on a handsome allowance from his wife's fortune. There is no need to enter into any further particulars beyond saying that the whole pitiable story was heard *in camerâ;* that the exposure ended his career; and that, although Lord Henry is still said to keep up some show as leader of the exiled English at Florence, he is socially and politically dead.

Lady Henry then devoted herself assiduously to the upbringing of her boy and the discharge of the usual social duties of a lady of her position. In addition to these she was, as she had always been, ever ready to help in any work of charity or of mercy. She naturally took a less active part in society, but she kept up the usual round of the woman of the world. Her sister had married the Marquis of Tavistock; her father was in delicate health and much abroad, and Lady Henry had many lonely hours at Reigate Priory, which she sought to enliven by diligent devotion to the management of the estate. She was active, energetic, and independent, but she had not yet felt the great impulse which was soon to transform her whole life.

"The word of the Lord came to Elijah;" "The Lord spake unto Abraham, saying;" and Saul on his way to Damascus heard a voice from heaven;—with all these formulas we are sufficiently familiar. But the possibility of similar utterances being audible to-day is scouted by the majority who have never heard voices or seen visions. The psychologist, however, equally with the devout of all ages who know nothing of psychology, knows that "heard are the voices," not merely in Canaan of old, but this day and every day where the soul is open on the Godward side. Joan of Arc and St. Teresa are but two of the more conspicuous of those the course of whose life has been determined by the promptings of an invisible monitor, apparently speaking to the soul through other avenues than those of the senses, and there is

nothing incredible that Lady Henry Somerset should at the fateful moment of her career have heard a voice the echoes of which have been distinctly audible in her life ever since.

She was at Reigate Priory when it happened. Tradition asserts that it was at the Priory of Reigate, or rather in a cave on the estate communicating by a secret passage with the Priory on one side, and a neighbouring castle on the other, that a draft of the Magna Charta was drawn up which was afterwards imposed upon the king at Runnymede.

It was here that Lady Henry Somerset lived in comparative retreat, devoting much care to bringing up her boy. She read much and thought more. When the great catastrophe of her life overtook her, she plunged still more deeply into theological or anti-theological speculation. Strauss, Renan, and other writers of that school, exercised a powerful influence over her mind. The old landmarks seemed to be dissolving away into the mist of myth. Lady Henry was in the Valley of the Shadow, not of Death, but of Doubt; in the midst of a grey dimness that overclouded the sun and left all the old landmarks indistinct, and shadowy, and unreal.

Lady Henry was still "in the swim" of Society. She was, as she had always been, a woman of fashion and of the world. But as she declared long afterwards, "I can say that, though I was long in society, and had enough to do to keep my head above water, and though I was a woman of the world, I have never been a worldly woman. I never saw the day that I would not gladly have left parks and palaces for fields and woods." It was therefore not a violent change so much as a sudden and well-defined stage in the process of spiritual evolution that was marked by the voice under the elm.

Luther heard the fateful voice which changed his life as he was toiling on his knees up the sacred stairs at Rome. Lady Henry was seated under the shade of an elm tree one summer afternoon, thinking once more of the old insoluble enigma, "Was He? Was He not? If He was not, from whence came I? If He is, what am I, and what am I doing with my life?" As she sat at the foot of the elm tree, meditating, she heard a voice, not with her bodily ear, but in the inner depths of her soul. And the voice said: *"Act as if I were, and thou shalt know I am!"*

Lady Henry was somewhat startled. The voice came from no visible speaker. She heard it plainly and unmistakably. What did it mean? From whence did it come? She repeated it over in her mind. "Act as if I were, and thou shalt know I am."

The more she repeated it the more she was impressed with the

wisdom of the counsel. Agitated and somewhat thrilled by the strange monition, she rose from the foot of the elm tree and began to walk to and fro up and down a *parterre* of lovely roses, which filled the summer air with fragrance. And ever as she walked a sense of the soundness of the advice impressed itself more and more deeply, and there gleamed before her a far off welcome hope of peace and confidence, and the assured presence of the Christ.

That night Lady Henry retired early to her room, and read through the Gospel according to St. John. As she read chapter after chapter the light of hope grew clearer and brighter, until it became a radiance suffusing all the sky. And in the enthusiasm of her new-found hope she decided there and then to obey the Voice—to act, to the best of her ability, as if He were; and to trust that the promise might be fulfilled to her, and that He might reveal Himself to her in due season.

Next morning when she met her guests she told them simply but decidedly that she was going into retirement. She was leaving society for solitude, if haply she might in privacy find peace and joy in believing. Her fashionable friends fell from her fast enough. She had no difficulty in dropping them. They dropped her. And then she betook herself to Eastnor with her boy to carry out her appointed plan.

Lady Henry could nowhere have found a pleasanter or more secluded Patmos than that which welcomed her at Eastnor. The Castle is like a dream of old romance. Standing at the foot of the storied Malvern Hills, its stately towers rise high above the trees, the embodiment of strength and security, in the midst of all that is loveliest in nature.

It was to this delightful abode that Lady Henry retired to study and to think. For the most part of the years she spent here her Bible was her chief counsellor. She lived alone, educating her boy, adored by her domestics, but seeing few visitors; working out for herself, step by step, the duty to which she was called. What it was she knew not, nor could anyone tell her. She was oppressed by a hideous sense of the wrongness of things. Sin and sorrow, vice and crime, marred the scene wherever she turned. What could she do to mend it? Was it any good trying to do anything? It all seemed so hopeless. Who was she, indeed, that she could dare to hope to do anything? A deep, depressing sense of her own unworthiness and helplessness weighed her down. At times the burden seemed greater than she could bear. But out of that blackness of thick darkness she was delivered by the light that streamed from the sacred Book. His Word was a lamp to her feet and a light to her path. The passion of

motherhood stayed by her and stayed her. Whatever else she was called or was not called to do, she was called to save the little lad who was growing up bright and slight by her side. Behind him lowered what curse of heredity; and between him and it what was there if she failed?

Lady Henry began by playing Lady Clara Vere de Vere among the poor at her gates. But being of a practical turn of mind she soon discovered that it was of little use dispensing charity unless you could build up character; and in building up character the first thing to be done was to prevent the perpetual undermining of character which was due to the drinking habits of society. She found intemperance everywhere the first foe with which she had to combat.

Lady Henry started a small temperance society in the village, and began to make proselytes for total abstinence. She practised what she preached, and became herself a total abstainer. From speaking to a few villagers, the transition was not difficult to addressing a public meeting. She held Bible readings in the kitchens of the farmers on her estate, and held mothers' meetings in the billiard-room of the Castle. People heard that her Bible readings were effective, and invited her here and there. At first no one took much notice of her speaking, and for some time little was known of her outside the immediate neighbourhood of Eastnor. Past events in her history had combined with certain natural tendencies to make her shy almost to pain.

Lady Henry persevered. Beginning with temperance, she gradually advanced. She began to discern more and more clearly that the whole moral movement was inextricably wrapped up with the cause of woman and the cause of labour. About this time she came across Miss Willard's touching tribute to her sister Mary, entitled "Nineteen Beautiful Years." "From that time on I was impressed with that personality that has meant so much to so many women. My first visit to America was as much to see and know Miss Willard as for any other purpose, and to understand from her the principle upon which she had worked the marvellous organization of which she has long been President." In the Willard household she found for the first time the realization of her ideal of Woman's Christian Temperance work.

Our American kinsfolk were the first to discover Lady Somerset's genius, capacity, and charm, and their recognition did much to pave the way for her success in this country on her return. It was not merely that the greatest halls were crowded wherever she was announced to speak, and that the overflow of those

unable to get in blocked the streets and stopped the tramcars; it was much more than that. She was welcomed to the hearts of the best people everywhere, and, most marvellous of all, the newspapers, from Maine to California, were uniformly civil. She made good use of her time. She attended Moody's School for Evangelists, and studied still more closely at the feet of the President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and served her apprenticeship in journalism as one of the editors of the *Union Signal.* It was in this way that there was begun that close intimacy between the leaders of temperance work in America and England which is of the happiest augury for the future of the two branches of the English-speaking race.

Miss Willard, although starting from the opposite extreme of politics, had arrived at pretty much the same conclusions as those to which Lady Henry had been driven. They were both broadly evangelical in their conception of Christianity. Both were enthusiastic total abstainers, putting temperance in this age only second to the Gospel. Both also were profoundly convinced that, while beginning with the Gospel, the work of social regeneration must be as comprehensive and many-sided as are the evils which they sought to combat; and both saw—what, indeed, it does not need a very profound perception to discover—that the approaching advent of woman in the political sphere affords the chief ground for hoping that the future times will be better than these.

The wider outlook over the whole world as the sphere of opperations for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union naturally fascinated Lady Henry. She is a woman of an imperial mood, and she constantly marvels at the indifference with which Englishmen and Englishwomen regard the Empire which they have created. The Americans have a keener appreciation of the opportunities for usefulness created by the world-girdling achievements of the English-speaking race, and it is not surprising that Lady Henry came back from the States with a determination to do what she could to help to federate the moral reform movement throughout the English-speaking world.

Lady Henry was elected President of the British Woman's Temperance Association in 1891. She has held the office ever since. But it was not until the last twelve months that she has had, as it were, to fight for her life against the reactionary section of her own supporters. Whatever else women may bring into politics, they are not likely to leave out emotion, music, or religion.

It would be a mistake, however, to regard Lady Henry solely from the point of view of the temperance reformer. She has

been not less brave and true in other departments of moral reform. Before the misfortune that terminated her married life, she had repeatedly testified silently, but not the less effectively, against the lax morals in favour in high places. Lady Henry, although an ardent Liberal and temperance woman, did not hesitate to appear on the platform of the Tory candidate in the Forest of Dean, who was not only a Tory, but a brewer to boot, in order to protest against the scandal of Sir Charles Dilke's candidature. The scene was a memorable one—memorable alike for the brutal savagery of those who broke up the meeting and hunted Lady Henry to the station, stoning her carriage, and cursing her as she went, and for the calm courage and imperturbable self-possession with which she comported herself throughout. Lady Henry, from her earliest childhood, never seems to have known what fear meant. The outrage, however, was none the less a scandalous one, only too thoroughly in keeping with the scandal of the candidature against which she went to protest.

But Lady Henry's life is not spent in public demonstrations, protests, and platform disputations. These things, after all, constitute but a fraction of her existence. She is much engaged in the administration of her estates, and a never-failing effort to be faithful to her stewardship. She has made her seats at Eastnor and at Reigate into guest houses for the recruiting of the weary and heavy-laden of every rank, but chiefly of the poorest. Hundreds of convalescents from the most squalid regions of London have found themselves, through her bounty, treated as the guests of a peeress in castle or in priory. At Reigate Lady Henry has long maintained a home of the otherwise unmanageable orphan girls, taking over often the ne'er-do-wells of the workhouse, and turning them out well-trained laundry-maids and domestic servants. Of her private benefactions it is impossible to speak. They are unobtrusive and silent, but constantly exercised within the range of her influence. Many there are who will rise up and call her blessed of whom the world has never heard, and never will hear.

Lady Henry is not merely a Lady Bountiful; she is a woman eminently fitted to shine in society, charming in manner, widely read, keenly observant, with a great fund of humour. Her personal appearance, which has often caused her to be mistaken for Madame Patti, suggests the existence of much dramatic talent the exercise of which is precluded by her position.

A couple of years ago Lady Henry and her cousin, the present Lady Dudley, in a spirit of fun, decided that they would try and see whether they could personate a couple of French *grandes*

dames in such fashion as to deceive even the domestics of the Castle. The experiment was a complete success. Lady Henry and her young friend dressed themselves up as French ladies of distinction, and having left the Castle unknown to anyone, returned as visitors, Lady Henry signing her name in the visitors' book as the "Duchesse de Montmorenci," and her companion some equally fictitious name. They were received by the housekeeper, a trusted retainer of many years' standing, who showed them round in the ordinary way. Lady Henry wore a veil, carried a lorgnette, and talked French all the time. The housekeeper did not relish their way of making comments on what she showed them; but when they shrugged their shoulders and laughed when shown her ladyship's portrait, the good housekeeper could stand it no longer, and simply marched them quick step, without note or comment, through the remaining rooms.

Later in the day the good soul came to Lady Henry's boudoir to complain of the airs of these French visitors. "That Duchesse de Montmorenci," she exclaimed, "is a wretched cat," and then she expatiated with much emotion upon the satirical and unfeeling way in which she had scoffed at the curios and pictures, especially mentioning her irreverence before Lady Henry's portrait. When at last Lady Henry, hardly able to control her laughter, told the truth, the poor housekeeper was so nonplused she collapsed into tears. Not even the half-sovereign left at the lodge for the housekeeper by the "Duchesse de Montmorenci" would console that faithful follower.

No one is less of an ascetic than Lady Henry in appearance or in fact. Few have more of the joys of life, and her laughter is as light and clear as the trill of a lark; but her face when in repose is apt to settle down into lines of exceeding sadness—for the secret source of which we have not far to seek.

Of the caste feeling which is so strong among many of her order Lady Henry has not a trace. She is more French than English in many respects; and this accounts for many things, including, among others, a gayness of manner and a lucidity of perception which is not the usual characteristic of the British matron. Lady Henry and Miss Willard are like sisters, and the two undoubtedly form a very strong combination, as remarkable for its contrasts as for its resemblances. To help Miss Willard, who was far from well, at the Denver Convention she crossed the Atlantic, postponing many meetings which had been arranged for until her return.

Lady Henry is Vice-President of the World's W. C. T. U., with which the British Women's Temperance Association is now

organically federated. From this society may come the seed of the first world-wide federation of the whole English-speaking race, which will hold its conventions alternately in each of the great divisions of Englishdom. The worst thing about these excellent associations is their titles, which display an alarming tendency to annex all the letters of the alphabet. Lady Henry writes well in prose and verse, and has made the most of the admirable opportunities of culture which came to her by her birth.

Although her subscriptions to temperance and other causes have made her lawyer look aghast, until she rallied him into acquiescence by telling him that this was her mode of racing—an illustration the sporting turfite in time appreciated—she is constantly being levied on in a fashion that is enough to deter any person of title and of fortune from throwing in their lot with the cause of reform.

On one thing Lady Henry may, however, congratulate herself, and that is her son. Lady Henry has never neglected her duties as mother in the discharge of her more public functions. Her son, a fine, tall, manly young fellow, who combines the hunting genius of the Beauforts with the higher enthusiasm of his mother and her father, is as devoted to her as she is to him. He is a bright, clever, kindly, high-principled young Englishman. Without any passionate predilection for Latin and Greek, young Somers has a shrewd wit, and a style which, if he finds time to cultivate it so that he may write as well as he talks, will give him a place in English letters. At present, in his twentieth year, he, in company with a good specimen of a young Englishman, is roughing it in the unexplored regions of the old Hudson's Bay territory, in search of grizzlies—a pursuit which can hardly be regarded as indicating any degeneration of the Badminton strain of Nimrod under the influence of Lady Henry. That boy may have a great career if things are not made too easy for him, and from that point of view the grizzlies and the wilderness may be more useful to him just now than Balliol College.

It is impossible to conclude this sketch without casting a glance ahead and wondering what kind of a position Lady Henry Somerset will have at the dawn of the twentieth century? One thing is certain, and that is, that whatever her position will be it will be at least as great in the English-speaking world beyond the sea as in England itself. Lady Henry and Miss Willard have to be, more than any other living persons, the type and symbol of Anglo-American alliance which ought to be the next new birth of time. They contemplate making the round of the world

in a year or so, and presenting their "Polyglot Petition of White Ribboners" against the alcohol and opium trades and licensed impurity (signed in fifty languages by millions of people), and they will not visit any town or city in the Queen's dominions where they will not find enthusiastic welcome and trained workers, who for the first time will find that they are thought worthy of attention and consideration by British reformers. Hitherto the only world's women missionaries have come from America. We British are so insular. We create an empire, as Seeley says, in absence of mind, and we cannot be induced to think of it afterwards. But so far as Lady Henry can, all this is to be changed.

Hitherto there has only been one among the younger women whose chances of leadership were equal or superior to those of Lady Henry Somerset. Lady Aberdeen, being happily married, and ensconced in the very heart of the Liberal party, apart from all natural gifts and graces, might have aspired to the premier place among our women. But Lady Aberdeen for the next five years is to live in Canada, where her husband is Governor-General. Lady Aberdeen need not regret the fact. It is a great position, full of magnificent opportunities, in which she will also be a great and potent factor in the promotion of the Anglo-American *entente*, on which the future peace and progress of the world so largely depend. But not even the most brilliant and accomplished of ladies can be in two places at the same time, and if Lady Aberdeen is in Canada, the place she might have occupied in London necessarily becomes vacant.

Of our leading women Mrs. Butler is well up in years and frail in health. Mrs. Booth is dead. Mrs. Bramwell Booth is so immersed in rescue work as hardly to have time to take much part in the political field. The Duchess Adeline of Bedford, Lady Henry's sister, while a most gifted woman, an accomplished Greek scholar, and a remarkable writer, is a trifle too superior ever to do much in the leadership of a cause, although she has undoubtedly helped to mould the minds of women of her class to a truer view of their responsibilities. Where then shall we look for anyone who has right of way before Lady Henry to the leading place? Long ago, when Lord Shaftesbury died, everyone went about anxiously asking where we were to find his successor. They said, "Lo here and lo there!" but no man was discovered who was worthy to wear his mantle. But now, after all these years, it seems as if his mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of a woman.

WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

THE word Christian means a Christ-man, therefore a Christ-woman. The fundamental idea of Christian is, I venture to think, therefore not fully expressed by the phrase a "follower of Christ." "I am a Christ because His divine life exists in me," seems to be a higher, clearer vision of the truth.

Time cannot alter for us the ethical standard that Christ's teaching sets up. We have been ready enough to pronounce severe judgments upon the Pharisees of His day; we have despised the cowardice of His disciples, and we have condemned Judas as the arch-traitor of the race. There have been times in our lives when we have read the story ever new in the exquisite simplicity of its recital, and it has made us feel that the way to Calvary would have seemed an easy road following the footprints of such a Leader. We have lingered in spirit by the gentle waters of Galilee and felt enthralled by the words of wisdom that fell from those inspired lips; it would have seemed a light thing, so we thought, to have left our nets, or to have risen from the receipt of custom to throw in our lot with that sublime life; but we often fail to remember that we gaze at those scenes through the soft haze of time—that the magic hand that hallows the crude outline has chiseled and fashioned this story and taken from it the hard angles and strong curves—giving to these supreme events, as to all other history, a master touch of "the splendid, fair and soft, the glory of old days." We forget that the stable in Bethlehem was composed of coarse and common wood; that the manger held the same straw that stocks our barns; that the Virgin Mother was a peasant girl about whom strange tales were told, and one on whom her friends and companions looked askance; that the life lived out in Nazareth was that of an ordinary carpenter, working through the routine of a monotonous existence in a humble home; and that, when the hour of that great ministry began, it was as a peripatetic preacher, an acknowledged fanatic, and a social anarchist, that Jesus was regarded by the cultivated and educated of His day. These are the facts that we are apt to overlook.

The Church of later ages has associated pomp and splendour, "all that art yields and nature can decree," with the worship of this same Jesus of Nazareth; but not in the swelling tones of the cathedral organ, not in the mist of rising incense, nor the golden haloes and glowing colours of mediæval art, do we find the reality. Those rugged, weatherbeaten, storm-tossed men who followed Christ on earth were surrounded by no mysterious light from Heaven; they walked the shores of the lake in peasant's garb, they knew nothing of the culture of the schools, their very "speech bewrayed them." The common people, and those only, heard Christ gladly. The historians of that day have ignored him altogether; possibly the fact that a man holding dangerous tenets had been executed with two thieves at Jerusalem was recorded in the annals of the time, but of what interest was this to the haughty Roman, the artistic Greek, or the orthodox Hebrew? True, some lonely hearts remembered the gentle touch and tender voice of Mary's Son, some souls were wrung with inextinguishable grief, some stories were whispered among the humble folk of that evening-

time at Bethany when the dead man stepped forth, a living witness of this Christ's unearthly power; but these strange tales gained no credence among the wise, the rich and the powerful, the cultivated and the refined. Such superstitions would die as others had before them—so they thought. Wherein, then, lay the undying power of Christ's teaching? To my mind its essence was in this: Divine truth held in the heart of the common people is the one immortal thing on earth; rooted in the fertile soil, that which was at first sown in the valley blossoms at last on the pleasant uplands of prosperity. To be a member of a Christian church in those early days meant to myriads the sundering of family ties, the contempt of the cultured and the great, and at last, the arena, the torture chamber and the faggot. To be a member of the Church to-day often means added endearment in the home, the improvement of social position, a comfortable corner in an attractive place of worship, and the customary eulogy when we leave the world. Church membership is now too often considered an excellent insurance, providing a lease of comfort and consolation in this world, and the freehold of eternal happiness hereafter. If to be a Christian, however, means in any real sense to be a Christ-man, we must take toward the whole aspect of our time the attitude that Christ took toward the age in which He lived, and in doing so we shall probably find that we have to descend the marble steps that have led to the "dim, religious light,"

> "Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,"

into the garish day of the market-place and the "madding crowd" of the street. Here we are face to face with humanity as it exists—ignorant, selfish, greedy, noisy, fickle, ungrateful, but at the same time generous, aspiring, loving, immortal; hearts throbbing with their strange contradictory impulses, brains reeling under the mystery of life, backs bent with the burdens of ceaseless and unrequited toil; men and women made in the "image of God," but stamped with the trademark of sin. To be a Christian means to act in this strange and motley scene as Christ would act if He stood in the midst of the ceaseless, deafening, bewildering hubbub of the nineteenth century.

Do we picture the attitude He would take in Piccadilly and Pall Mall, Soho or Whitechapel? Can we doubt the verdict He would pass if He stood in St. James' Park or Belgrave Square watching the line of costly carriages, with their bejewelled occupants complacently spending the long hours of the day or night in courting the smiles of royalty and the pleasures of fashion in the great houses of the West End? Or can we imagine Christ standing in the aisles of the gorgeous church, filled with men and women who one day in the week ask that His will may be done on earth as it is in Heaven, while with hundreds of pounds' worth of costly clothes on their backs they carefully keep their threepenny-bits for the collection, and then, feeling that they have done the civil thing to Heaven, emerge complacently to join the Sunday parade in Hyde Park, and to talk of the last race or the most recent scandal?

How would Christ view the well-spread board at which His blessing is punctiliously invoked by the man whose luxuries are gained by the sweated toilers in the market of human life, and by the bargains that are best described in the old caricature of the pious grocer, "Tom, have you sanded the sugar? Then come along to prayers!"

Then in thought let us walk down Whitechapel with Jesus Christ—Christian Whitechapel—counting its forty public-houses in one straight line within one-quarter of a mile, noting the shadows of women with babies in their arms thrown across the swaying glass doors of the gin-palace; Whitechapel, with the portals of its music-halls standing wide open, licensed by Christian magistrates, where the songs sung are the very echoes of hell. Then let us turn down the side streets to the sweaters' dens, where, worn and white, the women work to win starvation wages, and remember that Christians say it is the "necessary competition" that keeps them chained day and night to Death's treadmill in this Christian land.

Go with Him at midnight among the women who walk the stony streets of shame; and dare we say to Him, "Evil has always existed, must always be," as say many modern expounders of His teaching? It is only a Christ-man, the anointed of God, who sees the world not as man views it, but from the spiritual heights of hope, help and love. We may not all of us be able to take at once "the middle of the road," and keep step with the marching hosts who are told off to active service; but if our hearts keep time to the rhythm of the music of Christ's militant army it will not be long before we shall find ourselves among its soldiers.

To be a Christian, then, means to count one's self *in* and not *out* when any new adaptation of Christianity presents itself, and makes its appeal to hearts ripened in the sunshine of God to a tenderness that renders them responsive to every need of human brotherhood.

To women the call of opportunity comes in this kindly age as never hitherto. They are no longer gleaners, but strong-armed harvesters in the white fields of God. The temperance reform, the purity crusade, the care of the defective, dependent and delinquent classes, the city "Settlements," that bring our most consecrated young people into contact with the lives most cursed by poverty and sin, the work of that great new dispensation, the Salvation Army, and a hundred other missionary and social efforts, all send their earnest plea for help to every young woman who has a heart to hear and heed. The pinched lips of custom no longer cry, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"; but the glad tidings come from the Book of inspiration newly imparted to this more enlightened age; "The Lord gave the word; the women that published the tidings are a great host."

But although to be a Christian in this age does not involve the tooth and fang and claw red with the blood of martyrs, it does always involve the sneer of cynics, the arrows of relentless criticism, the cheap wit of the thoughtless and the crude.

But above the jangling voices of this dissonant age sounds the ever-reassuring voice, with its other-worldly message, "He that loses his life shall find it." Find it, not in opal clouds that are our imagination's stairway to the New Jerusalem; find it not in daydreams about the golden street, the robes of white, or the choirs of angel voices; but find it, this true, holy, higher life, *here and now*, in the redemption of the tempted, the regeneration of the home, the purification of our social life, and the rehabilitation of the State; find it in the laughter of the children, in the smiles on the weary faces of women, in the deep-voiced thanks of men restored to the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free; find it in the peace that no man taketh from us, the eternal union of the human and the divine—that surest earthly prophecy of Heaven.—*The Independent.*

DAVID BRAINERD.

THE APOSTLE TO THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY MRS. H. L. PLATT.

THE first Protestant missionary to the Indians of this continent was John Eliot, who, about 1650, mastered their language and made a grammar which became very useful to his successors. He secured assistance from England to buy land and build towns for the Indians, and succeeded in winning many converts among the dusky pagans. His work was much disturbed by the sale of strong drink, and afterwards by the struggles that ensued between the whites and pagan Indians. When he died he complained that there was a dark cloud upon the work of the Gospel among them, and prayed that the Lord would revive and prosper it, and that it might live after he was dead.

About sixty years after Eliot's death David Brainerd was born, at Haddam, near Hartford, Connecticut. He was descended from Puritan stock, some of his forefathers having been ministers of the Gospel in England. Whether through the severity in the training of children, customary in those times, or from a natural disposition, David was of a serious turn of mind and inclined to melancholy. He lost his father and mother when quite young, and seems to have been convinced of the need of salvation in his youth, but he tried to obtain peace and quiet his conscience by self-denial and the performance of a round of duties.

When twenty years of age he went to live with a minister with whom he pursued religious studies, for he seems to have had his eye fixed upon the ministry as a calling. Here he was converted and realized the joy of the Lord for the first time in his life. This joy, however, did not always abide, and he frequently relapsed into his native melancholy.

His next step was to enter Yale College, New Haven. While at college there arose a great spiritual awakening among the students. In this Brainerd took a zealous part. Indeed, he became so deeply interested that his zeal offended the propriety-loving authorities. Having bluntly expressed to a friend his opinion that a certain tutor had no more grace than a chair, the saying was carried to the rector, who decided that Brainerd should "make a public confession and be humbled before the college." Brainerd was in sympathy with the "New Lights," as those who followed Whitefield and Tennant were called. He

made a very manly acknowledgment of his error, and asked to be allowed to take his degree, but in spite of the intercession of Jonathan Edwards and others, his request was refused. This caused so much indignation among his friends as to have led, it is said, to the establishment of Princeton College.

He, however, continued his studies, and at this time first turned his thoughts to possible work among the heathen. After due examination he was licensed to preach and met with considerable success, though he constantly gave way to misgivings as to his fitness for the work. He says on one occasion, "I felt exceedingly without strength and very helpless indeed, and ashamed to see anyone come to hear such an unspeakably worthless wretch." But the Lord was with him and the Word was with great power.

In November, 1742, Brainerd received a message from Rev. Mr. Pemberton, of New York, requesting him to come at once and take part in a consultation about a special mission to the Indians. After advising with some friends and praying about the matter, the farmer-minister set out on horseback for New York. Here he met the agents of the Society in Scotland for promoting Christian Knowledge, who examined him with a view to his fitness for the position. They were fully satisfied, and regarded him as a heroic witness for the Cross.

In 1743 David Brainerd prepared for his work by selling what property he had inherited from his father and investing the money to pay the expenses of a young man at college as a candidate for the ministry. Then on horseback he started over roadless wastes, in the midst of a severe winter, for Long Island, at that time inhabited by Indians, where, amid great discouragements he opened his commission. In order to avoid a scene of conflict between the whites and Indians he was directed to go to an Indian encampment near Albany, where he "had no comfort of any kind but what he had in God," and sometimes complains that God hid His face from him; yet he stood faithfully at his post of duty. He built a hut for himself and traversed the wilderness in various directions, almost constantly crushed with a sense of his unworthiness. After preaching the Gospel for a year he persuaded the Indians to join a band under another missionary, and asked for a new field of labour. He was sent to an encampment on the Forks of the Delaware. Before starting out again he had several invitations to become the pastor of New England congregations. Being in delicate health, and not able to endure the privations of Indian life, it was a great temptation to him to accept an easier position. But, Christian hero that he was, he welcomed hardships, though he was ill-fitted to bear them. It was easier to find a

pastor for the white people than for the Indians, and so he plunged into the wilderness again. His very weakness of body seems to have excited in him a thirst for winning souls before the end should come.

He found much to discourage him in his new field, and soon after beginning his work received a request to meet the Presbytery at Newark to be ordained. After his ordination he was detained for some time by illness, and then turned his face again to his work. But he met with many difficulties. The language was divided into many dialects, and was very difficult to learn—his health was poor and his strength unequal to the work before him. The Indians were distrustful of all white people, having often been deceived by grasping traders and others. They thought there must be some hidden design to injure them when a white man would so devote himself to their welfare.

Soon after coming among them Brainerd was told that on the morrow there was to be a great feast, with idolatrous practices. He was stirred with anguish at the thought and betook himself to God. He spent nearly the whole night upon his knees, wrestling for God's interference until he was completely exhausted. Next morning he hastened to the place and found the Indians leaping and dancing in the wildest excitement. He went right into the midst, and, clothed with divine power, persuaded them to cease their excitement and listen to the Word of the Lord. Even after this great victory Brainerd gave way to melancholy and self-mortification. This may have been largely due to bodily weakness, for he was ill three weeks, during which he could hardly walk. His mind became so greatly enfeebled that he could scarcely think. He says: "I am obliged to let all my thoughts and concerns to run at random, for I have neither strength to read, meditate or pray, and this naturally perplexes my mind."

After his recovery he made a journey of over 400 miles, and then set forth with a friend on an expedition to the Indians at Susquehannah. This was a dangerous journey, during which the leg of Brainerd's horse was broken so that she had to be killed. He was received in a friendly manner by the Indians, who gladly listened to his preaching. Some of them, however, were disposed to argue against Christianity, because it had done so little for many of the white men they had met, as well as on account of the satisfactory nature of their own religion.

Brainerd's heroic nature is best seen in the low estimate he places upon the ordinary comforts of life, compared with the presence of God. He says: "I have frequently been exposed and

lain out all night, but God has hitherto preserved me, and such fatigues and hardships seem to wean me more from the earth, and, I trust, will make heaven the sweeter." With Paul he could say, "I die daily." The grim monarch had no terrors for him. It was his duty to visit several encampments, separated by long distances. During these journeys he was in constant danger from roving bands of warriors seeking the scalps of the whites. Besides this, the fording of rivers and exposure to the elements day and night were severe trials for his delicate constitution. Nothing sustained him but a firm trust in God, and an indomitable purpose to work while life lasted.

It was his duty to instruct the Indians in the cultivation of their land, and in attention to necessary secular duties. He had to warn them against unscrupulous white men, who would purchase their baskets, brooms, etc., with strong drink and send them away without corn or other necessaries. He was not only their minister, but their friend and guide in all the duties of life.

Brainerd's first baptisms were his interpreter, a native who had been with him for some time, and his wife. Shortly afterwards the good work extended and the Holy Spirit blessed his preaching to the salvation of many. Light broke into the backwoods, and his heart was cheered by the rejoicing of many converts among the dusky sons of the forest. A wonderful revival visited the Susquehannah encampment. What Brainerd calls "a most surprising concern," fell upon the whole Indian population. Men and women, old and young, were influenced by the Holy Spirit and were seen pleading for mercy. "Their concern was so great that none seemed to take any notice of those about them, but each prayed freely for himself." Thus he, who had laboured long in weakness and discouragement, at last had his heart cheered in seeing the glorious results of his toil. These Indians gave good evidence of sound conversion, and were anxious to follow the instructions of their teacher, greatly aiding him in his work by their prayers. The flame of revival continued to spread. Many came through the wilderness from a distance to see for themselves, and some of these were converted. Some idolatrous Indians also came and mocked and gibed at the penitents.

About this time Brainerd set out to visit the Indians at Invocanta Islands. He was not attended by his interpreter and could do little towards getting their attention to the Word. They were engaged in feasting and dancing on the first day, and on the next their conjurors were striving to find the cause of a disease that prevailed among them, so that the missionary was forced to return disappointed to his own flock.

Speaking of the thoroughness of the work of God at the Forks of the Delaware he says: "Of forty-seven converts, through rich grace none of them as yet have been led to disgrace their profession of Christianity by any scandalous or unbecoming behaviour." He does not take credit to himself for the good work accomplished, but under the Holy Spirit acknowledges the great assistance rendered by his interpreter, especially after his conversion. He did not dwell in preaching upon the terrors of the law, but found the love of a dying Saviour all-conquering in its influence.

Up to this time he had ridden over three thousand miles, mostly through the wilderness, and passed through trials and hardships impossible to describe. He needed an assistant, but could not find the right man, and so toiled on alone. He was maligned and misrepresented by his enemies, yet under all his trials his mind was intent upon his one work. He experienced great satisfaction in preaching to his Indians, and in marking their progress in the Christian life. They were so hungry for the Bread of Life that on one Sabbath he addressed them from before twelve o'clock until past seven at night. He founded a school for the children, and desired to establish Indian towns or settlements.

His health again began to fail, upon which he was led to write: "Oh that I were spirit, that I might be active for God. This, I think, more than anything else, makes me long 'that this corruptible might put on incorruption and this mortal put on immortality.' God deliver me from clogs, fetters, and a body of death that impede my service for Him."

He felt some inclination for a settled pastorate over his Indian congregation, never having a desire to enter into another one's labours, but his wishes in this respect were destined not to be realized.

Brainerd's fame as a missionary and true friend of the Indians spread far and wide among them, so that he might travel where he would by night or day, in safety. As a friend of the Indian he had frequently to incur the hatred of white men who found his influence against their dishonest schemes. The school he had established continued to prosper, and the thirst for knowledge became so contagious that evening classes were formed for adults.

But the spiritual work was dearest to the missionary, whose heart was made glad by the steady growth in grace manifested by his converts. Some of the more earnest of them accompanied him on his missionary journeys and were of great assistance. Of his congregation as a whole he says: "I know of no assembly of Christians where there seems to be so much of the presence of

God, where brotherly love so much prevails, and where I take so much delight in the public worship of God as in my own congregation, although not more than nine months ago they were worshipping devils and dumb idols."

In May, 1747, Brainerd visited Northampton, Mass., where a physician told him frankly that he had consumption, from which he had not the least chance of recovery. This statement did not startle or disturb him. On the recommendation of his physicians he spent much time in the saddle, going from place to place, and striving the more earnestly to proclaim the Gospel as his strength failed. Soon he became so much worse that he was incapable of exertion, but his thoughts and prayers were constantly with his beloved flock at the Forks of the Delaware. How fortunate that, in the good providence of God, his own brother, who had just finished his college course, should become his successor, and take up the burden he was compelled to relinquish.

To that brother he wrote from his field of labour, "I am in one continual, perpetual and uninterrupted hurry, and Divine Providence throws so much upon me that I do not see that it will ever be otherwise. I cannot say I am weary of my hurry; I only want strength and grace to do more for God than I ever yet have done." To another brother he wrote, "My soul longs that you should be fitted for, and in due time go into, the work of the ministry. I cannot bear to think of you going into any other business in life. Do not be discouraged because you see your elder brothers in the ministry die early, one after the other. I declare, now I am dying, I would not have spent my life otherwise, for the whole world." To his inexpressible joy, this brother stood at his bedside before he died, and gave real evidence of being a Christian.

Having rallied for a brief space, he had strength to proceed to Boston, where he met the commissioners of the Society under whose direction he had worked, and afterward went to die under the roof of his friend and biographer, Jonathan Edwards, through whose persuasion his journal and papers were preserved for publication. His last hours were given to the preparation of these for the press. He was also able during his hours of weakness to converse with many who were attracted to his bedside, either to hear of his wonderful work among the Indians, or to speak of spiritual things. These visitors included ministers and laymen, from distant parts, to whom he spoke of his blessed experience.

His illness was still prolonged many weeks, during which he

enjoyed, in a remarkable degree, the presence of the Divine Comforter. He told his watchers,—"My heaven is to please God and glorify Him, and to give all to Him, and to be wholly devoted to His day; that is the heaven I long for; that is my religion, and that is my happiness. It is no matter where I shall be stationed in heaven, whether I have a high or a low seat there, but to love and please and glorify God is all. It is a great comfort for me to think that I have done a little for God and the world. Oh! it is but a very small matter, yet I *have* done a *little,* and I lament it that I have not done more for Him."

"In July, 1747," says Dr. Prentiss, "he returned from Boston to Northampton, where, in the home of Jonathan Edwards, and nursed by Jerusha, the young daughter of the great theologian, to whom he was engaged—herself a youthful saint—this eminent servant of God passed his last days. He entered into rest, October 9th, 1747, in the thirtieth year of his age. His great work was the priceless example of his piety, zeal, and self-devotion. Herein, since the days of the apostles, none have surpassed him. And his uncommon intellectual gifts, his fine personal qualities, his melancholy, and his early death, as well as his remarkable holiness and evangelistic labours, have conspired to invest his memory with a peculiar halo. The story of his life has been a potent force in the modern missionary era. It is related of Henry Martin, that, 'perusing the life of David Brainerd, his soul was filled with a holy emulation of that extraordinary man; and, after deep consideration and fervent prayer, he was at length fixed in a resolution to imitate his example.' Brainerd was a representative man, formed by both nature and grace to leave a lasting impression upon the piety of the Church. He is the missionary saint of New England."

PICTON, Ont.

WALKING WITH GOD.

OH, let me walk with Thee, Thou mighty God!
Lean on Thine arm, and trust Thy love alone;
With Thee hold converse sweet where'er I go;
Thy smile of love my highest bliss below!
With Thee transact life's business—doing all;
With single aim for Thee—as Thou dost call:
My every comfort at Thy hand receive,
My every talent to Thy glory give!
Thy counsel seek in every trying hour,
In all my weakness trust Thy mighty power.
Oh, may this high Companionship be mine,
And all my life by its reflection shine!
My great, my wise, my never-failing Friend,
Whose love no change can know, no turn, no end!
My Saviour God! who gavest Thy life for me,
Let nothing come between my heart and Thee.

LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY:—IN MEMORIAM.

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

From the legend of Buddha downwards, there has been many a royal romance in which the interest has turned on the young spirit's self-liberation from the trammelling conditions, its resolute emergence into a freer and higher life. But there are other cases, not less worth record, where the progress of the inward drama has led, not to the casting off of hereditary usages or duties, but to their voluntary and fruitful acceptance, to the gradual self-identification of the new life with the old—the absorption of personal ambitions or pleasures in the *mos majorum,* the ancient vocation of the race.

In the case of an English Prince there can be no summons from without which leads to higher serviceableness than that great birthright duly used; a young life needs no better aim than to become such that the English people may account it as truly royal. And it was in this process of widening conceptions, of quickening conscience, that the great interest of Prince Leopold's career consisted for those who watched him with anxiously loving eyes. His inward drama lay in the gradual transformation of his boyish idea of royal descent as a title to enjoyment, hampered by wearisome restraints, to his manlier view of that high birth as a summons to duty, and his willing submission to its accompanying restrictions, as part and parcel of the calling which his whole heart embraced.

It was at Windsor Castle, when he was fifteen years old, that these recollections began. He was then a most engaging boy; with the physical charm which accompanies the union of high spirit with fragile delicacy, and the moral charm of a nature whose affections, at once vivid and diffident, seemed to beseech the regard and notice which all who knew him were eager to bestow. He had already attracted the earnest good-will, the serious hopes of many of the leading men of the time.

The impetuous boy was at an age when the desire for companionship, action, adventure, begins to be strong; and the glimpses which his Etonian visitors gave him of a free world of games and friendships formed a tantalizing contrast to his carefully guarded days. This impulse, this disappointment, were to last throughout his life. His strong innate tendency towards active amusements—riding and social gaieties of all kinds—was destined always to urge him to efforts beyond his strength. And

now in boyhood, with health even more delicate than in adult years, he had many hours of restless indolence, of idle beating against the bars of his fate. And, indeed, to one who has not yet the force of independent action or pleasure, the life of Windsor Castle must sometimes seem as if it were conceived on too vast a scale, and established too immutably, for the needs of a young and ardent spirit. The tramp of the sentinel beneath the windows, the martial music at dawn of day, even the stately symmetry of the avenues which radiate from the Central Keep—all signs of pomp are signs also of circumscription, and the concrete embodiment of eight hundred years of monarchy weighs heavily on the individual heart. The pacings of a vague unrest have sounded along many a terrace fringed with flowers, in Home Park, and Hollow Garden, and Orangery, and on the steep slopes of the royal hill.

But all this must needs be so; and human life itself might seem to lose in dignity were there not something solemn and symbolical in the ordering of earth's greatest home. In any training for the summits, either of hereditary position or of individual genius, the danger in our time is from relaxation rather than from restraint. And at Windsor there was much more than state; there were the family affections, made more unique by isolation—the maternal solicitude which, from the first to the last day of that son's life, no cares of State could ever detract or slacken—the companionship both of the younger and of that just-elder sister whose romantic girlhood lavished its wealth of love on him. And there was much of the buoyancy as well as of the restlessness of early youth; there were happy wanderings amid the boscages of the park, where the Angora goats which he loved to watch flecked the foreground with their soft whiteness, and the Castle's bastions closed the vista with wall of steadfast gray. And indoors, too, were merry mockeries and bursts of boyish sportiveness, racings along the endless passages, hidings in the niches of ancient walls, climbings to the Round Tower's roof, beneath the flag of England, in the rushing, sunny air.

The first time, perhaps, when he seemed to awake to a sense of his own part in historic greatness was when the Garter had just been bestowed on him, in April, 1871. That was a time of deeply-stirred emotion. The much-loved sister was going forth, a bride, from the home of her ancestors. It was as though a strain of beauty and tenderness were floating on the wind away. Then it was, as he sat at evensong at the royal oriel in St. George's Chapel, gazing upon the high vault thronged with banners, the walls inlaid with arms and blazonry of many a famous line, that his

look was as though his spirit were kindling within him and yearning to take rank with his forefathers and heroes of a by-gone day.

It was at any rate in this manner, through the affections, through the imagination, through personal intercourse with the representatives of knowledge or action, that this education was in great measure gained. The frequent troubles of health which interfered with regular reading never seemed to check his eagerness to see and talk with any noteworthy man. Many visitors to the Castle must remember interviews with the young Prince in his rooms, interviews often prolonged far beyond mere complimentary limits, and leaving behind them the memory of a listener best pleased with what was best worth hearing, and whose transparent face expressed that pleasure with a boy's straightforward charm. There might one meet Mr. Gladstone, concentrating, perhaps, on some morsel of Wedgwood china, the great and complex engine of his mind; or, on a later day, Mr. Disraeli, fresh from private audience and moved beyond his wont. And from the very first it was observable how quickly the young Prince learnt from men, how retentive was his memory for names, for faces, for anything that had been said in his presence; how adroitly he fitted the pieces into that map of the human world, which all of us carry in our heads in some fashion or other, but which in his case came to contain so many known points, and each in such true relation to the rest.

His entrance at Oxford—still under the guidance of Sir Robert Collins, his best and lifelong friend—was a new source of interest and excitement. There was at first something of pathetic wistfulness in the way in which he regarded his joyous contemporaries, able to take their pleasures in a fashion more active than he could share; but as he began to make real intimacies his affectionate nature found full play; and never, perhaps, has undergraduate felt more delightfully that first bloom of friendship which idealizes the young man's world. He was still shy, but his shyness was of that winning kind which irresistibly suggests the pleasure to be derived from overcoming it. And at Oxford he was met on all sides with a manly welcome; the only trace (as it were by reaction) of the tuft-hunting of former days, being a slight unwillingness on the part of some independent spirits to countenance one who might be suspected of wishing to approach learning by a royal road. But these men, too, were won; nor, indeed, would they have found it easy to suggest how better to combine dignity with simplicity, or to be patrician without pride.

Among the leaders of the university Prince Leopold had many

friends. The Dean of Christ Church (Dr. Liddell), Professors Rolleston, Acland, Jowett, Max Müller, Mr. Goldwin Smith—the list might be extended till most of the well-known names were told. But among all these figures there was one figure which stood alone. There was one heart to which the Prince's heart went forth with a loving reverence such as he never felt for any other man. Certain colloquies of Mr. Ruskin's at the bedside of Prince Leopold—as he lay recovering from perilous illness, and still in danger of a relapse—will dwell in the mind of him who heard them as ideal examples of the contact of an elder and a younger soul. How close was that union in a region where earthly rank was swept away! How poor a thing did any life seem then which had not known the hallowing of sorrow! How solemn was that unspoken Presence which men have miscalled Death!

From teachers, from friends, from suffering, the Prince learnt much at Oxford. He returned to Windsor no longer a boy but a man; able to take up in firmer fashion his apportioned thread of fate.

Such, at least, was the impression given when, a few months later, he devoted two whole days to a methodical survey of the Castle's treasures. And here it was evident how his historic interest had grown; how in those thousand chambers, the fabric of a score of kings, he had learnt to decipher in brief and summary the great story of the English race; from the rude helm of a Plantagenet, hanging in some deserted gallery, to that treasure-house which holds in rich confusion the visible tokens of Queen Victoria's Indian sway—the golden gifts of Rajah and Maharajah, and tribute of the imperial East.

But the time came when it was his eager desire to have a home of his own, and to take his place in that class of country gentlemen among whom our English princes are proud to be enrolled. Boyton Manor is a typical country gentleman's home. Above it stretch the wild Wiltshire downs; beneath them the old Elizabethan manor-house stands in its terraced nook, and long glades fringed with beeches push deep into the hollowed hill. The Prince's establishment was a modest one; for his means, considering the unavoidable demands upon them, were never large, and from the time when an income of his own was accorded to him a greater part of it was returned by him to the nation in subscriptions to philanthropic ends. But at Boyton he exercised much quiet hospitality, and himself gained greatly in social initiative and in the power of dealing with men and women. His habit was to exhibit genuine kindliness and alert attention; and those

who saw the Prince beginning to regard these social gatherings as occasions for bestowing happiness rather than for receiving amusement, felt that in one more direction he was learning to look primarily to the duties rather than the pleasures of his lot. "Boy amongst boys, but amongst men a man," he kept through life his youthful freshness, though he learnt more and more to combine with it the manlier gifts of consideration, counsel, and sympathy.

Boyton, however, was hardly more than a transitional stage between tutelage and independence, and it was with his removal to Claremont in 1879 that his developed manhood may be said to open. It was in that year that his individuality grew more marked and definite, and his talk, without losing its ingenuous boyishness, began to have substance and to show thought of his own.

The question of his public duties is best approached, as he in fact approached it, from the side of actual experience, from the consideration of what the nation does practically demand from a young Prince whom it believes to be both willing and able to respond to modern needs. And it will be found that, although the new demands made on royalty may be different from the old ones, they are certainly not less onerous; and a Prince whom circumstances preclude from war or politics is by no means driven to find his only resort in pleasure. At first sight, indeed, it might seem as though the main interests of civilized peoples gave little scope for the intervention of princes. We note the steady rise of commerce and industry, of science, art, and letters. But this increasing complexity of society is in fact developing besides these a new calling of the highest importance, and increasingly in need of active official heads. *Philanthropy* in the widest sense of the word, including all organized and disinterested attempts to better by non-political means the condition of the nation, tends to absorb a larger and larger part of the activity of civilized men. In fact the proportion of national activity which is thus directed may be taken as no bad test of the degree of advance to which any people's civilization has attained. Philanthropy is a field where guidance is eminently necessary, and where experience shows that any indication of royal approval carries immediate weight. The multitude of applications for the use of the Duke of Albany's name for public objects of this kind would probably surprise everyone except those millionaires who have learnt, by the demands made on their purses, how multifarious are modern efforts for the welfare of mankind.

This widespread eagerness for his approval and advocacy cer-

tainly took the Prince himself by surprise. Thinking very modestly of his own knowledge and powers, he was at first inclined to respond to a few of such appeals, and only where he felt that some special taste or interest of his own gave him a right to a decided opinion. But he gradually recognized that this was not really all which his post in the world demanded of him. He began to enter into the ideal which his wise father had perhaps been the first among royal personages distinctly to conceive and steadily to apply—the ideal of royalty as a source of disinterested counsel and encouragement, not thrust upon a nation, but always ready when desired, and representing thus some part of the old *paternal* function which, as nations grow to manhood, must needs change its character or disappear. The peculiarity of the Prince Consort's position prevented his great qualities from being rapidly realized; and the nation lost him before it knew him well enough to feel all the gratitude which he deserved.

Prince Leopold, on the other hand, had the inestimable advantage of being his mother's son as well as his father's, and of beginning life with an unlimited draft of credit on England's affection and respect. And he became gradually aware that the nation was demanding of *him*, almost beyond his powers, that which he felt that his father would have been able to supply so much more fully than was in his time demanded, namely, a kind of headship of philanthropy, a guidance and encouragement of the manifold efforts which our age is making towards a higher and purer life. A selfish or a timid man might shrink from such a responsibility as this; a foolish or a vain man might degrade it by supporting mere favourites and advocating mere crotchets of his own. But from vanity of this kind Prince Leopold was completely free. Fortunately this very modesty, simplicity and straightforwardness of character were precisely what was most needed in the Prince's position. His business was not to be a special pleader, but an arbitrator; not an explorer, but a mapmaker; not to lead revolutions in opinion, but to confer a *de jure* title on opinions which are rapidly acquiring a *de facto* sway.

This was not altogether an attractive programme for a young man of spirit. To say nothing from the impulse of the moment, to write nothing without the gravest deliberation, to enforce accepted truths and sanction winning causes—there may seem little in such work which can be embraced with enthusiasm. Yet here again the voluntary acceptance of limitations is soon seen to render possible the achievement of most important good. Assuredly there is work here—work earnestly demanded and gratefully

welcomed by the nation—for as many public-spirited princes as any reigning family can supply.

Moreover, there is another branch of this work more onerous than any task for tongue or pen. If a great personage wishes to give the full weight of his support to any cause, it is often necessary that he should be actually stamped on the popular retina in visible connection with it, actually looked at hour after hour while the cause is kept before the minds of men. It is obvious that for this function royalty is uniquely fitted, and Prince Leopold recognized to the full that this must form a large element in his life. Some eminent examples have accustomed the public to so high a standard of royal vigour that the fatigue of these duties of ceremony and *representation* is scarcely realized by ordinary observers. To Prince Leopold's delicate constitution those fatigues were most severe, though he met them with readiness, and would only jestingly allude to the inconvenience of holding one's hat three inches above one's head for a couple of hours in an east wind, or to the pains which he took to catch someone's eye in the crowd each time that he bowed and smiled, till his head grew too dizzy and his cheeks too strained for more than an automatic salute.

The Duke of Albany desired, as is known, a sphere of activity of a more definite kind. It was a bitter disappointment to him that he was not permitted to succeed Lord Lorne in Canada, and it was long before he could heartily acquiesce in the interdiction from this high duty which reasons of State imposed. But here again he did at last acquiesce, and recognized also that the task would have involved too severe a strain on his physical powers. He still hoped some day to fill what seemed a less fatiguing position of the same kind in Australia; and the aspiration indicated his desire for serious and regular work, as well as the deep interest in that great process of expansion which is carrying our England into every quarter of the globe.

On the whole, then, it may be said that in public matters his brief career was a progressive self-adjustment to the conditions of his lot, a growing acceptance of duty, and not caprice or pleasure, as the guide of life. So far as he achieved this, he attained happiness; and so far as sickness and suffering helped him to achieve it, they were the blessings of his life.

For aid in this conversion of pain into education, of restraint into guidance, the late Prince devoutly sought the grace and influence of a higher Power. A loyal son of the Church, he retained through life much of the simple piety of his boyish years. But to say this is not enough. The prince had learnt at the

gates of death a sense of the reality of the Unseen which many theologians might envy. "The untravelled traveller" had brought back with him from that bourne, so nearly overpassed, a conviction, into whose intimate basis it would have been over-curious to pry, of the near, interpenetrating presence of a spiritual world. And like most men for whom these great conceptions have passed from an "article of faith" to what may almost be called a fact of experience, he could scarcely understand the difficulty felt by other minds in attaining to a certainty like his own. He longed that they should see things as he saw them; that they should feel the validity of every class of evidence which points to this world's confusion as transitory, and to death as a liberation and not a close.

This practical manner of viewing speculative topics showed itself in an interesting way when, some two years before his death, a society was founded which had for its object to investigate, on strictly scientific principles, and without prepossession of any kind, those obscure and scattered facts or fancies which point to the existence of an unseen or immaterial principle in man. Although it would obviously have been unfitting for the Prince to have lent his name to a study so novel and tentative, his sympathies with the effort thus initiated were very warm. Yet even in this speculative region his point of view was philanthropic rather than scientific. Himself intimately convinced of the existence of a soul in man, he readily assumed that a candid and organized inquiry would sooner or later convince other minds also. What he desired, then, was that any scientific evidence which could be gained as to the soul and a future life should be actively brought to bear on the masses who in many parts of the world are losing those beliefs altogether.

Prince Leopold can certainly not be accused of wishing to still the cry of the poor and miserable in this life by presenting them with a blank cheque on an unknown futurity. But, while eager to ameliorate and cheer the lives of the poor in every possible way, he was conscious that "the hope of a better resurrection" was in their case especially needful, both as a background of contentment and as a stimulus to well-doing. And perceiving, as a mere matter of fact, that great masses of men, in Germany especially, are becoming less and less disposed to accept the validity of religious instinct and historical tradition—more and more resolved to trust such teaching only as can base itself on contemporary experience and appeal to tangible experiment—he earnestly desired that the dignitaries of great churches, the leaders of sections of religious thought, should welcome any

prospect of an alliance with scientific discovery, and convert to the upbuilding of the higher life those modern modes of thought which have sometimes been pursued to its prejudice, or been held to have proved its unreality.

But there is some danger lest such a discussion as this should give the impression of a more sustained seriousness than his conversation actually showed. The trains of thought above indicated did indeed exist in his mind, but they came out in no set fashion, and only in intimate moments; while no man more thoroughly enjoyed the lighter talk of society, and its lively comment on the personages and events of the day. One thing was specially noticeable in his pleasant, humourous chat, and that was his tendency to think as well as possible of almost every woman of his acquaintance. He who thus cares for the womanhood in women is rewarded by wider and keener interests than are felt by the man whose admirations have a selfish taint. From the society of the old, and of young children, the Duke derived especial pleasure. Few brothers have held their sisters so dear; nor did he ever talk intimately on these matters without introducing some affectionate allusion to his nieces at Darmstadt.

This quick susceptibility to feminine charm and virtue, while it makes a man more likely to choose well in marriage, makes it also eminently desirable that he should have the best possible range of choice. Here, too, there were limitations in the Prince's lot; here, too, there was a period of discontent and disheartenment; and here, too, the old lesson was repeated on a larger scale; the restriction of choice became its guidance, and the most perfect of love-matches blossomed on royal soil. How eagerly did those who knew the all-importance to the Duke of domestic happiness watch for the first glimpse of the bride in St. George's Chapel! with what thankfulness did they read in that face the heaven-made marriage, and the soul to his akin!

With her came tranquility and contentment, the deep satisfaction of the heart—what *seemed* a hold upon the earthly future, what *was* but a flying foretaste of the stability of a serener world. The life at Claremont, till then expectant and provisional, rounded itself into happy wholeness, and its master threw himself with new energy into all that could adorn the home which the Queen's gift and his wife's companionship had made his own indeed, so far as transitory man can find his haven in these possessions of a day. The birth of his child was a completing joy, and he loved to picture Claremont to himself as destined to become one of those great English homes which knit together sexes, ages, ranks of life, nay, even animals and men, in a closer and

more patriarchal polity than the modern world elsewhere knows; where the same tranquility of well-being pervades mansion, stables, farm; while the master's central presence is felt as the strength and stay of all, and radiates an ordering beneficence from fence to fence of the domain.

Claremont is a noble setting for such a life. The house itself is large and stately, but it is the park and woodlands which make the special character of the place. The domain of Claremont, its solitary solemnity, the gloom of its embosomed glades, recalls some seat of oracle where ancient men adored an unapparent divinity, uncertain between love and fear, nor knew whose whisper rolled in the woodlands, whose form had been guessed amid the shade.

But with the coming of that home's mistress all omens gave their sign for peace. The two together, one in heart, in aspiration, in duty, desired that the happy life which the nation's gift supported should be such in every detail that the whole nation might look on it if it would, and recognize royalty only by its graciousness, and elevation by its repose. It was their hope gradually to make Claremont a rallying-point, not of rank or fashion merely, but of whatever was best and highest in every direction, invoking the arts and graces of life,—music especially, for which the Prince himself had so true a gift,—to make a society that should be delightful without false excitement, a stately but simple home. Lives thus wisely led by other highly-placed personages the Duke watched always with sympathetic interest. And in certain graver matters of social governance in which the last appeal lies sometimes to royalty alone, he would dwell with admiration on the judgment and firmness which his eldest brother had shown in many cases where the heads of an aristocratic society may, by their potent intervention at critical moments, largely determine the welfare of other lives.

How much of influence might in time have come to that home's master we cannot know: but we may be sure that whatever had come to him would in this temper have been exerted well. For just as learning and wealth and beauty are odious or beneficent, according as their possessors have realized aright that their learning was not given them for pride, nor their wealth for luxury, nor their beauty for adulation; so also may royal rank become an unmixed source of happiness when they who hold it have learnt to account themselves not as the depositaries of privilege, but as the channels of honour. For it is not the orator only who "receives from the multitude in a vapour what he returns to them in a flood," but the great House with which our

English nation has identified her name and fortunes receives the convergent rays of a world-wide and immemorial affection, which it is the royal task to focus in a steady glow, directing back on what is best and worthiest in all our empire the warmth and light which were derived diffusedly from every heart within that empire's bound. The Duke of Albany felt this to the utmost,—and he felt, too, with almost painful vividness the generous abundance of the recognition which England gave to his efforts for her good. It was his nature to think that any other man in his position would have worked harder and done better than he; and he was often depressed at the thought of his insufficiency to repay the confidence of such a multitude of men.

For, indeed, he hardly recognized the strength of the attachment which his own character and presence inspired. At the height of his popularity his manner kept a certain wistfulness, as if he were asking for an affection on which he had no right to rely. He did not know how dear to others was his soft laugh of sympathy, his steady gaze of affection, the sound of his gentle speech—the loving-kindness—which his friends may now seek far and mournfully, and whose remembrance fills their eyes with tears.

And then, too, how high was their hope! What years of usefulness and honour seemed opening before him they loved! Still was Mr. Ruskin the honoured teacher; still was it possible to watch, in fuller maturity, the contact of the elder and the younger mind. It seemed as though that teacher—who, if any man, has "gazed in clear radiance on visions innocent and fair,"—had found a "royal soul" to whom to prophesy, and from whose answering fervour virtue and blessing might be born.

But it was not best that this should be. Not in this world of shows, but in the world of realities, was the next lesson to be taught to that advancing soul. The earthl bliss dissolved in a moment, the earthly promise vanished like a dream. Only in the vistas of that beechen woodland, and in that vale of rhododendrons, and by that still water's edge where the gigantic forest-trees "high over-arched embower," pictures from the past will live imprinted on one woman's heart; pictures enduring beneath their apparent transiency, and indissoluble by any touch of change. It is not the ebb and flow of common hours which traces the limit of our being, but the flood-tide on which the soul has once swept forward leaves the wave-mark which she can reach for evermore.

Those who believe, not in word only, but in deed and in truth, in the great destiny of enfranchised souls, will not need to *com-*

passionate any true and upright spirit which is called away, however suddenly, from a life however sweet. He may leave wife, and child, and fame and fortune, but duty and virtue are with him still, and that peremptory call is an upward summons, a step in his high career. With the survivors of the well-beloved son, brother, husband, the whole world will mourn. Yet such a death is a stingless sorrow. No parting can sever the spiritual bond which the strong heart chooses to maintain; what love has lost in joy it has gained in consecration; it is uplifted at one stroke among flawless and eternal things. Thus shall even his nearest and dearest feel as the years roll by; thus, too, let others feel who from a distance share and reverence their sorrow; others —for whom also the falling of that handful of earth into the flower-strewn vault marked the earthly close of an irreplaceable, a unique affection——the conversion of one of life's best delights into a memory and an anticipation—nay, the transference of a part of the very heart itself from the visible into that ideal world where such as he are more than princes, and where all high hopes find their goal.

Prince well-beloved! true heart and presence fair!
High o'er the marble of thy carved repose
From Windsor's Keep the Flag of England blows;
A thousand years float in the storied air.
There sleeps thy Sire; and often gently there
Comes one who mourns with steadfast eyes, and strows
The rhododendron round thee and the rose,
Love is her silence and her look is prayer.
Nor now that Banner's broad-flung triumphings,
Nor spirit whispering to the sons of kings
Of strong continuance, age-long empery;—
But that one woman's gaze the promise brings
To thee that sleepest of eternal things,
Realms yet unreached, and high love still to be.

LIFÆ.

A CHILD's sweet laugh, so full of merry glee;
A young man's step, all life and energy;
A man's deep sigh, laden with toil and care;
An old man's smile—and mingled tear;
A soft and solemn hush: the passing of a bier.

NORMA BROCK.

"THE FLOWERY PREACHER." *

BY FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, LL.D.

THE "Flowery Preacher," as the natives styled him, was in early middle-age when he came to Quabbin. He was a man of good stature, agreeable presence, and fluent speech. His voice was high-pitched, musical in quality, and with a touch of sympathy that was very effective. His engaging manner and unfailing good-humour won for him universal favour. It is never easy to estimate the depth of religious conviction without knowing the depth of character, but this man's habitual talk was upon divine things; and in his pastoral visits, as well as in public worship, his sweetly phrased counsels, the tender personal interest shown, and the grace of every utterance, made him appear either the saintliest of courtiers or the courtliest of saints. This is not to intimate conscious hypocrisy, for, as far as he knew himself, he was perfectly sincere.

The first minister's sermons had been methodical if unpretending, and were carefully composed, and garnished with biblical quotation. The second had generally written his discourses, but he could preach extempore upon a fitting occasion. The third seldom took any notes into the pulpit. He was endowed with such a gift of speech that the love of God and man flowed from his lips in smoothest and finest sentences, and in tones of melody that won most hearts. Some few hearts were not won, because they were associated with hard heads.

But the first sermon after the installation was highly successful, and almost triumphant. The new minister was the only man heard up to that time in Quabbin who had the courage to stand up without a scrap of paper, and who could pour out a discourse, without hesitation, in varying modes of warning, entreaty, and ecstasy; while in exalted moments a fine, tremulous thrill winged his words, giving them a carrying quality, like the notes of a great violoncellist. For some days nothing else was talked about.

A well-known old grumbler said, "Yis, sartin, 'twas a wonderful power o' words; they come right 'long, 'thout no coaxin'. Fact is, 't he skimmed over his subjec' like a sled goin' daown hill on glair ice. But 'pears ez ef he's laid oaut a good lot o' work tu du. The sleepy brethren is to be waked up; the cold ones is to be het, an' the slack an' feeble ones is to be stiffened up. Then the prayer-meetin's is to be med lively, an' he's to go f'm haouse ter haouse, lookin' arter the stray lambs o' the flock. An' he's goin' to hev the schools reformed; jest ez ef readin',

* From "Quabbin," a story of Puritan life in New England, by Francis H. Underwood, LL.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

writin', and rethemtic wasn't allus the same; jest ez ef ye c'd reform the multiplication-table, er the A B C's, er the Lord's Prayer! Howsever, we shell see. Ef talk c'd du it, I sh'd think *he* might, fer he's a master hand thet way. But wut is 't he means 'baout buildin' a railroad to the fix'd stars? The railroad daown yonder—I hain't seen it, but they tell me 't 's bolted to the airth. Yer *can't* send a injine out 'n the air to a star."

"That was a figure of speech," suggested the schoolmaster.

"Figger of speech! 'Pears to me 'twas jest foolishness, an' no figgers 'baout it. Yer can't figger on a thing thet ain't common-sense. 'Stid o' talkin' 'baout railroadin' ter the stars, I sh'd think he might a gin us more Scriptur, an' less pooty talk. I felt jest like one o' my oxen when he hain't hed nuthin' but dry straw to chaw on. He didn't once tech on the decrees, ner the elect, ner the lake o' fire an' brimstun."

"But," said the schoolmaster, "there isn't time for everything in one sermon."

"Wal, 'fore I heerd him I sh'd a-said so tu; but, I'm thinkin', he hed time fer 'baout all he knows."

This was almost the only discordant note in the general chorus of praise. The minister's earnestness, his beautiful voice, and unexampled fluency, had made a strong impression.

In the course of an impassioned appeal, he had, perhaps inadvertently, made use of the boldly figurative language of which the aged grumbler complained.

The country newspaper, a few days later, had a report of a "powerful sermon" delivered by the minister of Quabbin:

"After touching lightly upon the various points of Christian duty, the orator (for so we must call him), arrayed the vast fields of enterprise upon which the Church is now engaged, and pictured the triumphs that are to follow when the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord; when the valiant missionaries of the cross shall have stormed the strongholds of the false prophet and of paganism; when the islands of the sea will be wakened on Sabbath mornings by church bells, and the cannibals cease their shocking banquets of human flesh; when wars shall cease, and men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; and all men shall be united in the love of God and of each other. 'Then,' asked he with a significant emphasis, 'do you think it will be time for the faithful servants of God to fold their hands and enjoy their well-earned repose? No; they will be looking for new worlds to conquer. They will even try to build a railroad to the fixed stars, so as to carry to the uttermost bounds of creation the news of the unsearchable riches of Christ Jesus our Lord.'

"The high note struck by the reverend gentleman at the end of the first clause of the last sentence was absolutely thrilling. The people of Quabbin are to be congratulated in having set over them as minister a man of such extraordinary and irresistible eloquence."

The Flowery Preacher's orbit was not of great extent. His period near the sun of favour was short, and he soon entered upon the long curve which led through cold and gloom.

People began to wonder what they had admired in him, or

in his preaching. No one was willing to admit that he had actively favoured settling him. The general expression was, "I never was. *myself*, so much carried away by his elerkence, but ez everybody *else* seemed ter be pleased, I thought 'twas my dewty to jine in." He was discussed at the counting room, the post-office, the stores, and the shoemaker's shop. The talk over the lapstone was especially condemnatory. The new doctor took him up, and called him sophomorical; and as people did not know what that meant, and the doctor was "a college-larnt man," it was supposed to be something very bad.

No one could say that the formalities of duty were not observed. The sermons were of orthodox length, and earnestly delivered. Fresh texts were brought out every Sunday; but after a few sentences the discourse somehow fell into old ruts of thought, and observant hearers soon perceived that in any half-dozen Sundays he went over all the solid parts of his repertory.

"When sh'll we hev any revivle o' religion?"

"When 'll come forrard the young to fill aour places?"

"When 'll ther' be a-movin' 'mong the dry bones o' the church?"

"Ther's sermons thet's all glitter, like a heap of icicles."

"Ther's talk thet hain't any life-givin' paower in't, more'n a Jinnuary moon 'd hev on a growin' punkin-vine."

Such were the current comments; but most people were backward when a movement was proposed. Ministers were formerly settled for life, and the feeling was still strong that an incumbent had rights which were sacred. In the event of the minister's being dismissed against his will, it was felt that he would be entitled to compensation which might burden the parish.

One day the whole town was startled by the report that a special meeting had been called to take action in regard to sundering the relation between the parish and the minister. In the village there was a general sense of relief; but, when the meeting was held, it was found that the "otherwise minded" were out in full force, and were bent on mischief. They cared nothing for the interests of religion; their only motive was to cross the leaders of the church and parish.

Deacon Rawson stated the case for the church, and was discreet enough to state it mildly, and without any harsh words about the minister. There was no one among the dissentients who could speak with any effect, but they made plenty of noise in interruptions, and were ready to vote as one man. They seldom came to meeting, and their contributions counted very little in the parish treasury.

One speaker favoured the minister because he did not read written sermons; he had no patience with "elerkence studied out aforehand."

Having allowed ample time for all to express their views, Deacon Rawson moved that the main question be now put, which was carried. The moderator then stated that the question, which was to the effect that the parish officers be authorized and

directed to confer with the church and with the minister, with the view of bringing about an amicable separation; and he added, "This meetin' hez ordered thet the main question be naow put, and this isn't open ter 'mendment ne" debate. The thing is to vote yea or nay on this 'ere resolution. Ef the yeas hev it, ther's an end of the business. Ef the nays hev it, then the way is open ter perpose sunthin' else."

The yeas were called for, and the hands were eagerly counted; then the otherwise minded made their show, and were clearly in the minority.

The church was almost unanimous for the change. At the conference, the minister said that the proposal was an injury to his reputation and to his feelings; that he had hoped and expected to pass the remainder of his days among brethren who had received him so warmly, and whom he still loved. He enlarged upon his success in preaching, and hinted at the lustre thereby reflected upon the church; and he wished to know in what he had come short of any just expectation.

Deacon Rawson, speaking for the church, declined to be drawn into a discussion, which was sure to be unpleasant, and could serve no good purpose, and said the case for the church and parish would be laid before the ecclesiastical council.

Certain churches were thereupon invited to send each its pastor and a lay delegate on a day named. When the council assembled, the minister asked to be represented by the Rev. Dr. Windust, who had come a long distance for the purpose of stating his case.

It was a very unusual proceeding, and was unfair, as the church and parish had no counsel; but the great name of the reverend doctor overawed the simple-minded brothers. Within an hour Deacon Rawson saw how matters were going, and whispered to Deacon Holyoke, "We hedn't orter let him in. He's a-goin' to twist the caouncil 'baout his leetle finger. He's goin' in for big damiges, and poor ol' Quabbin 'll hev to sweat."

It was even so. It was admitted on both sides that the minister must go, since the breach has irreparable; the only question was as to compensation. On this point Dr. Windust developed as much ingenuity and force as would have done credit to a leader of the metropolitan bar. He flattered the ministers, and put to them the *argumentum ad hominem*:— as much as to say, "How would you like it yourselves?" He smoothed the lay delegates as if they had been tabbies. He poked fun at the deacons of Quabbin, and stigmatized that poor village as purse-proud and pretentious. And when he came to tell the minister's story, that gentleman drew out a great silk handkerchief, blew his nose, and wept. The orator went on, momently scaling new rhetorical heights, and likened his friend and client to Cicero, Massillon, Jeremy Taylor, Whitefield, and other celebrities. He talked long and well, but his matter was nearly exhausted, when, upon a nudge and a whisper from his

heart-broken client, he made a fresh start. He began to tell the council of the minister's wonderful outbursts of eloquence, and said it would be with sincere diffidence that he should repeat even a sentence, as it might be spoiled from want of memory or skill on the part of the humble narrator; but he would try. And try he did. On account of its novelty the passage is herewith transcribed.*

"The future glories of Christianity and the high destinies of the human race appeal with gigantic power to the hearts of all enthusiastic disciples. With prophetic eye I see the long generations of men of all nations winding over Syrian sands on their pilgrimage to the haunts in Palestine that were hallowed by the feet of the Son of man. The long strife with sin and evil is coming finally to an end. Pope and patriarch throw down their tiaras, cardinals strip off the scarlet livery of the mistress of the seven hills. The Chinese renounce Confucius. The Indian hermit arises from the life-long contemplation of the mystery of existence as shown in his own umbilical excision.

"The Polynesian abstains from human flesh, and breaks bread under a missionary's roof. The crescents of thousands of mosques are made into sickles to reap the harvests of the world. Then, when the gospel-car has rolled triumphantly through every land; when every ship carries a white flag at her masthead, and a Sunday-school in her forecastle; when the Esquimaux shall have set up chapels, and raised the gospel banner at the North Pole,—then, my brethren, perhaps you suppose there will be nothing left for Christians to do! Far from that! The fiery zeal of the faithful must find some other outlet; and they will even try to build a railroad to the fixed stars, so as to carry to the remotest bounds of the universe the glad news of salvation."

"Was not that a sublime conception?" demanded the reverend orator. Here Deacon Rawson tried to say that the people of Quabbin had heard nothing else but that railroad for some years; but he was no match for the pertinacious brother, and could not get in a word edgewise.

Doctor Windust concluded by suggesting that the damages be fixed at five thousand dollars. The minister was still weeping, or at least his face was covered by his ample handkerchief.

Deacon Rawson said the sum named was monstrous; that "the perrish couldn't raise no sech pile o' money;" that they "couldn't squeeze blood aout of a turnip." He and his colleague were very earnest, and showed by the tax-lists that the payment of even half that sum would make it difficult to maintain the regular preaching for the next two years.

The parties retired, and the council deliberated. When the doors were opened it was announced that the council recommended the dissolution of the pastoral relation, and that the minister should have a *solatium* of three thousand dollars.

Said the deacon, "I s'pose we sh'll hev to du it. We kin borrer the money, an' p'r'aps we kin pay it up in four or five year."

And so disappeared the "Flowery Preacher."

* The transcriber obviously shows some disposition to burlesque; but though some passages of the speech may have been tampered with, there will be no doubt of the genuineness of the conclusion.

A SINGER FROM THE SEA.*

A CORNISH STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

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

CHAPTER VI.—ELIZABETH AND DENAS.

THE rain was over on Wednesday morning. There was nothing to prevent the contemplated visit to Burrell Court, and a painful, momentary shadow flitted over John's face when Denas came to breakfast in her new ruby-coloured merino dress. She was so pretty, so full of the importance of her trip, so affectionate, that he could not say a word to dash her spirits or warn her carelessness, and yet he had a quick spasm of terror about the danger she was going so gaily into.

Denas had been accustomed to go to Elizabeth's very early in the morning, and it did not come into her mind to make any change in this respect because of Elizabeth's marriage. So after she had taken her breakfast she took the cliff road. It was then only eight o'clock. No one at her home had thought the hour too early. But when she reached Burrell Court Elizabeth had not come down-stairs and breakfast was not yet served. She had no visiting-card, and the footman declined to disturb Mrs. Burrell at her toilet. "Miss could wait," he said, with an air of familiarity which greatly offended Denas.

She sat down in the small reception-room into which she had been shown and waited. She heard Elizabeth and her husband go through the hall together, and the pleasant odours of coffee and broiled meats certified to the serving of breakfast. But no one came near her. As the minutes slipped away her wonder became anger; and she was resolving to leave the inhospitable house when she heard Roland's step. He came slowly down the polished oak stairs, went to the front door, opened it and looked out into the frosty day; then turning rapidly in from the cold, he went, whistling softly, through the hall to the breakfast-room.

Just as he entered the footman was saying: "A young person, ma'am. She had no card, and when I asked her name she only looked at me, ma'am."

"Where did you put her?" asked Elizabeth.

"In the small reception-room."

"Is the room warm?"

"Not very cold, ma'am."

At this point Robert Burrell looked at his wife and said: "It is perhaps that little friend of yours, called Denas."

"Jove!" ejaculated Roland. "I should not wonder. You

* Abridged from volume of same title. Price, $1.50. Toronto: William Briggs.

know, Elizabeth, she was always an early visitor. Shall I go and see?"

"Frederick will go. Frederick, ask the young person her name." In a few minutes Frederick returned and said, "Miss Penelles is the name."

Then Robert Burrell and Roland both looked at Elizabeth. She had a momentary struggle with herself; she hesitated, her brows made themselves into a point, her colour heightened, and the dead silence gave her a most eloquent chance to listen to her own heart. She rose with leisurely composure and left the room. Mr. Burrell and Roland took no notice of the movement. Then there was a little laugh and the sound of voices, and Elizabeth and Denas entered together. Elizabeth had made Denas remove her hat and cloak, and the girl was exceedingly pretty. Roland leaped to his feet and imperatively motioned Frederick to place a chair beside his own, and Robert Burrell met her with a frank kindness which was pleasantly reassuring.

Denas had been feeling wronged and humiliated, but Elizabeth by a few kind words of apology had caused a reaction which affected her inexperienced guest with a kind of mental intoxication. She talked well, she was witty without being ill-natured, and she described all that had happened in the little town since Elizabeth's wedding-day with a subdued and charming mimicry that made the room ring with laughter.

After breakfast Robert Burrell said he would delay his visit to London for a train if Denas would sing for him once more. As she finished she saw a look on Elizabeth's face, not intended for her to see, which took the music out of her heart. Yet she had sung enough, for she had never before sung so well. She was astonished at her own power, and Robert Burrell thanked her with a sincerity beyond question.

"My brain will be among figures all the way to London, Miss Penelles," he said, "but I am quite sure my soul will be wandering on the shingle, and feeling the blowing winds, and hearing the plash of the waves."

Then he went away, and Elizabeth took her embroidery and sat down with Denas. A great gulf suddenly opened between them. There was no subject to talk about. Elizabeth had Denas all to herself, and then, in spite of everything she could do, her manner became indifferent and icy. Denas felt that the past was a shut and clasped book between them forever.

Denas had hoped to be shown all the pretty dresses and cloaks and knick-knacks of fine wearing apparel that Elizabeth had bought in London, Paris, and other European capitals. But Elizabeth showed her nothing and gave her nothing.

About noon there was a visitor, and Elizabeth received her in another room. She made an apology to Denas, but the girl, left to herself, began to be angry with herself. Her heart burned when she called to mind her old friend's excessive civility; her hardly concealed weariness; the real coldness of feeling which

no pleasant words could warm. There was no longer any sympathy between them. Denas felt and thought quickly: "I am not wanted here. I ought to go away, and I will go." She touched a bell, asked for her hat and cloak, left a message for Elizabeth, and went away from Burrell Court at once.

The rapid walk to St. Penfer relieved her feelings. "I have been wounded to-day," she sobbed, "just as really as if Elizabeth had flung a stone at me or stabbed me with a knife. I am heart-hurt. I am sorry I went to see her. Why did I go? She is afraid of Roland! Good! I shall pay her back through Roland. If she will not be a friend to me, she may have to call me sister." Then she remembered what Roland had said about her voice, and her face was illumined by the thought, and she lifted her head and stepped loftily to it. "She may be proud enough of me yet. I wonder what I have done?"

Denas went to Priscilla Mohun's. Reticence is a cultivated quality, and Denas had none of it; so she told the whole story of her ill-treatment to Priscilla and found her full of sympathy. Priscilla had her own little slights to relate, and if all was true she told Denas, then Elizabeth had managed in a week's time to offend many of her old acquaintances irreconcilably.

Denas remained with Priscilla until three o'clock; then she walked down the cliff to the little glade where she hoped to find Roland. He was not there. She calculated the distance he had to ride, she made allowance for his taking lunch with Caroline Burrell, and she concluded that he ought to have been at the trysting-place before she was. She waited until four o'clock, growing more angry every moment, then she hastened away. "I am right served," she muttered. "I will let Roland Tresham and Elizabeth Burrell alone for the future." The tide of anger rose swiftly in her heart, and she stepped homeward to its flow.

She had gone but a little way when she heard Roland calling her. She would not answer him. She heard his rapid footsteps behind, but she would not turn her head. When he reached her he was already vexed at her perverse mood. "I could not get here sooner, Denas," he said crossly. "Do be reasonable."

"You need not have come at all."

"Denas, stop. Listen to me. If you walk so quickly we shall be seen from the village."

"I wish father to see us. I will call him to come to me."

"Denas, what have I done?"

"You! You are a part of the whole. Your sister has taught me to-day the difference between us. I am glad there is a difference—I intend to forget you both from this day."

"Will you punish me because Elizabeth is unkind?"

"Some day you also will change just as she has done. I will not wait for that day. No, indeed! To be sure I shall suffer. Father, mother, everybody suffers in one way or another. I can bear as much as others can."

"You are an absurd little thing. Come, darling! Come back with me! I want to tell you a very particular secret."

"Do you think you can pet, or coax, or tell me tales like a cross child? I am a woman, and I have been hurt in every place a woman can be hurt by your sister. I will not go back with you."

"Very well, Denas. You will repent this temper, I can tell you, my dear."

"No, I shall not repent it. I will go to my father and mother. I will tell them how bad I have been and ask them to forgive me. I shall never repent that, I know."

She drew her arm from his clasp and, without lifting her eyes to him, went forward with a swift, purposeful step. He watched her a few moments, and then with a dark countenance turned homeward. "This is Elizabeth's doing," he muttered. I saw and felt her sugared patronage of Denas through all her soft phrases; she treats me in the same way sometimes.

He entered Elizabeth's presence very sulkily. Robert was in London and there was no reason why he should keep his temper in the background. "There is Caroline's answer," he said, throwing a letter on the table, "and I do wish, Elizabeth, you would send me pleasanter errands in the future. Caroline kept me waiting until she returned from a lunch at Colonel Prynne's. And then she hurried me away because there was to be a grand dinner-party at the Pullens'."

"At the Pullens'? It is very strange Robert and I were not invited."

"I should say very strange indeed, seeing that Caroline is their guest. But Lord and Lady Avonmere were to be present, and of course they did not want any of us."

"Any of us? Pray, why not?"

"Father's bankruptcy is not forgotten. We were nobodies until you married Robert Burrell, and even Robert's money is all trade money."

"You are purposely trying to say disagreeable things, Roland. What fresh snub has Caroline been giving you?"

"Snubs are common to all. Big people are snubbed by lesser people, and these by still smaller ones, and so *ad infinitum.* You are a bit bigger than Denas, and so you snub her, and Denas, passes on the snub. Why should she not? Where is Denas?"

"She has gone home, and I do hope she will never come here again. She behaved very impertinently."

"That I will not believe. Put the shoe on your own foot, Elizabeth. You were rude before I left, and I dare swear you were rude, ruder, rudest after you were alone with the girl. For pure spite and ill-nature a newly-married woman beats everything."

"Who are you talking to, Roland?"

"To you. I have to talk plainly to you occasionally—birds in their little nests agree, but brothers and sisters do not; in fact, they cannot. For instance, I should be a brute if I agreed with you about Denas."

"I say that Denas behaved very rudely. She went away without my knowledge and without bidding me good-bye. I shall decline to have anything more to do with her."

"I have no doubt she has already declined you in every possible form. As far as I can judge, she is a spirited little creature. But gracious! how she did sing this morning! I'll bet you fifty pounds if Robert Burrell had heard her sing a year ago you would not have been mistress of Burrell Court to-day."

"Either you or I must leave the room, Roland. I will not listen any longer to you."

"Sit still. I am very glad to go. I shall take a room at the Black Lion to-morrow. The atmosphere of the Court is so exquisitely rarefied and refined that I am choking in it. I only hope you may not smother Robert in it. Good night! I notice Robert goes to London pretty often lately. Good night."

Then he closed the door sharply and went smiling to his room.

"I think I have made madame quite as uncomfortable as she has made me," he muttered, "and I will go to the Black Lion to-morrow. From there I can reach Denas without being watched at both ends. John Penelles to the right and Elizabeth Burrell to the left of me are too much and too many. For Denas I must see. I must see her if I have to dress myself in blue flannels and oil-skins to manage it."

In the morning Elizabeth ate her breakfast alone. She had determined to have a good quarrel with Roland, and make him ashamed of his speech and behaviour on the previous evening. But before she rose Roland had gone to the Black Lion, and moreover he had left orders for his packed traps and trunks to be sent after him. He had a distinct object in this move. At the Court he was constantly under surveillance, and he was also very much at Elizabeth's commands. He had little time to give to the pursuit of Denas, and that little at hours unsuitable for the purpose. But at the Black Lion his time was all his own. He could breakfast and dine at whatever hour suited his occupation; he could watch the movements of Denas without being constantly suspected and brought to book.

Her temper the previous evening, while it seriously annoyed, did not dishearten him. He really liked her better for its display. He never supposed that it would last. He expected her to make a visit to St. Penfer the next day; she would hope that he would be on the watch for her; she would be sure of it.

But Denas did not visit St. Penfer that week, and Roland grew desperate. On Saturday night he went down the cliff after dark and hung around John's cottage, hoping that for some reason or other Denas would come to the door. He had a note in his hand ready to put into her hand if she did so. He could see her plainly, for the only screen to the windows was some flowering plants inside and a wooden shutter on the outside, never closed but in extreme bad weather. Joan was making the evening meal, John sat upon the hearth, and Denas, with her knitting in her hands, was by his side. Once or twice he saw her rise and help her mother with some homely duty, and finally she laid down her work, and, kneeling on the rug at her father's feet, she began to toast the bread for their tea. Her unstudied grace, the

charm of her beauty and kindness, the very simplicity of her dress, fascinated him afresh.

"This is the costume—the very costume—she ought to sing in," he thought.

At this point in his reverie he heard footsteps, and he walked leisurely aside. His big ulster in the darkness was a sufficient disguise; he had no fear of being known by any passer-by. But these footsteps stopped at John's door and then went inside the cottage. That circumstance roused in Roland's heart a tremor he had never known before. He cautiously returned to his point of observation. The visitor was a young and handsome fisherman. It was Tris Penrose. Roland saw with envy his welcome and his familiarity. The poor ape jealousy began meddling in all his better feelings.

He hung around the cottage until he was freezing with cold and burning with rage. "And this is Elizabeth's doing," he kept muttering as he climbed the cliff to the upper town.

On Monday morning he went to see Priscilla Mohun. He had a long conversation with the dressmaker, and that afternoon Priscilla walked down to John's cottage and made a proposal to Denas. It was so blunt and business-like, so tight in regard to money matters, that John and Joan, and Denas also were completely deceived. She said she had heard that Denas and Tris Penrose were to be married, and she thought Denas might like to make some steady money to help the furnishing. She would give her two shillings a day and her board and lodging. Also, she could have Saturday and Sunday at her home if she wished.

Denas, who was fretted by the monotony of home duties really too few to employ both her mother and herself, was glad of the offer. John, who had a little of parsimony in his fine nature, thought of the ten shillings a week and how soon it would grow to be ten pounds. Joan remembered how much there was to see and hear at Miss Priscilla's, and Denas was so dull at home! Why should she not have a good change when it was well paid for? And then she remembered the happy week-ends there would be, with so much to tell and to talk over.

She asked Priscilla to stay and have a cup of tea with them, and so settle the subject. And the result was that Denas went back to St. Penfer with Priscilla and began her duties on the next day. That evening she had a letter from Roland. It was a letter well adapted to touch her heart. Roland was really miserable, and he knew well how to cry out for comfort. He told her he had left his sister's home because Elizabeth had insulted her there. He led her to believe that Elizabeth was in great distress at his anger, but that nothing she could say or do would make him forgive her until Denas herself was satisfied.

And Denas was glad that Elizabeth should suffer. She hoped Roland would make her suffer a great deal.

She was happy to think that Roland was at the Black Lion with all his possessions; for she knew how the gossip on this occurrence would annoy all the proprieties in Mrs. Burrell's social code.

Her anger served Roland's purpose quite as much as her love. After the third letter she wrote a reply. Then she agreed to meet him; then she was quite under his influence again, much more so, indeed, than she had ever been before. In a week or two he got into the habit of dropping into Priscilla's shop for a pair of gloves, for writing paper, for the *Daily News,* for a bottle of cologne—in short there were plenty of occasions for a visit, and he took them. And as Priscilla's was near the Black Lion and the only news depot in town, and as other gentlemen went frequently there also for the supply of their small wants, no one was surprised at Roland's purchases. His intercourse with Priscilla was obviously of the most formal character; she treated him with the same short courtesy she gave to all and sundry, and Denas was so rarely seen behind the counter that she was not in any way associated with the customers. This indeed had been the stipulation on which John had specially insisted.

One morning Roland came hurriedly into the shop. "My sister is coming here, I am sure, Miss Mohun," he said. "Tell Denas, if you please, she said she wished to meet her again. Tell her I will remain here and stand by her." There was no time to deliberate, and Denas, acting upon the feeling of the moment, came quickly to Roland, and was talking to him when Mrs. Burrell entered. They remained in conversation a moment or two, as if loth to part; then Denas advanced to the customer with an air of courtesy, but also of perfect ignorance as to her personality.

"Well, Denas?" said the lady.

"What do you wish, madam?"

"I wish to see Miss Priscilla."

Denas touched a bell and returned to Roland, who had appeared to be unconscious of his sister's presence. Elizabeth glanced at her brother; then, without waiting for Priscilla, left the shop. The lovely face of Denas was like a flame. "Thank you, Roland!" she said with effusion. "You have paid my account in full for me."

"Then, darling, let me come here to-night and say something very important to us both. Priscilla will give me house-room for an hour, I know she will. Here she comes. Let me ask her."

Priscilla affected reluctance, but really she was prepared for the request. She had expected it before and had been uneasy at its delay. She was beginning to fear Roland's visits might be noticed, might be talked about, might injure her custom. It pleased her much to anticipate an end to a risky situation. She managed, without urging Denas, to make the girl feel that her relations with Roland ought either to be better understood or else entirely broken off.

So Roland went back to his inn with a promise that made him light-hearted. "Elizabeth has done me one good turn," he soliloquized. "Now let me see. I will consider my plea and get all in order. First, I must persuade Denas to go to London.

Second the question is, marriage or no marriage? Third, her voice and its cultivation. Fourth the hundred pounds in St. Merryn's Bank. Fifth, everything as soon as can be—to-morrow night if possible. Sixth, my own money from Tremaine. I should have about four hundred pounds. Heigho! I wish it was eight o'clock. And what an old cat Priscilla is! I do not think I shall give her the fifty pounds I promised her. She does not deserve it—and she never durst ask me for it."

"CAN YOU PRAISE GOD WHEN THE WIND IS IN THE EAST?"*

BY E. D. B.

'TIS easy to sing when the skies are bright,
And the heart within you is cheerful and light,
When the fragrance of flowers floats sweet on the air,
And the music of birds is heard everywhere.
But when skies are dark, and the pitiless rain
Beats down the frail flowers, and hushed is the strain
Of summer's soft song 'neath the cold winter's snows,
Oh, can you praise God when the east wind blows?

'Tis easy to trust when those you love best
Are safe by your side, in the cosy home nest;
But when they are scattered so far and so wide,
And long, weary miles these dear ones divide;
When silenced the footstep and vacant the chair,
Your poor heart is throbbing with trouble and care,
And cries out to heaven from bitterest woes,
Oh, can you praise God when the east wind blows?

'Tis easy to think this world is all right,
When your pet plans succeed and you walk as by sight,
When friends crowd around you to give you good cheer,
And the kingdom of heaven seems wondrously near.
But oh, when there's failure and doubt and dismay,
And the heavens seem brass and friends turn away,
Can you trust and work on, content that He knows?
Oh, can you praise God when the east wind blows?

"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind,"
That promise of mercy He'll never rescind;
Your strength to your day proportioned shall be,
And answer to prayer you surely shall see,
The children shall come from the east and the west,
You'll sit down together in the home of the blest;
Out of great tribulation your robes white as snow,
You shall praise God forever where no wintry winds blow.

MAPLE, Ont.

* Mark Guy Pearse.

THE DRAGON AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER VII.—FANNY AND MR. GOLDSPRAY.

MRS. ROGERS had so much interested us that we went now and then to see her. Her gloom and apprehension were on the increase. The deep sadness on her face seemed to presage her early death.

"I know I'm going to destruction," she said one day. "My health is delicate, and that intense craving for liquor is coming back. I dream nights that I am taking a glass of sling, or hot ale, and as I fancy taking it I feel that there is something wrong that I should not do, yet will do, and yet I feel that sudden vigour and heartening up such drinks used to give me, and then I wake with a start—and first I am so glad it is all a dream, and then I feel that terrible sinking and craving, and weakness of my whole system."

"Yours," I said, "is a case for a physician; you should be in the hands of Dr. Richardson, or someone who knows how to deal with just such ante-natal cravings and terrors as yours are, and who understands the whole liquor question. But such doctors are few."

"Indeed they are," said Mrs. Rogers; "if I call in a doctor, in nine chances out of ten he will laugh at my fears and scruples, and order me wine or porter. Such rare doctors as you mention are so overcrowded with business that they could not come here, nor am I able to pay their fees; and I dare not go to them, even if I could afford consultations, for I should not be safe going or coming. What I would like to try, as a last resort, would be to go for a few months to a hospital or an insane asylum. I don't know how Rogers and poor little Charlie could get on; indeed they would be better off if I were dead. But the worst thing I can do is to shame them again."

"I question whether any hospital or insane asylum could be persuaded to admit you; they would call you neither ill enough in body or mind for their wards. Perhaps you are really safe enough; you may exaggerate your dangers here at home."

"Oh, indeed, madam, I do not. Why, the other day I got so wild sitting here alone that I thought I must go out and get a glass of something strengthening, as it seemed to me, and at last I feared so I would go that I gave Charley the key to the door, the only way down from our flat, and let him drop it out of the window. Rogers found us shut in that way and had to get the key, as someone had handed it in below. He said he wouldn't have thought the child was so mischievous."

"But you should tell your husband all these tortures and temptations, and let him know just where you stand."

"Oh, madam, to discourage him so when he is obliged to be out earning our daily bread! Poor man, he has enough worry."

"But you need his protection and support in this very particular, and I think there should be entire confidence between husband and wife. If you and he are agreed as to your going for a while to a hospital or an asylum, I can perhaps make interest with some of the directors, through some of my London friends, and so get you admitted."

As Mrs. Rogers felt increasing terror and helplessness this plan was proposed to her husband. I finally urged it upon him; but Rogers, like most of his British brethren, wanted to reign in his own household, and was nothing if he was not obstinate. That his wife should go to a hospital was an idea of infinite disgrace. "Why, it would look like me deserting the poor girl, and not able or willing to maintain her! My wife cannot take public charity so long as I am above ground."

"But, Rogers, you can pay for her, and it can be stated that she goes for needful treatment. Very few need know at all where she is."

"She cannot go, madam; a decent home is the place for any woman. Set away from me and little Charlie, Nannie would die of heart-break. I know how she is; besides, those nurses are often awful hard on patients, I wouldn't trust 'em very far. Then again she might die sudden there, and me not know of it till she was gone. The idea of her dying far from her family! And as for safety, my lady, there is not one bit of safety from liquor in a hospital. Why, they use it all the time; doctors order it, the nurses take it and give it; why, bless her soul, she would be tempted ten times there to once at home!"

On the question of a short residence in an insane asylum he was equally pronounced. "That would be a disgrace indeed! It would be a clear wickedness to have it said to his children that their mother was a crazy woman; her and their actions would be always suspected and misconstrued. And he had heard no end of stories of deaths and cruelties in asylums; moreover, treatment there was open to the same objection urged before—it would likely be whisky treatment."

Mr. Rogers said, "He could get his wife someone to stop with her and comfort her and take her mind off her troubles. Miss Chip could find him a temperance woman who would understand the case better than a dozen doctors."

Mr. Rogers certainly underrated his wife's position and symptoms. I felt assured that she was a victim of a periodic mania. She was not morally responsible now for her acts or thoughts. Her condition of system and brain was a fact; behind that fact lay a cause, a line of sequences. Unlimited liquor to several generations; liquor as food, liquor as medicine, liquor as narcotic, liquor as comfort—a taste born with her blood, nurtured by constant use of liquor as a panacea in all her childish ills. And now, when cravings came on her, these beginnings of her insane thirst were nurtured by having liquor in all forms

exposed as freely to her as water. It was very true that she could not walk five squares without seeing and smelling it, nor meet five people without having it suggested or urged on her. Absorbed in these considerations of Mrs. Rogers' melancholy condition, I stopped at the "Elephant and Castle," and was about to call a cab, when an omnibus drew up and from it descended Fanny and Mr. Goldspray.

"Why, Fanny, how is this, have you left Miss Chip?"

"Oh, indeed, no, ma'am, but Miss Chip is very kind; she gives me an afternoon for an outing once in a while, and to-day, please, I've been to the Zoological Gardens. Oh, I never had so good a time in my life! I heard the lion roar, and I fed an elephant, and, ma'am, *did* you know monkeys were so entertaining? Mr. Goldspray was that kind he showed me all about and treated me to an ice!"

Meanwhile the glittering Bobby had endeavoured to veil a certain discomposure at my apparition.

"Ah," I said, "and did Mr. Goldspray call at Miss Chip's for you?"

"No, ma'am," said the artless Fanny, "he had not time to come so far, and he met me on the way."

"And you are now going to the Dragon and Tea-Kettle, Fanny?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I am. I must hurry back to my old lady, she is that lonesome without me! But Mr. Goldspray has not time to go home now; he has to stop at some places about here to collect some bills," said Fanny, with evident pride in her escort.

I saw clearly that Mr. Goldspray was seeking to conceal from Miss Chip his attention to Fanny, and that Fanny did not at all fathom his attempt at concealment.

As I went home I questioned what I had better say to Fanny, or whether I had better say anything at all. Affection for one so light and trifling of nature as Mr. Goldspray could only be a source of injury and unhappiness to this young girl; besides, such affection would sorely hurt Miss Chip, and might lead to Fanny's losing her place, where she was safe and happy. Mr. Goldspray was poor Miss Chip's one lamb; to other people he seemed remarkably like a very tricky and naughty goat; but she had set her heart on him and saw only what was good in him, and it seemed hard that, often as she had been bereaved, this girl, whom she had befriended, should be the innocent means of robbing her of the last object of her affection.

It happened that shortly after this, Miss Chip sent Fanny to me with a message concerning a poor occupant of No. 6.

"I am afraid it will be rather late before you get home, Fanny," I said, "and you are alone."

"I shall not be alone, ma'am," she said, smiling. "Mr. Goldspray told Miss Chip she need not fear to send me, he'd meet me at London Bridge and bring me home."

I at once divined that there had been a struggle in poor Miss Chip's soul, longing by any means to get Bobby home safe and

early, and yet with undefined jealousy at his coming with Fanny; but over this latter feeling, as unworthy, she had triumphed.

"Mr. Goldspray seems to be paying you considerable attention, Fanny," I remarked, to her explanation.

"Oh, Mr. Goldspray is *such* a kind young man, ma'am, and so feeling, and he knows so much! I don't see how anybody can be so amusing as Mr. Goldspray."

"It might be well to have little to say to him, Fanny. Mr. Goldspray might not be at all serious in any attention to you, and no doubt shows little courtesies to many young women, while you might take them as particular to yourself, and become too much interested for your happiness. You are quite too young to think of love or marriage."

"Oh, but, ma'am," said Fanny, blushing, "many no older than me are married."

"That is truly unfortunate; they are too inexperienced for the weighty duties of life. But I am interested in you, my girl, and I should be sorry to see you set your heart on Mr. Goldspray. He has been addicted to drink, and comes of a drinking family."

"Ah, ma'am, so he told me, and he says he shall nevermore drink. He is quite cured. He owes it all to Miss Chip; he says he looks on her quite as a mother!"

"Poor Miss Chip!"

"Oh, ma'am," cried sweet sixteen, "why, she is old as old!"

"Never you mind that, Fanny; feelings do not die with twenty-five or thirty years. Miss Chip has been his best friend, and your best friend. You owe her much gratitude, and should by no means be a cause of grief to her. Perhaps you had better say nothing to anybody, but take my warning, and leave Mr. Goldspray entirely to Miss Chip, who certainly can manage him better than you can. If Mr. Goldspray ever marries, which such an airy young man may never do, he will need a wife to take care of him, and keep him in order, or he will go to ruin, without the least intention of doing so."

Fanny's face fell. She bade me good-evening in a subdued tone, and presumably went off to meet Mr. Goldspray. The case, as afterward related to me by Fanny, stood thus: Impressed by what I had said in regard to Miss Chip, she concluded to repel the advances of the genial Bobby.

Alas, it happened that this coldness of the young girl was an added attraction to a young man so persistently petted and indulged by Miss Chip—he redoubled his flatteries to Fanny, and gave her to understand that her coldness made him wretched. Fanny referred to Miss Chip's kindness to him; Bobby acknowledged it, and all that he owed her, but protested against warmer than filial feelings on his part. Miss Chip would, he was sure, be satisfied to find in Fanny and Bobby a dutiful son and daughter.

Intent on doing what she thought her duty, Fanny next suggested that the old sin of drunkenness might revive in Mr. Goldspray. She earnestly said that she had seen so much

misery from drink that she would ten times rather die than marry a drinking man. Drinking would make her dislike any man.

Here Goldspray protested that, cheered and strengthened by Fanny's love, he would never, never, never be under the least temptation to drink. What better could Miss Chip ask for him than that?

All this took several weeks; but at the end, Fanny's scruples vanished, the brilliant Bobby pleased her young eyes like a glittering toy, and she yielded to his fascinations. With Fanny complaisant, Bobby grew bold. He began to pay more open attentions, under Miss Chip's very eyes.

At first, when her Golden Daisy began to come in early and spend all the evening, Miss Chip's heart rejoiced. Then she noticed that he spent his time near Fanny and the old dame; that while he talked to the old dame, he looked at Fanny, and Fanny blushed and looked down. Then betimes he said low words to Fanny, and Fanny blushed the more. I was present—bringing Miss Chip some tracts that she wanted—at one of these scenes. A look of pain crossed her rugged face—she sighed. Then she turned to me. "Like to like," she said, sadly, "youth and good looks will take to youth and good looks."

"Mr. Goldspray comes in earlier now, evenings?"

"Yes; and when first I saw *why* he came, I was 'most ready to think I might as well have him out. But that was wrong. I want him saved from temptation at any price."

"Are you thinking of parting with Fanny?" I ventured.

"No!" said Miss Chip, with a choke in her voice. "No, if Fanny is the one to save him, so let it be."

Heroic soul!

I found opportunity for a word with Fanny, as I spoke to her charge.

"But, ma'am," said Fanny, "Mr. Goldspray says he *can't* be in love with Miss Chip, no, not if I send him off ever so, and if he really cannot take so to her, and does to me, why, ma'am, it cannot be wrong for me to like Mr. Goldspray."

Poor Fanny!

CHAPTER VIII.—LEASES AND LEASES.

"Whaling has a fifty years' lease of that place," said Miss Chip, looking over the street.

"Why, how long does the man expect to live, he is fifty now?"

"Such folk never look the idea of death fairly in the eye; they go on as if they expected to live forever. But as for that matter, Whaling expects to leave the lease and business to his son, a blatant young rowdy, following in his father's steps. But as for living, the Whalings are not likely to be old. Those gin-palace keepers seldom are; they are florid and flabby, for they drink plenty of their wares, and feast on the fat of the land.

The dinners that are carried into Whaling's from the bakers! Game-pies a foot and a half across! Roast goose, and sucking pigs, and turkeys—not to mention the olives and the anchovies, the West India preserves, the black cake and plum puddings! When I see, I remember that Scripture, 'Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things.' And then the contrast, ma'am, all that feasting for Whaling, and his wife and son, and the wretches cowering in their little back den, starving fairly. Why, only last night they carried out an old man, who was found dead in a heap in a corner. He had been a master mason once, but he went down, down, until he was nearly naked, and entirely destitute. For months he has lived almost entirely on liquor; lately he has had no money to get gin, and he has hung about that back place, begging sips from other topers' cups, until finally he really died from exhaustion. Poor wretch! if I had known I might have fed him, at least."

"And you say Whaling's son is home serving apprenticeship to his murderous trade? I thought they had him at school."

"They had, but he ran away and came home. Said the food was not good enough. He has been pampered on dainties, bought from other children's starvation, until no food is fine enough to suit him. Yes, he came home, and Whaling said as he must take the business some day, he had as well learn it now; the first day he stood behind the counter, he was treated so much by the flush customers, that he had to be carried up-stairs and tied fast in bed."

"Horrible! What did his parents say to that?"

"His father said he'd get seasoned, and not make that trouble very often; and his mother said, 'Who'd a-thought the boy had so little a head; he couldn't stand what his parents did.'"

"And how do you hear all this?"

"I have some customers who go there occasionally, and they tell these things to me, or Cook, or Rogers, when they are at supper. Generally, we keep showing up Whaling and his ways, and the down grade of his customers, until these occasionals leave them altogether."

"And about this lease matter, he has leased the stand for fifty years. Suppose he and his son die?"

"Then the lease will be sold, subject to the same conditions, for the benefit of his heirs or creditors. Most of the great brewing and distilling establishments, and some of the wholesale liquor-houses, build or buy houses in places they think suitable, fit them up for whisky-shops of different grades, and rent them on as long leases as they can, and have a clause in the lease which binds all tenants to use the houses for this purpose and no other. Now, I can tell you such a case. A rich brewer, thirty years ago, built a large place something like Whaling's, and let it out on a ninety-nine years' lease, to be used during that time as a place to sell intoxicating drinks. The first tenant and his heirs died, and last year, a man interested in temperance, and not quite understanding this lease affair, thought he would do the neighbourhood a kindness by using that house for a large

coffee-house, having only temperance drinks. Before he signed the lease, someone warned him that as soon as he did so, and opened the place, the liquor men would prosecute him, and force him to hold to the terms of the lease."

"Then he must throw it up?"

"Yes; but at what cost? For infringement of the lease he would have had to pay a penalty—provided it could be proven he knew the original terms—a penalty that would beggar him. He applied to the court to know if his coffee-house plan would be safe, and he was told that if he took the proposed stand he would be *obliged* to keep intoxicating drinks. He gave up his plan, and the house is now in full blast under another man, as a gin-palace."

"That is very terrible and iniquitous."

"As far as the law of leases goes, it can be made to work both ways, if temperance people would only show that zeal for their cause, long-sightedness and decision, that the liquor men show for evil. Now, for instance, I have a twenty years' lease with such a temperance clause in it that, if I die before this lease expires, whoever buys it up must keep a temperance place here."

"It is a pity, then, that you did not get a fifty years' lease."

"I could not. My venture was considered uncertain. I had no family, nor direct heirs to assume my business; and, above all, the property is old, unsightly, and in bad order, and by the end of twenty years it will probably be worth more for tearing down, that room may be left for a good building, than it would be worth for renting. But the trouble is, that our temperance people, who are building great stores or blocks of houses, do not tie them up with some temperance clause, or do not enforce such conditions once made. But I have known cases where strict stipulations for temperance uses of property were openly violated, and no one roused up to spend the money, or risk the enmity that would follow insisting on lawful use. Of course, if no one complained, or brought the case to court, the law was not bound to take any notice."

"There have been just such cases of shocking indifference in my country, and within my own knowledge," I said. "I have in mind a town, started under strict temperance charter. People bought there, as a haven where they should not be pained nor endangered by the liquor traffic, and their sons could grow up removed from this vice. But within a few years the original company sold out to another syndicate, with an express breaking of the temperance clause, and a beer-hall was one of the first buildings erected Not one of the householders who had bought and built under the temperance charter made any resistance. The new company had more money, and these lot-owners hoped their administration would increase the value of property. Yet, if they had carried the matter vigorously through court, they could, no doubt, have won their case, for our Supreme Court has decided that such a clause in any original charter constitutes a perpetual lien on the property, and can be maintained."

"You remember the text," said Miss Chip, "'The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.'"

"Mrs. Whaling told me, the day I visited her establishment, that her business must be harmless and respectable, because many liquor drinking-places, inns, gin-palaces, beer-houses were owned and let by the Church."

"So they are," said Miss Chip, "and it's a burning shame, and quite enough to destroy the good effect of all the morals and charity and piety preached from the pulpit, when one considers how souls are dragged down to death in these dens, the rent of which goes to support the parson who preaches, and keep up the building that's preached in. Why, I know of one district where the Church of England owns three places, each of which is within sound of a shout from the other, and all of them are rented for drinking dens. The way it has happened is this: In long course of time the Church has had properties left her by dying members, who wish the rents to furnish a fund for some especial parish church. This has gone on for hundreds of years, perhaps,—a bit of property here, and another there, falling to the Establishment.

"In former times, when temperance had not come as now into moral questions and Church life, liquor-makers, distillers, brewers, gin-shop keepers, all belonged to the Church, and perhaps left the Church a piece of property, with just such a clause in the lease as we have been talking of. It's natural when a man makes his fortune by manufacturing any one thing, that he would like to increase the number of places where it is consumed. Then again, before temperance feeling was where it is now, the Church, having a vacant house, had no scruples about letting it for any purpose that promised fair, sure rent, and long leases were given out on some places. So it has gone on, till within a few years, not only outsiders, but good men in the Church, have begun to notice that the teacher of piety and morals and saver of souls is living on the wages of sin, and is a destroyer of souls. So there's a clamour coming up that the Church must get rid of this blot, and not be a stumbling-block, where sinners shall fall into hell. There are plenty of good, very good, earnest temperance people, none better, in the Church of England, ma'am. They are making themselves heard about this thing. It will not be long before all this is changed, and the blood of souls won't be found on the white garments of the Church in that way. But I'm afraid, till all things are made new, that the blood of souls that have fallen, by neglect, by indifference, and by bad example, will be found there."

"Still, in all countries, the temperance cause is very much looking up, and making its way. Possibly, before some of these long leases you have told me of, run out, it will be criminal to sell liquor; and then the law itself must render that clause in the lease null and void."

"Ah, I hope so Sometimes when I see Whaling's in full blast, and think how many I've known him to ruin, I've said to myself, 'The Lord knows how to cancel your *Long Lease.*'"

HOW TO PROVIDE WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.*

BY THE REV. W. GALBRAITH, M.A., LL.D., PH.D.

To find employment for the unemployed is perhaps the most difficult problem of the age.

The gigantic scheme of Gen. Booth is well known, has been liberally sustained, and may bring a small and temporary relief to the over-crowded population of England. To provide employment for the unemployed, a few general principles must, at the outset, be recognized.

There must, on the one hand, be a demand for labour, and on the other a willingness and ability to work. Men must not be afraid to work, and every opportunity ought to be given them to do it. To encourage the workmen, and also to increase the demand for labour, a fair day's wages should be paid for a fair day's work, while at the same time, a fair day's work should be imperatively demanded for a fair day's pay.

The natural resources of the earth are vastly more than sufficient, if properly utilized, to meet all the reasonable needs and comforts of the entire population of the globe. With existing opportunities there should be neither enforced idleness nor pinching poverty. The cry that there is over-production is not well founded.

There is never over-production till all human needs and comforts are more than fully met. It is a most contradictory statement to say people are suffering want because they have a superabundance of goods. Granaries, warehouses and stores are full of unsold merchandise, while needy people have not money to buy; and the reason why many of them have not money is because they cannot get work. A high state of civilization elevates man in the scale of being, multiplies his needs and increases the demand for labour. The disastrous mistake we have made, and are still making, is in the imprudent employment and distribution of labour.

All labour may be divided into two classes. First, primary producers, and secondly, those who bring the primary productions into a condition for use, and prepare people to wisely utilize them. Now, anyone can see that the first thing needed in economic industry is to have large numbers engaged as primary producers. In this country those engaged in agricultural, fishing, lumbering and mining pursuits, are the primary producers.

Manufacturers, merchants, artisans, mechanics, inventors and distributors of all kinds, are preparing the primary productions for use. Teachers, and professional men of all departments, contribute toward the elevation of man, and prepare him for the more successful performance of his duties, and in this way qualify him to wisely utilize all kinds of needed productions.

The one occupation above all others, in Canada, which gives a mighty impetus to labour, is the cultivation of the soil. Upon it every other branch of business depends. "The profit of the earth is for all. The king himself is served by the field." (Ecclesiastes, v. 9.)

The census bulletin, No. 18, for Canada, shows in the decade intervening 1881 and 1891, a great decrease in agricultural pursuits. In 1881, the number of farmers and farmers' sons engaged in cultivation of the soil, was 656,712, and in 1891 the number was only 649,506, a decrease in ten years of 7,206. At the same time the population of the Dominion increased from 4,324,810 to 4,829,411, an increase of over 11½ per cent.

The new Provinces of Manitoba, North-West and British Columbia

* A paper read before the Toronto Social Problem Conference.

show an increase in the same period of 28,836 engaged in cultivating the soil; but the older Provinces show a decrease of 36,042. In Ontario the decrease was 8,284.

The professional class during this period increased 25 per cent., and the commercial class increased about 40 per cent. Here, then, is certainly one chief cause of our present embarrassment.

Without diminishing the comforts of life, I see no way of giving employment to the unemployed except by increasing the number of the primary producers. This is the motive power which sets the whole industrial machinery in operation. Every obstacle to the acquisition and cultivation of the land, raising flocks and herds, and increasing primary productions of every kind, ought to be removed by legislative enactment, so that the people may have the fullest opportunity to invest their money and labour in the production of those commodities which create and increase a demand for work, and supply the whole population with the real comforts and necessaries of life. Every facility should be given for the cheapest and readiest distribution of the commodities produced. The cost of carriage should be minimized. As far as possible, trade should be kept out of the hands of middlemen. The real object of trade is not to enrich the few, but to give the many the opportunity of obtaining goods at the lowest cost. Government should be run on the most economic principles. It should impose the minimum of taxes upon subjects. It should so arrange the incidence of taxation that it will fall as evenly as possibly upon all classes in proportion to their means.

Another thing of vast and vital importance is the wise employment of labour. All non-productive labour should be abandoned. It is no better than idleness. It would be folly to employ men to carry barrels of sand uphill for the sake of rolling them down. If the same men were employed to mix the sand with lime to make mortar for the construction of a house, this would create the need for other workmen—masons, carpenters, etc.—and provide someone with a comfortable dwelling. Wisely directed labour creates the demand for more labour. Work spent on what is worthless or injurious gives no stimulus to industry, while it deteriorates manhood and womanhood and leaves them less capacitated to meet the duties and responsibilities devolving upon them. For this reason I hold that the whole liquor business from beginning to end is not only useless, but pernicious. It blights industry and impoverishes the nation. It creates idleness, diverts money into non-productive channels, and brings about stagnation in useful lines of industry. Labour rightly directed increases the demand for labour, but worthlessly or injuriously directed, cripples and destroys profitable industry.

We must guard against two evils. First, some people say they have a right to be provided with work, no matter where they may choose to go. No one has any such right. Workmen should go where they are needed, and where their work will contribute to the requirements of the community as well as to their own necessities. Secondly, some people say they have a right to be provided with the kind of work they prefer, but certainly this is not true, unless they prefer the kind of work the needs and well-being of society demand.

Change in customs, habits and fashions may diminish the demand in one direction and increase it in another.

Common sense, then, dictates that industry should be diverted from the one line and employed in the other. It is a prominent theory of some distinguished political economists and social reformers that labour, and nothing else, produces wealth. This is not true. Labour, to produce wealth, must be employed wisely and in the most needed direction. Labour and natural resources, brought into proper and intelligent relations, produce wealth. Labour may exhaust itself upon rocky lands, fishless waters, unre-

munerative mines, etc., and utterly fail in producing wealth. Ignorant labour in a thousand ways detracts from wealth rather than augmenting its volume. Skilful labour, spent upon fruitful soil, fish-abounding waters, rich mines and useful inventions, will produce wealth. Labour spent upon the production of what has no intrinsic value, on what weakens or degrades man or renders him incapable of the continued and successful use of his energies, does not produce wealth. All the labour spent on the production of opium, tobacco, liquor, gambling dens and such like, tends to poverty rather than wealth.

To give employment to the unemployed we recommend as follows: 1. Increase the number of primary productions—growing 1,000,000 more bushels of grain—and by so doing you set to work husbandmen to cultivate the soil, mechanics to construct barns, mills, and woodmen to provide the lumber, machinists to construct the necessary machinery, grain merchants, bakers and grocers, and you feed thousands who are starving. Raise 1,000,000 more sheep, and you will give employment to shepherds, traders, butchers, wool dealers, manufacturers, merchants and tailors, and provide clothing for the backs of hundreds who are now in rags.

2. To increase the primary producers, let the Government offer the largest inducements and facilities to those who will enter into this department of labour. One of its chief functions at the present time is to bring the unemployed into a proper relation to the undeveloped resources of the country. If it is incapable to perform this duty, it should immediately transfer its functions to more competent brains.

3. To increase the primary producers, capital should co-operate with the State in offering every possible advantage to this department of industry. Capital is too often misdirected. It ought to be so used that it will stimulate all departments of useful industry, and thereby increase, and bestow lasting benefits upon society.

4. Reduce the cost of production by the most extensive use of the best machinery. Increase the quantity of needed and useful production. In this way you augment the wealth of the nation, the comforts of the people, and give impetus to trade. The volume of trade must enlarge in proportion to the extent of useful productions, so that whatever tends to the development of wealth or the increase of commodities, will correspondingly augment the demand for labour, and increase its reward. Facts show that one individual with the appliances of science and machinery will, on an average, produce as much and as many commodities as will comfortably sustain eight or ten people. Labour wisely directed and its results rightly used will preclude poverty and evolve a rapid and prodigious accumulation of wealth.

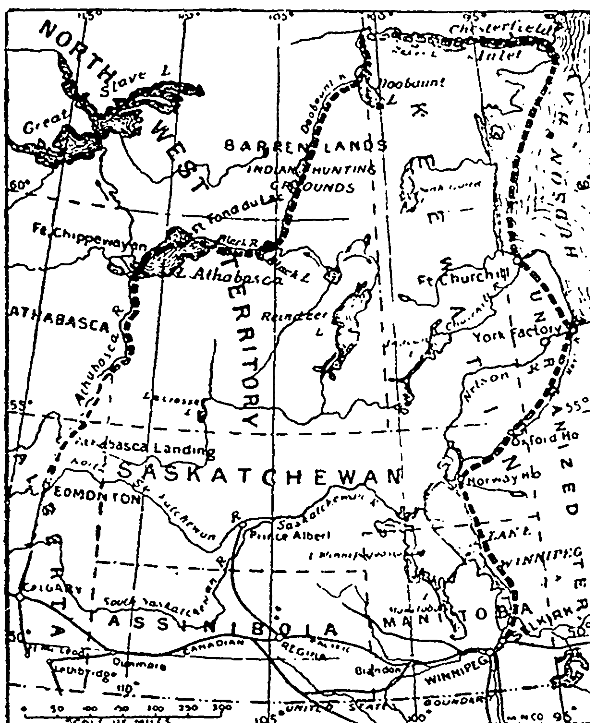
"BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD."

FATHER, I will be still, for Thou art God;
Thou art exalted over all the earth,
And throned supreme in heaven—yet drawest near,
A very *present* help in time of trouble.
Thou, Who dost watch with tender, pitying eye
The tiny sparrow's fall, canst never fail
To answer when Thy feeblest children cry.
Thou dost pass with them through affliction's sea
And smite for them its waves. And when, at times,
The darkness seems to deepen, it is but
The shadow of Thy hand of love and might
Stretched out for their defence.

TORONTO. AMY PARKINSON.

THE TYRRELL EXPLORATION OF THE TERRITORY WEST OF HUDSON'S BAY.

THE Messrs. Tyrrell, of all the exploratory staff, are most the talk of the Dominion at the present. It was left to the Tyrrell brothers to inaugurate a purely Canadian expedition and to bring it to a most satisfactory close. The chief of the party was Mr. Joseph B. Tyrrell, geologist, and a Toronto University graduate. His brother, Mr. James W. Tyrrell, surveyor, acted as geographer. They are young men of honored Methodist parentage.



MAP SHOWING TERRITORY AND ROUTE OF JOURNEY.

Although still a young man, Joseph Tyrrell has seen eleven years of this sort of service, having covered the country from Lake Winnipeg to the Columbia River, across the Rockies, and from the boundary line as far north as the top of Hudson's Bay; while his brother is known to be no novice, from his having acted as surveyor for Lieutenant Gordon on his recent Hudson's Bay expedition.

When geologist Tyrrell landed in Toronto recently, he was attired in Arctic summer weather habiliments of gaudy scarfs, leggings, moccasins and blanket ulster that made the populace shiver as he navigated toward the up-town residence of his brother, Dr. Tyrrell. He looked the picture of health, and was brown as a nut. All the way up to Dovercourt Road at intervals he found himself breaking into an Indian lope, such was the force of the snow-shoe habit His story will be found of uncommon interest.

"In 1892, when I was exploring

on Lake Athabasca, I sought to obtain from the Indians some idea of the country to the northward, and they told me of two or three routes that they took to their hunting grounds, skirting the Barren Lands. They knew on the other side of the divide rivers had sources, but had no idea where they flowed to. The Barren Lands had long been a district of mystery to the Government, known only to Indians themselves in a sort of legendary way, and the department at Ottawa to whom I reported resolved to explore the country between the Athabasca and Mackenzie River basins and Hudson's Bay, and to determine whether or not the vast area of 200,000 acres could claim richness in fur-bearing animals or minerals. I was put in charge, and when on May 26 we assembled at Edmonton, our party consisted of myself and brother, three Prince Albert Indians and three Caughnawaga Iroquois. The Indians from Montreal were taken because of their adroitness in canoe work, and I don't think a better steersman exists in the world to-day than Peter French, who handled my canoe. It was he who got himself into the papers a few years ago for running the Lachine Rapids on Christmas Day, out of sheer bravado.

"From Edmonton in waggons we drove our two Peterboro' canoes, each with carrying capacity of 1,800 pounds, to Athabasca Landing. At Fort Chippewayan or Chipwyn we gathered supplies, in weight about 2,000 pounds, and possessing ourselves of a third canoe used in a former expedition, we set forth eastward, making as we went a survey of the north shore of Lake Athabasca. The last place that Indians were encountered was at Fort Fond du Lac, half-way along the shore.

"This was formerly an important Hudson's Bay post, built to gather reindeer meat for their Mackenzie River forts, but now abandoned save for the presence of a few Indians in the vicinity. In a box consigned to Fort Chypwyn left in June with some of the latter was a letter, that the Ontario papers published in October, making mention of a native guide secured to take us up to the Barren Grounds.

"From the end of Lake Athabasca, without guide or maps, we struck north-easterly on one of the routes I had heard of in 1892, ascending Black River into Black Lake and arriving at the southerly edge of the Indian hunting ground by the beginning of July. Still in the same direction our course lay up a small river, where portages were frequently resorted to to overcome rapids and falls, until we gained a large lake. Pushing on from its northern extremity we traversed a mile or so of swale, to come upon another lake of considerable size which lies about the centre of the hunting grounds. The outlet to this was, after tedious search, discovered on the north side; being, in fact, the mysterious river spoken of by the Athabasca Indians. We began the descent, knowing not whether it had outlet in the Arctic Ocean or Hudson's Bay, although we fondly hoped the latter. This river throughout its length we found to be lacustrine, and much time was lost by this, as it was ever difficult to pick out the particular arm of each successive lake that gave egress to the river. Between these widenings out invariably occurred rapids, both lengthy and rapid, but the dexterity of our Caughnawaga steersman brought us safely through all but an occasional stiff one that necessitated a portage.

"In August we came to a lake, which must be the Lake Dubaunt or Doobaunt so variously located on the maps. Although in midsummer, ice seven feet thick covered it, except close to shore, where, in a narrow channel, for 100 miles we paddled our way around in full view of the hillsides that were still covered with snow.

"From this time we were on the lookout for Chesterfield Inlet, as our observations for latitude and longitude helped us to a good idea of whither the river was bearing us, and about Septen ber 1st we reached the inlet's western extremity. We had with us some rough plans dating from the time when, in the

middle of last century, expeditions were searching for a north-west passage to China, and now we made use of them, correcting by survey their many inaccuracies. In size this long river can best be compared, among American rivers, to the Ohio. On the 10th we drew up our canoes on the inhospitable shores of Hudson's Bay; certainly the first white men to cross the 850 miles intervening between the great inland sea and the Mackenzie and Athabasca basins, and as no record exists of an Indian having done it, most likely our voyage was through country never before traversed by man."

The explorer was asked concerning the physical aspect of this hitherto unknown territory. Said Mr. Tyrrell: "I may liken it to the prairie in a measure. It is a rugged, rolling tract of land, speckled over with swamps and occasionally rocky hills. In the whole Barren Lands there isn't wood enough to make a boot peg of, so that, though we were often wet, the luxury of a fire was impossible, and such game as we shot had to be devoured raw. My brother is taking down to Prof. Macoun at Ottawa a collection of flora, the more valuable as it is the first from the Barren Lands. We would often come to a stretch strongly reminiscent of the North-west prairies from its thick covering of low-growing flowers; and as a rule the ground is grassy.

"The lakes abound with fish, mostly trout and white fish; but here, except for the reindeer, appearances of animal life stop short.

"No birds; no wild fowl, save one or two solitary white partridges—brown at that season; no musk ox, although their presence might be expected; a few scattered white wolves, that is all, if you except the reindeer. And the big antlered fellows roam supreme in the Barren Lands. Once we saw a herd that fairly hid the earth for a whole three miles; and at the smallest possible calculation there could not have been less than several hundred thousand, feeding there on the damp grass. Only for the deer the party's larder would have failed entirely, as the dried meat constituted the principal diet.

"When we reached Hudson's Bay we had left only ten days' provisions after crossing this 'great lone wilderness,' but stayed round the mouth of the inlet for two weeks completing the surveys and observations We left in the middle of September, just as the ice was beginning to form, and started by canoe on the 500-mile voyage southward to Fort Churchill, surveying the coast as we went. We soon discovered we had fared remarkably well on our overland trip in comparison with this progress in frail canoes on the high seas. Equinoctial gales and head winds prolonged our trip to one of forty days' length, At first continued cold, driving rains brought us misery, and until the frost grew intense we had to sleep every night in our suits of reindeer fur and rabbit-skin blankets, both wet. Although we landed at night time for a camp, it brought no relief, for within 400 miles there was not one stick of wood, and over everything lay eighteen inches of snow. Our provisions had long since given out and there were days when we lacked one bite to eat; on several others we managed to shoot two or three *ptarmigan*, or a like number of ground squirrels, but divided among eight, to be devoured raw, that could not be called fare any too ample. Sometimes our guns brought down a sea duck, when we got well off the coast, as in crossing deep bays, but they were poor substitutes for the shore duck that had all flown south. One lucky cartridge brought a polar bear into our clutches; he was devoured to the bones and skin.

"At one time we were two days on the sea at a time. To tell how it happened, I must explain that the tides were a source of perpetual annoyance and danger, rising from fourteen to eighteen feet. When the tide is out it leaves along the bleak and slightly elevated shore a belt of from four to five miles of shallows, dotted closely with massive boulders. To land in safety you thus have to pick your time when

the tide is at the highest point; and on the occasion mentioned it was midnight, and snowing into the bargain. At another time we were unable to put to sea for five days.

"By October 16, we were still thirty miles from Churchill Factory's pretentious array of seven or eight houses, but the ice was forming so fast that progress by canoe was impossible. Everyone in the party was very weak from hunger and exposure, but I sent the two strongest Indians on foot south for dog teams. They succeeded in hiring four, and also brought back much needed supplies, so that at length we got our canoes to Churchill in safety, the people being greatly surprised at seeing white men come from higher latitudes than even they inhabit. Here, because the river was not frozen, we had to delay two weeks, although part of this time we were glad of it. My strength gave way a short distance from the factory, I having to be carried in, and the condition of the rest was almost as deplorable from the trials of that trip down the bay. The legs and arms of everyone in the party, shortly after getting there, swelled to over twice the natural size; but the kind attention received soon put us right again.

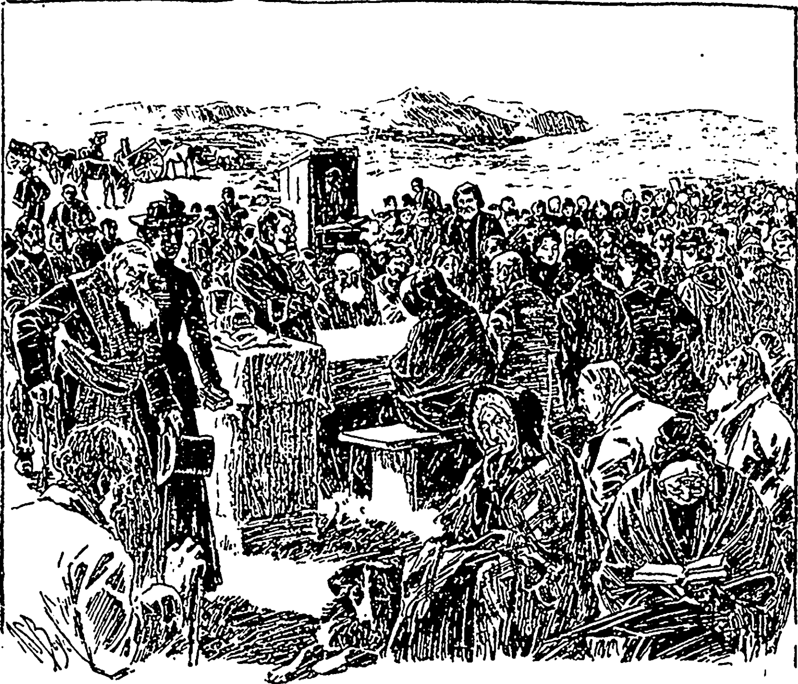
"With one dog team we started for York Factory on November 6th, reaching the Nelson River in a week, but as it was full of floating ice, and we could neither ferry it nor cross on foot, another delay of ten days had to be submitted to, although we were just able to exist on the small game we could shoot. Finally, we crossed in a boat and were warmly welcomed by Dr. Milne, the chief officer at Fort York. On December 7th, we reached Oxford House, 250 miles further in a south-easterly direction, having employed ten days in the walk on snow-shoes alongside the dog team, and, after waiting there a few days for another dog team, we set out for Norway House, and arrived on December 20th. Here with no trouble we secured four dog teams and made the 350 mile trip to Selkirk in the short space of ten days. This long snow-shoe tramp from Churchill to Norway House made a total of about 600 miles, which is in itself quite a feat, considering that all the time the thermometer lingered about forty below zero mark. We passed the nights under the open sky, going to sleep beside a fire that generally died before midnight; and our covering consisted of Esquimaux clothing and blankets made of rabbit skin. Yet we felt the cold very little and certainly it was an improvement on the coasting voyage, for I myself had already gained forty pounds in weight since leaving Churchill. Concerning the latter I may say that our survey will completely change the shape of the Hudson's Bay shore, as we are the first ever to come down the coast in canoes, and existing maps rely only on the few observations of sailing vessels that have taken a 'sight,' here and there, when lying-to from ten to twenty miles away from the shore.

"As regards the main objects of the expedition it was entirely successful: we have proved that, but for but what minerals may be found among the very varied rocks of the Barren Lands, it is of small value."

Thus ends the history of the longest trip through entirely unknown portions of the continent undertaken since Sir John Franklin was engaged in his ill-starred Arctic expeditions. The total mileage by canoe was 2,200, of which 850 was through new country; the total by snow-shoe travel was 650, and by dog sled 350.—*Supplement to Scientific American.*

AFTER the fitful skies of earth,
  The changeless light of heaven:
Of every mystery of life
  God's own solution given.

A HIGHLAND COMMUNION.



A HIGHLAND COMMUNION.

In these days, when the adaptation of art and invention to the needs of Christian worship sometimes robs it of its simplicity and purity, Mr. A. Fraser Robertson's account of "A Highland Communion" reads like a story of the old Covenanters. It was when tramping across the moors of Scotland last summer on a Sunday morning that Mr. Robertson came upon an impressive sight.

He was first attracted toward a brown ridge of moor, purple with heather in early bloom, by the sound of music faintly floating through the air. There, beneath him, on reaching the summit of the hillock, he saw an open-air Highland Communion. On a green plateau, somewhat beneath the level of the moor, they had spread the simple Feast. Nothing more absolutely solitary than the spot chosen could well have been imagined. Save for the whitewashed church, standing at the junction of the cross-roads, distant about a stone's throw, there was hardly a human dwelling in sight. Sloping brown hillocks, forming a sort of natural amphitheatre, rose from the green flat. On the sides of these, and clustering densely about the table, was gathered a congregation numbering something like a thousand souls. Some sat on wooden forms. Here and there appeared a camp-stool, but for the most part they simply squatted on the green grass. It was a picture dear to the Scottish heart, such as has been preserved to us in paintings which yet strive feebly to convey the original. Just so might our fearless Covenanting forefathers have met in fugitive conventicle two hundred years ago, on moor or plain—in dens and caves

of the earth—liable at any moment to the rude interruption of their persecutors.

The central feature of the picture was a long, white-covered table, with wooden forms running down each side. At one end of this, placed at right-angles to it, stood a rough wooden cupboard, on which were placed two pewter cups and a plate holding the sacred elements. A rude covered box, open at one side, did duty as a shelter for the various speakers. Such were all the simple preparations. Round about the table, in a dense semicircle, sat the people There were old and young, hale and feeble. But for the most part they were old—old women with black shawls and black bonnets and neat white lappets, shading wrinkled, weatherbeaten faces and dark, earnest eyes; old men with bared heads and floating white hair, bent shoulders and uncertain step. Some of the frailest had literally to be helped to the table, and tottered as they walked. But, to them, their very feebleness was the strongest plea for their being there. The nearer they found themselves to the end of life's appointed span, the more urgent seemed to them the call to the Sacrament. Not a few of these old bodies had been jolted in carts over rough roads for distances of ten and fifteen miles. One shuddered to think how the feeble frames must have suffered had it been cold or inclement weather. But the day was mercifully fine, neither too powerful sunshine nor wind. There were patches of brilliant colour made here and there by tartan plaids and shawls and coloured wrappings, and on every face was an expression of profound reverence.

About fifty sat down to the table at a time. Then the elders moved down each side collecting the "tokens." The minister came out of the extemporized pulpit and said a few words in Gaelic, placing the elements on the table, and these were passed slowly down from top to bottom.

During the actual Communion the minister stood forward, and, with uncovered head, addressed the people. He had abundant gesture and a sing-song, rather monotonous voice, but he spoke well out. His attitude seemed to me, perhaps, denunciatory rather than conciliatory. It may have been that, in his opening remarks, he was following the ancient Scottish custom of "fencing the tables" But looking round on the upturned, earnest faces, one was fain to hope that he was imparting to these poor souls—many of them evidently weary and heavy-laden—something of the love of the Gospel rather than of the rigour of the Law. When the minister had spoken for about fifteen minutes, he gave out the Psalm. An old precentor, with gray, uncovered head, stepped forward and chanted the first line, after which the people took it up and repeated it. It is almost impossible to convey the effect produced. No one who has not heard it for himself can hope to realize it—the inexpressible thrill that ran through one as the wild, plaintive melody rose and fell on the air. There was the thin, pathetic quaver of age, dragging behind here and there. Then a man's deep, mellow bass, and mingling with these the clear, carolling note of some young girl rising easily on the still air. Again, a line by the precentor alone, and again the united voice of the congregation in the old Scottish tunes dear to the Scottish heart. The effect upon the earnest listener was little short of overpowering.—*The Literary Digest.*

"I MAY not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight,
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;
But I can trust.

"I have no power to look across the tide,
To know, while here, the land beyond the river,
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;
So I can trust."

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

THE death of Louis Kossuth at his home in Turin, Italy, ends one of the most picturesque and interesting careers of the century in Europe; for Kossuth, although so long removed from active participation in public affairs, has been a figure of world-wide interest for at least forty years. Born in Hungary on the 27th of April, 1802, of a family of Slavonic origin, of noble blood, and of the Lutheran faith, Louis Kossuth received a liberal education, and imbibed liberal principles at the same time. He began active life as a lawyer, and his remarkable talents immediately attracted attention, for he was not only at the start a speaker of great eloquence and persuasive power, but a man of notable executive ability, a thorough student of history, and a linguist of rare accomplishments, with a personality of winning attractiveness and charm. At the age of twenty-seven he entered the National Diet as the proxy of a member of the Upper House, and attracted notice at once. After the close of the Diet the enthusiastic reformer undertook to publish a lithographed paper in Pesth, but was speedily arrested on a charge of treason, and sentenced to an imprisonment of four years. At the end of a year and a half he was liberated, and, although greatly reduced in physical vigour, attacked the work of reform with renewed enthusiasm as the editor of a semi-weekly newspaper, the *Pesth Journal*. The brilliancy and audacity with which the paper was edited had not a little to do in the success of the Opposition in the elections of 1840.

Seven years later Kossuth entered the Diet to represent Pesth, and became at once the leader of that body. The following year, taking advantage of the revolution in Paris, he proposed an address to the Emperor, urging the recognition of the independence of Hungary as a Federal State. The address was presented, Kossuth was appointed Minister of Finance, and the reform measures for which he had contended were speedily adopted. This, however, was only the beginning of the struggle. It is unnecessary to tell again the disastrous issue of the chivalrous and splendid fight for their liberties made by the Hungarians, or to recall the defeat which was apparently inevitable from the beginning. In that struggle, during which Hungary was driven into rebellion against the King, and became an independent State, with Kossuth as its first President, the reformer and orator showed tireless energy; but the forces against him were too great. In August, 1849, he resigned and fled to Turkey. Two years later he came to America. and the story of the welcome extended to him, and of the fervid and entrancing eloquence with which he pleaded the cause of his country, has become a national tradition. He was pleading, however, for a lost cause, and from the day he fled into Turkey to the day of his death he never again set foot on his native soil.

During this long interval of forty-three years, as teacher, lecturer, and writer, in exile, and under a crushing sense of disappointment, he was bravely fighting for the means of supporting his family. The closing years were spent at Turin, and although the weakness of age came on apace, science,

literature, and education remained the channels for the pouring out of an energy which age itself seemed hardly to diminish. Although no longer a Hungarian citizen, and refusing by word or deed to acknowledge the sovereignty of the reigning house of Austria, or to live in Hungary under its domination, Kossuth's patriotism burned with undiminished fervour to the end. Kossuth was remarkable in many ways, and, although so long out of the European strife, he has never been forgotten by the world at large. He combined in rare degree the lyrical temperament with executive capacity and great force of character. In the minds of most Hungarian Liberals, his position of late years was a mistake, and Hungary has fared better under the rule of the Emperor Joseph as a Federal State, with her own Parliament and with practical independence of action, than if she had secured her entire independence from Austria. Indeed, in view of the situation in Central Europe, it is hard to see how she could have maintained that independence. But, whether mistaken or not, Kossuth's unflinching adherence to the line of policy he had marked out, and his absolute refusal to compromise in any form with the existing order of things, make him a very striking figure. He was one of the few men of the century who, having identified themselves with an ideal, lived and died in unswerving loyalty to it. Such a man may be mistaken as a practical politician, but the fact that Kossuth bound himself for life and death to the principle of national liberty gives his life a heroic tinge, and will preserve the memory of his name long after the tradition of his eloquence has perished.

The following is a specimen of his patriotic eloquence.

"O country of my birth, how I love thee! My nation, how proud I am of thee! The more I have seen the world, the more I love and esteem the people of my native land. . . . There is no family nobler than that of man, equal in destiny, duties and national rights, and to do one's duty is no matter for pride. My pride is to be a Hungarian. I say pride, sir, because I know of no people like mine, though I have seen many of them. . . . I know of bigotry, fanaticism, intolerance, exclusiveness or indifference in other countries, but I know of no nation but the Hungarian —the essential character of which is respect for the freedom of conscience unbiassed by any partial consideration. I know of no nation, the social character of which is formed to an equal degree by the rule: 'Don't pretend to stand up between God and my conscience. Adore Him as thy conscience advise thee, I will support thy right to do so—support thou my right to do the same, and let not the difference in our dogmas interfere with our fraternal affections and social regards.' Such is my nation. . . . Such is the people of my native land. Show me another alike on earth! You may imagine how I must love *this my* people. You may guess the pang I must feel at knowing this my people downtrodden, oppressed; you may guess what to a Hungarian it must be to be an exile, and you will not grudge to the exile the consolation of exulting in the merits and the worth, not of himself, but of his people."

ARE shadows falling? There is light above.
Do storms descend? The sun will smile again.
And so I recognize the hand of Love
That guides me gently through a life of pain.

'Tis not all darkness. Some soft golden rays
Have shed their radiance o'er my darkened life;
And though I wander now through troubled ways,
Their memory comes like blessing after strife.

God has been good to me. I cannot ask
For richer mercies than His love has given,
Until my soul is freed, and I shall bask
In the broad sunshine of His perfect heaven.

THE MISSION OF METHODISM.

METHODISM is a renewal of Pentecost. The one day is extended over a hundred years. In each there was a sound from heaven, an atmospheric movement, through all the house; in each the recipient people were filled with the Spirit and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. The field of the new movement is broadened to include the English-speaking world. In its essence and main significance Methodism is a spirit, a life, a renewal of the image of God in the souls of men. The spring burst forth where one would have least anticipated—in the sere and dry field of English Christendom. In the whole field of British Protestantism the driest spot was in the Established Church, where there were few signs of spiritual vitality. But in this desert, encrusted by form, ceremony, dogma and worldliness, a spring of fresh life burst forth in streams and pools of water. But, while within the area of the Church, Methodism was not of it. The one was a form, the other a life which could not be compressed into the effete moulds of an earlier time.

Methodism has been a continuous revival, the Pentecost being extended and renewed day by day through the course of a century. As a new life, the law of its being is action, movement, the extension of its life to other individuals and communities. A formal or dogmatic Church may remain quiescent; the forms and dogmas may be packed away in prayer-books or creeds to keep for a century without essential damage; but for a living and experimental Christianity to cease action, is stagnation and death. The stream is pure and vital only so long as it continues to flow. For a hundred years Methodism has obeyed the primary law of action. It has been an aggressive, a conquering, a moulding force operating in the spiritual realm. The Methodist preachers have been a band of revivalists, going forth in every direction to secure captures from the ranks of the enemy. The secret of their success has often been sought; the secret is not difficult to find: the life within has been operative, pressing to ever new conquests. The business of a preacher was at the first to save souls; the business of a preacher now is, not to preach so many sermons, attend so many social services, but to save as many souls as possible.

The time demands renewed and persistent efforts by the ministry and Church to extend the kingdom of God. The fathers found a great field in America—a new population, extending into the great West where religion was either wanting or appeared in a decayed form. The fathers had no field so great and white to the harvest as our own. The decayed Christendom of the Old World is brought to our own doors in huge fragments of Christian heathenism, spiritually dead and dangerous to the community. The fathers found a dead Protestantism; we find a dead Romanism, buried by invocations of Saints and the Virgin Mary and with genuflections and ceremonies. The problem, how to make these dry bones live, is more difficult of solution than anything given to the past generation. The problem is massive as well as difficult. At the same time steam and electricity have changed nearly all the conditions of the social world. Society is being remoulded, and there is danger of its being remoulded along secular lines. There was never more imminent need of a present and operative spiritual religion.

The solution of all these problems now brought to us for consideration and treatment, is found in the creation of a spiritual life among these people. Get them thoroughly saved and all the ugly questions about labor, capital and society will solve themselves. No Church, so well as the Methodist, can handle this question. She has back of her the experience of a hundred years in saving men. The revival work must be continued with renewed vigour.

Put the Church itself in the best condition, and get the people at work for immediate results. What we want, above all, is a great and glorious revival of the work of God through the whole land. This would renew the face of society and make glad the people of the whole republic. Brother, put yourself in trim, and give the trumpet a fresh and louder blast! We may have to march seven times about the walls of this modern Jerico; but God has given us the task of blowing the trumpet at the final overthrow.—*Zion's Herald.*

MAKING A DICTIONARY.*

Few people have any conception of the cost and labour of producing a great dictionary such as the volume under review. For nearly five years this work has been in progress, and there have been engaged in its production two hundred and forty office editors and specialists, nearly five hundred readers for quotations, who have read 100,000 volumes from Chaucer's time to the present, and some hundreds of others who have rendered effective service in this work. Before the first volume was issued half a million dollars had been expended, and about half a million more will be required before the completion of the work. It is the most full and comprehensive dictionary of the English language. Under the letter "*a*" Johnson's dictionary had 2886 words, Worcester's 6,983, Webster's International 8,858, the Century 15,621, the Standard Dictionary 19,736. For the entire alphabet Johnson's had 45,000 words, Worcester's 105,000, Webster's International 125,000, The Century 225,000, The Standard, nearly 300,000.

Any language, the English language especially, is a record of growth. New words are continually being coined. Many thousand words are for the first time admitted into this dictionary which are found in no others. Among these are such words as criminology, delsartian, electrocute, kodak, linotype and the like.

In most dictionaries the chronological order of development in meaning is followed, but words often depart so widely from their original meanings that one has to read a number of obsolete meanings before arriving at the correct one. In the Standard this order is reversed, the prevalent meaning being given first. An advisory committee of fifty philologists in American, English and Canadian universities have assisted Professor March in this important department. The tendency to a simpler form of spelling is observed by the frequent omission of diphthongs, and many terms in chemistry have been simplified in compliance with the wishes of leading chemical societies. In the definitions special pains has been taken to make the work as thorough as possible and distinctions heretofore overlooked have been made.

The importance of the division of

* *A Standard Dictionary of the English Language*, upon Original Plans, designed to give in Complete and Accurate Statement, in the Light of the Most Recent Advances in Knowledge, and in the Readiest Form for Popular Use, the Meaning, Orthography, Pronunciation and Etymology of all the Words and the Idiomatic Phrases in the Speech and Literature of the English Speaking Peoples. Prepared by more than Two Hundred Specialists and other Scholars under the Supervision of Isaac K. Funk, D.D., Editor in Chief, Francis A. March, LL.D., L.H.D., Consulting Editor, Daniel S. Gregory, D.D., Managing Editor. Associate Editors A. E. Bostwick, Ph.D., John D. Champlain, M.A., Rossiter Johnston, Ph.D., LL.D. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. Pp. 1060. Price, single-volume edition, half russia, $12.00, full russia, $14.00, full morocco, $18.00. Two-volume edition, $15.00, $17.00, $22.00.

labour is shown in this respect, that each set of words has been passed upon by a representative of the science or art, of the handicraft, party or class or religious denomination to which the terms respectively belong. This is on the principle that the people who use a term have the right to say what they mean when they so use it.

In the scientific department trained specialists have been employed who have prepared the definitions of each class. Some of these words, we are informed, have taken weeks of time. In most dictionaries every word begins with a capital, but in the Standard only proper names with their derivatives are printed in capitals, so that one can tell whether it should be so printed or not.

For a clear use of the English language it is important to have a list of synonyms and antonyms. In the Standard these are given with great fulness and nicety of discrimination. By a system of grouping facts concerning classes of words are given with very great fulness. Under "constellation," for instance, Prof. Newcombe gives the names and location of all the constellations. Under the word "coin" a table of six columns is given, together with a full-page plate of remarkable ancient coins, with full page of explanation. This table required nearly a year of time and almost unlimited correspondence to prepare. Under the word "apple" the names and qualities of over three hundred varieties are given. The biographical, geographical and historical names and pseudonyms and the like are very full.

The *pictorial illustrations* are a very important feature. Very many objects can be better understood by a diagram or picture than by a page of description. While a dictionary should not be a mere picture book, yet full use should be made of small, clear cuts to illustrate the text. This has been very fully done in the Standard. These illustrations have been drawn by specialists. The coloured illustrations of birds, gems, flags, solar spectra, etc., are marvels of lithographic art. The page of gems especially surpasses anything we have seen in chromo-lithography. The translucence of the quartz and pearl, the hidden fire of topaz and garnet, and other precious stones are marvellously shown.

The publishers furnish a series of twelve photos, showing the stages through which each page passed, from the receipt of the manuscripts to the final correction of the stereotype plates, which is a surprising revelation of the labour and cost of dictionary-making. The original cost of type-setting in a page of the dictionary is over six dollars, but the average cost of alterations and corrections is over thirty-three dollars, or five times the original cost.

Many of the most scholarly literary experts of the world have given their high commendation, and even their enthusiastic praise, of this work, among them, Prof. Sayce, of Oxford, Prof. Goodell, of Yale, Prof. Skeat, of Cambridge, T. Peaboddy, of Harvard, and many others.

We have just one fault to find with this dictionary—it is so interesting that one can scarce open it to look up a word, but some special feature will catch the eye and arrest the attention till one has examined it. This, we suppose, will wear off with familiarity. We have just one regret—that it was not an English publisher who had the honour to prepare this best English dictionary. By an ingenious mechanical arrangement of lettering, the margin enables us to turn to the words with great facility. Space is economized by using easily understood symbols. Such a book as this quite takes away the meaning of the old saw, "as dry as a dictionary." The book is really one of fascinating interest. We would not mind being shut up in jail with such a book for—well, for a considerable length of time.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

A remarkable fellowship meeting was recently held at Wesley's chapel, City Road, London. Mr. W. R. Stokes, the leader of a large society-class, had given an invitation to a contingent of the Salvation Army to pay a fraternal visit, and so add interest to the meeting. The morning chapel was crowded to the utmost. The Army contingent arrived in marching order with colours flying. A lady captain delivered a stirring address. Similar enthusiastic and warm-hearted meetings are frequently held in this grand old cathedral of Methodism.

It is intended to expend $125,000 for a Central Hall in Clerkenwell, London, which will accommodate 2,500 people, besides having halls for the social work carried on in this mission.

The Queen has been pleased to send $50 towards the expense connected with the West Cowes (Isle of Wight) Wesleyan Chapel and school-room.

Rev. William Arthur, the veteran author of "The Tongue of Fire," is at Cannes, France, and is much improved in health. He devotes his leisure to literary work and takes the deepest interest in all matters affecting the work of Christ.

Some contend that Methodist union in South Australia will not be complete unless it includes the Salvation Army, but the Army is not yet ripe for the union as the Methodist bodies are. There has been a great Union demonstration at Adelaide, in which Chief Justice Way and many others took part. The views of some Wesleyans on the pastorate are regarded as unfavourable, but on the whole it is evident that the Union sentiment is increasing.

It has been stated that "it was the sight of the apostolic face of John Wesley that awakened in the philanthropic Howard the burning desire to reform the prisons of Europe."

Hull Methodists have held Poor People's Bazaars, and on five mornings each week are supplying free breakfasts to four hundred children, and giving good soup to two hundred families. The senior classes in Coleman Street Sunday-school gave meals to 1,200 poor children, and Scott Street school gave breakfast to about two thousand children.

The many friends of the Rev. Dr. Stephenson, will regret to learn that in consequence of failing health he has been compelled to resign the chairmanship of his district—London First.

The scheme proposed by Dr. Rigg for grouping English districts and appointing General Superintendents over them is meeting with great opposition.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Revivals are progressing in the West and South-west. In 177 counties of Missouri, Illinois, Kansas, Arkansas, and Texas, 54,000 converts are reported, of whom 49,000 have been received into evangelical churches.

The Jan Huss Bohemian Church was recently dedicated at Chicago. This is the first church ever erected for Methodist Bohemian services.

Chicago has 626 churches of all denominations. Of these the Methodists have 105 churches and missions. The Roman Catholics 101, the Congregationalists 84, the Baptists 72,

the Lutherans 64, the Presbyterians 56, the Episcopalians 44.

An Italian paper has been started in the interest of the Methodist Italians in New Orleans. This is the only Italian Methodist paper published in America.

When Bishop Thoburn reported, at Northfield, the evangelistic work carried on under his supervision in India, Mr. Moody gave, or collected, enough to employ one hundred teacher-preachers, and in one year 1,400 converts were reported as the results of their work.

The sales of the New York Book Concern last year were $930,868.37. Yet the western concern leads the eastern, its sales amounting to $1,046,298.30. It is a remarkable showing all round.

A lady in New York has presented Bishop Hurst, for the American University, at Washington, $100,750 in cash. It is understood that this is an endowment for the chair of History, which is the first department contemplated by the trustees of the University. A few days ago a gift of equal value was contributed by an Ohio gentleman.

The Week of Prayer was observed in Japan. Several denominations united. The Methodist Episcopal church in Tokyo, the largest in the city was crowded. Many were converted. Rev. D. S. Spencer writes, "that the interest is on the increase; many never before saw such a sight. Buddhist priests come in, sit quietly and listen, seem confused, and then quietly withdraw. The indications are of an awakening on a grand scale."

Methodist New Connexion.

Preparations are being made to celebrate the centenary of the Connexion in 1896. Thirty ministers and an equal number of laymen, recently met in Manchester to prepare a programme. The services will commence at the Conference of 1896 and end with that of 1897.

Some hope that the minimum sum aimed at will be £60,000, or $300,000. The objects for which the money is to be raised will be, relief and extension efforts, and increased aid to the connexional funds. The mission debt will be paid in full. Provision will also be made to aid local preachers.

The Home Mission income has increased during the last two years about $1,285.

The medical work of Dr. Marshall in China is becoming widely extended. Last year there were 4,889 patients, but this year 7,157 persons have been assisted.

The Vicar of All Saints' church, Sheffield, assisted at the Anniversary of Andover Street chapel, when $2,500 was raised for the reduction of the debt.

Primitive Methodist.

Mr. John Hurst, of Lydhurst Villa, has promised $15,000 towards the debt on Flottergate church, Grimsby.

The splendid music-hall at Chester has been secured for the meeting of Conference next June.

A new church has been built at Newington, London, costing $20,000. Philip Street church recently raised $5,650 and cleared the building of debt.

The college at Manchester is soon to be enlarged at an expense of at least $30,000.

Bible Christian.

The Thorne Memorial church, at Barnstaple, was recently enlarged and beautified, and now has been further improved by the introduction of a heating apparatus.

A mission was recently conducted at Jersey, by Miss Costin, and was eminently successful. Whole families were converted, and the character of many homes have been entirely changed. The total additions exceed two hundred.

Intelligence come from China of the baptism of the first two converts that ever took place in the city of Chao-Tong. At the close of the service an enthusiastic Chinaman prayed: "There are two this time; O Lord, let there be two hundred next."

The Girls' College, at Edgehill, Bideford, has raised $200 for the Chinese Mission.

A new mission hall has been erected at Cardiff, to accommodate three hundred persons and has cost $2,500.

The portraits of three Bible Christian mayors appear in the February *Magazine*.

The Methodist Church.

Since the Rev. B. Fay Mills closed his services in Montreal, the ministers in the various churches have carried on the good work. At the East-End Methodist Church, the pastor, Rev. F. McAmmond, has been assisted by two lady evangelists, Misses Birdsell and Mason. Much spiritual power has been felt.

The Rev. W. I. Shaw, LL.D., has been appointed successor to the Rev. Dr. Douglas, Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, and the Rev. J. C. Antliff, D.D., has been appointed a member of the professoriate—two admirable appointments.

Dr. Sutherland, General Missionary Secretary, attended the Student Volunteer Missionary Convention in Detroit. Over 1,200 student delegates were present. The sessions were marked by the presence and power of the Holy Ghost.

A letter from Rev. John Semmens, Manitoba Conference, states that the people of Island Lake country have been waiting for a missionary since 1845. They have proved their faith by erecting a church with their own hands. Surely such people deserve a missionary.

A letter from one of our missionaries in China contains this sentence, which should cause a feeling of shame to every reader. "The Inquisition and the bull-fights of Spain have not caused one-hundredth part of the woe, or hunger, or death, that England's opium policy has caused in China."

Miss Hart, a returned missionary from British Columbia, received a most cordial welcome to her home in Nova Scotia. She gave an interesting account of her work during the years she spent among the Indians. At a recent revival every girl in the Home was converted. The missionaries experienced many obstacles from the atrocious vices of the white people. We are the more pleased to record the success of Miss Hart as she is the daughter of a sainted minister.

Her sister, also, is engaged in mission work in Japan, and her brother is a member of Nova Scotia conference, while another sister is preparing for mission work by taking a medical course. Thus instead of the fathers are the children.

Bishop Haygood recently preached in one of the churches in Atlanta, Ga. He was sexton in the said church thirty years before.

Items.

In less than five years the work which rendered Henry Martyn immortal was done. He went to India in 1805, and in 1810 he left that country for Persia, whence he was journeying home to England in 1812 when death overtook him at Tokat. In this brief interval he had translated the New Testament into Hindostani, Hindi and Persian, the Psalms into Persian, the Gospel into Judeo-Persic, and the Prayer-Book into Hindostani. Nor was this all, for in addition he conducted separate services for the English and natives, and was indefatigable in pastoral work, besides holding learned and exhausting discussions with all classes of opponents.

A Moravian colony is likely to be formed in Manitoba; fifteen families will be brought from Russia as a forerunner of 100 families. The expenses of these fifteen families are to be defrayed by the Government. There are about 2,000 Moravians in Russia who are looking for an aslyum in another country.

At least six young men will be wanted in Newfoundland Conference next June. Strong, healthy, earnest, devoted young men, well recommended, will be preferred.

Book Notices.

Marcella. By MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, author of "Robert Elsmere," "History of David Grieve," etc. Two volumes, 12mo. Pp. 447-498. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Toronto News Company, Limited, and William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

This maturest work of Mrs. Humphrey Ward will deservedly attract a great deal of attention. It is a book of strong moral purpose. The story is merely the vehicle for conveying her views on the pressing social problems of the times. Mrs. Ward is not the sort of writer who turns off three volumes a year. This book is the result of three years labour, and of much thought and study. While written in beautiful English, and of very great interest simply as a story, its chief value is its earnest discussion of the economic and socialistic topics of the time. It is distinctively an end-of-the-century book.

The enthusiastic young heroine, who is saturated with socialistic ideas and is the heiress of a large fortune, throws herself with intense zeal into social reform in a rural estate, and as a nurse of the sick poor in London. Her youthful ardour is somewhat dampened by the impracticability of the socialistic propaganda. She finds that it is character rather than condition that affects society.

One of her Socialist friends, one of those who had converted her to that belief, said to her:

"You are not a Socialist. Half the things you say, or imply, show it. And we are Socialists."

She hesitated, looking at him steadily.

"No!—so far as Socialism means a political system—the tramping out of private enterprise and competition, and all the rest of it—I find myself slipping away from it more and more. No!—as I go about among these wage-earners, the emphasis—do what I will—comes to lie less and less on possession—more and more on character. I go to two tenements in the same building—one is hell—the other heaven. Why? Both belong to well-paid artisans with equal opportunities. Both, so far as I can see, might have a decent and pleasant life of it. But one is a man—the other, with all his belongings, will soon be a vagabond. That is not all, I know—oh! don't trouble to tell me so!—but it is more than I thought. No!—my sympathies in this district where I work are not so much with Socialists that I know here—saving your presence! but—with the people, for instance, that slave at charity organization! and get all the abuse from all sides."

The book urges, however, the doctrine of social responsibility, and is a "plea for progress upon the basis of character and individual freedom." A piquant interest is lent it from the thinly-veiled disguise of some of the characters. The great Edward Hallin, a zealous philanthropist, is evidently modelled upon the late lamented Arnold Toynbee, the founder of Toynbee Hall in East London, the germ of several kindred institutions for the uplifting of the masses. The *Daily Clarion* is said to be but another name for the *Daily Chronicle*, and a type of the opportunist, not to say venal, press. The "Venturist Society" is another name for the well-known Fabian Society of London. The book is a clever presentation of the different grades and phases of English social life from Lord Maxwell, Aldous Ræburn, the Conservative Under-Secretary, and Wharton, the Radical M.P., down to Jim Hurd, the poacher, and Dynes, the gamekeeper. A beautiful portrait of of Mrs. Ward accompanies the volume.

Cartier to Frontenac. Geographical Discovery in the Interior of North America, in its Historical Relations. 1534-1700. With full Cartographical Illustrations from Contemporary Sources. By JUSTIN WINDSOR. 8vo., pp. viii-379. Gilt top. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $4.50.

The early story of Canada is one of romantic interest. It is a remarkable combination of religious enthusiasm, and of commercial and martial enterprise---of missions, trade and war. The names of Cartier, Roberval, Champlain, La Salle, Joliet, Frontenac and d'Iberville make a galaxy of heroes of whom any country might be proud. The story of the founders and martyrs of the wilderness mission, Breboeuf, Daniel, Lalemant and Jogues, are of tragic and pathetic interest. Nor was woman's gentle presence wanting in this founding of an empire. Madame de la Peltrie, Jeanne Mance and Marguerite Bourgeoys added their piety and heroism to this romantic age. All over this continent, from Cape Breton to the Rocky Mountains, from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, the footprints of the early French explorers may be traced in the names of river, lake and mountain. "Not a cape was turned, not a river was entered," says Bancroft, "but a Jesuit led the way."

It is the story of the first hundred and fifty years of this exploration that is recorded in this handsome volume. Never before has the cartography of the New World in general, and of Canada in particular, been so splendidly illustrated as here.

Scores of fac-similes of ancient maps, and numerous portraits and sketches are reproduced from the writings of Champlain, Hennepin and other contemporary writers. Champlain's sketches of Hochelaga, Fort Onondaga, and Quebec; Hennepin's sketches of Niagara Falls, of the building of the *Griffin*, and many portraits and maps are of exceeding interest. The book is simply indispensable to anyone who would study on the modern scientific method the early history of our country.

The book has scarcely the romantic interest of Parkman's graphic volumes, but it has, we judge, more scientific accuracy. The author has left no source of information unexplored, and with the greatest candour and accuracy presents us the ultimate facts of the case. The publishers have left nothing to be desired in the handsome mechanical execution, illustration, and binding of the volume.

The Birds of Ontario. By THOMAS McILWRAITH. Octavo, pp. 426. Illustrated. Second edition. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

It is good ground for patriotic pride that so admirable a work, at once scientific and popular, on Canadian ornithology, should issue from our Connexional press. The study of bird life, bird structure and bird habits, is one of fascinating interest. We do not wonder that those who have taken it up become, like Wilson, Audubon and McIlwraith, enthusiasts in its study.

Mr. McIlwraith has given in this handsome volume a concise account of every species of bird found in Ontario, 317 in number, with a description of their nests and eggs. He also gives instructions for collecting birds, preparing and preserving skins, and directions as to how to form a collection of eggs. Mr. McIlwraith's eminence in this study has procured him recognition abroad as a member of the American Ornithologist Union. We are glad to see that this book has reached its second edition. It is very handsomely illustrated, and is appropriately dedicated to the Countess of Aberdeen.

Not only does Mr. McIlwraith give the scientific names and classification of our Ontario birds, which are largely those of the whole Dominion, but he also describes in a very fascinating manner their

habitat and the like. A large number of these beautiful illustrations are the work of Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, of Toronto, whose reputation as a painter of birds, we understand, is not surpassed by any living artist.

Like the distinguished Canadian naturalist, Gosse, our author combines thorough scientific accuracy with the taste and polish of a finished writer, and the pages glow with an enthusiasm which the reader is sure to find infectious. Many of us unfortunately go through life with our eyes closed to the wonder-world of beauty, adaptation and marvellous contrivance of bird life. Anything that will remove this ignorance, and awaken an intelligent interest in studies of natural history, will cultivate powers of observation, of scientific accuracy and discrimination, and distinctly add to the sum of human knowledge and enjoyment.

Eager boys and girls, as well as older people, will find in this excellent book an inspiration that may be of life-long advantage. They will be brought nearer to nature's heart, and will find in the familiar scenes about them—most of these observations were made in the vicinity of Hamilton or Toronto—a wonder-world of beauty and enjoyment. The book is excellently indexed and handsomely bound.

The Camisards: a Sequel to "The Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century." By CHARLES TYLOR. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. 460.

No more striking story was ever told than that of the Church in the Desert, the persecuted Camisards of the Cevennes. It is a fitting sequel to the historic record of the early Huguenots. A most vivid reality is given to this record by the personal history of Jean Marteilhe, a galley slave for conscience's sake. The dreadful march across France, the cruel atrocities of the galleys, the patience of the Protestant martyrs and confessors under the sternest persecution, and the final triumph of the faith are like a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles. They are an inspiration to the Church in every age, and should be carefully read by all who would know at what cost have been purchased the rights and liberties of the present day. We shall take opportunity to give a fuller account of this remarkable book. It is illustrated with maps, portraits and historic engravings, two of the most striking being that of the famous Tour de Constance in the South of France, and of the women prisoners in its terrace.

None Like It. A Plea for the Old Sword. By JOSEPH PARKER, author of "Ecce Deus," etc. New York and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, $1.25.

David's exclamation as he grasped the sword of Goliath, "Give me that; there is none like it," furnishes the striking title of Dr. Parker's latest book. The old sword is the Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. The preacher of City Temple is not troubled about the Higher Criticism It awakens no doubt in his mind. The two-edged keenness, the soul-searching power, the mighty victories of the Book of books, are to him proofs of its divine inspiration. "If I had the faintest scruple," he says, "as to estimating the Bible as the Word of God it would be dissolved by the fact that it is constantly seeking me in God's name. It offers me God's love, welcomes me to God's pardon, constrains me to obedience to God's will." This is a robust, manly book. A moral tonic breathes through its pages and dispels the malaria of doubt.