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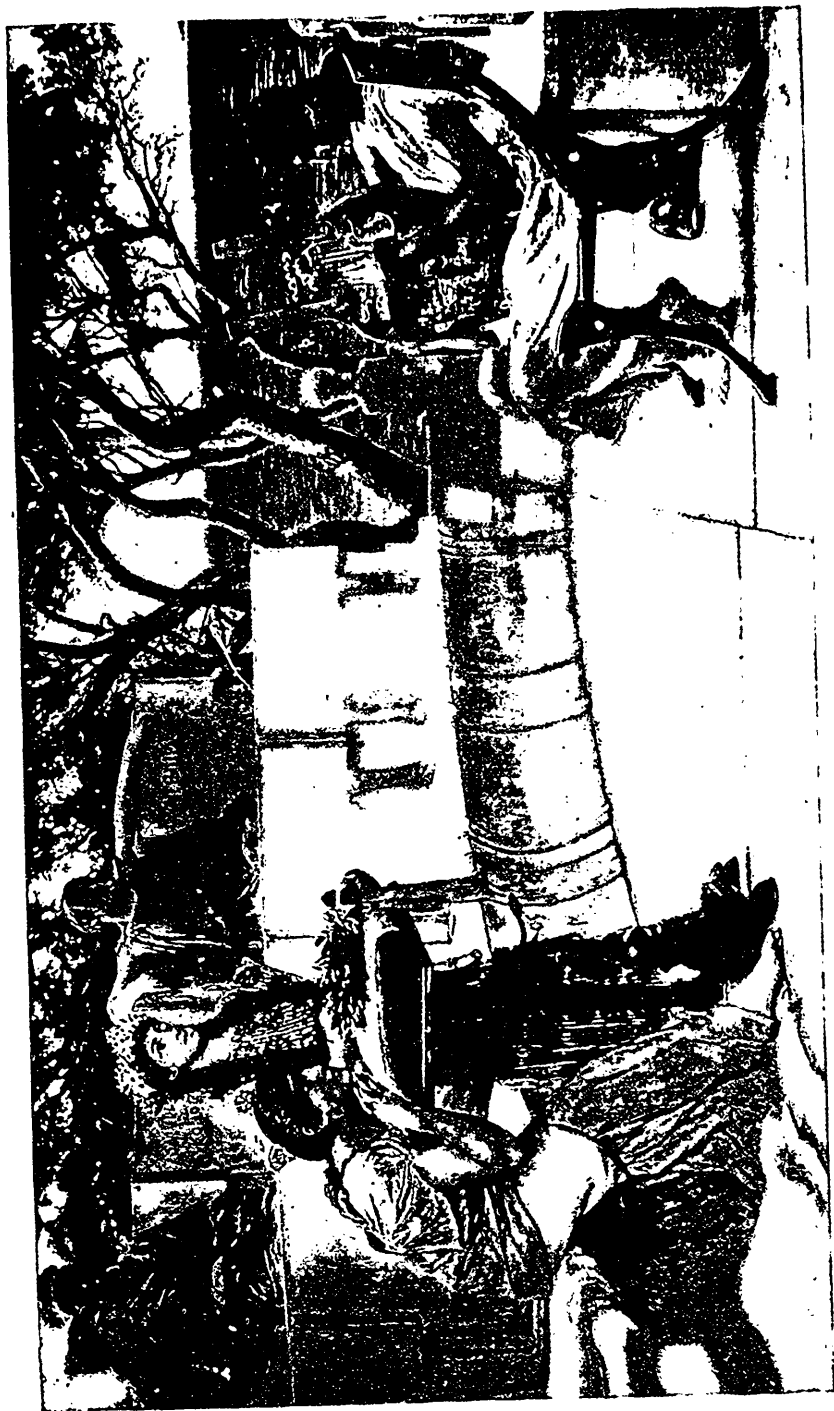
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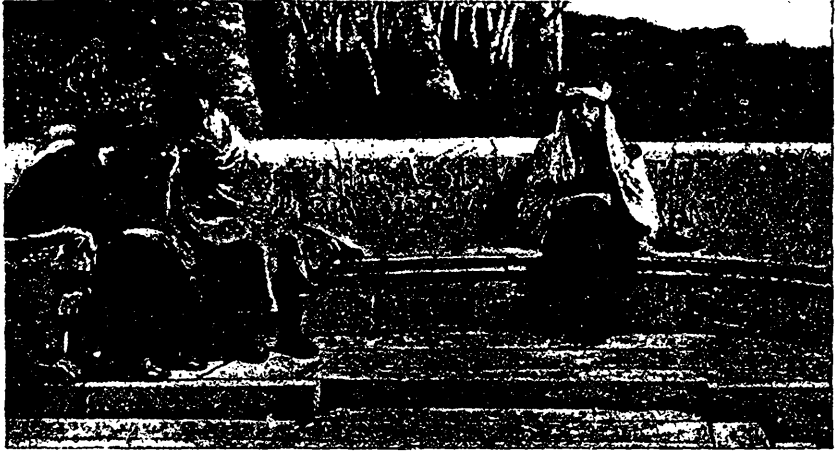
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"SAPPHO." — ALMA-TADEMA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1901.



“LATE.”

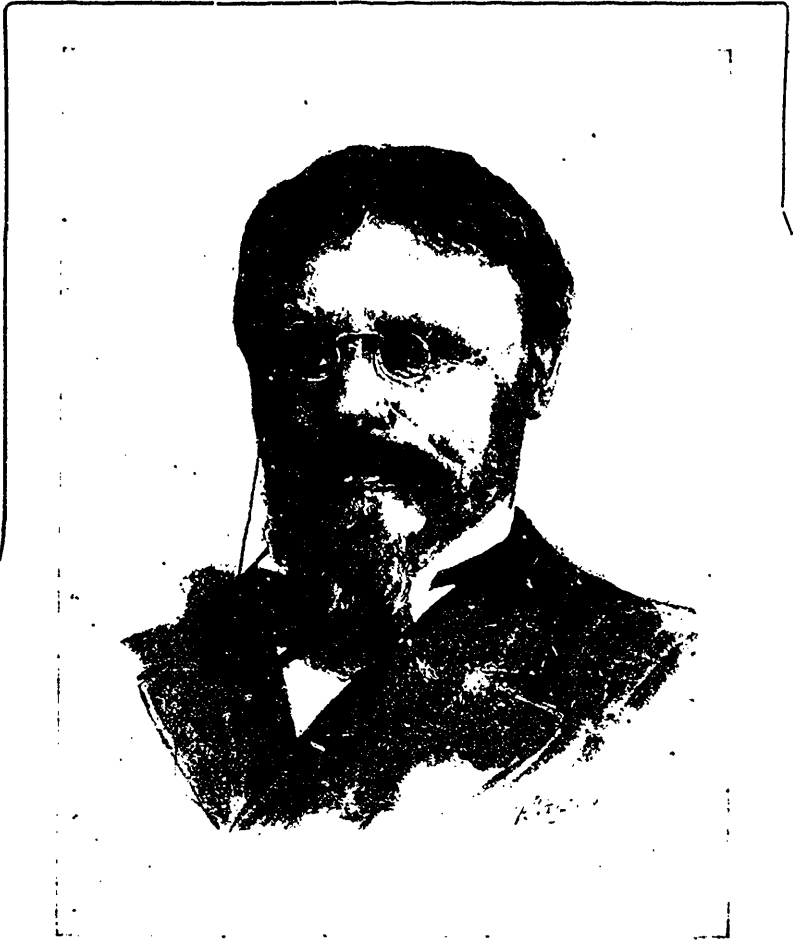
LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

BY BERNARD M'ÉVOY.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA (with the accent on the *Tad*), possesses the robust physical strength and nervous energy which seems to be indispensable, or nearly so, to great performances in art, or literature, or music. The Bohemian superstition that long hair and limpness are the invariable accompaniments of the artistic temperament is passing away. The commonplace virtues of industry, self-restraint and regularity are appreciating—to use a

currency term—in the best art circles. Accordingly, when you meet Alma-Tadema in a London street, or near Regent's Park, where his residence and studio are situated, his short, virile, broad-shouldered figure, his clear eye and wholesome face suggest the idea of a pervading earnestness. As you look after him you find it easy to believe that he has painted 300 pictures, and that most of them are famous. He was one of the men who were thought of as possible Presidents of the Royal Academy, and he must be counted as one of the few really great painters of Europe.

His ancestry is Dutch. He was born in Donryp, Friesland, in the north of Holland, sixty-five years ago. The first step in his artistic career was getting a broad and



LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

liberal education at the Leeuwarden Gymnasium. He became especially interested in classics. At this time of his life he was so passionately devoted to Greek and Latin literature that his contemporaries might easily have supposed that he would make his mark as a scholar. Love of art was, however, in his blood. His classical education was to be used, but not in the ordinary way. The more he saw of the great triumphs of Dutch art, and drank into its traditions, the more he longed to

be a painter. He left the Gymnasium with honours, and became a student in the Antwerp Academy—one of the most famous schools of art in Europe—in 1852. There was living at this time in Antwerp, Baron Henry Leys, a history and *genre* painter of considerable eminence. He had a somewhat stiff and formal style, but he was a solid artist, and to his studio as a disciple Alma-Tadema went when he was eighteen or nineteen. He had shown in the Academy much pertinacious Dutch industry, and he carried the same earnest endeavour



"THE PICTURE GALLERY."

to the studio of his new master. Here his genius was shown in utilizing just that portion of Baron Henry Leys' example that could be assimilated by his own idiosyncrasy without disturbing his characteristic aims. A weaker man would have produced results which might have been called Leys and water. As a matter of fact he

produced pictures that were Baron Leys plus Alma-Tadema. When he was twenty-five he got his first work accepted for the exhibition of the Antwerp Academy. The following year he exhibited at Amsterdam, was awarded a gold medal, and began to be known as a rising young artist who was sure to do something.



“THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.”

Mr. Gambart of the French gallery, London, was the first to bring Alma-Tadema's work before the British public. It made an instant impression, because it had characteristics which the public could appreciate. Here were things such as marble, and drapery, and curtains, and ancient furniture, painted so that it did not need an artis-

tic education to admire them. The marble looked hard, and one could see the polish on it; you could almost push back that curtain, and pick up that flower. The Dutch painters had long been celebrated for this réalism, but the British public were not so familiar with it as might be supposed. Also the continental artists had exhibited



"A BACCHANTE."

their skill on classic scenes. Ingres had brought the world face to face with the daily life of old Rome, and other French painters such as Hamon and Coomans had followed suit. Alma-Tadema made a speciality of what had been with these painters only a branch of effort. He brought to the task his

unparalleled archæological knowledge and his classic learning.

In 1865, he sent to London his "Egyptian Games"; in 1866, "The Roman Dance"; in 1863, "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles." In 1869, he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy, his picture being "A Roman Amateur." Thence-

forward came, what have been well called, "the long variations of lovely work in sunshine, bronzes, mar-

One of the results of the welcome he received in England was that he made it his adopted coun-



bles, flowers and stuffs, tinted with refined colours, which the artist would seem to have created for himself before he used them."

try, and London his home. He received letters of denization from the Queen in 1873. He has since steadfastly pursued the path of

classicism, for which he was so eminently fitted by his education and voluminous reading. He has brought before us the times when, in Rome and Greece, art and luxury went hand in hand; apparently not so much because of the historic interest of the period, as that it afforded a fine opportunity for the display of all that was beautiful and congenial to pure art. He shows us the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians as they lived and enjoyed themselves; as a rule, without selecting historical events that might help him to make pictures

night where he fell. The cowardly Claudius has hidden behind the curtain, and the moment selected for the picture is when the Roman soldiers, in their zeal to exterminate the Imperial family, are searching the palace, discover the trembling creature, and, in mockery, hail him as the successor of him whose bloody corpse lies there before them. The cynical crowd look on and mock also. The colouring and exquisite beauty of all the accessories of this picture cannot be conveyed by the best reproduction in black and



“AUTUMN.”

with a strong literary interest. If in the dim future some artist essays to paint the Canadians of these last two or three centuries in the same manner, he will select for his brush “Montreal Snow-shoers,” or “Canadian Ladies Wheeling,” rather than the “Landing of Jacques Cartier,” or “The Battle of Queenston Heights.”

Once or twice, however, he has departed from this role. In his picture, entitled “A Roman Emperor,” Alma-Tadema gives us a genuine historic painting of tragic interest. Caligula has been murdered, and his body has lain all

white. Neither can those of the “Sappho.” The Greek poetess sits in a rapt attitude, chin on arms, at her desk, on which lies her laurel crown. Behind her, on marble seats, are three of the pupils of her school. Beside her stands her daughter, the personification of innocent beauty. Sappho is looking intently at Alcaeus, who is said to have been deeply in love with her. At this time he is wishful to secure her aid in a political scheme. He introduces it apparently by gently touching his lute. It is all most poetical and artistic, and the

sunshine on the waves is enchanting. But the reproduction fails to convey the colour facts. Sappho is clothed in a lovely "dream" of pale green and gray. She has violets in her hair. Alcaeus prosecutes his mission in a rose-coloured garment.

The "Vintage Festival" is a marvel of drawing, of colouring, of archæology, and of splendour. It brings the ancient ceremonies before us in the most vivid way, and if it represents the festive people in rather subdued and "stained-glass attitudes," we must accept that as a phase of the master's art. He does not aim at dramatic intensity, he wishes to show us that the life of art and poetry was a life of calm and equable joyousness. Consequently the processionists are inexpressibly elegant and artistic. Painters rave about that picture. That and others have created quite a school of Alma-Tadema copyists, who try to paint marble and silken products of the loom, and graceful girls of the old Greek and Roman times, with as much accuracy and realism as he does. It may be said, by the way, that it is reported that commissions given to Alma-Tadema now are given with the distinct understanding that the projected picture shall contain at least a piece of silk or tapestry,

some of that marvellously painted marble, or a bit of mosaic. Mr. Alma-Tadema, by his excellent and prodigious skill in these directions, touches the heart of the *nouveau riche* as infallibly as he touches the heart of the artistic and poetical amateur, who only wishes he, too, could give him a commission.

Of "The Picture Gallery," it may be said that it is simply crammed full of artistic sweetness and light. The Roman amateur who is looking at the picture on the easel is just the type of man we want in Canada. Rich, enthusiastic and impressionable, he is drinking in the beauty of that picture. The price? That is a minor consideration. And when this particular picture was first exhibited, all the women went mad with admiration over that silk cushion used as a footstool.

The position Mr. Alma-Tadema has attained in art has been widely recognized. He has won many honours. He is a member of the Royal Academies of Amsterdam, Munich, Berlin, Stockholm, and Madrid. He became an associate of the Royal Academy in London in 1876; a Royal Academician in 1879. He is an officer of the French Legion of Honour, and must have a whole cabinet full of medals.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY S. JEAN WALKER.

O, Lord, the Giver of our days
Of changing seasons as they move,
To Thee we offer prayer and praise,
Proclaim Thy mercy, power and love,
Our thankful hearts shall ever own
Our gratitude to Thee alone.

For loss we thank Thee as for gain,
For griefs our souls have sanctified,
For joy Thy love wrought from our pain,
For hopes our hearts have been denied.
Thy presence every day made bright,
And gladdened every sorrow's night.

Though tempests round our pathway rolled,
We felt Thee our defence and guide,
In Thy great goodness love controlled,
Thamesville, Ont.

Our every want Thy hand supplied.
Our souls from storm and conflict freed,
Rested in Thee our strength, our need.

When fettered, blind, with worldly care,
Thy sacred touch our vision cleared,
Our souls forgiven, rose in prayer,
The angel of Thy peace appeared
Breathing the gift Thy love imparts,
Calming our wild and wayward hearts.

Our feeble tongues for utterance fail
To tell Thy goodness, sing Thy praise;
But when we pass death's shadowed vale
A song eternal we shall raise.
And share in a new, wondrous way,
An endless, true Thanksgiving Day.

THE MARKHAM MENNONITES.

AN OVERLOOKED CHAPTER IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS.



WHEN Toronto was merely "Muddy Little York," when the rude log cabin occupied the site of to-day's college, cathedral or club, and when the smoke curled lazily from the Indian's tepee on the spot where it is now vomited in volumes from some tall factory

chimney, the Mennonites were already established in the neighbouring township of Markham. They are there to-day. About a century ago one of their number was despatched to this country to prospect. The land on which Toronto has since risen was then valued at a York shilling (twelve and a half cents) an acre; and he might have had as much as he liked of it at that figure. He deemed such an ill-favoured swamp, however, but poorly adapted for the purposes of his people; and counted it dear at any price. Passing onward to the north and east, he reached at length the higher lands. Here he found a country covered with an almost impenetrable forest, but full of promise for an agricultural and pastoral people. Forthwith he traded the saddled horse he rode for four hundred acres of this fine territory; and, like a true



AN OLD MINISTER.

Joshua, returned with a good report. This was, of course, instrumental in securing the immigration of the colony; and they acquired their freeholds with remarkable ease. That was the era when one fine farm in Markham was bought for a cow and a buffalo skin, while another cost but a barrel of whiskey. I am unable to approximate the value of the horse or cow of that golden period. But we know something definite about the whiskey. The barrel contained forty gallons, and was worth forty York shillings. That as the price of a farm of a hundred acres places its market quotation at precisely five cents an acre! But before many decades of the Mennonite tenure of these lands had elapsed they had appreciated at a ratio varying from a

* We have pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to the courtesy of The Outlook magazine, of New York, for the cuts on pages 395, 396, and 398 illustrating this article.



TYPICAL MENNONITE.

hundred thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand per centum.

There are many potent, grave and reverend seigneurs in Toronto who have long been engaged in the task of helping to consume the product of the orchard, field and dairy of the Markham Mennonites, but who as yet have never heard of the people themselves. They can, however, hardly be oblivious of the fact that some time or other they have seen a man in the street or at the market answering to the following description:

He is of a sturdy build, and of a serious mien. His countenance

bears the mark at once of a vigorous outdoor life, and of a deep seclusion from the world. He wears an immense, broad-brimmed felt hat, and affects a tonsorial style of an antique and homely character. Besides all this he dresses with much severity. The cut of his clothes does not conform to fashionable caprice, but follows a traditional pattern of marked regularity. He eschews all such superfluities as the ordinary watchguard and necktie, together with every coat button that is not positively needed to hold the garment in its place. Often indeed, he has shown a decided pre-

ference for the more modest hooks-and-eyes over all buttons whatsoever. And by this means he has sought still further to exhibit and emphasize his complete renunciation of all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

Probably he has been taken for an erratic rather than a type—for a solitary faddist rather than the exponent of the views of an entire community. To furnish some account of him and his people is, therefore, my present purpose.

left in doubt regarding the nationality of those who bear them. The free-and-easy salutation, "Wie gehts!" which they prefer to the more formal idioms, will open conversation for you in the speech of the Palatinate and the Upper Rhine. Through all the changes and chances of successive generations the language has been kept alive; and, in some homes, even to this day, English, which they all understand, and which the young people read and parse at



IN THEIR MEETING-CAPS.

A tour through Markham will, by reason of the plenitude of its German patronymics, suggest the Vaterland. Kurtz, Hoover, Flumerfeldt, Schneider, Barkey, Burkholder, Eby, Nighswander, Reesor and Stouffer, or Stover, are illustrative of the rest. Some of these names have undergone a slight modification, as Stouffer for Stauffer. Others, again, have conformed to the phonetic requirements of the English alphabet, as Reesor for Risser.

But however the names may get disguised, you need not long be

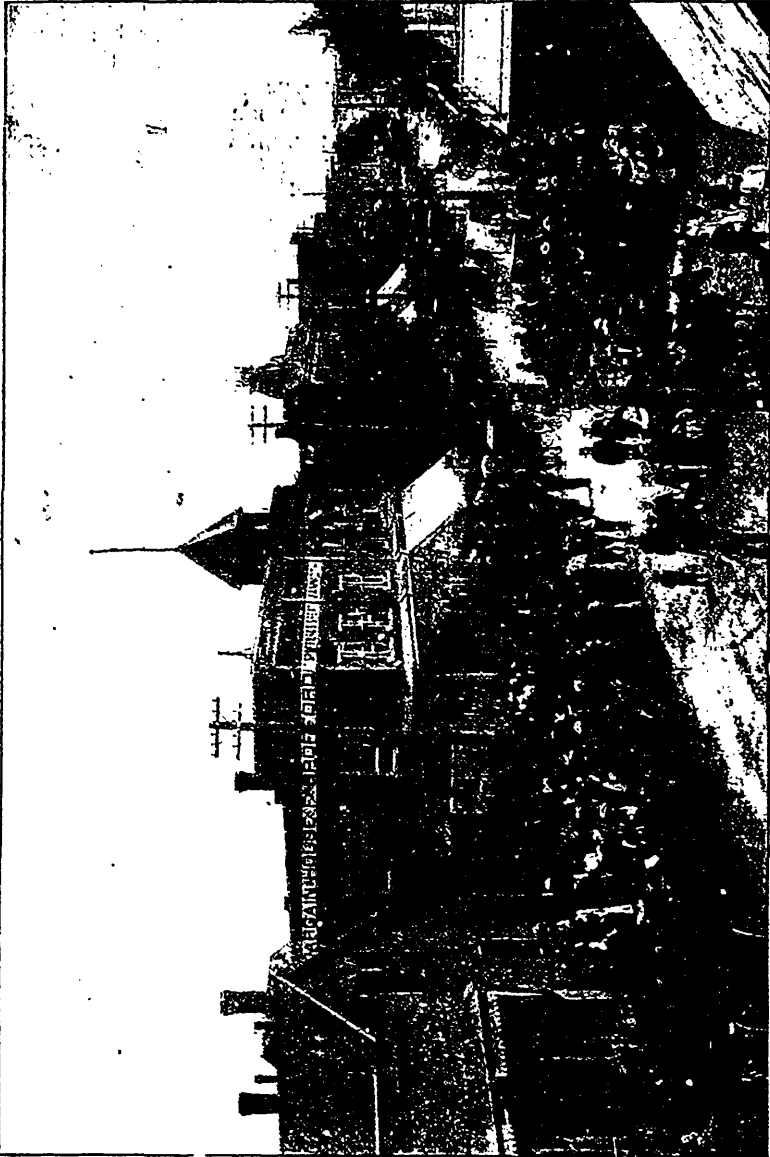
school, is discounted, if not tabooed.

Naturally speaking of themselves as Deutsch, the Markham Mennonites have frequently been set down as Dutchmen, or Hollanders, by those who were unacquainted with the name by which our German cousins commonly distinguish themselves. And, hailing from Pennsylvania, where their fathers first located on reaching this side the Atlantic two hundred years ago, their origin has been rendered still more obscure and enigmatical by the appellation

of "The Yankee Dutch." Again, their obvious lack of sympathy lately with our arms in South Africa was summarily attributed

stood so long and suffered so much.

All told, there are about a hundred and fifty thousand Men-



MARKEE DAY AT STOUFFVILLE.

by some to racial feeling, when, as we shall see later, it was really due to the religious principle of non-resistance, for which, like the Quakers, or Friends, they have

noaites in the world; and over one-third of this number live on the American continent. The rest are resident in Europe. In the relative order of their numbers

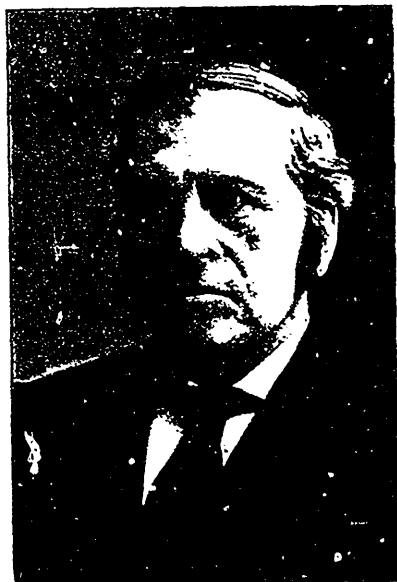
they are found in Russia, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and France respectively. In Switzerland they are termed "Taufgesinnte," and in Holland "Doopsgezinde." The name by which they are elsewhere known is derived from Menno Simons, a priest who renounced the Roman Church in 1536. Menno however, was not their founder. But as he had become identified with and prominent amongst them, popular sentiment gave them his name.

In early times they called themselves "Brethren," like the Moravians, and, with them, traced back their origin to the remnants of the famous old Waldensian Church in Switzerland and Germany. Concerning that Church a Roman inquisitor and author wrote:

"Among all the sects there is none more destructive to the Catholic Church than the Leonists (Waldenses). This is true for three reasons. 1. Because its origin is the most ancient. Some say they have existed ever since the time of Sylvester; others that they date back to the Apostles. 2. Because they are the most widely spread. There is scarcely any country where they are not found. 3. Because, while other sects, by their great blasphemies against God, terrorize and drive away their hearers, this sect of the Leonists shows forth a high degree of piety. Before men they live a just life, believing all the goodness of God, and all the articles of faith contained in the Apostles' Creed; only they blaspheme against the Roman Church and its clergy."

The Mennonite Confession of Faith, which in its present form dates from 1632, consists of eighteen articles. In the main it is in striking conformity with the doctrine of the evangelical churches which repudiate Calvinism. The exceptions are found chiefly in articles eleven and fourteen. These relate severally to "The Washing of the Saints' Feet," and to "Defence by Force." The former, like the papal function at St. Peter's in Holy Week, is based upon a lit-

eral interpretation of John xiii. 4-17; and provision is made for periodical foot-washing. This is performed immediately after the holy communion. The bishop, or other minister, reads the passage in question, and offers some observations. Then the deacons bring vessels with water, and the two sexes wash one another's feet, and wipe them with a towel. They then give each other the right hand and the kiss of peace, upon which one of them says: "The Lord be



DAVID STOFFER.

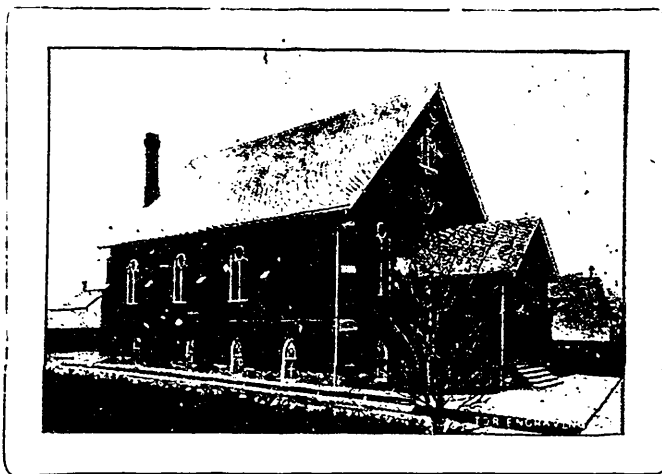
with us, preserve us in peace, and strengthen us in love," or similar words, and the other responds: "Amen." In some localities the sisters retire for this office to a separate room, and this is said by old ministers to have formerly been the general custom.

"We believe and confess," says Article Fourteen of the Mennonite creed, "that the Lord Jesus has forbidden His disciples and followers all revenge and resistance"; and it continues: "We are not to do wrong, or cause

offence or vexation to any one; but to seek the welfare and salvation of all men; also, if necessity should require it, to flee, for the Lord's sake, from one city or country to another; and suffer the spoiling of our goods rather than give occasion of offence to any one."

It can readily be seen that these postulates, unbalanced by a sober judgment, accepted, indeed, without qualification of any kind whatsoever, and sternly pressed to their ultimate logical issue, account for many of the marked features of

policy of non-resistance rendered them passive before their opponents. It served also to strike them helpless in the face of their persecutors. Multitudes of them perished. They were horribly ill-treated—tortured, racked and put to the sword. The stake and the faggot, the scaffold and the block were employed for their destruction. Their congregations were disorganized and dispersed; and red-handed Ultramontaniam triumphed in their discomfiture. The touching story of their long agony is also a demonstration of



METHODIST CHURCH, STOFFVILLE.

the Mennonite history. For instance, their diminished numbers and their scattered condition may be thus explained. Early in the sixteenth century they were very numerous throughout southern Germany. One congregation at Augsburg alone contained eleven hundred members. They were also thoroughly established in Austria, as well as in Switzerland. In many places they might easily have gained the ascendancy, and even have had the affairs of government in their hands. But the

the weakness of their religious philosophy, and of the need there is for godly men to "contend earnestly for the faith."

The poet writes that:

"Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,
To take one blow, and turn the other cheek;
It is not written what a man shall do,
If the rude catiff smite the other too!

But for the fact that others have strenuously withstood the oppressor, and persistently fought for truth and righteousness, there

would to-day be no place upon the earth in which the Mennonites themselves could dwell in peace.*

The first Mennonites landed in America in the year 1683. They reached Philadelphia on the 6th of October in a ship named the "Concord." William Penn, the immortal Quaker, had been in Germany a few years before, and had become acquainted with the Mennonites of the Palatinate, and preached to their congregations. When, therefore, he came into possession of the Province of Pennsylvania by the charter of Charles II., he made known to them his purpose to use the country as an asylum for all oppressed people. Considerable numbers of Mennonites soon arrived, and settled chiefly in Lancaster, the most fertile county of the State. Many of them had received large sums of money from their wealthy co-religionists in Holland, as well as from the Society of Friends in England, to aid them in their emigration.

Mennonites have continued to come from Europe to America until the present time. In 1874 six thousand settled in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. These arrived from southern Russia, to which country they had been invited from the Prussian kingdom by the Empress Catharine in 1786, with the promise that they should enjoy unrestricted religious liberty. When they received, in the seventies, the alarming intelligence that all the inhabitants of Russia must become subject to military service, many of the colonists fled to America. The ukase was afterwards so modified, however, as to admit of the Men-

nonites being employed in forestry in lieu of serving in the army, and this admitted of the rest remaining in their Russian homes. The "Mennonitische Rundschau," the denominational organ in America, continues to publish correspondence from these Mennonites in "Rusland."

No Canadian "Clergy List" furnishes the names of the Mennonite ministers of the Dominion.* Yet they outnumber those of the Congregational Church, and are thrice as numerous as those of the "Christian" denomination. Most of them are resident in Ontario, and chiefly in the counties of Perth and Waterloo, where their forefathers' settlement of the country synchronized with the advent of the Mennonites into Markham. About fifty are found in charge of the churches in Manitoba and the Northwest.

It would seem that in earlier times many of the ministers were learned men; but in these days they get but little academic preparation for their work. And, as they receive no salary, but must necessarily support themselves by the labour of their hands, it can be easily concluded that their pulpit studies are all too circumscribed and desultory. Hence they fail to keep up with the march of evangelical thought, or to be duly informed on the development of Christian doctrine. As if by instinct their younger hearers detect the outworn and anachronous; and, in both Markham and Manitoba gravitate towards the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches.

Of old time the Mennonites were, in thought and purpose, centuries ahead of their contemporaries. Now, in many particulars they lag far behind them.

* I think the Copp, Clark Company ought to supply this omission in the next issue of the "Canadian Almanac."

* Our valued contributor has a right to his opinion here expressed. We are not sure, however, that the might of meekness and even of martyrdom might not often have accomplished more for preserving peace and promoting righteousness than the use of the sword. — *En.*

Unless an intellectual renaissance shall take place, it is too possible that the universal law of the "survival of the fittest" may ere long in some places decide the denominational fate of this truly pious and picturesque people.

The ministers and other church officers are commonly chosen by lot. After a solemn service on the day appointed, the deacons take as many books of the same kind as there are brethren to be chosen from, and retire to the council-room, where they place in one of the books the lot. This is a slip of paper, on which is written: "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is



BARBARA HECK.

of the Lord," Prov. xvi. 33; or, "Herewith God hath called thee to the ministry of the Gospel." The books are then taken into the audience-room, and placed on the desk or table. The bishop, with the whole congregation, kneels in prayer, and commends the whole work to God, saying, along with other petitions: "Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show which of these thou hast chosen." Each of the brethren then takes a book, and the bishop proceeds to look for the lot. The one in whose book it is found is considered chosen, and is required to rise (or, in some congregations to kneel), and the bishop ordains him.

The Mennonite church polity is both simple and rigorous. None but those who furnish unmistakable evidence of their conversion to God, and of their holiness of heart and life, are received into communion with them. Any lapse into worldliness or sin meets with timely admonition from them, and, failing repentance, with the ban. The excommunicated person is shunned by all the members of the church; although if he should be in need they confess themselves required to relieve him. "For we are in duty bound," says Article xvii., "to render him aid and assistance, otherwise the shunning of him might be rather conducive to his ruin than to his amendment."

They attach no special sacredness to any material thing, nor to any particular time or place. Their assembly is called simply the "meeting," and the house where it is held the "meeting-house," never the "House of God" or the "church." Meeting-houses are never dedicated by any formal service, and are not considered any more sacred than the ordinary dwelling-house of the worshipper. They are often of a quite austere appearance, and within there is usually a room partitioned off to which the matrons may withdraw with their babies. Here they will find the cradles, which have seen good service, and in which, perchance, they were themselves rocked in infancy.

True to their stereotyped exegesis of 1 Cor. xiv. 34, the Mennonites prohibit the women from speaking in any of their meetings. If they have any communications to make, they must transmit them through their husbands. And, though the women remove their stately and capacious black bonnets on entering the house, their heads are still covered with snow-

white muslin caps. These are worn by all the females in the assembly, even to the very youngest present, in order to meet the requirements of 1 Cor. xi. 10. The bonnets in question are not altogether unlike that familiar to Methodists in the conventional portrait of Barbara Heck,* and constitute part of the female livery. With these and their plain black shawls and dresses, the Mennonite women, when seen together, might readily pass for the members of some religious order—some sisterhood, for example, dating from a mediaeval St. Teresa or other pious founder.

The Mennonite folk-lore is of much interest. I remember meeting at a foreign health resort an omniscient and obstreperous Yankee, who inveighed against all theories of lunar influence over this terraqueous globe. He had a special spite against the doctrine that the moon acted upon the tides. And nothing softened him until I remarked that I had watched the tidal phenomenon myself for years, and that the astronomical explanation was simply irresistible. But the Mennonites, like their prehistoric fathers and our own, find no such difficulty in according the moon an honourable place in the affairs of men. She furnishes them with a constant study. Like all other country people, they watch for

and welcome her light nights. They chronicle her changes, and thereby satisfy themselves regarding weather probabilities. But the moon is more to them than a lantern or a furnisher of forecasts. She supplies them with endless signs that are to be reckoned with, both indoors and out. Thus the moon's phases are consulted for the purpose of finding the proper time to perform duties of every class and kind, all the way from sowing peas or sticking pigs to weaning babies. Two Markham ladies, of different ethnic origin, were discussing their soap-making methods some time ago. "I boil mine in the moon," said the thrifty Mennonite. "Oh!" replied the other, stone-blind to the augural suggestion, and a little bewildered withal, "I always boil mine in the kettle."

Their "charms" deserve attention. They are of two kinds, and are used upon both man and beast. The first are quiet incantations. The second are rites of a very primitive character, accompanied by the recitation of certain formulae. In their transmission down the generations there is a "lex non scripta," which must be implicitly obeyed. Thus, a male must receive the tradition from a female, and conversely, a female from a male, or the effectiveness of the words employed is considered to be forfeited. There is a decided similarity between the phenomena they present and those furnished at Roman Catholic wells and shrines, or at Protestant "Bethshans." Indeed, some of those who operate them refuse to call them "charms." For as they partake of a religious or semi-religious quality, and are associated with the use of biblical phraseology, it is contended they are worthy of a less dubious and more exalted name. Many of them, in their "modus operandi,"

* It is worthy of note that the mother of American Methodism was of the self-same stock as the Markham Mennonites. The Hecks and the Emburys, with other families, left the Palatinate in the time of Queen Anne, and found a refuge in the south of Ireland. Here Wesley first met them in 1756, and speaks of them as "a plain, artless, serious people." A few years thereafter many of them crossed to America, and he writes concerning their departure: "I stand amazed! Have landlords no sense (whether they have common humanity or no), that they will suffer such tenants as these to be starved from them?" Barbara Heck's German Bible is preserved in Victoria College, Toronto.

recall facts furnished us in the ever-absorbing story of the mythology and fetichism of our fathers. And coming, as they do, to Markham, via Pennsylvania, from the romantic and enchanted valley of the Rhine, they possess an interest all their own.

It would not comport with the well-known character of the Mennonites for any of their charms to be of a malignant nature. By their aid they ever seek beneficent ends. Distrustful of strangers, who might exhibit a scornful unbelief, they nevertheless recommend their friends to this man, for instance, that they may be relieved from asthma; or to that woman, that they may be cured of erysipelas. My repository contains some startling stories of benefits derived by persons I know from the exercise of the Mennonite charms, but my space is limited, and I must relate but one.

The case was that of a bright and well-informed lady, who had long been full of rheumatic pains, helpless and bed-ridden. As a last resort she was induced to try this treatment, which, of course, ignores the pathology and therapeutics of the schools, and which, consequently, she had previously contemned. Late at night parings were taken from the nails of all her fingers and toes and three hairs from her head. The whole was then wrapped up in a piece of white paper. Before sunrise next morning the paper was deposited in an auger-hole, which had been freshly bored in one of the apple-trees of the orchard. The necessary words, it is believed, were said, a plug was inserted, and the formality ended. At daylight she found her hands and arms singularly free from the excruciating pains she had suffered, and, commencing to move, discovered that she was completely healed. She

rose, dressed, and went about her household duties, and, though that is years ago, she has never had any return of the malady. Of course, he who sees in man nothing but what the scalpel can get at, will say "Fiddlesticks!" at this narration. But he who grants that man is much more than an aggregation of "poor components," which "may be laid upon their proper shelf, each with its Latin label on," will look about him for some hypothesis.

Stouffville, locally pronounced Stov'le, and formerly known as Stouffer's Village, is the market town of the Markham Mennonites. It covers part of the six hundred acres of forest land, purchased in 1804 by Abraham Stouffer, a Pennsylvania Mennonite. This old pioneer rests among his people in the rear of the Altona meeting-house, to whose "prediger," Mr. John G. Hoover—he disallows, like all his ministerial brethren, the prefix "Reverend"—I am indebted for many courtesies. The incorporation of the place only dates back a few decades, and its Thursday morning market but fifteen years. Yet it is estimated that the volume of its business in agricultural products, horses, hogs and cattle amounts to about a third of a million.

The market is colloquially styled "the Dutchman's picnic." For although it is attended by large numbers of other people, it is, next to the weekly meeting, the chief event in the routine life of the Mennonites. It is said that the whole family will turn out, even if they have but little business to transact, and only carry a basket thither with a few eggs or a bit of sauerkraut. Here you may witness that conservatism of the people which once kept them from utilizing spring vehicles, and even now binds them to the sartorial fashions of their ancestors.

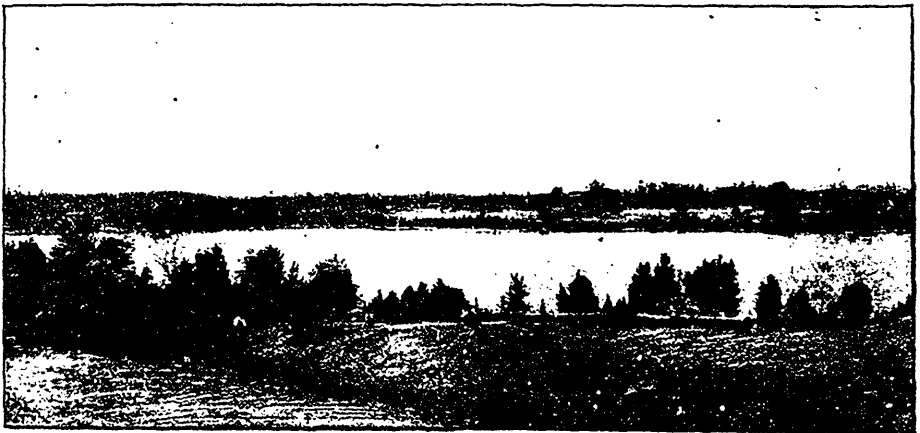
You may chance to find, too, that there is beneath the calm exterior a lurking love of waggery. "Have you got your sauerkraut made yet?" said one to the other a while ago. "No; not yet," was the reply. "What! None made yet?" asked the questioner. "Oh, no!" was the response; "only a little bit for sickness—about two barrels!"

Nearly half a century ago a Methodist mission was established in Stouffville in charge of the Rev. Cornelius Flumerfelt, who was himself a native of Pennsylvania. The story of the truly unique and romantic career of this venerable minister I am pledged to furnish later for the readers of this magazine. In the sixties the Rev. J. C. Wilson, this year's President of the Bay of Quinte Conference, opened his commission there. At the present time Stouffville is the seat of a district chairman, the Rev. G. M. Brown, who hails from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and from the very

church where the British Conference lately held its sessions under the presidency of one of Europe's first scholars, the Rev. Professor Davison. Mr. David Stouffer, a grandson of the old pioneer, has for thirty years filled the dual office of choir leader and recording-steward, while for over twenty he has had charge of the Sunday-school as superintendent. The church is a substantial structure, as the accompanying cut will show.

With the words of Menno Simons, the preacher and apostle, this sketch may fittingly conclude "I tell you, as true as God lives, that before Him no outward baptism, nor Lord's Supper, will help you as a saving power. Only the new life from God through faith manifesting itself by love, mercy, humility, peace and truth will avail for your salvation."

Claremont, Ont.



MUSSELMAN'S LAKE, NEAR STOUFFVILLE.

By courtesy of the Stouffville "Sentinel."

"THE HEAVENS DECLARE."

Lost in wonder and admiration,
We behold the starlit skies:
Farther and farther th' imagination
Pierces, and at last it dies

In the midst of a universe—
Wandering, wondering,
Believing, and knowing that God is All-wise.
—E. S. Moyer.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.*

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,

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FRANCIS DE SALES, Bishop of Geneva from 1598 to 1622, was one of the most prominent and influential men of that great Roman Catholic reaction which recovered so much ground from the Protestant Reformation. We naturally prefer to think of him rather as one of the saintliest and most lovable of men, and as one of the most wholesome and helpful of devotional writers.

He was born in 1567, at the Chateau de Sales, near Annecy, Savoy, not far south of Geneva, of an old and noble family. Both father and mother were deeply religious, and the mother devoted herself to the careful training of her son in the fear and love of God. She soon saw rich fruit of her labour in his childish efforts to serve God, and that in ways which prophesied his future career in the Church.

His school life began when he was six years of age, and was characterized by painstaking diligence and thoroughness. He was more anxious to know each thing accurately than to know many things.

* "St. Francis de Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva. By H. L. Sidney Lear. Longmans & Co.

"Introduction to the Devout Life." St. Francis de Sales. Longmans & Co.

"Spiritual Letters." Longmans & Co.

Article "Franz Von Sales." By Herzog in the *Realencyklopädie*.

Lear's book is well written, highly interesting, but rather too eulogistic, and quite too High Church to appreciate Protestant principles and to do justice to history. It is a curious thing to find in a book by a modern Anglican a reference to "the soul-destroying heresy of Calvin."

All his life he abhorred haste and superficiality. As his father desired for him a public career, and the family position and prestige warranted such plans, his education was that of a gentleman of the time, embracing accomplishments as well as essentials. Riding, fencing, and dancing developed physical vigour, agility, and ease of manner, qualities which were of inestimable value in his later life.

The education begun at Annecy was carried forward at the Jesuit College de Clermont, in Paris, where the studious youth rapidly developed both intellectually and spiritually. His own desire from childhood had been the office of the priesthood. When only eleven years of age he had received the tonsure, the first step toward an ecclesiastical career. In the midst of his study of rhetoric and philosophy he made time for theology. During his six years of student life in the gay capital, there came to him a time of severe spiritual testing, of doubt of his acceptance with God, of deep depression, but of final deliverance and of renewed and strengthened assurance of God's grace. Henceforth he became characterized less by introspection and more by simple trust and love and obedience.

As his father still intended him for law and a public career, he went to study jurisprudence in the University of Padua. Here he highly distinguished himself as a student of law; at the same time he studied theology under the Jesuit Possevin with eager relish, devoting himself to Holy Scripture and the Church Fathers. While at Padua he met Scupoli, author of the famous "Spiritual Combat,"

a book which was henceforth his "vade mecum," and which he frequently recommends in his own writings.

Although a very devout young man, Francis was far from being a milksop. Some of the dissipated and licentious students of the university, irritated at his purity and piety, and failing in their effort to tempt him to vice, one evening laid wait for him and attacked him with reproaches and blows. Francis felt it right to defend himself, drew his sword, and laid about him so vigorously that he not only beat off his assailants, but compelled them to apologize! So much for muscular Christianity in the sixteenth century.

In 1591 Francis took his degree in law most brilliantly, being counted one of the best students of the time. So at twenty-five years of age he stood facing life with a splendid equipment—an erudite scholar, a polished gentleman, a devout Christian. What should be his career? His own heart said the Church. His father said the law. Indeed, his father had a bride already chosen for him, and complained that Francis was cold and reserved when introduced to her. Francis was firm in his resolve that no such ties should hinder him from his cherished desire to serve the Lord as a priest.

We cannot wonder that many, such as the venerable Claude Granier, Bishop of Geneva, foresaw in him a predestined and invincible champion of the Church. The Jesuit Possevin had taught Francis that one great weakness of the Church had been the ignorance of the clergy, and that only a highly educated body of men could again command the intelligent faith of the world, and so stem the tide of Protestant success. Francis was attractive in person and manners, of high intellectual endowments, of wide and accurate scholarship

—a powerful and winning personality whose probable service to the Church could hardly be overestimated. At last the honourable position of Provost, or Dean, of Geneva was offered to him, and the reluctance of his father gave way before the loving importunity of the son. "If it is indeed God who calls you, my son, I must believe what you say. Do as He wills; what am I that I should fight against the Lord?"

In 1593 Francis was ordained priest, and entered with humble joy upon the duties of his office. The spirit of his whole career was seen in the tears of mystic and reverent emotion with which he approached the solemn celebration of his first mass, declaring that he should be as pure as an angel whose prerogative it was to receive and hold the body of the Lord daily. While we repudiate such a theory, may we not desiderate such a reverent spirit in all who minister in sacred things? A perfunctory celebration of the Lord's Supper, under any ritual and under any theory, is one of the most deadening pieces of formalism to all concerned, and one of which we all need to beware.

Francis, from the first, took all parts of his work very seriously: He preached so often that his father reproached him for making preaching too common and too simple. He incessantly heard confession and bestowed pastoral counsel, and he was so eminently successful in helping those distressed in mind that he was appointed Grand Penitentiary of the diocese. Spiritual guidance of the individual, so often and so grievously abused, seems to have been throughout his whole career a peculiarly powerful means of genuinely spiritual work, leading very many persons to conviction of sin, to penitent faith, to a happy Christian life. "The one greatest joy

this world can give," he said, "is to win a soul to God."

No amount of pastoral work prevented the young priest from diligent daily study of the Scriptures and of theology. His success was rapid and great, and soon marked him out for a piece of peculiarly difficult and delicate work.

The district of Chablais, in the northern part of the diocese of Geneva, had been for nearly sixty years almost entirely Protestant, and the free exercise of the Protestant form of religion had been solemnly guaranteed by the Duke of Savoy. The Roman Catholic authorities laid their hands upon the young De Sales as a man of unusual ability, energy, devotion, and attractiveness, and thus well adapted to the mission of recovering this district for the Church. In spite of his father's strenuous opposition to his appointment to such a forlorn hope, he gladly consecrated himself to the arduous task, and carried on the mission among the mountaineers of Chablais from 1594 to 1598. His simple goodness, his gentle and winning manners, his persuasive eloquence, gradually produced some effect, and gained him some converts. He thought that they who ministered in sacred things should have an apostolic commission, and that the Protestant ministers were utterly without such commission. The opposition of these same ministers to his mission he uncharitably explained on the ground that his success would take the bread out of their mouths. How hard it is for the best of men to be fair to one another! In truth, however, this whole Chablais affair reflects no great credit on Francis' generosity or justice.

The Duke of Savoy finally grew impatient at the slow process of conversion, and summoned Francis to Turin for consultation as to the best methods of expediting matters.

Some of the Duke's counsellors advised continuance in the path of steady spiritual effort, which would indeed be long, but would finally lead to the best and most abiding results. They insisted on the sacredness of the guarantee given long before for the tolerance of Protestantism in Chablais. Strange to say, Francis himself supported those who advised the employment of force. The missionary, who had boasted his apostolic commission, now read to the Duke a paper in which he advocated the expulsion of all Protestant clergymen, the confiscation of all Protestant writings, and the prohibition of the reading of them, the restoration of Catholic parishes, the establishment of the Jesuit College, and the restoration of the mass in Thonon, the capital of the district.

After some time the Duke of Savoy and a papal delegate came to Thonon. The male inhabitants were gathered together in an open square. The Duke addressed them, bidding all who would be faithful to their Prince and to God to stand on his right hand, and the rest on his left. The great majority were intimidated and yielded. Upon the few who remained faithful to their principles the Duke immediately pronounced sentence of banishment. Francis was present at this scandalous scene, and immediately plied the faithful remnant with the argument of worldly advantage so successfully that the most of these finally crossed over to the Duke's right hand. Similar methods gave Francis similar results in the Pays de Gex on the north-west shore of the Lake of Geneva.

But the converter of heretics was disappointed in his efforts to win over Theodore Beza, the most distinguished leader of the Reformed Church at that time. Specially commissioned by the Pope for this task, he arranged an interview with

Beza, with strong hope of success. Beza's answer to his first question increased that hope, for the great Protestant frankly admitted that he believed it possible to be saved in the Catholic Church. Thereupon Francis at once proceeded to announce to Beza the handsome revenue which would be granted him if he would enter that Church! Beza did not deign to reply, and broke off the interview.

In spite of this one failure, the fame of Francis as a converter of heretics was great and widespread, and in the documents connected with his canonization he is reported to have converted no less than 72,000.

In 1598 Francis became the coadjutor Bishop of Geneva, associated with the aged Bishop Granier. Since the time of the Reformation in Geneva, Annecy had been the seat of the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese of Geneva. Here, then, Francis settled down for the rest of his days, within a few miles of his father's castle. During a visit to Rome at this time he was treated with much distinction as a man of rare scholarship and equally rare piety. His work as helper to the aged bishop was arduous and incessant. In 1602 he was sent to Paris to represent the diocese of Geneva in certain difficult negotiations with Henry IV. of France. During a long and vexatious delay, he was constrained to preach much in the Royal Chapel, and excited the enthusiasm of the most learned and fashionable people of the capital, not by prophesying smooth things, but by most earnest yet loving proclamation of "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." Henry himself became warmly attached to the faithful bishop, and exclaimed, "What I like best in M. de Geneve is that he does not know how to flatter!" All the royal efforts to induce Francis to

remain in France were in vain, and after a stay in Paris of many months, he gladly returned to his obscure diocese, the "poor bride" which he said he had married and could not forsake for a wealthier.

In 1602 the good Claude Granier died, and Francis became bishop in full, consecrating himself anew most deliberately and solemnly to the duties of his high office. "I am resolved," said he, "to devote myself to His service with the most earnest faithfulness possible to me: ever striving to live in His blessed presence with a calm but true spirit of rejoicing; remembering that nothing in this world is worthy of our love, which should all be centred on that Saviour who so loved us. All earthly happiness seems to me as nothing compared with this love, for which I would thankfully die, or rather, perhaps I should say, live wholly."

These last words ("live wholly") are the key-note of his life in Annecy. No ostentation of episcopal dignity, the plainest clothing and furniture, very few servants, a frugal table, but delicately appointed, frequent devotions, but without any slavish precision of observance. "I break my own rule without scruple," said he, in the true spirit of Christian liberty, "when the wants of my flock require it, for charity must prevail over inclination."

He gave himself up, as servant of the Church, to the most eager endeavours to glorify God in benefiting the people of his diocese, perpetually preaching, lovingly instructing the children, reforming the monasteries, purifying and inspiring his clergy, gentle, amiable, accessible to all.

While most desirous that the priests of his diocese should be holy men, he was also eager to promote the spirit of study among them. In a circular letter which he sent out to his clergy he said: "Those

among you who fill up their time to the exclusion of study, are like people who should refuse solid food and strive to live on such unsubstantial viands as do not yield needful nourishment. Ignorance is almost worse than faultiness in a priest, since it disgraces, not the individual only, but the whole priesthood."

Both in the pulpit and in the confessional, indeed in all his intercourse with all sorts and conditions of men, Francis illustrated not only the highest motives, but also the most skilful methods. Shrewdness, tact, insight into character, the utmost faithfulness tempered with unflinching tenderness, even a dash of gentle humour now and then, gave him a firm grip upon the people and made him dearly beloved by the little children. Nothing could be more admirable than his life-long labour of love in teaching individual converts, guiding them, forming their character, and leading them into Christian work. He said that the "guidance of souls was the art of arts."

The most notable instance is that of Madame de Chantal, who became, under his inspiration and direction, the head of a new religious order, that of the Visitants, whose great duty was not that of rigorous asceticism or of perpetual contemplation, but rather that of a good Samaritan, ministration to the sick and poor.

In addition to all the spiritual work which he so loved, and which so occupied his time and energies, he faithfully attended to all the official duties of his position. As a bishop, he properly magnified his office, in the true Gallican spirit, holding that not the Pope, but a General Council, is the supreme authority in the Church.

So, amid incessant labour, touched not infrequently by bereavements such as the death of his father and of his mother, he fulfilled

his earthly task. In 1618 business of state carried him once more to Paris. For a year he remained in that city, and during this visit he preached no less than three hundred and sixty-five sermons, and privately ministered to the spiritual wants of multitudes of people.

In vain did King Francis and Cardinal de Retz press upon him the most flattering offers of offices and dignities and emoluments. Back to his beloved mountains and his meagre revenues he would go. As his strength began to fail, his brother, Jean Francois de Sales, was in 1621 appointed his coadjutor. Amid much physical suffering and many presentiments of approaching departure, he kept up his plans and efforts of work, on the principle that only by setting oneself more work than it is possible to do can one keep an active mind, while one must not set one's heart on doing more than if one were to die on the morrow. To one who prayed that he might be spared, he exclaimed, "I entreat you, do not so! Can you not rejoice in the thought of my rest; I am so weary, so weary."

In 1622, when on a journey to Avignon to be present at a meeting of the Duke of Savoy with Louis XIII., he was taken ill at Lyons, and there, after much suffering, breathed his last, patient, gentle, humble, trustful to the end. He was canonized in 1665.

It is doubtful whether the Christian Church can boast a sweeter and more charming personality than Francis de Sales. Handsome physically, vigorous intellectually, wholly devoted to God, sincere and simple, and always most approachable, admired by the learned and the noble, yet so humble and sympathetic that the common people loved him, he stands forth for all time a beautiful type of Christian character.

The secret of it all seems to have

been his profound rest in God. He had long schooled himself to the perpetual realization of the presence of God, and to doing everything as in that presence. Hence, even in his busiest times, when he could not give long hours to prayer and meditation, he yet "prayed without ceasing," and was kept in perfect peace, his mind being stayed upon God. Calmness, tranquillity of spirit, serenity of temper, a sunny smile which seemed to reflect the light of the face of God, (such as men noticed on John Wesley's face), these were the result of abiding in God. He never hurried, and he did each duty as if it stood alone and were his last.

He once wrote to Madame de Chantal: "Never be hurried; do everything tranquilly and with a restful spirit; do not lose your inward peace for anything whatsoever, not even when all seems going wrong, for what do all earthly things matter, as compared with your heart's peace? Commend all to God, and keep yourself calm and still in the bosom of His fatherly providence."

One can best ascertain the source and secret of his power by studying his writings. The most important are the "Spiritual Letters," the "Introduction to the Devout Life," and the "Treatise on the Love of God." These works have had an enormous circulation, and they have exercised a profound influence upon many of the noblest spirits, such, for example, as Madame Guyon, and Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. One of Fenelon's judges, on his trial for heresy, said: "You must either burn all the writings of Francis de Sales, or you must acquit the Archbishop of Cambray."

The style of these writings is graceful, picturesque, concrete; never abstract, dry, or uninteresting; abounding in bright and helpful illustrations; and always refined

and in good taste. There is a delightful absence of that vulgar striving after startling effects by violent and extravagant expressions which offends us in so much modern religious writing and speaking. Here we feel not the exciting, then bewildering, and finally deadening shock of moral "dynamite," but the sweet persuasion of the still, small voice of the highest reason and the tenderest love. We are not driven, but drawn.

St. Francis is, in his writings, as in his life, the finished and courteous gentleman as well as the humble saint. The "Introduction to the Devout Life" sums up his conception of the Christian life and character, and is to be commended to all who love holiness and long to become conformed to the image of God's Son. This work is more in touch with ordinary human life with its ordinary temptations and difficulties, than the immortal "De Imitatione Christi" of Thomas a Kempis, for that great manual is meant for monks. I venture to say that class-leaders and preachers will find in Francis' "Devout Life" much to stimulate their own thought and move their own heart. Much that will be suggestive to them in dealing with those committed to their care, and that will give point and depth and richness to their exhortations and counsels. We need less glittering generalities about holiness and much more instruction and inspiration as to concrete graces and duties, such as we shall find in this book.

Of course in it we find much that is distinctively Roman, some objectionable references to the Virgin Mary and the saints, but not very many. Even the sacramentarianism which abounds is not of the most offensive kind, for St. Francis is spiritually-minded in everything. In the meditations, which are given as aids to self-purification, we find the weakest

part of the book, with a touch of the unreal and conventional, and they do not lay hold of one as the general and rational considerations of the body of the work. But formality or pedantry are not characteristic of Francis. He emphasizes gloriously the true inwardness of religion, even going so far as to prefer meditation to formal prayer. "If, while you are saying vocal prayers, your heart feels drawn to mental prayer, do not resist it, but calmly let your mind fall into that channel, without troubling because you have not finished your appointed vocal prayers. The mental prayer you have substituted for them is more acceptable to God and more profitable to your soul."

Francis is essentially a mystic, but by no means of an extreme or pantheistic type. His mysticism consists in his emphasis on the inwardness of religion and the true unity of all aspects of Christian life in the love of God. His was far from a mysticism which was indifferent to ordinary relations or duties. He was of the most affectionate and sympathetic temperament. Upon the death of his beloved father, he quite broke down in the pulpit at the conclusion of his sermon.

He most clearly recognizes the glory of a life in the world in which man or woman strives to do God's will faithfully and well. In the preface to his "Devout Life," he says, that while other writers have had in view those who have quitted the world, his 'object is to teach those who are living in towns, at court, in their own households, and whose calling obliges them to a social life, so far as externals are concerned." He says, again, that "a different exercise of devotion is required of each, the noble, the artisan, the servant, the prince, the maiden, and the wife; and furthermore such practice must be modi-

fied according to the strength, the calling, and the duties of each individual." He bids us take patiently the petty annoyances and discomforts of ordinary daily life as means of spiritual discipline. And in one of his delightful "Letters" he encourages a gentleman who is going to court with the prospect of serving God even there.

What does "devotion" mean? The answer which Francis gives in one of his letters is this: "Devotion is neither more nor less than a prompt, fervent, loving service of God; and the difference between an ordinarily good man and one that is devout lies herein, viz.: that the first observes God's commands, without any special fervour or promptitude; whereas, the latter not only keeps them, but does it willingly, earnestly, and resolutely."

In another letter he says: "Devotion is really neither more nor less than a general inclination and readiness to do that which we know to be acceptable to God." And in the "Devout Life" he says that devotion is "neither more nor less than a very real love of God." I need hardly point out the resemblance between such teaching and that of Wesley. Some years ago, at a meeting of Toronto ministers gathered to listen to him, George Muller, of Bristol, drew a distinction between a Christian and a "happy Christian," which meant essentially the same as Francis' definition.

Francis is called a quietist. But his quietism is not inconsistent with action; it is rather the means to the most effective action. Love is, indeed, the soul of religion, but love is not a mere sentiment; it is rather volitional; it is the choice and doing of God's will. "Do not imagine," he says to one of his converts, "that such quietness and gentleness hinder a prompt and vigorous action; on the contrary, they rather tend to pro-

mote and confirm it." Throughout his writings there is great emphasis laid upon humility. He will not have men speak of their humility lest in so doing they cease to be humble." Humility is so sensitive that it fears its own shadow, and can scarcely hear itself mentioned without the risk of loss." He is especially averse to a mock humility, which either dispraises itself that others may praise it, or shrinks from duty through fear of not equalling others in the doing of it—self-love masquerading in the form of humility.

In order to the development of a really devout life, Francis de Sales prescribes simple, sincere, intelligent consecration to God, by a deliberate act of will, and then quiet, patient, persevering continuance in well doing. Although Roman Catholic writers do not say as much about faith as the New Testament warrants, nevertheless it is evident that a simple trust in the grace of God in Jesus Christ underlies all this teaching as to the holy life.

De Sales writes to one: "Be of good cheer, my daughter. Let your heart be warmed this Lent. We must not doubt. Jesus Christ is ours. As a little girl said the other day to me, 'He is more mine than I am His, more than I am my own.'" Too great haste and eagerness after perfection he frequently reproves as hostile to growth in grace. "I think you are too much disturbed by an eager search after perfection. Let yourself be led by Him, do not think so much of yourself. My rule for you would be to make a general resolution to serve God in the best way you can, and then not to waste time in subtle dissection as to what is precisely that best way. . . . Go on quietly and in confidence. . . . I entreat you not to look so much hither and thither; keep your eye fixed on God and your-

self, and you will never see aught save goodness in Him, unworthiness in yourself; but you will also see His goodness mindful of your unworthiness, and your worthless self the object of His goodness and mercy."

Again he writes: "Do not be so anxious to win a quiet mind, and it will be all the quieter. Do not examine so closely into the progress of your soul. Do not crave so much to be perfect, but let your spiritual life be formed by your duties, and by the actions which are called forth by circumstances."

Many and many a time he repeats the lesson of "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." "Be content if from time to time you gain some little victory over your besetting sin. It is your duty to bear with other people, but first of all we must learn to bear with ourselves, and to have patience with our own imperfection." He acutely points out that much of our distress at our own imperfection has its root in pride, which is disappointed in its own failures.

The piety which breathes through these writings is a cheerful piety, content with its lot in life, earnestly serving God in prayer and meditation and in the use of all the means of grace, but, above all, in loving devotion to the needs of those who are about one and dependent on one."

He writes to Madame Brulart: "You should not only be religious and love religion; you should make religion attractive, useful, and agreeable to every one around you. The sick will like your religion if it leads you to tend them. Your family will be attracted to it if they see you more careful in your duties, more patient, more diligent, more gentle in finding fault. If your husband sees that, as you become more devout, you also become more affectionate to him, more ten-

derly submissive, he will be won to your religion. In a word, let your religion be as winning to others as possible."

Most refreshing is the stalwart good sense with which he reprobates a morbid scrupulosity which is perpetually testing its own motives, harking back to its own failures, and distressing itself over masters of indifference. "Tell Marie," he once writes to Madame de Chantal, "to powder her hair if she will. Her intention is good, and the matter is unimportant. It is not well to entangle the mind amid all these cobwebs. This good girl's mind needs as much disentangling as her hair. That is why she worries herself. It is not good to be so punctilious, nor to distract oneself with so many little questions which do not concern the things of our Lord. Tell her to go on sincerely, holding fast to simplicity and humility, and to cast aside all these subtleties and perplexities."

How wholesome is this practical advice in the "Devout Life"! "Let us willingly resign the higher eminences to lofty souls. . . .

Those who pretend to such great and extraordinary graces are very liable to delusions and mistakes, so that sometimes it turns out that people who aspire to be angels are not ordinarily good men, and that their goodness lies more in high-flown words than in heart and deed." He says of people who are perpetually interlarding their conversation with pious phrases: "Too often they imagine that they really are themselves as pious as their words, which probably is not the case."

But it is time that this paper be closed. One final extract from the "Devout Life" may help to define St. Francis' ideal of holiness and to indicate the path which leads to it: "Children learn to speak by hearing their mother talk, and stammering forth their childish sounds in imitation; and so if we cleave to our Saviour in meditation, listening to His words, watching His actions and intentions, we shall learn in time, through His grace, to speak, act, and will like Himself. Believe me, beloved, there is no way to God save through this door."

MY ALL IN ALL.

BY THE REV. J. LAYCOCK.

He is my life who died that I might live,
Eternal life through Christ we shall receive.

He is my hope who lives for evermore,
Who rose to light love's resurrection door.

He is my light who is the Light of Life,
Light of the world with wisdom's blessings
rife—

A tree of knowledge to make mortals wise,
Who eat the fruit thereof to win the skies.

He is my Saviour from all sin below,
His robes of righteousness with glory glow,
Robed in His seamless gown of purity—
Like Him from sin and guile I shall be
free.

He is my love, the fairest of the fair,
The Rose of Sharon blossoms in His hair,
Minnedosa, Man.

Fairest of all the sons of Adam's race,
All graces bloom like lilies in His face.

He is my friend, yea, more, my brother dear,
He loved me in my sins year after year,
His love, O mystery of grace divine,
Hath won me His to be who aye was mine.

He is my guide and shall be evermore—
Through life's long lane, at last through
heaven's door.

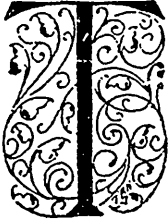
He is my crown of life and victory—
The fountain head of Immortality.

Thou Christ of God, Thou art my all in all,
Whom have I, Lord, on earth on whom to
call?

Or whom in heaven do I desire but Thee
To love—to worship through eternity?

SAILOR AND SAINT.

BY REV. J. G. ANGWIN.



HERE are few of the men who have given their lives for the propagation of the Gospel in whose history there is more of the romantic than in that of Allen Gardiner, sailor and saint, naval officer and pioneer missionary. Born of wholesome English stock, and educated for a place on the quarter-deck of a British battleship, where he served for years with credit if not with distinction; and with preferment and promotion before him this man deliberately laid aside his worldly ambitions and prospects and consecrated his substance and himself to missionary pioneering.

The birthplace and early home of Captain Gardiner was in the little Berkshire village of Basildon. The time in which he first saw the light was the leafy month of June, in 1794, when George III. was king. The period was not one of "piping times of peace." France was in an uproar. The streets of Paris ran crimson as the awful guillotine cut short the lives of the best men and women of the land. The sunsets were blood-red for Britain and for all Europe.

In such times the profession of arms was popular, and in early youth we find young Gardiner entering upon what promised to be his life work. His first appointment was to the "Fortune" as midshipman. The sea then was not the sea of to-day. The ships were wooden, clumsy, heavily armed, carrying sometimes more than one hundred guns. Now the

leviathans of war are steel, steam driven, carrying, in small numbers, guns of precision whose limit of range is counted by miles rather than by yards. The general condition of officers and men, if we are to believe one-half of what we are told of these past days, was more than brutalizing—it was essentially brutal. Hard drinking, hard fighting and fast living governed all hands, from the officer on the quarter-deck to the cook's apprentice in the galley. Discipline was enforced by the irons, the cells and the cat-o'-nine-tails. The triangle and toddy tub were near neighbours on every deck.

That Gardiner went with his shipmates (the multitude) to do evil is not to be wondered at. That the Lord found and saved him is also not to be wondered at. Why should we be amazed at the miracle of grace by which a sinner of any grade is brought into conscious salvation? The miracle of the cross takes the element of wonder out of the salvation of any man. There would be cause for wonder if men for whom the cross was borne were not arrested, convinced, saved.

In the present instance the work was deep and thorough. When we write thus do we not put dishonour upon the work of God, which is always deep and always thorough? The differences are in the material wrought upon rather than in the work. Men are shallow or profound, weak or strong, and as the Holy Ghost finds men in these respects He leaves them. He can do no deep work in a shallow soul, no great work in a small one. This man's nature was a deep sea, and the

Divine touch reached its profundities. A letter from an elect lady and a record of the later months of his mother's life put in his hands at a period when his drift towards scepticism and infidelity were decided, were important factors in bringing about the crisis of his life. He was also much impressed about the same time by what he saw at Tahiti of the results of the work of grace in the hearts and lives of the natives, who but recently had abandoned their cruel and idolatrous practices for the worship and service of the Christ. There can be no doubt that the visit to the Pacific Islands had much to do with determining the character of his future life.

On his return home, impressed with the idea that he was called to the ministry, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society for special work in South Africa, but the Society, being then embarrassed for want of funds, did not see its way clear to accept his offer. At the same time he made an attempt to prepare himself for the ministry of the Church of England, but was disappointed, and for a period gave way to discouragement, and returned to the quarter-deck.

His entrance upon mission work may be dated from the death of his wife, which took place in 1833. At her bedside, and with her hand in his, he made his vow of consecration. As soon as possible he entered on his work, sailing from Plymouth for South Africa in September, 1834. At that time very little was known of this part of the Dark Continent, upon which, of late, the eyes of the world have been turned. Then, as now, the Boers were in evidence. English civilization and British law had made themselves felt in Cape Colony, and the Dutch had become dissatisfied, and were en-

deavouring to establish themselves in the country to the north of the colonial frontier. Captain Gardiner planned to set up mission stations among the Kaffir tribes, then under the sway of one Dingaan, a chief of great executive and military ability. To obtain the friendship and assistance of such a leader seemed to the pioneer to be of first importance. As may be imagined, this was no easy task. The suspicion of the chief and the jealousy of his sorcerers and courtiers were alike to be overcome. But all hazards must be taken and oppositions met to reach the person of the king. Journeys long and arduous were cheerfully undertaken. The conveyance used was the Cape cart, with its team of long-horned oxen, sometimes to the number of twenty or more to a single vehicle. Perils on the way were numerous. The rivers, in flood, were unfordable. False friends and treacherous enemies played their several parts in making advance slow and uncertain. The ready wit of the sailor was often useful in rescuing the traveller in times of perplexity and danger.

After many trials and difficulties Dingaan was so far won as to place at Gardiner's disposal land for mission sites. The gift was a right royal one, comprising not an acre or two, but all the territory from the Quathlamba Mountains to the ocean. This was the letter which Dingaan wrote to the King of England:

"All the ground on which the white people have settled I give to the King of England. I give him the whole country between the Umgan River and the territory occupied by Faku, from the sea coast to the Quathlamba Mountains."

Two mission stations were established on this ground, but they were not long permitted to

operate in peace. Trouble was in the air. The first indication of the coming storm was that Mr. Owen was summoned one morning to the king's presence to read a letter which had just been received from the Dutch farmers, or Boers, who had come to settle in the neighbourhood. Dissatisfaction with the English rule at Cape Town had led these people to seek a fresh home, and this letter prayed for an assignment of Zulu land. But the outbreak of hostilities with the Boers, and the vigorous war of extermination which they had undertaken, assisted by the English from Port Natal, speedily closed all the doors of mission work, and the fierce tornado of a war of bitter and relentless retaliation swept Zululand clear of the beginning of Christian teaching, established at such cost. For a time it seemed as if all the heroic efforts of Gardiner, his sufferings by travel, tempest, and incessant toil, his persevering endeavours to bring this wild and cruel despot to the feet of Jesus—it seemed as if all this was in vain. But Gardiner was one of those pioneers who never live to see the fruit of their labours; and the changes which have been wrought in the aspect of the country during these intervening sixty years prove that no work for God can fruitless fall.

Finding his opportunity for work in South Africa thus rudely cut off, this earnest, one-purposed man turned his thoughts to South America as a field for missionary service. The history of that continent, so far as it has been influenced by its contact with the Latin races, has been full of bloodshed and injustice. The conquest of Peru by the Spaniard and the obtaining of supremacy in Brazil by the Portuguese are chapters which cannot be read without a shudder at the cruelty and selfish

greed of humanity, glossed and covered by an assumption of religious zeal. While both Spain and Portugal obtained great influence in South America, that influence has been more than questionable in its character and its results. The passions developed by the example of the invaders brought forth the very worst fruit in the minds and lives of the native Indians. There was never any real attempt made to teach or civilize or Christianize the aborigines, but, on the contrary everything, even the teachings of the altar, tended to their debasement and degradation. Among some tribes there was developed not only a hatred of the Spaniard; but also a determined dislike to the religion he professed, and of which he was so poor an exponent. So strenuous was the opposition that after months of fruitless effort Gardiner was reluctantly compelled to relinquish his attempt to establish a mission in South America.

He now determined to sail for New Guinea with the purpose of ascertaining the ease or difficulty with which the work might be commenced among the Papuan tribes. Here, however, disappointment awaited him; when he reached his destination he found the Dutch were by no means prepared to appreciate his mission. "You might as well try to instruct the monkey as the natives of Papua," said the Dutch Resident, to whom he applied for a pass. Gardiner's reply was significant: "Monkeys in appearance or not, being men in reality they are not incapable of being instructed, for they are included in our Saviour's command to preach the Gospel to every human being."

Failing in the islands of India he once more seeks admission into South America, and makes a second attempt to force his way to

the Corderillas and beyond. A certain Friar Manuel withstood him to the face, spreading all kinds of absurd and mischievous rumours which were readily believed by the ignorant and superstitious people. The most damaging story of all was to the effect that the foreign bishop had stolen the wafer of the mass from the sanctuary. This created such intense opposition that nothing remained but to turn to the extreme south of the continent. In his diary he about this time makes the following entry:

"Having at last abandoned all hope of reaching the Indian population, where they are most civilized and least migratory, my thoughts are necessarily turned towards the south. We propose to proceed to Berkeley Sound, in the Falkland Islands. Making this our place of residence, I intend to cross over in a sealer, and to spend the summer among the Patagonians. Who can tell but the Falkland Islands, so admirably situated for the purpose, may become the key to the aborigines both of Patagonia and of Terra del Fuego!"

Then followed a painful but ineffectual effort to obtain a foothold in the south, and another as fruitless, with a Mr. Gonzales for a companion, to reach the Indians of Bolivia. One cannot but admire the pertinacity of the man as he makes effort after effort to bring the simple Gospel to those who needed it, but would have none of it.

The limits placed upon this article forbid any but a very hasty glance at the closing scenes of this devoted life. Captain Gardiner was at last, by the generosity of a lady of Cheltenham, able to gather a party of six besides himself, and thoroughly outfit it for a last attempt to form a mission on the bleak and desolate shores of Patagonia and the "Land of Fire." The outfit consisted in part of two seaworthy boats, which were, for a time at least, to

form the homes of the missionary party, and to preserve them in some small degree from the too great sociability of the natives. The voyage of the "Ocean Queen," the ship on which they had embarked their fortunes, was fairly prosperous, and the mission boats, "Pioneer" and "Speedwell," with their crews, were left to their fate. From this time onward the only sources of information regarding the movements of the party are the fragments of their journals, which were afterwards found.

The shore and people, which had proved inhospitable before, again failed to give a cordial welcome. The natives robbed when occasion offered. The winds and waves and hungry rocks made shipwreck of their boats, and despoiled them of their stores. Sickness came. Provisions grew alarmingly scarce.

The first of the little company to die was John Badcock, one of the sailors, who had for weeks been a great sufferer from scurvy. He was so patient and resigned in his last moments, and as life was fast ebbing out he summoned up all his remaining strength and sang in a loud voice Wesley's hymn—

"Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

"He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace."

Only two of the party could now walk about, viz., Gardiner and Maidment, and they visited the cavern residence, to find that the sea had again rushed in with destructive force; and these losses by high tides had so lessened their

stock of provisions that Gardiner felt it necessary to still further curtail their daily allowance of food. A little rice, two cakes of chocolate, six mice, and one pound of salt pork comprised nearly all that they had left to subsist upon till help came.

One by one they succumbed to cold, hunger and exposure. The following is the last known record, and is from the pen or pencil of the leader:

"MY DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—The Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear departed brother left the boat on Tuesday afternoon, and has not since returned. Doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served faithfully. Yet a little while, and though . . . the Almighty to sing the praises . . . throne. I

neither hunger nor thirst, though . . . days without food. . . . Maidment's kindness to me . . . heaven.

"Your affectionate brother in . . .

"ALLEN F. GARDINER.

"September 6th, 1851."

A few weeks later the body of Gardiner was found by a rescue party lying beside one of the stranded boats. The others were not far off. Some may be disposed to ask the advantage of such waste of life. In this case, as in many others, the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. There are flourishing mission stations in various places in Patagonia, and many precious souls have already been garnered from her storm-swept shores.

Sydney, C.B.

NOUGHT BUT SLEEP?

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

"And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is silence, darkness, yet 'tis rest,
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts, that weep,
For still God giveth His beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills, so best."*

And if I thought this life went out in dark,
And there was nought beyond the grave but sleep,
No lasting shore to which life's parting barque
Rowed homeward o'er death's voiceless deep;

And if perchance I thought those words a dream
"I am the resurrection and the life,"
No waiting hearts beyond death's darkling stream,
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor even strife;

If, after all, I thought death was but sleep—
A calm, a nothingness, a grass-veiled rest,
With no loved voice to break the silence deep,
No seraph smile, no welcoming Saviour's breast;

And if—But, nay! these are but maudlin dreams;
Life is too good to bury 'neath the sod.
Think'st thou thy bosom that with young life teems
Will find a rest save in the living God?

'Twere better e'en the pain we suffer here,
The moaning anguish, and the bitter strife,
The hope that struggles in the face of fear—
Yea, all that made the old pulsating life,—

'Twere better these! Oh, give me aught but sleep,
A sleep that waketh not to hope nor love,
Nor even dreams within its slumber deep
Of all we hoped of endless life above.

But hark! a whisper from the deeps I hear,—

It comes again—a whisper soft and sweet:
"That death—that dumb forgetting thou dost fear
No sleep is, but a waking life more meet."

* From an inscription on the tomb of an agnostic.

THE COURT OF KING EDWARD.*

BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.



HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.



SHAKESPEARE puts into the mouth of "Touchstone" a fierce denunciation of ignorance concerning the court, describing those guilty of it as being in a "parlous state." The clownish philosopher's censure is a tolerably sweeping one; for while every one knows that monarchs have their courts, very few, on either side of the Atlantic, understand how courts are constituted and ordered, and for what purposes they are maintained. As there is no court where old-time pomp and ceremonial are so picturesquely blended with modern

* The sixtieth birthday of King Edward VII. occurs on November 9th, 1901. In commemoration of this event we have pleasure in presenting recent portraits of the King and members of the royal household and pictures of some of the royal residences, and in abridging from "Munsey's Magazine" the accompanying account of the Royal Court.—ED.

usages and requirements as that of St. James', we cannot do better than to turn our attention to this particular establishment, the more so as it has recently been reorganized from top to bottom by England's new king, Edward VII.

The court, in the broadest sense of the word, comprises all the great officers of state, the cabinet ministers, the leading military and naval commanders, the great judicial functionaries, and all those through whom the monarch exercises his titular authority. The word, however, as used nowadays, applies more particularly to the household and personal entourage of the ruler.

In olden times there was little or no distinction between the officers of the government and the officers of the royal household. Indeed, the former were generally subordinate to the latter, and as late as in the reign of Edward I. it was to the keeper of the king's wardrobe that all taxes and revenues of the crown were paid. By degrees, however, the offices of the government were separated from those of the household. The former became more and more the servants of the Parliament and of the nation, rather than of the sovereign, and if to-day the lord high chancellor, the lord president of the council, and the other members of the cabinet are ranked as members of the court, it is in a figurative, rather than in an actual sense.

A Court's Influence for Good.

There always has been a disposition, especially in republican countries, to scoff at royal courts, and to regard them as hotbeds of

petty intrigue, of hypocrisy, of vanity, and of profligacy. To such an extent is this the case that the very word "courtier" has come to be looked upon as a term of re-

tends to develop the vices mentioned, since the tenure of court offices usually depends upon a royal favour that is sometimes capricious and unstable; on the

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON PRESENTING A GOLDEN COFFER TO THE QUEEN DURING THE INFANCY OF KING EDWARD VII.



proach, implying a fawning, dishonourable, and contemptible disposition. As a matter of fact, this is a very prejudiced and unjust view. While there is much in the atmosphere of court life that

other hand the existence of a court undoubtedly does much to maintain a certain standard of morality, of honour, and of manners.

In mediæval times all that was most brilliant, enlightened, and

intellectual centred about the royal and imperial courts, and their influence contributed to civilize the classes as well as the masses. To this day the knowledge that connection with any serious scandal entails exclusion from court is sufficient to constitute a very salutary restraint upon the behaviour of society in monarchical countries.



THE KING'S FATHER, ALBERT
THE GOOD.

The British Royal Household.

The English court may be roughly divided into two parts. The one consists of officials who only figure on ceremonial occasions and at state functions; the others have duties of a less decorative and more arduous nature to fulfil. Thus, the Duke of St. Albans, as hereditary grand falconer; the Marquis of Exeter, who is hereditary grand almoner; the poet laureate, the gold stick, the silver stick, and the black rod, while they figure in all state and

ceremonial functions, are not indispensable members of the royal household, as are the Queen's ladies in waiting and the gentlemen in attendance upon the King.

The royal household is composed of four separate departments, with several subdivisions. There is, first of all, what may be described as the King's personal staff, which is very small. Then there are the lord steward's department, the lord chamberlain's department, and the department of the master of the horse. Queen Alexandra, again, has a household of her own, the men being under the orders of her lord chamberlain, old Lord Colville of Culross, while the feminine portion is under the direction of the mistress of the robes.

With the advent of the present reign this last office ceased to possess a ministerial character. When Queen Victoria was on the throne it was considered to be endowed with so much influence as to necessitate its occupant changing with the administration; and each time a new cabinet came into office the Queen had to select a new mistress of the robes from among the duchesses belonging to the political party in power. This was due to the fact that Victoria was a queen regnant, whereas Alexandra is merely a queen consort, and the consequence is that the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry is likely to hold her post of mistress of the robes for the remainder of her days, providing she does not cease to please the Queen.

The Ladies of the Bedchamber.

Next in rank to the duchess, who is only to be seen by the side of Her Majesty on ceremonial occasions, are the four ladies of the bedchamber, who must be peeresses of the realm. They are at present the Countesses of Antrim



KING EDWARD VII.

and of Gosford, the widowed Countess of Lytton and Lady Suffield. The last is a member of the house of Baring, and an old friend and neighbour of the Queen at Sandringham. Lady Lytton is a sister of the Earl of Clarendon, and widow of the poet peer who wrote so brilliantly under the name of "Owen Meredith," and who died as ambassador at Paris after serving a term as viceroy of India. Lady Gosford is a daughter of the Duchess of Devonshire, a sister of the late Duke of Manchester and therefore aunt of the present duke, while Lady Antrim is a sister of the Countess of Minto, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, and, like her, a daughter of that gallant and courtly old General Grey, who accompanied King Edward on his memorable visit to Canada some forty years ago.

Each of these four ladies of the bedchamber is expected to spend three months out of the twelve in personal attendance upon the Queen, at whatever place Her Majesty may happen to be. They receive the Queen's visitors before

admitting them to her presence, entertain her guests, attend her when driving or at entertainments, and, in fact, relieve her of all unnecessary trouble and annoyance. Jane, Lady Churchill, lady of the bedchamber to Queen Victoria, was that sovereign's most intimate confidante and associate during the last twenty years of her reign; and there is no doubt that the sudden death of Lady Churchill, who was found dead in her bed last Christmas Day at Osborne, helped to precipitate the demise of her royal mistress. In emergencies the duties of a lady of the bedchamber are likely to be more varied, as may be gathered from the fact that the old Countess of Macclesfield was called upon to act in the capacity of physician and nurse in the absence of these important functionaries on the occasion of the somewhat unexpected arrival in the world of the late Duke of Clarence, eldest son of Queen Alexandra.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

At the time of writing this, Queen Alexandra has appointed only four maids of honour, two of whom are the lovely twin daughters of the late Lord Vivian, who died as British ambassador at Rome. The regular number of maids of honour is eight, and two are always in waiting. They carry the Queen's gloves, fan and flowers, attend her when driving, play the piano or read to her—in short, they perform those duties that would fall to a well-born "demoiselle de compagnie," or by a young girl for a mother to whom she was devoted. The ladies and women of the bedcham-



THE ROYAL FAMILY.

ber have a salary of six hundred pounds a year; the maids of honour receive four hundred, scarcely enough to pay for their dresses. When a maid of honour marries, the Queen gives her a thousand pounds to purchase her trousseau.

The masculine part of Her Majesty's household includes Lord Colville of Culross, who has been Queen Alexandra's chamberlain since her marriage; a vice-chamberlain, the Earl of Gosford; a treasurer, the Earl de Grey, who is the only son and heir of the Marquis of Ripon; an equerry, Colonel John Fielden Brockle-

hurst, of the Royal Horse Guards; and a private secretary, the Hon. Sydney Greville, younger brother of the Earl of Warwick.

Two Old Retainers of the King.

The King's personal staff consists of the keeper of his privy purse, General Sir Dighton Probyn, one of the Victoria Cross heroes of the Indian Mutiny, and Sir Francis Knollys, the private secretary. Sir Dighton and Sir Francis reside permanently with the King, to whose household they have belonged for nearly forty years, and have no fixed terms of duty. They enjoy the monarch's confidence to a degree of which no other member of his household can boast, and it is said of them that they have never made a mistake. They are of about the same age as the King, Sir Dighton being a little older and Sir Francis a few years younger. The general has the control and management of the King's private fortune and business affairs, while Sir Francis has charge of His Majesty's correspondence, all written communications, no matter what their source or origin, reaching the sovereign through him. It naturally follows that the King can have no secrets from his secretary. For his invaluable services Sir Francis receives a salary of two thousand pounds a year, a furnished residence for himself and family wherever the King happens to be, and all sorts of valuable perquisites in the way of the use of royal servants, royal carriages, and so forth. Sir Dighton has the same prerogatives and a salary of twenty-five hundred pounds.

The Lord Steward's Department.

The three great dignitaries of the court are the lord steward of the household, the lord chamberlain of the household, and the



THE KING'S SON AND HEIR APPARENT TO THE BRITISH CROWN—THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

master of the horse. The authority of the lord steward extends virtually over the entire court. In former times he exercised the sole right of administering justice in the case of all offences committed within the precincts of any of the royal palaces, and had the power of sentencing to death those who had been guilty of crimes meriting capital punishment. He still nominally possesses this prerogative, but his rights are delegated to any magistrate or judge whom he may select.

The lord steward is appointed by the sovereign, but changes with the cabinet, and, by virtue of his office, takes precedence of all dukes who are not of the blood royal. The present lord steward of the household is the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, one of the tallest and best looking members of the House of Lords. His emblem of office is a long

white wand, which he carries himself when in the sovereign's presence; on other occasions it is borne before him by a bare-headed footman. His salary is two thousand pounds a year.

He has under his more immediate orders that part of the royal household not in the departments of the lord chamberlain and the master of the horse. The lord steward rules over a treasurer, who is now Victor Cavendish, M.P., heir to the dukedom of Devonshire; a comptroller, Viscount Valentia, an Irish peer occupying a seat in the House of Commons; and a master of the household, Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, brother of the late Duke of Newcastle. This last official directs the purely domestic affairs of the royal household—all the servants below stairs, cooks, footmen, and so forth, are in the lord steward's department—and he lives under the same roof as the sovereign.



THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

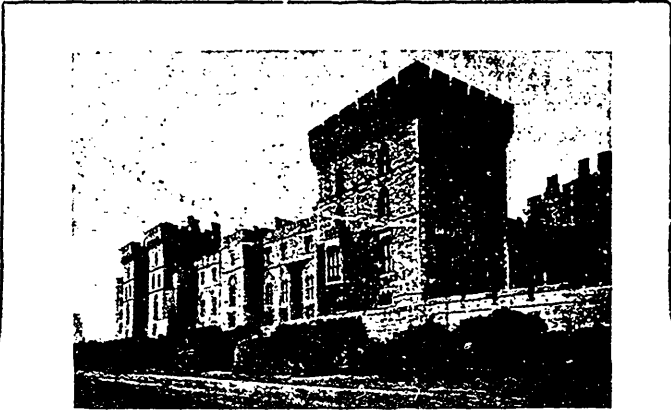
In the absence of the lord steward he presides at the table of the ladies and gentlemen of the royal household, and issues in his own name the royal "commands" to all those whose presence the King desires at dinner, or as guests at Windsor, Osborne, or Balmoral. The invitations to state banquets, state balls and state concerts are always issued in the name of the lord steward by command of the King.

*The Lord Chamberlain and
his Duties*

The lord chamberlain of the household, now the Earl of Clar-

ward de Martino; the royal barge master, the keeper of the royal swans, and the royal string band, which has been in existence for more than three hundred years, and consists of sixty performers.

The constable of Windsor Castle, who is the Duke of Argyll, brother-in-law of the King; the keeper of the crown jewels at the Tower of London, who is General Sir Hugh Gough, and the royal physicians, surgeons, oculists and dentists, numbering about forty all told, are likewise subject to the direction of the lord chamberlain. To the latter is also intrusted the licensing of all public dramatic



WINDSOR CASTLE.

endon, draws the same salary as the lord steward, and, like him, changes with the administration, and bears a long white wand when in attendance on the sovereign. He has under his direction the lords and grooms in waiting, the gentlemen of the privy chamber, the master and marshals of ceremonies, the poet laureate—now Alfred Austin, who receives eighty pounds a year for furnishing odes on the occasion of births, deaths and marriages in the royal family; the painter in ordinary, James Sant, of the Royal Academy; the marine painter to the King, Ed-

entertainments, and upon him rests the responsibility of acting as censor of the drama, heavy pains and penalties being reserved for those theatrical managers who venture to put on the stage pieces that have not received the seal of his approval.

It is he, too, who determines the qualifications of those who apply for admission to court. Presentations cannot be made without his sanction, which is given only when he has satisfied himself that there is nothing in the antecedents and character of the candidates for presentation to

debar them from the honour. Lord Clarendon is exceptionally strict and exclusive, and the receipt from him of the familiar cards entitling one to presentation either at Buckingham Palace or St. James', at a drawing-room or levee, is a kind of certificate of position, character and antecedents.

Although a layman, the lord chamberlain has also subject to his authority the prelates and clergy of the chapels royal. The chief of these is the dean of the chapels royal, who is invariably the Bishop of London, and who

may arise concerning spiritual matters."

The remainder of the ecclesiastical establishment consists of forty-eight chaplains to the King, their duty being restricted to preaching before him once a year. They receive their appointments from the lord chamberlain. The choristers of the royal chapels are known as the "gentlemen of the chapel royal." They wear a queer, old-fashioned scarlet and gold dress instead of a surplice, and receive salaries of sixty pounds a year. It may be remembered that the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, as a



TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE.

acknowledges no spiritual superior but the sovereign. The more immediate spiritual adviser of the King bears the quaint title of clerk of the closet, the office being now held by the Bishop of Winchester, who, it may be remembered, furnished the last ministrations of the Church to Queen Victoria. Before the Reformation, the clerk of the closet was the father confessor of the monarch. But since the establishment of the Protestant creed as the state church of England, his duty has been, nominally, at least, "to attend at the right hand of the sovereign in the royal closet or pew during divine service, to resolve such doubts as

boy, was a gentleman of the chapel royal.

The lord high almoner, who must not be confounded with the hereditary lord almoner of the crown, is the Bishop of Ely. His duties are nowadays little more than nominal. In former times he was expected to assist the sovereign in washing the feet of twelve poor men on Maundy Thursday, but now he has nothing to do but to distribute the royal bounty on that day—Thursday in Holy Week—and at Christmas, to a number of poor people selected for that purpose. I should add that, besides the forty-eight chaplains in ordinary, the King

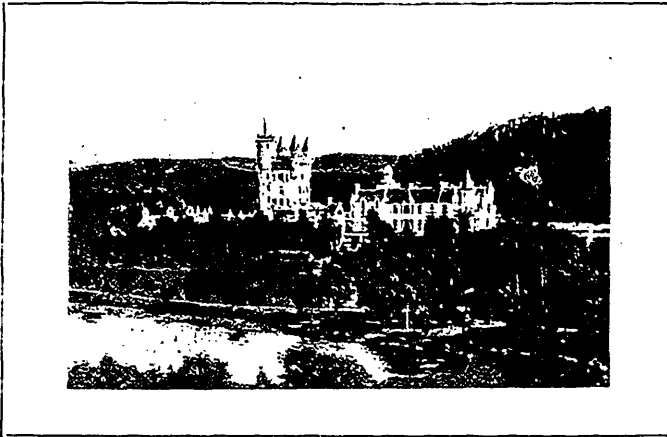
has resident chaplains at Windsor, Balmoral, and Osborne, whose duty it is to perform divine service daily, morning and evening, in the private chapels.

The Lord Chamberlain's Subordinates.

With regard to the grooms in waiting, it must be understood that they are all men of rank and of birth, and that, in spite of their title of groom, their duties have nothing whatever to do with horses. They are, in fact, the gentlemen of the privy chamber. A groom in waiting and a lord in

neighbour of the King, and has been with him almost since his marriage. He is married to one of the Barings. The lords in waiting receive a salary of eight hundred pounds a year, and, as may be supposed, are invariably peers of the realm.

The master of the ceremonies is the functionary more particularly intrusted with the task of looking after the foreign diplomatic corps. At the present moment the office is filled by Colonel the Hon. Sir William Colville, and he has three assistants, who arrange all questions of precedence among the



BALMORAL CASTLE.

waiting are always in attendance upon the sovereign, standing behind him on all state occasions, remaining in his antechamber when he is receiving people in private audience, representing him at the obsequies of distinguished subjects.

The best known of the lords in waiting of King Edward is Lord Suffield. It is understood that he alone, of all the lords in waiting, will not change with the cabinet, but will hold his office permanently, as did Lord Bridport during the reign of Queen Victoria. Lord Suffield is an old friend and

foreign diplomats, and attend to their presentation. The master of the ceremonies wears a gold chain and medal as the badge of his office. Drawing-rooms at court are invariably opened by the master taking by the hand the peeress selected to present the ladies of the diplomatic corps, and leading her to the throne, where both the master and the peeress make a profound reverence to the sovereign before taking their places on either side of the dais.

The Master of the Horse.

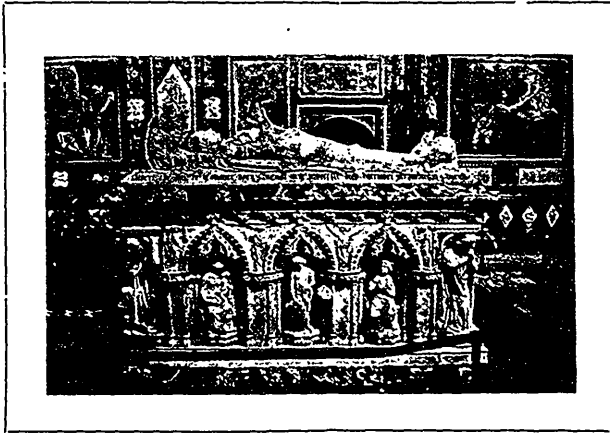
The third great dignitary of the

court is the master of the horse to the King, the Duke of Portland, whose office, like those of the lord chamberlain and the lord steward, is a ministerial post, the holder changing with the cabinet. He possesses more privileges than either of the two dignitaries mentioned, and receives a larger salary, his pay amounting to nearly three thousand pounds a year. He has charge of all matters relating to the sovereign's stables, horse breeding establishments, and so forth.

The pages of honour are lads of good family, from twelve to sixteen years old, who attend only on

back at each carriage wheel, sometimes in frock coat and high hat, at other times in full uniform. They likewise fulfil many of the duties of gentlemen in waiting, the present King preferring to be accompanied, when out of doors, by the equerry on duty rather than by either the lord or groom in waiting. The equeries receive six hundred pounds a year, do about three months' duty in the twelve, and comprise among their number General Sir Stanley Clarke, Colonel the Hon. William Carington and Captain Frederick Ponsonby.

The master of the horse, alone



PRINCE CONSORT'S SARCOPHAGUS, FROGMORE.

state occasions, when they carry the trains of the ladies of the royal family or of the sovereign, receiving a salary of three hundred pounds a year. In former times, when commissions in the army were still obtained by purchase, they were entitled to become officers in the guards after completing their service as page; but this privilege has been abolished.

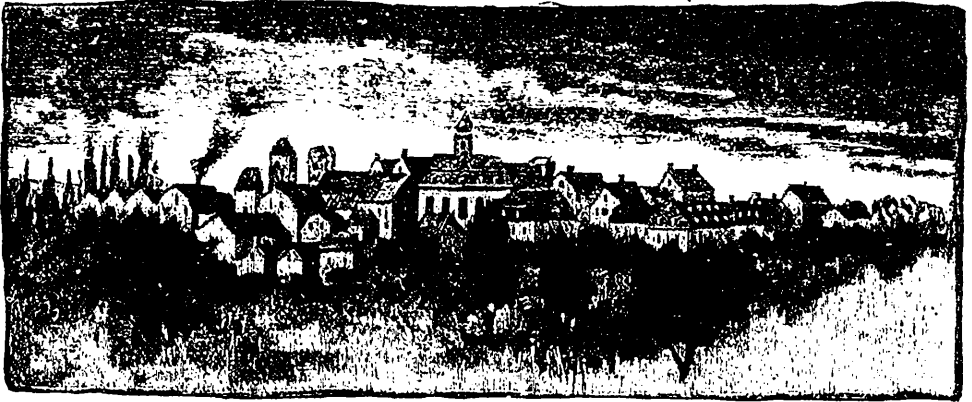
The equeries of the King are all military and naval men, a preference being conceded to the army. Whenever the sovereign drives out in any kind of state, one or two of them ride on horse-

of all the dignitaries of the household, has the privilege of making use of the horses, carriages, pages and footmen belonging to the royal stables. He alone can drive, if he likes, a carriage and four with postilions and outriders in royal livery. In state cavalcades and processions—as, for instance, the funeral of Queen Victoria—he rides next behind the sovereign, and before all the other members of the royal family.

This constitutes but a brief sketch of the officials and dignitaries of the British court, who probably number, all told, about two thousand persons of both sexes

THE STORIED RHINE.

BY H. A. GUERBER AND W. H. WITHROW.



NEUWIED—A MORAVIAN TOWN ON THE RHINE.

II.



ROSSING the bridge of boats from Coblenz, I climbed by many a zigzag between frowning walls, to the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein the Gibraltar of the Rhine. From 400 feet above the river one of the grandest views in

Europe is disclosed. Below, the turbid stream of the Moselle joins the clear current of the Rhine, and the whole course of the latter, from Stolzenfels to Adernach, may be traced as in a map.

Our own St. Lawrence, as seen from the citadel of Quebec, is as large as half a dozen Rhines.

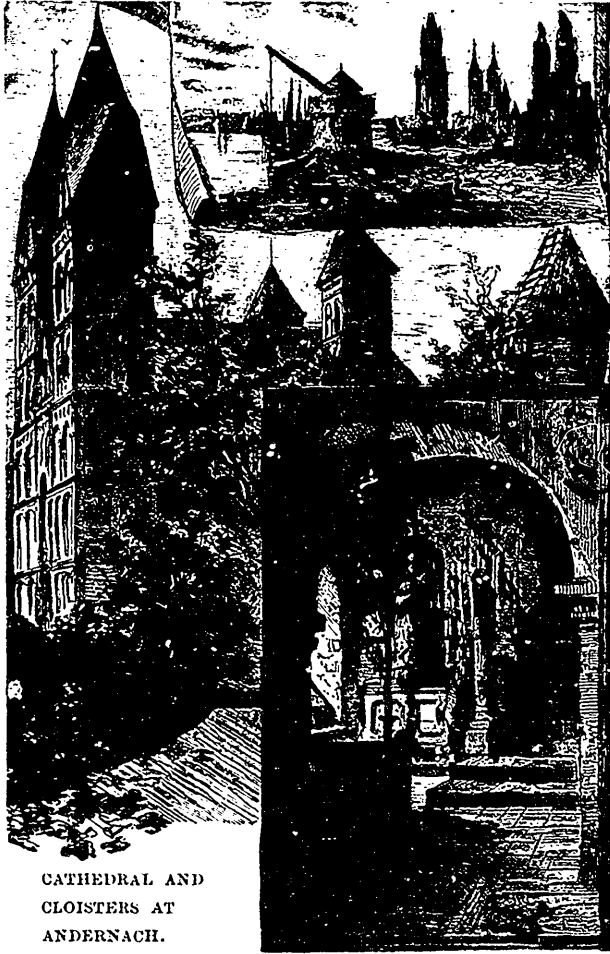
As I stood on the ramparts, a regiment of spiked helmets marched across the bridge of boats, the stirring strains of the "Wacht am Rhein" floating up in the morning air. They marched with a spring-

ing stride up the steep slope—large, well-built, blue-eyed, full-bearded Teutons, far superior in physique and intelligence to the average French soldier. One gigantic fellow bore the eagle standard, with several bells and horse-tails attached. The uniform looked coarse, the knapsacks were of cow's hide, with the hair on; and some of the men wore glasses—there are no exemptions for shortness of sight. While hundreds of soldiers were lounging about in enforced idleness, I saw women unloading army stores from a railway van. "Woman's rights" in Europe struck me as woman's wrongs. Better endure a little civil disability than encounter the fierce struggle for unwomanly work with man.

Taking the steamer again, we stop at Neuwied, a Moravian town; Andernach, with its ancient walls, gates, towers, and bastions, and its quaint legend of the carved Christ who came down nightly from the cross to do works of charity through the town; and Hammerstein, a place of refuge for the Emperor, Henry IV., who did penance

three days in the snow at Canossa. The view of Rolandseck, the lofty summits of the Siebengebirge, or Seven Mountains, and the towering peak, 900 feet above the river, where

landsbogen is a solitary crumbling arch on a lofty hill, the sole relic of the castle of the brave knight Roland, the Paladin of Charlemagne, who fell at Ronceval. Another legend is that Count



CATHEDRAL AND
CLOISTERS AT
ANDERNACH.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of water proudly swells
Between the banks that bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields that promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,

is one of the richest in natural beauty and romantic association of any in this lovely land. Ro-

Roland, affianced to the peerless Princess Hildegunde, joined a crusade and was reported slain by the infidels. The inconsolable Hildegunde became a nun, and took refuge in a neighbouring kloster of Nonnenwerth. Roland, though desperately wounded, recovered and returned to claim his bride, only to find her lost to him for



FEUDAL TOWER AT
ANDERNACH.

ever. In his despair he built the castle of which only the crumbling arch remains, and there lived in solitude, catching rare glimpses of his lost Hildegunde passing to her devotions in the kloster chapel, or watching the gleam of her taper at the convent lattice. At length he missed the fair form and the faint taper ray, and soon the knelling of the kloster bell, and the mournful procession of nuns, told him that his beloved Hildegunde had passed away from earth for ever. From that hour he never spoke again; his heart was with the dead; and one morning he was found rigid and cold, his death-filmed eye still turned, as in its last look in life, toward the convent chapel. This tender tale of love and sorrow still speaks to the heart across the centuries with a strange spell; and we gaze with a pathetic interest on the crumbling tower and on the klos-

ter chapel, which still looks forth from its embowering trees.

At the ancient town of Bonn, the fine university, the largest in Germany, occupies the old electoral palace, 600 yards in length. On an old bastion is a bronze statue of Arndt, the author of the "Wacht am Rhein," pointing with his right hand to the storied stream that he loved so well. Here was born Beethoven, whose fine statue was inaugurated by Queen Victoria. It bears simply the inscription, "Ludwig von Beethoven, geboren zu Bonn, 1770"—nothing more. In the quiet "Gottesacker" sleeps the dust of Niebuhr, Bunsen, Schumann, Arndt, Lange, and other famous men.

The crown and glory of Cologne is its wonderful minster. Its mighty mass seems to dominate over the city—a brooding

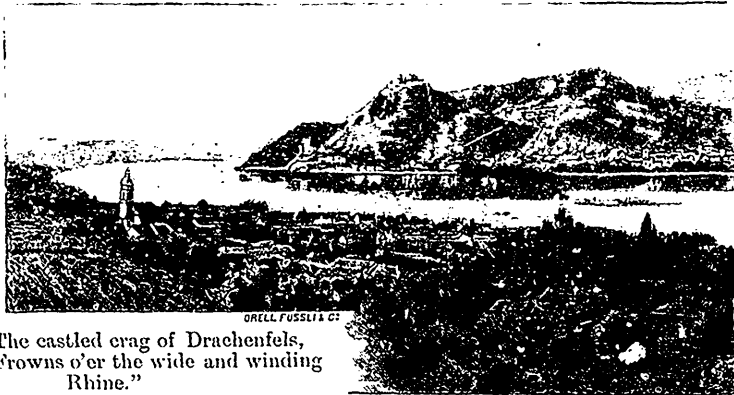


CHIEFLESS
CASTLES
BREATHING
STERN
FAREWELLS.

J. W. L. G. JONELL, FUZZI & CO.

presence of sublime majesty. Its spires, turrets, flying buttresses, gargoyles, foliated capitals, and flamboyant tracery seem more like an organic growth than a work of man's device. For six long centuries the mighty structure has been slowly growing, year by year, and but recently reached its late completion. Its vast and vaulted roof rises to a shadowy height of over 200 feet, and its sky-piercing spire springs, like a fountain in stone, over 500 feet in air. But no mere enumeration of dimensions can give any idea of the magnificence and beauty of its exterior.

with the skulls and bones of the 11,000 virgin attendants of the English Princess Ursula, martyred here by the Huns in the fourth or fifth century—the legends do not agree which. The whole story is told in a series of quaint old paintings on the walls. Rows of shelves are full of skulls wearing satin caps and tinsel coronets, and some of peculiar sanctity rest in bejewelled velvet cases. Some are still crowned with soft flaxen hair, which, as a special favour, one may touch. Others have their names written on their forehead. The rest of the bones are piled up



"The castled crag of Drachenfels,
Frowns o'er the wide and winding
Rhine."

or of the awe-inspiring solemnity of its vast interior. Arch beyond arch receded in seemingly infinite perspective, the deep-dyed windows poured their many-coloured light over capital and column, and the deep chant of the choir and roll of the organ throbbled and pulsated like a sea of sound.

St. Gereon's, commemorating 318 martyrs of the Theban Legion, slain in 286 by Diocletian, said to be founded by the Empress Helena, is very odd. The nave is ten-sided, and the skulls of the martyrs are preserved in the choir, which is nineteen steps above the nave.

The most notable relic church, however, is that of St. Ursula, a dilapidated old structure, crowded

by the cord, or strung on wires and arranged in grotesque arabesques. In the cathedral you are shown the bones of the Magi, or three Kings, brought by the Empress Helena to Constantinople, and since then stolen and recaptured, and held at a king's ransom. Can anything be more degrading than this worship of dead men's bones, with its puerile imbecilities and its palpable frauds and lies!

After passing Cologne, the Rhine landscape grows flat and uninteresting and the current sluggish. In Holland the country lies below the level of the river, which here flows between huge embankments.

After dividing four times, and sending its waters into the Meuse

by the Waal and Leck and into the Zuyder Zee by the Yssel, the Rhine passes the historic towns of Utrecht and Leyden, and from a broad, majestic river dwindles down into such an insignificant stream that it is pumped into the sea.

Passing through different countries, the Rhine seems to partake of the character of the inhabitants. In Switzerland it is strong, free, and picturesque, in Germany alternately

Celts, who, fleeing before the Teutons, vanished from Germany about four centuries before Christ. The newcomers practised the Scandinavian religion, which left traces in literature and in our nomenclature of the days of the week. Incensed by Teutonic incursions, the Romans sent Caesar northward to drive them back. He established camps all along the Rhine, which was a boundary of the Roman Empire for two hundred years. Con-



SONNECK CASTLE—ON THE RHINE.

“Many a tower, for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.”

useful and romantic, and in Holland slow, persistent, and strictly utilitarian.

Besides natural charms, the Rhine's historical associations greatly enhance its attractions. For convenience' sake this history is divided into four periods. The first includes the antediluvian, perhaps pre-Adamite, epoch, the time of fossils and of volcanic activity in the region between Mains and Bonn. During the second period the Rhine valley was inhabited by

nected by well-built roads, these camps ultimately became famous cities. The Romans brought thither their own culture and religion, and left frequent traces of their occupation. During the Christian persecutions a whole legion suffered martyrdom at Cologne, where their bones still deck St. Gereon's Church.

After beholding a cross in the skies near Mainz, Constantine transferred his capital to Byzantium, and a little later the barba-

rians began crossing the Rhine to seek homes elsewhere. The early Frankish kings, the Merovingians, were overrun by the Huns, whose cruelty is recorded in Germany's greatest epic, the *Nibelungenlied*, and in many legends. The Huns were followed by the Alemanni, whom Clovis defeated at Tolbiac, after making his famous vow. During the rule of his successors, the Rhine country relapsed into heathenism, whence it was rescued by Irish missionaries.



"ALL TENANTLESS, SAVE TO THE
CRANNYING WIND."

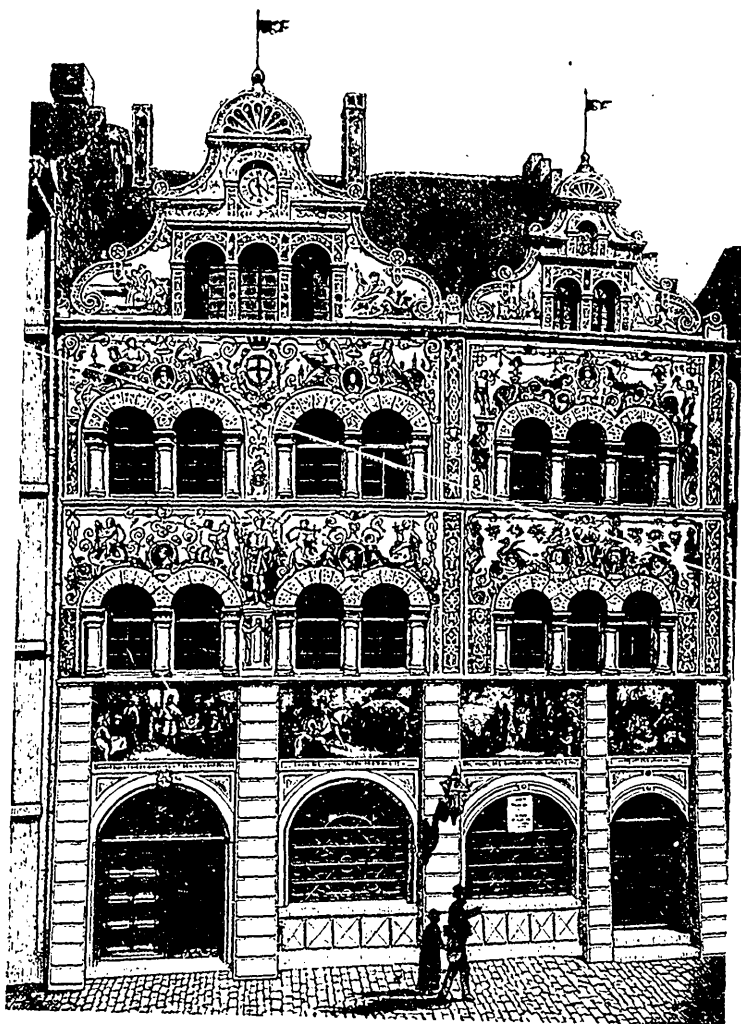
The third period, the golden age of France and Germany, begins with Charlemagne, who conquered the Teutons, destroyed the Irminsul, and lived in turn at Worms, Ingelheim, and Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), where he was buried. A doughty warrior, the prince of good fellows, and an enlightened legislator, Charlemagne is the hero of countless legends.

Charlemagne's work was undone by his successors, for his grandsons divided his realm into Germany, France, and Italy. As he had predicted, the Normans soon came up the Rhine, and they and the returning Huns left ruin and lamentation in their wake. The nobles took advantage of the incapacity of subsequent rulers to extend their power, and Hatto, of Rat Tower fame, the hero of Southey's poem, tyrannized over all the people. Emboldened by impunity, the nobles finally decreed that the German crown should be elective, and the second monarch of their choice is said to have witnessed the duel between Lohengrin and Telramund at Cleves. Utilizing in war preparations a nine years' truce purchased from the Huns, this king defeated them so sorely that they ceased to devastate the Rhine country, which again became a centre of culture.

When Peter the Hermit preached the first crusade the turbulent nobles gladly assumed the cross. It is estimated that during the following two hundred years about six millions of Germany's best fighting men went eastward.

Germany's favourite hero is Frederick Barbarossa, who, after warring against unruly vassals, transferred the relics of the Three Kings from Milan to Cologne, where they became the goal of pious pilgrimages. Although Frederick perished in Syria, the people refused to believe he was dead, and tradition claims that he is sleeping in his palace vaults, or in the Kyffhauser Mountain, to arise when Germany needs him.

Constant feuds between robber knights made travelling so unsafe except during the Truce of God, that the towns, having meanwhile attained importance, were forced to maintain private armies until the Hanseatic League was formed. All the knights were not pilferers.



CIVIC ARCHITECTURE IN AN OLD RHINE TOWN—THE CHANCELLERY,
CONSTANCE.

however, for along the Rhine they kept relays of horses and oxen to tow boats up-stream, and protected and entertained travellers in exchange for toll.

Although plague and warfare acted like a blight on the country, literature flourished, thanks to the Rhine paper manufactories, which

permitted the multiplication of favourite romances.

Baronial tyranny became so galling under the Hapsburgs that the Swiss revolted and fought until they won complete freedom. The romantic episode of William Tell belongs to this period.

The fourth period begins with

the death of Huss at Constance and the wars of religion in Germany. The first cannon having been cast shortly before in Cologne, they now came into use, battering down fortresses hitherto deemed impregnable. When the Hussite wars ended, Maximilian suppressed brigandage, restored order, and encouraged commerce. He also fostered learning, which Gutenberg's recent discovery was to make accessible to all. Fust, at Mainz, furnished capital for the printing of the first Latin Bible, and when the people saw how rapidly precisely similar copies were turned out they whispered that Fust was in league with Satan. This report gave rise to the Faust legend immortalized by Goethe.

The first German Bible, printed at Spire (1472), prepared men's minds for Luther's ninety-five theses, which were publicly burned at Cologne shortly before the Diet of Worms convicted him of heresy. For years wars of religion desolated the Rhine region, leaving countless ruins besides the famous Godesberg Castle. The Thirty Years War reduced the population from nearly seventeen to less than four millions, and left the survivors in such straits that some resorted to cannibalism. At the end of this war republics were formed at the source and mouth of the Rhine, which became the German frontier. Peace could not last long, however, for Louis XIV., not content with the possession of Alsace, seized Strassburg, which France kept nearly two hundred years. The wars of the Austrian Succession and Seven Years also left indelible marks on the Rhine region, through which Voltaire passed on his way to visit Frederic the Great, leaving his name carved on the tower of the Strassburg Cathedral, where it is still legible.

Louis XIV.'s extravagance, unfortunately copied by Germans,

resulted in the French Revolution. Its first victims were the Swiss Guards, whose heroic death is commemorated by the Lion of Lucerne. Horror for this and similar outrages kindled war in Europe; but before the Germans were ready French armies took Mainz, Stuttgart, and Frankfort. The wanton cruelty of the invaders made the peasants rise in wrath and drive them back across the Rhine.

Although the whole left bank of this river was now conceded to France, Napoleon's ambition soon caused new wars, at the end of which the old German Empire ceased to exist, and many princes joined the Rheinbund. But Napoleon's career was not ended, and after the disastrous Russian campaign he was forced to face all Europe at Leipsic. Undaunted by defeat, he refused to accept the Rhine, Alps, Pyrenees, and the sea as France's boundaries, so the war continued. On New Year's Day, 1814, Blucher stood in the Pfalz Castle, watching his army cross the Rhine, and about a year later he helped Wellington at Waterloo, and won back the lower Rhine.

In 1817 the first steamship ploughed the Rhine, where free navigation was established only in 1869.

In 1870 a dispute about the Spanish succession provoked the Franco-Prussian War. To the surprise and dismay of the French, the German States, joining Prussia, sent their combined forces over the Rhine. Unprepared for war, and badly generalled, the French were completely crushed, and Napoleon III. surrendered at the battle of Sedan. The German army marched on to besiege Paris, and at Versailles the new German Empire was proclaimed, and William, king of Prussia, was hailed emperor. France was forced to pay a huge war indemnity and give up Alsace and Lorraine. The suffer-

ings this war entailed upon both nations created much bitter feeling, and even now, when asked whether certain towns in the ceded provinces are in Germany, a Frenchman invariably answers that they are in Alsace or Lorraine, as the case may be, rather than acknowledge that they belong to the Germans.

On coming home, and while crossing the Rhine, which had again become a German river, the troops heartily sang "Die Wacht am Rhein." Since then the Rhine country has been given up to ordinary pursuits, and in 1883 a peace festival was held at Niederwald, where the emperor unveiled a beautiful monument commemorating the unification of Germany. During the past few years it has been visited by tourists from every clime, who cannot refrain from hoping that the peace and unity the monument typifies may never again be broken.

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

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

"In golden shine the royal Rhine
His dancing wave uplifted ;

The rafts by Loreley's mountain shrine
And song-famed reefs were drifted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



ON THE LOWER RHINE.

THE MODERN BRITISH PULPIT.

BY THE REV. J. T. L. MAGGS, B.A., D.D.,
Principal Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.



GAIN and again the question has been propounded to me, as doubtless to others fresh from the Old Country, "Who are your leading preachers to-day in England?" Deep and widespread is this interest in the pulpit of the English Evangelical Churches. Men severed by thousands of miles of ocean ask intently, "Who are your great preachers?" It is by no means an easy question to answer. What constitutes greatness in a preacher? Is it popularity or is it influence? Is it the power to draw a multitude, or to grip and shape a few minds and lives? The preacher who is great to one man may be of little repute with his neighbour. The ambiguity of the question has made the answer impossible. However, the interest in the subject will justify some remarks on preaching and preachers in England.

The style of pulpit utterance has greatly changed. A half-century since pulpit oratory meant careful literary finish, long sentences, elaborated figures and a conspicuously grandiloquent utterance. With this were naturally associated many abuses. To many preachers it meant sheer memoriter preaching till the mind sank beneath the unnatural strain, or became a mere well-adjusted, easy-working instrument for receiving and retailing sermonic matter, its native power to think and originate having virtually

died out. In many instances the elaborate finish became a repulsive turgidness of diction, and the oratorical delivery degenerated into a hollow, cold, hateful, and repellant example of pulpit declamation. Yet in its time it was the popular method, and it drew the people to the churches, and played an important part in the religious life of the third quarter of the century. To-day it is all but an obsolete style in English Nonconformity. The triumphs of those years would to-day be impossible. The younger men who became imitators of that school of homilists, and have not graduated in a modern school, are practically stranded. In some instances the limits of one lifetime will give the evidences of this great change. Archbishop Magee in his younger years illustrated the elaborate, gushing style of the period. His later sermons illustrate the change that had come over the taste of the church-going public in Great Britain.

The modern taste that has changed the old for a new style demands a shorter sermon. Elaborate descriptive periods, highly-wrought pictures of oriental life, the refurbishing in modern diction of familiar Old Testament stories that the Bible told in pregnant simplicity, became intolerable to an age whose reading, writing and utterance were being fashioned by the penny postage stamp, the postcard and the telegram. To-day the style of the preacher is simpler; his sentences are shorter, his parentheses rarer. He would rather strike with an epigram than astonish by the loud

discharge of a pyrotechnic. At times the utterance, in its reaction from the former stiltedness, seems to fall below the level of good English, and to come short of the dignity of the theme and service. But the effort of the preacher is to put the message he has to give plainly and unmistakably before his audience, and this must excuse much.

Still dealing with the outside of the sermon, the modern art of illustration will, I think, be found to differ from that of an earlier period. There is less garniture with illustration for illustration's sake. The illustration comes from wider reading of history, and especially of science, as giving analogies either of human life or of "natural law in the spiritual world." That which may be called "anecdotal," the conventional, uncertified story about somebody somewhere, probably among the five millions "in London," so exactly answering the moral it was to adorn that it might have been turned out for the purpose, is practically abandoned now. A fact from history, an incident from a classic legend of the Christian middle ages, an incident from high-class modern biography—still better, an excerpt from the preacher's own life-work—these are the elements which increasingly go to make up the anecdotage of the modern pulpit.

Compared with the earlier custom, the modern British pulpit, if it has not abandoned the "division," has at any rate departed from the artificiality of a half-century ago. This is not the place for discussing the pros and cons of sermon divisions. It is possible for a sermon to announce divisions, and yet not really to have any, and for another to have the most effective and logical divisions, scrupulously observed in the working out, though the preacher may

never announce them. But in the earlier period the ideal divisions were very formal, often artificially symmetrical, and frequently alliterative. It was told of an eminent preacher, famed for such divisions, that he could in this way "divide up" any subject, and for example would arrange a discourse upon a dinner table under the three "heads" of "Ducks Caught," "Ducks Cooked," and "Ducks Consumed"! Divisions on such a principle are comparatively rare. Those of the preachers of to-day are more natural, if less symmetrical. In very many instances the sermon is constructive in form rather than analytic, is an advancing tide of thought rather than a meeting of currents.

Passing from the form to the matter the listener will detect less, perhaps too little, of the dogmatic tone. Where this takes the form of indefiniteness of teaching it is a loss to the Church and the world. But the older method that was content to use Holy Scripture wherever it "seemed," though only superficially and traditionally, to support the opinions or threatenings or promises of the preacher is very rare. The scientific study of Scripture that thinks it an irreverence to a holy book not to strive for its exact meaning, and an act of violence to twist it to an end it would repudiate, has made the pulpit treatment of Scripture to-day such that, if quoted less, it is applied the more. So, too, there can be detected, not merely in illustration, but in method and substance of thought, the influence of modern training and of those branches of modern education which have grown to great importance during the past few decades. I refer to such matters as the bearing of psychologic laws of habit and conscience upon the personal life of man, and the relation of social and eco-

onomic science to some of the hopes and conditions of the Kingdom of God.

The careful student of the modern pulpit will detect the tone of personality. In some instances it will be the tone of doubt, but perhaps still oftener of aspiration. There are heard breathings of men who are not yet content to profess a full-orbed creed, or are finding that there are matters on which the aspirations of the soul must be satisfied before the tongue will speak with full confidence. But in many instances there will be the voice of conviction as strong as ever, if not stronger; the utterances of men whose preaching rests upon the intellectual and spiritual and experimental victories they have won. The appeal is not to the infallibility of a theology, nor even of a book, but to great spiritual facts they have faced and powers they have felt. And

What they have felt and seen
With confidence they tell.

Such a tone of conviction and experience is, I believe, deepening in the pulpit to-day.

It is not easy to speak of the leading preachers of the different Churches. Here the personal equation plays an undue part, and the omission of a name might carry a significance that was never intended. If Methodism to-day has no name standing out immeasurably above all others in the ranks of her ministry, she possesses a group of preachers of varying types able to occupy any pulpit she has to offer with power and with acceptance. In the Anglican Church there still remains something of the older rhetorical style in several of her preachers, among whom may be named the Bishop of Ripon, Dean Farrar and Canon Knox-Little. In at least some instances this is

due to the influence of foreign and Romish styles of pulpit oratory, from which, with some other Romish importations, the Anglican Church will do well to free herself. But it is noteworthy that one of her most influential preachers to-day, Canon Gore, is a man of plain and direct utterance and not of elaborated rhetoric. Dr. Dale and Mr. Spurgeon, no longer with us, were both preachers of great influence, the latter influencing more widely, the former more deeply; the latter teaching most as to the method of putting the message; the other, as to mastering the message to be uttered; the latter exercising a far-reaching influence among the laity; the former casting a strong spell over the ministers of all Churches. The two Dissenting Churches, however, still possess Principal Fairbairn, Dr. Parker and Dr. Maclaren. To no small extent Dr. Fairbairn is a rhetorician, but with a style so strong, picturesque and antithetical that it is no mere tinsel of verbiage. The writer once heard him hold a Methodist audience for eighty minutes, when every paragraph was marked by a sigh from men who had been too absorbed to breathe freely, and when the church all but rang with the plaudits of men held in the grip of a mighty argument and a not less mighty utterance. Dr. Parker's Thursday morning congregation, composed largely of ministers, is an evident token of the inexhaustible character of the great preacher's power to think, to illumine, to apply. A ministry of fifty years in the most crowded church of Manchester has not sounded the depth of Dr. Maclaren's power to bring out of his treasury the gold, frankincense and myrrh of thought and speech to offer to the Christ he adores. Perhaps as illustrations of artistic and well-wrought work in the

department of sermon-craft—if one may coin the word—nothing could surpass some of the earlier volumes of the great Baptist preacher, the three series of “*Sermons Preached in Manchester.*”

If there be any decline in church-going it is not justly attributed to any decay in the pulpit. The pulpit to-day is manned by those who are content to put their whole being into the work. Their message they would make one for to-day, and one from the heart. If their methods are not those of past times, their motive is the same, that the message of God's love in His incarnate Son may fall upon the ear and heart of their generation. In this work many of the older denominational distinctions of style and methods and

vocabulary have either died out or have been made the general inheritance of the Churches. The fervour of the evangelical revival and the enthusiasm of the Oxford movement have put a new energy into the Anglican pulpit. Her preachers freely read and acknowledge the writings of Nonconformist fellow-heralds of the cross. At the same time the new preaching of the Established Church has given a broader spirit and deepened historic sense to Nonconformity. So we may believe “*God fulfils Himself.*” And amid varying methods and in the fierce emulation of ecclesiastical work the occupant of the pew may say with the Apostle: “*In every way Christ is proclaimed, and therein I do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.*”

ENOCH.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

“*Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.*”—*Gen. v. 24.*

“*He was not.*” God had taken him,
 No shade of death between,
 Over the pathway, gleaming golden-bright,
 Where angel-forms were seen.
 The man who long had walked with God,
 The man who pleased Him well,
 Had gone, at last, to see Him, face to face,
 And in His presence dwell.
 Heaven's gates had opened for his entering in—
 And not again on earth was Enoch seen.

By faith in Christ, the promised Lord,
 Did Enoch please his God;
 It was for Christ's dear sake God led him up
 The road the angels trod.
 We, too, would walk as Enoch walked,
 On earth our God beside,
 And see the gates of Heaven, at His command,
 Before our feet swing wide—
 That so we may, when dwelling here no more,
 Be found upon the everlasting shore.

Lord Jesus Christ, our risen Head,
 Victor o'er every sin!
 Grant us to gain, as did Thy saint of old,
 Through Thee an entrance in.
 We may not tread the same bright path
 Whereby he went to God—
 But though our way lie through the valley dim,
 Not o'er that shining road,
 Guided by Thee, Thou Star of death's dark night,
 We shall pass safely on to God's glad light.

Toronto.

THE SUPPLEMENT OF HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

BY ALICE A. CHOWN.



THE men and women who are inspired with the highest educational ideals today are aiming to develop the latent powers of every individual without regard to sex. Realizing that life is a growth, and that education is largely the furnishing of the proper conditions to facilitate growth, they distinguish between the educational systems which aim to develop the inward life of man and courses of instruction to increase his facility of action. Man may learn facts by observing them or by memorizing them. In the former case, his knowledge is personal and vital; in the latter, it is imitative and unproductive. If a man is going to train for an examination cramming is often the most effective way to secure a high standing, but if he is aiming to develop his faculties—if he desires the clear observation, fine discrimination, and logical power which will enable him to observe facts and develop principles for himself, there is no short cut through popular or professional courses of study. Undoubtedly they do much to increase the effectiveness of a man's working capacity, and may incidentally develop higher powers, but such is not their first object nor their main result.

The Arts College stands for

the ideal of culture, the preparation of the individual for life, the development of the faculties as such; in their purity they have no place in their curriculum for professional studies. They tacitly say, Our object is not to train preachers, or teachers, or home-makers; it is to train men and women, to equip them so that whatever profession they may choose it will be enriched by people who intelligently comprehend its theories, and can modify and extend them to suit present conditions. The reason why we have so few leaders in any department of life is that so few men are educated to think for themselves. The Kindergarten and the Arts College, standing at the beginning and end of our educational system, maintain that education should not be the accumulation of facts nor the acquirement of processes, but the development of the faculties, the stimulus to creative individual work. The value of any work lies not in the close imitation of some rule or model, however perfect, but in the individual expression of some principle which the student has made such a vital part of his life that he finds an original mode of expression.

No teacher of physical culture can develop poses and gestures as effective as the gestures of a man who has a great thought to deliver, and unconsciously seeks the emphasis necessary. Thought makes expression necessary, but when expression is sought first it dwarfs all opportunity for thought. Thought is like a seed sown in good ground: it absorbs nourishment from the soil and the air; it

grows, and puts forth leaves, and finally culminates in the exquisite rose. The rose is but the expression of a long, continuous process of assimilation and digestion of the various helpful forces. If you seek it first you must make an artificial one, and the waxen beauty, no matter how perfect in form and colour, cannot equal the natural flower, which betokens life and growth.

The Arts College says to the student: Learn to think, travel the same mental paths which brought the thinker to his conclusion; when you have grasped the thought, the expression will be suitable to it. The measure of one's dependence upon professional instruction is the measure of the weakness of your grasp of fundamental principles. The man whose voice is defective should learn the secret of proper breathing, correct his faults, turn his attention to the deepening of his life and leave his voice to take care of itself.

Imitation and creation are the two opposite aims of divergent systems of education, and the schools and colleges, which succeed in imbuing their pupils with a love for principles, for the laws of life, leaving them to find application for those laws later, either individually or in professional schools, will do the best educational work.

These preliminary observations are called forth by the misconception of some of the friends of the higher education of women, who still cling to the old idea that woman should be educated with an end in view, that she should be educated for a livelihood first, and for life only secondarily. The two persistent criticisms against college education for women may be briefly summarized as, first, lack of social training and refining

influences; secondly, failure to prepare women for home-making.

The master of one of the largest girls' schools in the United States writes: "When you teach college women how to dress, give them training in manners: that makes them attractive women. My pupils will go to college. It seems to me that the college makes a great mistake in not giving women the opportunity to study the relation of aesthetics to life."

There is a constant temptation to meet the criticisms against college women by supplying this professional training. The exponents of the grace and attractiveness in women would add physical culture training in pose and gesture, even pantomime. It is the old idea of accomplishments for women forming the quick cut to culture, the tendency to rely upon externals and appearances, to educate women to simulate beauty rather than to give them time to love beauty until beauty becomes part of themselves.

The average graduate of the fashionable boarding-school leaves with a graceful carriage, correct poise of body and pretty manners. The outward result is good, but the demand that has centred her attention on outward refinement has left her little time for grasping the vital principles of life.

All true growth is slow. It may be long before the college woman will be able to develop beauty as a virile expression of her life. It requires patience and steadfast belief in the value of living principles to steadily nurture the college woman, when you might turn out scores of accomplished women who would appear well, by simply turning their attention to the externals of refinement.

At a recent meeting of women scientists and educationists Pro-

fessor Atwater, the celebrated food specialist of Wesleyan College, Connecticut, made the charge that our colleges were educating women away from the home; and the remedy, almost instantly proposed, to which there were a few dissenting voices, was that we should have courses in Home Economics in our colleges and universities. While Home Economics has a claim upon the School of Practical Science, and its advocates must endeavour to have it given its rightful place there, it has no place in the curriculum of an arts college. It is a misconception of the function of the Arts College and of Home Economics which makes its advocates clamour for professional training to be given in a college whose aim is culture. Public sentiment will soon demand that every professor treat the phenomena of the home and family with equal consideration as the phenomena of the other social institutions. All professional study of the home must be reserved for the professional school or School of Applied Science. The home itself demands that the women should have the best preparation possible for life before specializing, that the arts colleges should furnish us with women whose trained judgment and intelligent observation shall be able to adequately grasp the spiritual principles as well as the scientific laws of the home.

We need to emphasize continually that the individual is more than her work, that the preparation of the individual to attain her highest possibilities is of more importance to the state than the perpetuation of any of its institutions, even the time-honoured Anglo-Saxon home. The home exists for women, not women for the home. The sphere of women—the home—has been considered,

and is, of such great importance that woman herself has been overshadowed by her social function. The profession still means more than the individual. We have not yet outgrown the idea that woman was destined to the profession of home-making. To-day there is a gradual change of perspective. The home will only attain its highest possibilities as women, who are the directors of home life, have the opportunity for the harmonious development of all the powers that make the worth and beauty of human nature.

While women are to have the fullest and freest opportunity for intellectual development, there are two forces which can be invoked to influence them to carry their mental training back into the home, environment and personality. These two forces are so subtle and so illusive in their quiet working that we are oftentimes tempted to overlook their potentiality. The woman who comes to college boards wherever she can find a house in a convenient locality, and is often compelled by her limited purse to ignore the inharmonious carpet and furnishing, the discordant colours, the cheap, unmeaning bric-a-brac, the pictures, which are often the prizes given with the package of tea. She sacrifices through worthy motives her physical and aesthetical comfort for the sake of intellectual attainment, doing so continuously for four years. She must grow indifferent to her environment, because indifference is the price of comfort.

She may be more fortunate, and find a house where more tasteful furniture and more style is sought as the passport to improving the social position of her landlady's family, but rarely is she so fortunate as to find a home where cultured and harmonious surroundings are valued in and for

simply the environment of our youth, and to be a good home-maker is simply to be able to create a helpful, healthful surrounding. Therefore, all through her course the college woman should have the uplifting force of a harmonious environment, and her help, as far as possible, enlisted in creating and sustaining that atmosphere. In other words, a college residence.

The college residence does not imply luxury. Simple, inexpensive homes are often as tasteful as elaborate though inartistic ones, the difference in the money expended and the value received being due to the intelligence of the home-maker. One of the first effects of a college course on the most promising men and women, is to make them impatient with appearances. In their youthful iconoclasm they would ruthlessly destroy all forms and ceremonies, themselves. Home, with all its subtle sentiment and memories, is because they are so frequently a mask for hollowness.

The influence of the cultured head of a residence, who loves beauty for beauty's sake, who, by her gracious manners, her sympathetic interest in the students, and her broad interest in the wider world of human life, so often to students a sealed book, creates a daily atmosphere helpful to the growth of the student in ideals of life and beauty, cannot be over-estimated. One has but to contrast the standards of the well-meaning but imperfectly educated average boarding-house keeper with the ideals of the cultured woman who knows not only books but life, to understand how important a part in the development of our woman students the residence with the right head may play in supplementing the purely intellectual training of the college woman, and helping her to comprehend more quickly that

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty.”

Kingston, Ont.

GRANT US THY PEACE.

BY EMILY APPLETON WARE.

Far in the west the day is slowly fading,
 Dark grow the shadows of the evening hours ;
 Sweet o'er the senses steal the zephyrs, laden
 With the soft fragrance of the drooping flowers ;
 Grant us Thy peace.

All through the day our erring steps have wandered
 Far from the path Thy sacred steps have trod ;
 With broken vows and precious moments squandered,
 On humble knee we pray Thee, O God !
 Grant us Thy peace.

Dark grows the night, the weary world is sleeping,
 Darkness can hide not from Thy piercing light ;
 Take us, O Saviour, in Thy gracious keeping,
 Safe from the terrors of the lonely night :
 Grant us Thy peace.

Grant us Thy peace when life's brief day is closing,
 Hold Thy dear cross before our fading eyes ;
 Through the dark vale within Thine arms reposing,
 Till morning dawns for us in Paradise,
 In perfect peace.

WHAT HAPPENED TO TED.*

BY ISABELLE HORTON.

CHAPTER I.

SET ADRIPT.



HERE was a funeral in Sullivan Court, but the affair roused only a mild interest on the part of the inhabitants, a little group of whom gathered about the door, some with shawls over their heads, and some without even this concession to popular taste. There were old faces, and old-young faces; faces heavy and sodden and listless; faces with marks of shame, and a shameless sin. But all a little touched with a sense of the dignity that sooner or later the great monarch Death confers upon the weakest and the basest.

The deceased had never made much of a mark upon the life of the Court, during the few months of her residence. She had always been "sickly" and seldom seen outside of her own door. Her dark, hollow eyes had the look of one who has already said her farewell to the things of this world and turned her wondering gaze toward the mysteries of the other-world. Her boy, Ted, who sat in the bit of sunshine on the doorstep, or ran errands for his mother and the other women, was much nearer to the life of the Court; a quiet lad, with his mother's bright, dark eyes, and none of that other-world look in them to which the denizens of this usually object. The dead woman had a husband, too, nomadic in his habits, and pretty generally understood to be a man with whom the law had something to do. His comings and goings were unheralded, and caused no stir. Residents of the Court took many things for granted, and had the excellent habit of not bothering their heads about the ancestry or past history of their neighbours.

* Reprinted by kind permission of the author and publisher from "The Phœbe Series," Deaconess Advocate Office, 57 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill. Price, \$1 a year.

"I allus reckoned that Mrs. Morelan' an' her man sot store by each other," said a woman with a shawl over her head to another with a basket on her arm; "it must 'a' been a satisfaction to her that Jim happened to be' round at the last."

But however much satisfaction Jim's presence had afforded the silent sleeper, his affairs were not such as to permit him to stay and witness the interment of his wife. He had gone with his shuffling step and shifty glance, and got one of the neighbour women to leave her tubs and come and arrange the body for the last rites. She had also put the little room in decent order and hung a bit of bedraggled black cloth on the door and gone back to her work. After this, Jim said suddenly to the boy who sat with his face buried in his arms on the table: "Well, good-bye, Ted, I'm goin'."

The boy sat up, showing a thin, brown face, streaked with dirt and tears, and looked wistfully at the speaker.

"You goin', father?"

"Yes, I'll haf ter go." Then, still lingering with his hand on the door, and his eyes wandering away from where the boy sat, he said, hesitatingly, "I dunno but I orter tell ye, Ted, that I ain't yer father. Ye may be glad to know it some day. Ye were nigh onto two year old when yer mother an' me was married. She were a good woman, Ted, and deserved a better man than what I've been. I hope ye'll get along. The county ossifer'll take ye to the 'sylum, most likely, an' sometime ye'll get a good home. You'll be all right. I'd like to do for ye myself if I had anything to do with."

It was the longest and kindest speech Ted had ever heard from his lips, and he looked at him vaguely, trying to take in its meaning, until the man repeated, "Well, good-bye; take care of yerself," and was gone.

"The county ossifer'll take ye to the 'sylum"; the words startled Ted, who had scarcely thought before of what was to become of himself. He had thought only of the awful loneliness of being there with his mother, so cold and silent. But now a new

terror took possession of him. The impulse was strong to fly while yet he could from the hand of the law, typified by the "county ossifer," for he felt that it might be laid upon him in power, but never in love. But the white face upon the bed held him with its silent influence—so he sobbed and waited, while the other chief mourner was trying to drown his sorrow in a saloon several blocks away.

There was a shuffling in the hall; a sound of loud voices, a clatter of heavy boots, and the bumping of some burden against the narrow walls. Ted raised his swollen face as two men entered. They carried a long box of rough, unpainted pine. Two or three women from the group outside followed them, curiously.

"Hullo, kid! Is this your mammy?" The tone was not unkind—simply brutish.

They placed the box upon the floor and lifted the dead woman into it, a trifle more carefully perhaps because of that forlorn figure standing there, his face and lips growing white, and a cold horror clutching at his heart. Back again they went, the box striking against the door as they turned into the narrow hall, and down the steps to where a covered waggon stood waiting. Ted followed mechanically.

"Where are you going with her?" he asked, speaking for the first time. "I want to go, too."

"You can't go, sonny; it's too fur." They had lifted the box into the end of the waggon, sending it into its place with a shove.

"Couldn't we take him along, fur's the morgue?" asked one of the men in an undertone.

"Naw; how'd he get back? That ain't no place fer a kid, anyhow. He'd better stay here." His tone was but a low grumble, but Ted's strained ears caught every word. "Besides, there's two more stiffs we've got to get this afternoon, an' we might just as well take 'em on this trip."

They mounted the waggon. The little group about the door were already dispersing. The driver gathered up the lines, chirruped briskly to his horses, and the waggon rattled away with its dreary load.

Ted watched it until it turned out of the court, then suddenly started and ran after it. Dodging pedestrians, darting under the heads of horses, he kept the waggon in sight

for block after block. But after many turns his dimmed eyes could no longer distinguish it in the tangle of other vehicles. He stopped, and striking his little clenched hands against his head, uttered an inarticulate cry, half-shriek, half-sob. But the sound was lost in the roar of the street. Two or three of the passers-by looked at him, some curiously, some half-pityingly, as if tempted to stop, but no one spoke to him. What was a child's cry in all that hurrying multitude, each with his own burden of cares and woes?

After a few moments of dazed irresolution Ted turned his face back the way he had come. Presently he began to run, not that there was any need to hurry, but the rapid motion seemed to deaden a little the pain in his heart. Guided rather by instinct than consciousness he kept on until he was once more on familiar ground. As he entered the court, he glanced fearfully around for the officer who might be come to take him, but no stranger was in sight. The inhabitants of the court were pursuing their various vocations as if nothing had happened. With childish bewilderment, Ted felt that sense of isolation which comes to many an older heart, seeing the busy wheels of life run on while into its life has come a great and bitter silence.

With the impulse of a wounded animal he hurried through a passage-way leading to the rear of the tenement that had been to him a home. Squeezing himself through an opening in a high board fence, he found himself in a tiny court about ten feet square, filled with boxes, barrels, and other debris. An old hogshead lay on its side, containing a sort of nest made of hay and rags. Into this Ted crept and gave way, in utter abandonment, to his grief.

Overcome at last with grief and fatigue, Ted fell asleep. Rats darted in and out among the rubbish, and once a gaunt, yellow cat tiptoed silently along the fence and paused to look inquiringly at the little intruder, yet he slumbered on.

Meanwhile the waggon, with its silent passenger, had jolted along. Two other boxes, both small ones, were added to its load, and then it turned toward the suburbs, and halted at last in front of a long, jail-like looking structure, connected with other buildings for the county paupers.

When the black, heavy door was opened a waft of icy air swept out, which seemed to taint the sunshine with its charnel-house odours. The three boxes were hustled in. The men hurried back, rubbing their hands together, and as if glad to be rid of their burdens, climbed into the waggon and rode away. Perhaps the worn body, after one more jolting ride, will find a quiet resting-place in the bosom of Mother Earth. Perhaps a still more hideous Inferno awaits it, and it will pay its last debt to the world—a bitter creditor—in the dissecting-room, an offering to science. Sleep on, Ted; and thank the cruel kindness of a fate that hides from your young eyes what it would haunt all your future to know.*

It was growing chill and dusk when Ted awoke. He crawled out from his hiding-place, stretched his cramped limbs, rubbed his eyes with his grimy knuckles and then stole cautiously back and tried the door of his mother's room. It was locked. Going around he peeped in at the window. The room was quite empty and deserted. He sat down on the doorstep and tried to think. His father—no, it was not his father—but Jim. Jim had said, "Take care of yerself, Ted," and he must begin at once. He could go back to the hoghead for the night, but in spite of grief he was faint with hunger and fatigue, for he had eaten nothing that day except a piece of bread which he found lying on the table in the morning. He might go to some of the neighbours—they were kind in their way, and there was sure to be a crust of bread for the asking; but quite possibly they were in league with the "county ossifer," and the idea of being disposed of without his consent

* In her first draft of this touching story Miss Horton omitted the account of the funeral, if such it can be called, of Ted's mother. On our suggestion that this omission should be filled up she sent these paragraphs. She tried to make the tale less gruesome, and consulted nearly all the Chicago deaconesses, and even went to an undertaker, to see if it might not be made less ghastly and still true to fact, but their accounts were all the same. The dear deaconesses, God bless them, never permit one of their "cases" to have such an unblest burial. Some have even gone out and begged money among strangers to secure Christian interment for the poor.—Ed.

by persons whom he did not know, and who cared nothing for him, was full of vague terror to the child.

A smell of something frying, mingled with other less appetizing odours, was wafted to Teddy's nostrils, and he began to feel very sorry for himself. The world was big and hard and lonesome to a little fellow who had no mother and was hungry. What had they done with his mother, anyhow? If he could only go where she was it would not be so bad as sitting there alone. A few big tears rolled down his cheeks, but he felt too miserable to even wipe them away. It was getting so dark no one would see if he did cry.

Mrs. Nellie Breen, hurrying home to get her husband's supper, noticed the drooping little figure on the doorstep.

"I wonder if that isn't the boy whose mother died to-day?" she thought, and then she turned back and stood at the foot of the steps.

"What's the matter?" she said. "You in trouble?"

Teddy, looking down, saw a little woman in a shabby dress and hat, with wide, childlike eyes, and mentally decided that he had nothing to fear from her. So he brushed the tears from his face with the back of his hand and replied, "Mother's gone; she died this morning."

"And ain't you any place to stay?"

A shake of the head from the dejected little figure.

The woman hesitated and looked down the alley with a troubled look, but only for a moment.

"Well, you come along with me. We'll give you something a little better'n sleepin' on the doorstep."

"But I'm goin' to take care o' myself," protested Teddy; "I ain't goin' to no 'sylum."

"Well, I don't run an asylum, and you can take care of yourself all you want to." Then kindly and coaxingly, "Come along, ye'll catch cold settin' here; and you hain't had no supper, have ye?"

"No; nor no dinner, either," said Teddy, beginning to hitch down from step to step until he stood beside the little woman, who seemed not much taller than himself.

"Dear me, that's too bad," and she led the way out of the court by a short cut between two large buildings into a narrow alley. Just as

they turned into the alley a woman coming down nearly ran against them.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, and then recovering herself, "Can you tell me where Mrs. Billinski lives?"

What a voice it was! rich and full and cultured, with little tender cadences in it that might become pitiful or caressing on occasion. Mrs. Breen strained her eyes to read the speaker's face, but could only see that she was young and rather pale, with large dark eyes, and that she wore a singularly plain little bonnet with something white and soft knotted under the chin.

"I don't know," she began hesitatingly, "I'm not much acquainted around here." But Teddy spoke up: "I know; it's the widder Billinski. She lives over the liv'ry stable. You go back 'round the corner, an' cross the other alley, an' there's some steps——"

"Thank you. I know the way up when I get there; but I think I was a little turned around for the moment."

"But, lady," interposed Mrs. Breen, "ain't you afraid? It's a bad neighbourhood, an' there's drunken men all around there."

"Yes, I know, but I'm not afraid—at least, not much. Mrs. Billinski is sick, and I couldn't get around any earlier."

And the slender, dark figure turned up the alley and was soon lost to view. A voice out of the darkness was shouting a ribald song amid shouts of hoarse laughter. It suddenly broke off, and the laughter ceased for a few moments as the woman went on her way.

"Who do you suppose she is?" asked Teddy, looking after her.

"I don't know; a nurse, maybe, or a doctor; there be women doctors, you know."

"She's a nice talker, anyway," said Ted, confidently.

They went on until they came to a tiny brown cottage, scarcely more than a hut, set so close to the road of the alley, as were all the other buildings, that the flight of steps that led to the door had to be set sidewise, leaving only a narrow platform with a broken railing.

"Here we are," said the woman, putting her key in the door, and entering, bade Teddy follow.

CHAPTER II.

CASTLES IN SPAIN AND A HOME IN THE ALLEY.

When Tom Breen and Nellie Roby were married the most optimistic looker-on could scarcely have said that they began life with brilliant financial prospects. Nellie was an orphan and worked in a canning factory. Tom was a teamster employed by the same factory for the munificent sum of a dollar and a quarter a day, and had unbounded expectations of "a raise" and of ultimately becoming a partner in the business. Tom being an orphan, too, and homeless, it seemed quite the natural thing in view of his future hopes that he and Nellie should unite their fortunes, or misfortunes, and face the world together. By stringent self-denial Nellie saved money for a wedding gown, and Tom, after advancing a month's rent for their little flat, and setting aside a modest sum for the parson's fee, had ten dollars and thirty-eight cents left in his pocket, with which to face the world, and with Nellie by his side was as happy as a lord.

Tom would never forget how Nellie looked that day, in her muslin dress and a straw hat, with a most bewildering pink rose stuck under the brim and resting against her soft brown hair. Nellie's round face was a trifle freckled, and her eyes a light hazel, like a kitten's in the sunshine; and no kitten's could be more innocent and guileless in their expression. Her orphaned life had been full enough of hardness, and by no means free from contact with sin, but evil had no affinity with her gentle nature and slipped off easily, leaving only a perplexed wonder that such things could be.

The needful furnishings for their small home were bought on the instalment plan, and although Tom's raise of wages did not come, he met the weekly payments with commendable promptness. Nellie, having worked in a factory since she was a child, had never made cooking one of her accomplishments, but the little home nest seemed so good to both after their wide-world-faring that for a year they were as happy and care free as babes in a wood.

But when the baby came the little added expense brought them a week or two behind with the rent. Then,

when the baby was three weeks old, Tom was out all one day in a heavy rain, and came home at night wet to the skin, and so hoarse that he could not speak aloud. The cold developed into a fever before morning, and for two weeks he was unable to go back to his work. When he did, he found another man in his place, and it was several days before he could find another job. This made it necessary to run a bill at the grocers'.

One night he came home looking quite glum and miserable. The burden was beginning to tell a little upon both, and Nellie did not ask him what was the trouble, knowing well enough. But after supper Tom spoke out:

"Say, Nellie, do you suppose we could get along in a cheaper house?"

Nellie was rocking the baby to sleep in her arms, and did not answer until she had placed the little warm, pink bundle on the bed; then she sat down by the table.

"Why, Tom? has Mr. Hardnecker been dunning you about the rent again?"

"Yes; and anyway, how are we going to get along? See here: We pay eight dollars for rent; and you do the best you can, Nell, but we can't board for less than twelve; that's twenty. The coal and lights cost about two; then we pay six dollars a month on the things. That leaves four for our clothes and incidentals. When are we goin' to pay up our debts? Can you see?" and Tom laughed a short, mirthless little laugh.

"Yes, I've known we ought to economize some way; but what kind of a place can you get, Tom, for less than we pay here?"

"I saw a place to-day for four dollars a month. It wan't much of a place, that's a fact, 'n the neighbourhood's worse'n the place."

"Where was it, Tom?" Nellie was looking at him with her innocent, child-like eyes. Tom could see them without looking her way, as he answered desperately, "Down in McCorkle's Alley, on the west side. There'd be one thing, Nell," he went on rather hurriedly, "we could have the hull house to ourself's, such as 'tis."

Nellie's face flushed, and a look of distress swept over it, but she only said, "O, Tom!"

Tom sat still, drumming with his fingers upon the table and apparently absorbed in studying his figures. He

knew Nellie would "come 'round" after awhile. He was sorry, awfully sorry, to take her and the baby into such a place—for himself, a drunken fight now and then did not matter—but he really could not see any other way, and so he drummed and waited.

As for Nellie, certain little air castles were tumbling around her ears, and she must have a moment to readjust herself. "She looked at Tom; tall and rather loose-jointed, but what a dear, clean, honest face he had; never a stain of tobacco about the lips—and Nellie hated tobacco; and how hard he worked, poor fellow. There was a gray hair or two over his temples, and Tom was only twenty-two. Perhaps he was a trifle easy-going, perhaps he was not going to conquer the world and win a fortune quite as easily as she had hoped, but how good and kind he was. Tom was a treasure, anyway. Was it his fault if people did not realize his worth just yet? So she spoke out like a true little wife:

"I don't s'pose it will make much difference where we live, as long as we're together; if the house is small it won't take so much to keep it warm."

Then, with a sudden gush of tears, for the thought of McCorkle's Alley had brought a vision of besotted men, and bear-eyed, miserable women. "If you'll only be good to me, Tom, and won't never, never drink, I can be happy anywhere with you and the baby."

"You're the best little woman in the world, Nell," said Tom, bending over and giving her a kiss. "You know it's only for this winter; I'm sure to get bigger wages by spring, and when we get these little debts paid up we'll be all right. We'll have a nice little home of our own yet, Nellie."

The next week they moved into McCorkle's Alley. A narrow, dusty thoroughfare flanked by deserted sheds and three or four tall, crazy tenements, whose dark, rickety halls resounded with sluggish, shuffling steps, and whose rooms were foul and crowded; on one side was a row of little box-like, unpainted houses containing three rooms each. It was into one of these that Tom and Nellie moved. Facing them, just across the narrow waggon track, was a dingy two-story tenement, whose broken blinds hanging by one hinge revealed women's faces, haggard and brazen, peeping out from behind

shreds of dirty and bedraggled lace curtains. They had reached a stage on the road to perdition at which painted cheeks and other seductions of the toilet were no longer thought of. Vice in McCorkle's Alley disported itself unashamed and undisguised.

Old Moll, who occupied the little house next the Breens, was out for her morning's portion of beer, and a chorus of hoots and yells from the alley urchins, mingled with returns of scathing profanity and billingsgate heralded her return. "Old Moll McCorkle" was at once the pride and terror of the alley. The fact that she owned the house in which she lived with her daughter, "Drunk'n Madge," gave her the position and respect which landed estate always confers, and no one dreamed of disputing her supremacy in all those personal qualifications for which the inhabitants of the locality were distinguished. No one could drink deeper, no one was more ready with a foul jest or a scathing repartee, no one more ready for a fight with tongue or fists than she. Now she came staggering up the alley with her broken-nosed pitcher of foaming beer; a tall, bony figure clad in a flaunting cotton gown. Her white hair straggled in disorder about her temples, and a black bruise under one eye told the story of a recent encounter. About the lower part of the face and the long, brown, uncovered throat the shrunken flesh hung in flabby folds. Finding her way impeded for the moment by the wagon containing Tom and Nellie's household goods, a sudden torrent of anger burst from her toothless lips in blistering profanity that made Nellie fly into the house and cover her ears with her hands.

Days and weeks went by, and though Nellie kept herself away from the life around her as much as possible, her face grew white and horror-stricken. Eyes that have looked into the horror of great darkness, must for ever carry its shadows in their depths, and Nellie's eyes had lost their look of girlish innocence. And mingled with her terror of the sights and sounds around her, was an awful fear for Tom, lest he should come to look like those bestial men that haunted the corners and dark passageways, and that she herself should at last come to be a drunkard's wife.

CHAPTER III.

A WAIF FINDS A HOME.

As Nellie expected, when she and Teddy entered the house, Tom was already at home, and was making awkward attempts to quiet the baby, who had awakened from her nap.

"Well, I declare," he began, with his jocose little drawl, "I reckoned you'd gone off with a han'somer man, an' left me an' the kid to take care of ourselves. Who's this you brought home wi' ye?"

"I'm sorry supper's late, Tom, but there wasn't a bit of bread in the house, and baby cried so I couldn't get away till she went to sleep." Then, following him into the little "lean-to" that formed the kitchen, "The boy's Teddy Morland; his mother died this mornin', an' they've locked up the house, and he ain't any place to stay; he's hungry, too. I thought we'd let him sleep on the couch, can't we, Tom?"

"That's all right," said Tom, "I'll warrant you wouldn't see a dog goin' hungry, not if you had anything to give him. Only look out an' save enough for me."

The table was soon spread with what to Teddy's hungry eyes seemed like a feast. There was only bread and butter and potatoes and tea; the tea had a reddish colour, and the potatoes were a trifle watery, but none of the family were critical, never having been used to dainty fare. A little later Teddy curled himself up under Tom's coat on the couch, and thought comfortably of the empty hogshead with a wisp of straw for a pillow, and cats with gleaming eyes prowling around. Then he thought of his mother, and applied his knuckles to his eyes once more, and then at last he fell asleep.

"Well, kid," said Tom the next morning, "what you calc'late to do for a livin'? Think ye'll be an alderman, or toot a horn an' march in the band?"

Ted had not spent most of his life in the streets without learning to extract the hidden intent from tones and words apparently harsh; and Tom's quizzical face was kindness itself. So he answered promptly:

"I c'd black boots, but I hain't got no kit; or I c'd sell papers——"

"Well, w'at's yer capital for that?" Tom's hand was already fumbling in his pocket.

Teddy rescued his cap, which had

fallen behind the couch, and extracted from its ragged lining a single penny, and held it in the palm of his hand lugubriously.

"Oh, oh," laughed Tom, "what a bloated aristocrat;" and thrusting his hand deeper into his trousers pocket he brought out a handful of buckles, nails, a bit of leather strap, an old knife, and among them a single quarter.

"Here's the last of my spondulicks," he said ruefully; "Nellie, can you run this institution till next payday 'thout any more cash investments? This kid has got to have some capital to set 'im up in business, if he's ever going to be a millionaire. Now take this an' skip to Newsboy's Alley as fast as yer feet'll carry ye; better get the Mornin' Times—ye'll ha'f to look lively, an' maybe thrash two or three fellers afore ye find a corner. S'pose ye kin do it?"

For answer Ted looked up with a half-smile and a flash of the clear, dark eyes from under their black lashes, and Tom felt approvingly that in the matter of "scrimmages" if it came to that, Ted would not be found wanting.

"You come right back here to-night," said Nellie; "t'wont cost nothin' to let ye sleep on the couch. Come back just like this was yer home;" and Ted flashed another smile at her—a smile behind a tear this time—and went forth, a forlorn but brave little knight, to do battle with the world.

Before noon he was back again with a bruise under one eye, an ugly cut in his lip, one sleeve nearly torn out of his jacket.

"Mercy me!" cried Nellie, in dismay; "did you fight, Teddy?" and with the baby on one arm she bustled around to get a basin of water to bathe the injured eye.

"Had to," replied Teddy, sententiously. "The kids pitched on to me an' wouldn't let me sell papers 'cos I didn't belong to the gang."

"How mean! Were they all against you? What are you going to do?"

"The' was five or six on to me at first," said Teddy, applying the cooling fluid to the swollen eye. "They begun to dance around me, and one of 'em snatched my papers an' another give me a punch, an' I backed up agin' a wall an' told 'em I'd fight any one of the crowd, but six to one wan't no way to do. So they picked out a fellow they said was a good

fighter—Scotty, his name was—an' we went down behind the s'loon an' had it out."

"Did he beat you?"

"Not much. But Scotty's a good fighter, all right. I got 'im down an' give 'im one under the ear, an' all the fellers said it was enough. Then I tole 'em who I was, an' they 'greed to let me into the gang, an' I'm goin' to sell on Pilcher Street. But they got most all my papers first, an' I ain't but fifteen cents. They'd a got that, but I hid it in my shoe. The worst of it is the coat," said this Knight of the Rueful Countenance, twisting his neck to see how far the rent extended.

"Take it off, and I'll sew it up for you, if the baby'll let me," volunteered Nellie.

She laid the child on the bed, but her small majesty, with a gasp of surprise puckered up her little pink face and set up a bitter protest.

"S'pose she'd come to me?" he asked; and then, as Nellie made no protest, he put out his hands to the baby, who ceased her wails and looked to see what would happen next. Thus encouraged, Teddy lifted her with the small brown hands that had given Scotty "one under the ear" as tenderly as though she were some rare and costly treasure. The baby, with enchanting inconsistency, looked wonderingly into his bruised and disfigured face and broke into a gurgling smile. Teddy's eyes filled with a sudden, tender light, and hugging the baby to the little aching spot in his own breast, he then and there, in his heart of hearts, swore eternal fealty to Nellie's baby, and by the same token completely won the mother's heart. Thenceforth Teddy's place in the Breen home was never questioned.

"O Tom," said Nellie that night as Tom wiped his hands for supper, "you just ought to have seen how the baby took to Teddy. I thought she'd be afraid of him on account of his black eye, but babies know who their friends are, don't they, Tom? Let's let him stay as long as he wants to. He'll l' company for me, when you're gone evenings."

"All right; just as you say," answered Tom, carelessly. "He's a likely little chap, an'll make his way fast enough in a few years."

"But it's a bad way he'll make I'm afraid, living in this awful place," mused Nellie with a sigh.

(To be continued.)

DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN.

BY THE REV. S. HORTON.

Author of "To the Rescue," "Her Bonnie Pit Laddie," etc., etc.



THE Beckside Circuit was in a state of insurrection. It had not been allowed to have its own way in the matter of inviting a minister, and as it considered its own way the best, it refused to take any other way, and brought matters for a time to a standstill. The fact that the circuit officials had violated Connexional rule in inviting a man finishing probation instead of a married man, counted for nothing. They could see no reason for such a law, and therefore they were at perfect liberty to break it. And when the Conference, finding itself in a difficulty through having too many married men on its hands, put down for them an old man, instead of a young one, they rose in rebellion. A meeting was called to protest against what was called the high-handed proceedings of the Conference, at which speeches as foolish as they were violent were made.

There is nothing on earth more cruel than the cruelty of saints. There are things done in the name of religion that may well cause the angels to weep. The Rev. Adam Shipton was the man stationed by the Conference. He was a man of saintly life, and had once been a popular preacher and a great spiritual force in the Connexion. He had served the church of his choice unstintedly. Thrice he had tempting offers to enter other and richer communities, but he had remained loyal to his own people. But now he was getting old, and there was a perceptible waning of his energy; he found himself in the unfortunate position of being without a circuit, and was thrown on the Conference for a station. It had been very bitter to him, and the most humiliating moment of his life was reached when in the Stationing Committee a big, thick-skinned delegate got up and objected to his being put down for his station on the ground that he was "too old and worn out." "Mr. Chairman," he said, "I know

nothing against Mr. Shipton, but we don't want a minister we shall have to nurse, but one that can do our work. I am told that Mr. Shipton is over sixty. Well, my advice to him is to superannuate. Anyhow, we don't want him on our circuit." And he sat down. Then Adam was stationed for Beckside.

And his host wondered why he was so quiet at tea, for before he had been full of quips and cranks, and quaint stories. And when his hostess went to bed that night as she passed his door she thought she heard a sob and a low cry. And she told her husband that she was sure that Mr. Shipton was not well, and they both had a sleepless night in consequence. But when he appeared at the breakfast table he was as bright as ever, and so they thought that they had been mistaken.

Strange though it may seem, he had never before realized that he was getting old. His heart was young, and he had never greater joy in preaching than now. As he left the Conference he was joined by another of the elder ministers who had suffered even greater humiliation than himself, having been four times objected to on account of his age. "Come along, Brother Shipton," he said, as he linked arms with him. "We have got our notice to quit. I don't know what they can do with us unless they shoot us." It is questionable if there was a sadder sight on earth that morning than those two aged servants of God, as with bowed head and aching heart, they made their way to the railway station.

And the next morning's post brought the Rev. Adam Shipton a letter from the steward of the circuit to which he was located, saying "that the officials were up in arms against his appointment, and that a meeting had been called to consider whether they should receive him or not. He was sorry, but he was afraid that his going there would mean serious conflict, if not the wrecking of the station." And the minister who had toiled all his life for the good of the Church took and laid

the letter before the Lord, and prayed that it might never come that he should be a hindrance and a stumbling-block. Rather than that he would make the last sacrifice and give up the work that lay so near to his heart. But some of the sentences in that letter cut him like the lash of a buffalo-whip. And his days were heavy and his nights sad.

And the circuit had its meeting. It is at such times that all the worst elements come to the front. The stubborn and contentious get their chance, and they take it. Moderate counsels are ignored. And so it proved in this case. A few of the best men stopped away, and those who were present were outvoted. The action of the Conference was misrepresented and misunderstood. And it was finally determined that the circuit would not receive Mr. Shipton, and that he be informed that he need not come.

"You can lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink," said Brother Stocks, a man who had been more trouble to the ministers than any half-dozen beside—a restless, unspiritually-minded man, who hung on to the skirts of the Church, not because he loved holiness, but because he loved power. "They can send us a man, but they cannot compel us to listen to him. My advice if he comes is that we lock the chapel door, and refuse to admit him."

And so the letter was sent, and the minister's wife wept all day out of compassion for her husband, who went about like one in a dream. "It will be all right when they get to know you," she said, as at eventide they sat by the fire. "You have always succeeded so well that you need not fear," and she put her hand on his as she was wont to do in the days when they were first man and wife, and looked up into his face with a smile that was itself pitiable.

"God help us, Mary!" he said in reply. "I have been a proud man in my time, and perhaps a little hard occasionally on those who have not got on as well as myself, and this is my punishment. I have always said that there was an open door in Methodism for any man who would work, and now I find every door shut against me. I never thought that I should come to be a preacher whom nobody would want."

"Don't say that, Adam," she answered. "You know that our people

here love you; and it was only last Sunday that Mr. Jones was saying that you were preaching better than ever."

"Ah!" he replied, "that is what makes the cup so bitter to me. I know that I can preach as well as I ever did. If the Master had spoken to me through the failing of my power of thought, or speech, that my work was done, no tired labourer at eventide would leave his toil gladder than I. But I have been learning all these years, and am now preaching out of a full and ripe experience. I may have been a dull scholar, but I know my lesson now, and it does seem hard that I cannot be allowed to tell it to others. Preach I must, and preach I will, even if I have to stand at the street corners to do it."

"Yes, dear," said his wife, "and I will stand by you, as I did when you and I commenced the mission at Shockton. You remember how they pelted us with rotten eggs on the first Sunday, and how afterwards the ring-leader came and begged your pardon and gave you a sovereign towards a new chapel." And in reminiscences such as this she tried to divert his thoughts away from that fatal letter.

When the day came that they had to bid "Good-bye," to their old friends, it was with heavy hearts that they went to meet new and what promised to be sad experiences. After a hundred miles' journey they at length found themselves at Beckside Station. Not a soul was there to meet them, and tired and hungry they learned that they had a walk of a mile to the town.

But Adam Shipton, if as sensitive as a child, was as bold as a lion when difficulties had to be faced, and making arrangements about the luggage, he bade his wife be of good cheer, and off they set.

As they entered the town they met two young men and inquired their way to the chapel. As they moved on Mrs. Shipton heard one of them say, "That will be the new Methodist parson. I hear they won't let him preach. It's a bit of a shame. An old man, too."

She hoped her husband had not heard, but a glance at his face told her that her hope was vain. It was white and pinched, and there was a startled look in his eyes like that of a hunted animal. The iron had entered his soul. He, the man of elo-

quent tongue and beautiful thought, who had once been able to draw crowds wherever he went; wise in counsel, and holy in life, what had he done to be pitied by every passer-by? What sin had he committed? None but that he was an old man. And had it come to this, that the Church had no place in her ministry for the wisdom of experience? In the constant cry for young men, were the aged to be thrust relentlessly aside to pine and die? And he staggered on like a drunken man, and from that moment he felt old.

When they reached the house they found the door locked, and a boy who seemed to have no more serious business in life than to suck his thumb, which was startlingly clean as compared with the rest of his hand, was induced to go in search of the key by the promise of a penny. After a time he returned, having succeeded in his quest, and they thus got access into their future home. The house was dirty, the furniture was old and worn, and fat spiders were rioting in undisturbed peacefulness in the corners of the windows. All this was bad enough, but the empty grate, the foodless cupboard, and the lack of a kindly face and a hearty shake of the hand were worse still. While Mrs. Shipton made a fire her husband went to find a shop in order to buy food that they might eat.

"You will be the new minister's wife," said a voice at her shoulder, as, sick at heart, and faint for want of food, Mrs. Shipton was in vain trying to get the damp sticks and coal to burn. She turned and saw a young woman with a sweet face looking down upon her. "I am your nearest neighbour," she continued, "and my little girl saw you sitting down on the garden-wall just now, and so I ran over to see if there was anything I could do for you. I am not a member of your church, or indeed of any church; but I like to be neighbourly for all that. Here, let me do that. You do look so tired."

And so she soon had a good fire burning, and when she found the kettle was without a handle, and had a hole in the bottom, she ran over to get her own.

"I wonder none of your own folks have met you," she said on her return. "But I suppose they did not know the time you would arrive. Never mind, we shall do splendidly."

Just then Adam returned, and when the woman saw him she gave an exclamation of surprise and of pleasure. "Why, I do declare," she said, "it's Mr. Shipton. You will not remember me, sir, but I knew you again directly I set eyes on you. Do you mind, sir, once a little girl calling you up at midnight to come and see her father, who it was thought was dying? It was when you were at Mereside, sir. And you came, and he found peace through your prayers and words. And though he got better, he never lost his faith and our home became like heaven, whereas before it was like hell. For my father drank, and when he was intoxicated he was almost mad. But you know what a drunkard's home is. Well, it was all changed, and before he died he managed to save a few hundred pounds, which he left me, which gave Aleck—that's my husband, sir—his start in business. He is a printer, and we are doing nicely. But I am talking and you are starving. Never mind the kettle now," she said, turning to the minister's wife, "you are going over with me to tea. I left the girl getting it ready when I came over. But I say 'Yes,' she continued, as she saw that she was going to object. "I won't have a 'Nay.' We owe all we have to your husband, and Aleck and I have often talked about him, and said how we should like to see him, and thank him."

And so the first gleam of light broke through the dark sky for the wearied servant of God, in bread cast upon the waters many days before, that returned to him in the hour of his greatest need. On Sunday the church was neither closed nor empty, though the officials were conspicuous by their absence. But some had come out of curiosity, some because of the agitation there had been, and in the hope that they would witness a scene, and others from higher motives, so that altogether there was a very large congregation. And the man of God lifted up his heart in thanksgiving, and preached like one inspired, as doubtless he was. And in the evening the chapel was full, and the preacher had the joy of pointing five seeking souls to Him who is the Saviour of the world.

And the opposition smouldered and would have died out had not one man set himself diligently to do the devil's work, and to keep it alive.

For good or ill, Edward Stocks hated to be defeated, and the more that the minister succeeded the more was he determined that he would get him away from the circuit at the first opportunity. He was the only one who adhered to the resolution never to hear him preach, but he was present at all official meetings, and endeavoured to make things as uncomfortable as possible. But at length he wearied out the patience of even Adam Shipton; and on one memorable evening, when he was manifestly bent on disturbing the meeting, the preacher turned upon him and gave him a castigation that he never forgot and never forgave. Nobody ever had given the mild, sweet-tempered old man credit for the power of burning denunciatory speech that he poured upon the head of the mischief-maker, under which he writhed and fumed, but had to bear silently. It was as when lightning leaps from a clear sky on a summer day, and all the brethren sat wonder-struck. And when the preacher finished by saying that unless he mended his ways there were methods provided by the church courts of dealing with such as he, the sullen, obstinate man got up and left the meeting without a word.

But as the time came for inviting a minister for the ensuing year, Mr. Shipton heard of him visiting the various places in the circuit, though on what mission he did not know.

One Sunday, when he was in the pulpit, the steward brought him a notice announcing an official meeting on the ensuing Thursday evening. "But I can't be there," he objected.

"Oh! it does not matter," said the man, "we can manage without you. Indeed, I think that you had better not come."

Had he been a less simple-minded man that he was he would have insisted on knowing the business, but as things were going on smoothly, and the circuit prosperous, he did not trouble farther. Official meetings were often necessarily held in his absence.

Thursday was a wild day, the wind driving the snow into huge drifts by the way-side, and making the roads in some places nearly impassable. He had to preach five miles from home, and his wife would fain have persuaded him not to go, but he had

great pride in the fact that for thirty years he had never neglected an appointment, and he said, he would not till he was absolutely obliged.

At half-past nine there was a knock at the manse door, and Mrs. Shipton, always apprehensive of evil, went to open it with a beating heart. But it was only Stocks and one of the officials who wanted to see her husband. She asked them in, and they sheepishly followed her into the parlour. "He is sure not to be long," she assured them, "she had been expecting him for the last half-hour. But the walking was bad, and he was not as strong as he used to be. He had complained about his heart lately, but he would not give in." And thus she chatted on while they listened, and put in a word here and there. But they seemed ill at ease, and when she insisted on making a cup of cocoa for them they looked perfectly miserable.

And no wonder, for at the meeting that had been held the vote had gone against the minister by a majority of one, Stocks giving a casting vote as chairman in favour of a change. And they had been deputed to come and tell the minister that after July his services would not be required. How that vote was obtained is written in the great book of God. But it was one of those things that a man little likes to remember on his death-bed.

And the deputation sat listening to the ticking of the clock and the minister's wife talking of the sermons of her husband and the converts he had made in other circuits, and prophesying that before long the circuit would rise to a condition of prosperity that it had not witnessed before. "Mr. Shipton thinks that there are signs of a revival at a number of the places," she continued. "He is quite delighted at the manifest improvement at Bigton and Sheens in particular. He talks of building a new chapel at Bigton next summer." Still they spoke but little, and thrice Brother Turner had to remove farther back from the fire.

Just when, weary of waiting, they, with a sigh of relief, got up to go, the door opened and in came the minister. He looked very tired, and was covered with snow, but when they would fain have gone he compelled them to sit down again.

"I have good news to tell you," he

said. "All the way to Blackstone I was tempted to turn back, for I thought nobody would come out on such a dreadful night, but when I got there the chapel was nearly full. There is a wonderful work of grace going on. Three men were converted on Sunday night, and two of the worst characters in the village came out to-night. Did you hear that, wife? And please God it will spread all over the circuit. I have sung all the way home. Oh! the joy of soul-saving. But now, brethren, I am keeping you. To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

Never did men who call themselves Christians find themselves in a tighter corner than Messrs. Stocks and Turner. The latter wished himself a thousand miles away, while the former shuffled out uneasily, and pulled at his shirt-collar as though it was choking him.

"I came to bear Brother Stocks company," said Turner as the minister looked at him, "he will tell you the business."

"Well, sir," said the minister, stiffening a bit. "What is it? Speak on, man."

Thus appealed to there was nothing for it but to get through as well as he could. At length he got it out: "That the brethren had held a meeting and had come to the conclusion that it would be for the good of the church that there should be a change of ministers in the following July, and that he and Brother Turner had been appointed to make him acquainted with the decision of the meeting." He gathered confidence as he went on, and by the time he had reached the end there was something of his usual insolence of tone and manner.

All the time the minister stood looking at him in a dazed kind of manner as if he did not fully understand.

His wife, however, had suddenly

turned, and with a woman's righteous anger, she exclaimed:

"That is your doing, Mr. Stocks. And now get you gone. Some day you will know——"

She did not finish the sentence, for a cry broke from her husband's lips of, "Oh, my God!" as he fell forward into her arms.

It was his last cry. The diseased heart had stopped, and the soul of the preacher had gone to its Maker. When he fell the two men rushed forward, but she drove them back with her hand, "Don't you dare to touch him!" she cried. "He is too good for you to come near. You have done enough for one night. If you have any pity, begone ere he comes to himself," for as yet she thought it was only a fainting fit. "Adam, darling, look up! It is all right, Adam, speak to me." But Adam heard not.

As the two men sneaked out of the door they heard a wail, sad and low, that haunted one of them for many a day to come. It was the cry of a desolate woman in the hour of her anguish. Four days after, she took her dead away from the place where they had treated him so cruelly, for she could not leave him there. She buried him among those who knew his worth and loved him.

Ten years after a tramp called to beg a piece of bread at a little cottage in which lived a woman with hair white as the snow of winter. And when he saw her face he uttered a great oath and fled. It was Edward Stocks, and the woman was the preacher's wife. And as she saw his rags fluttering in the wind she remembered the first text her husband ever preached from, "Be sure your sin will find you out." That day she did what she could never do before—she forgave him, and prayed for him.—Primitive Methodist Magazine.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."—Ps. xxxvii. 7.

Rest thou in Him—no need for fear—
Thou knowest not His plan for thee,
But well thou know'st that He is near,
Then rest in Him, rest quietly.
Not much seems left of earthly joy—
But oh, thy Father knoweth best!
Let this blest word thy thought employ—
And rest.

Wait thou for Him—take what He sends,
Sure that His every thought for thee
In naught but love begins and ends;
Then wait for Him, "wait patiently."
For thee may rise—thou canst not tell—
New joys, e'en this side heaven's gate;
If not—*He always chooseth well,*—
Just wait.

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.*

(SCENE: a field near Bethany. Lazarus is sitting on the edge of the grave, half-naked, with limbs still entangled in his shroud. He feels the quiver of life contending against the torpor of death within him. He sits motionless and speechless, gazing at the light as though half-blinded. Opposite him stands Jesus, erect, with uplifted eyes. A little farther off stand Martha and Mary, divided between joy and terror, not venturing to come nearer. The apostles form another group, and there is a great concourse of people. It is a bright, still morning in spring.)

Cries of the multitude.

Wonder unheard, unsaid!
Lazarus who was dead
Is there—is living, instead!

Martha.

My brother!

Mary.

My brother!

The Apostles.

There's life in the clay!
From the toils of the grave he is breaking
away!

John.

Aye, the flesh is alive!

Luke.

But the soul is afar—

Mark.

Nay, there's rod in the cheek!

Matthew.

In the eye there's a star!

A man of the people.

Of all our words of amazement
Hears he not one!
Like a soul in utter bedazement
Beholds the sun.

A woman.

It gave me an icy shiver
When he rose from under the pall!
When the flesh began to quiver
And the white cere-cloth to fall!

A tottering old man.

Oh, mighty Jesus, hear me,
And mercifully be near me,
When the few days I have to live are o'er!
If Thou, when I am sinking,
Wert there, kind Sir, I'm thinking
Me, too, from death to life Thou might'st
recover!

A centurion.

A quaint old gaffer this—
Who would have more of such a life as his!

A mother.

Oh, Jesus, fail me not!
My son is dead—do what Thou here hast
wrought!

Another, with a sick child in her arms.

A lesser thing ask I;
My little lad is ill—make him not die!

Martha.

Look on thy Martha, brother!

Mary.

Brother dear,
Look on the loving friend who brought
thee here!

*Lazarus, after gazing for a few seconds
upon Jesus.*

Master!

Cries of the multitude.

Wonder of wonders! The knot's untied!
Fate is beaten, and death defied!
We hear him speaking—the man who died!

Lazarus.

Oh, Master, what hast Thou done?

The Apostles.

He hath raised thee, dreaming one!
Knowest not thy redemption?

Lazarus, wearily, vaguely and disconnectedly.

Oh, Master, I obey
The eyes that urge me.
Speak, and make known Thy will.
Thee have I followed since I saw Thee first,
And follow still,
Meekly, Thy lightest sign.
But if thus docile I have been always,
Wherefore that angry word?
What deep offence is mine?
Why dost Thou scourge me?

The Apostles.

Alas! he raves—the man to life restored!

Lazarus.

Wherefore, Master, awake me
Out of so sweet a sleep—
And all so well forgotten?
Since first, mine eyes uplifting,
I looked on the hollow shifting
Pageant of earth,
Never did overtake me
Repose more deep:—
So sweetly had I forgotten
My human birth.

* We reprint the accompanying poem by Arturo Graf, an Italian writer, in the "Nuova Antologia." We give the translation made for the "Living Age." Notwithstanding the striking beauty of the poem, the author, we think, has misinterpreted the feeling both of Lazarus and of our Lord.—ED.

Oh, Master, wherefore awake me?
 Around me, as I lay
 Creation swam undone:
 There was no night, no day,
 No time, no change at all.
 I heard no faintest echo of any tone
 From this dead vale, funereal.
 No vain desire disturbèd
 My trance, no memory turbid,
 No sorrow gnawed me here,
 No sting of sharp remorse felt I, no fear.
 Of so great peace
 Why wilt Thou me deprive?
 Why must I rise and wrestle
 Where the cruel sunbeams dazzle
 My shrinking sense,
 And the cries are an offence
 Of the tortured folk who live?
 Leave me, my Master, free of pain,
 Buoyed up by lovesome death, and light as
 air!
 Let me but nestle
 In my grave again
 Like a creature of the wild-wood in its lair!

*Jesus, looking fixedly upon Lazarus and
 speaking sternly.*

Man, but thy heart is cold, and, man, thy
 courage feeble!

Base are thy words, and base is thy dis-
 tress.
 Art thou alone in the world? Is thine the
 only trouble?
 Art thou, then, sisterless and brotherless?
 Who art thou, to have won the wages of
 peace already?
 Who art thou, to have loved, much as a
 mortal can?
 Loving, trusting on, with faith serene and
 steady—
 Hast thou then done enough, and suffered
 enough, oh, man?
 Why do the vain waves break on the cliff
 ascending sheerly?
 Why do the worlds revolve? Why do the
 minutes fly?
 Why does the grass of the field grow green
 and wither yearly?
 Why do kingdoms fall, and men be born
 and die?
 Mine is a call to light and life. So hear it!
 Call to valorous work, and the strife
 whereby men grow.
 Up, thou lingering, languishing cowering,
 pitiful spirit!
 Out of the grave with thee! Gird up thy
 loins and go!

THE THREE CALLS.

BY MANFRED J. GASKELL.

He called me, but I hastened on
 Lest He should stay my feet
 And I no more of pleasure taste,
 The bitter and the sweet.

He called again, I listened not,
 And with the worldling's pride
 Drank deeper of the foaming cup
 And floated with the tide

He called again, I bowed my head
 And lent a listening ear,
 But as a passing dream is gone
 I strove, but could not hear.

Pembroke, Ont.

Long nights of agony I spent
 Wrestling with God in prayer,
 My one and only cry, "Forgive
 O Lord, sometime, somewhere!"

He heard, and in the twilight drew
 The shadow of a Cross,
 Its fiery fingers lettered bright:
 "Redemption for the lost."

Its arms were stained with crimson blood,—
 I strove through tears to see;
 Thus God forgave my stony heart
 And pictured Love for me.

GEORGE MARTIN.

Gladness was thine! Of all the sons of song,
 None ever hailed me with a cheerier voice.
 Thou couldst rejoice with those who would
 rejoice;

Or, pausing sorrow's weeping ones among,
 Couldst shed the furtive tear.

To see the page
 On which dark lines irregular were traced,
 Unseen by thy dim eyes, is still to taste
 Friendship's old wine. The rhyme, the
 proverb sage,

The mirthful sally,—each bespoke to me
 A generous nature, manly and robust.
 Would thy quaint, joyous greeting still
 might be!

Would I again might know thee, as of old,—
 That this long, lonely silence thou couldst
 break!

But that benignant hand, which once would
 take

The pen beneath Mount Royal's leafy gold,
 Is lying pulseless in the silent dust.

—Pastor Felix.

THE KINETOSCOPE.

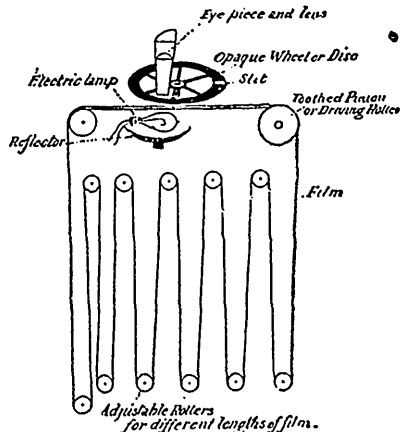
BY GEO. S. HODGINS.

The kinetoscope is an instrument which is now familiar to the public, but there was an antecedent to it, and by reason of the existence and perfection of which, it became an actuality. The kinetograph is the primary instrument and the one from which a number of other machines have taken their being. As its name implies it is the recorder of motion. It is used for taking the photographic negatives, in the first place, from which the picture are afterwards developed. It is the laboratory machine, while the kinetoscope is the one which suitably presents to the public the finished work of the former.

The biograph, and the eidoloscope, and the cinematograph, and the vitascope are simply modifications of the kinetoscope. These more or less fanciful names are given to one family of instruments, which, operating the kinetoscope photographs, throw them, life-size, upon a large white screen, just as the old-fashioned magic-lantern was able to do with its gaudily painted slides. These machines are, broadly speaking, the successful union of the kinetoscope and magic-lantern principles.

The kinetoscope itself is a very wonderful and very interesting piece of mechanism. After the general outlines of its construction have been studied, one is almost inclined to say it is quite simple. The kinetoscope is an apparatus which enables the beholder to "see motion." The name is derived from two Greek words—*kinetos*, moving, and *scopeo*, I see. The machine, usually contained in a small cabinet, consists, briefly, of a suitable eye-piece, which is in reality a magnifying lens, capable of producing a picture apparently about two inches wide by one and five-eighths inches high. This lens directs the vision of the beholder down a black, tapering tube which terminates in an opening seven-eighths of an inch wide, by three-quarters of an inch high—the exact size of the little photograph. The photographs looked at through the lens are simply a series of separate pictures, each one differing from the preceding one by an almost imperceptible degree, yet no two exactly alike. The negatives taken from this machine are developed one after the other on a continuous band of transparent celluloid, which measures one and three-eighths of an inch wide. The edges are perforated

by a series of small, oblong, holes, which are so spaced as to engage with the teeth of a pinion roller, or, as most people would say, with the projections of a small cog-wheel. This toothed wheel or roller when revolving is able to carry the band of celluloid along and pass it under the lens at a uniform rate of speed, so that a continuous series of pictures is brought under observation. The ribbon of photographs, if from twenty to twenty-five feet long, would contain from 320 to 400 separate pictures. If the two ends of the celluloid band be united so as to make an endless chain of photographs the film may be run several times under the eye-piece, and thus give a total of from 1,850 to 2,500 separate pictures. The speed at which the band moves in the kinetoscope is probably the same as that of the film

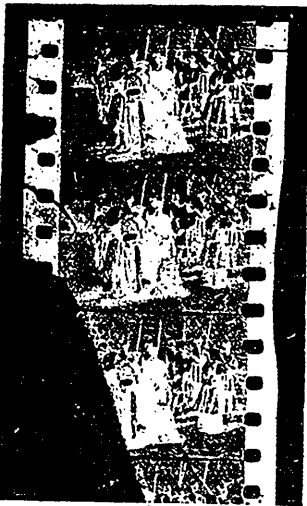


PLAN SHOWING MECHANISM OF
KINETOSCOPE.

upon which the negatives were originally taken, viz.: thirty-four and a half inches per second. This speed would place forty-six photographs under observation in the same time. A person being entertained for three-quarters of a minute by one of the "moving pictures" shown by the cinematographe has, in reality, seen 2,070 views. At this rate a picture of varied life and movement, if it could be made to endure for half an hour, would require the illumination, obscuring and shifting of 82,800 separate photographs. In the kinetoscope the band of celluloid moves

without stoppage and is lit up by a small incandescent electric lamp of three candle power, which lies immediately below the picture in the line of the sight, and is reinforced by a small reflector on the underside.

The whole mechanism is operated by an electric motor, which derives its energy from a storage battery. The "nickel" dropped in the slot serves to make the electrical connection required to set the machine in motion. A storage or secondary battery is one in which the chemical union of its elements has been destroyed, or disturbed, each having been forced, chemically, apart by the action of an electric current previously applied. The



PORTION OF FILM.

elements remain in a state of separation so long as electrical connection is wanting between them. The moment "the nickel" is dropped in, it supplies the link and the current flows. The separated elements once more combining chemically, give off to the motor a current of electricity having a force nearly equal in power, though in opposite directions, to that of the current previously used to isolate the constituents of the battery.

Just here, however, must be considered a most wonderful piece of mechanism. If this series of separate pictures were simply to be drawn past the eye, as in reality they are, the effect would be that of blurred and undistinguishable confusion, neither showing picture, pose nor motion. There is an obstruction interposed between the eye and the

illuminated film which cuts off all light and completely hides the tiny scene. The obstruction is nothing less than a black circle of metal which is made to revolve over the views as they pass along. In this disc is cut one slit about the one-eighth of an inch wide, and as the wheel sweeps round there is given to the spectator one flash of vision for each picture. The time occupied by the motion of one photograph out of the field of view and another into the field is taken up by one revolution of the obscuring black band or disc, and the flash of light which reaches the eye is only that permitted by the small slit. This takes place when number two photograph has reached the exact position formerly occupied by number one. The disc is about ten and a half inches in diameter, measured to the centre line of the small photograph; and it is not too much to say, that for every picture seen the beholder is treated to nearly thirty-three inches of opaque metal and total darkness to one-eighth of an inch opening for sight.

So far, the skill and ingenuity of man has been taxed to bring about the wonderful result produced, but now the eye of the beholder also contributes its share. We are told by the late Prof. Huxley, on page 220 of his "Elements of Physiology," that "the impression made by light upon the retina not only remains during the whole period of the direct action of the light, but has a certain duration of its own, however short the time during which the light itself lasts. A flash of lightning is, practically, instantaneous, but the sensation of light produced by that flash endures for an appreciable period. It is found, in fact, that the luminous impression lasts about one-eighth of a second; whence it follows, that if any two luminous impressions are separated by a less interval, they are not distinguished from one another." Prof. A. E. Dolbear states the persistence of vision at about one-tenth of a second for impressions not exceedingly bright. It therefore would appear that the eye, having received an impression from one picture through the narrow slit in the disc, holds the sensation produced while the opaque wheel revolves, and at the instant that the second picture is presented the appearance of the first had not entirely faded away.

When looking into a kinetoscope the eye is in reality kept in absolute darkness for a very much longer time than that in which it enjoys the experience of

light. This play of light and darkness follow with perfect regularity, like night and day, but the duration of each is very different. There is, if one may so phrase it, about 263 times as much night as there is day for each picture seen. The beholder is, however, not conscious of the least break in the continuity of his sight. So rapid is the alternation that his eye is able to hold the impression made by one picture until the next is seen, and this property has been called "the persistence of vision." It is by reason of this extraordinary faculty that our organs of vision are actually able to bridge over, in each case, the period of these infinitesimal yet comparatively long kinetoscopic nights, and retain, with unbroken luminous impression, the sensations of its brief and fleeting days.

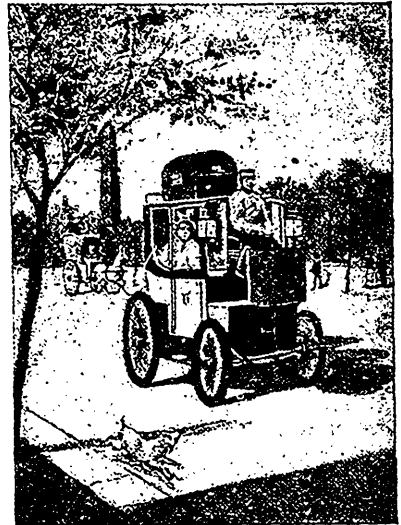
The eye sees actually a picture, with figure inert and motionless, which is instantly shut out of sight in complete

and absolute darkness while the moving mechanism shifts the scene. Again is disclosed another view with quiescent form, posed like a marble statue, without movement and without life, and again as quickly the image is blotted out in darkness, while eye and brain are busy. The swiftly moving panorama of lights and shades, rapid flashes and deep gloom, following each other with all the precision and exact regularity of which delicate machinery is capable; the scenes, so stiffly statuesque, and the frequent interruptions of sight flow on together smoothly and beautifully, obeying simply the laws of mechanics, of optics and of physics, so perfectly that one imagines he sees the graceful continuous motion of the figure, the sinuous movement, the rapid flash of moving arm and foot, and the endless flow of fluttering drapery, as a living, breathing being glides before us.—*Massey's Magazine.*

Science Notes.

THE AUTOMOBILE FIELD.

From an instructive article on this subject in the *Canadian Electrical News*, we quote as follows: The automobile is with us, and without doubt to stay, and we are assured upon all hands of the benefits to be derived therefrom, not only on the score of cheaper transportation, but in the matter of cleaner streets, better roads, etc. For city work the great desiderata are rapid, frequent, flexible and cheap service, and the present electric systems have these advantages over the older horse-car systems, for which reason the latter have been displaced. In the automobile we have something at hand which will give at least as frequent and rapid service, and will certainly be more flexible in meeting demands than the present electric lines for city service. Assuming that automobile bus-lines were initiated and run in competition with the electric cars, what would be their advantages from the point of view of operating costs? The largest item in the cost of electric transportation is generally that of motormen and conductors. This would probably not be decreased, nor would car inspection or repairs, by the use of the automobile. The next largest item is the fixed charges for interest, depreciation, taxes, etc. These depend upon the investment, and



AUTOMOBILE CAB.

very slight consideration will readily convince the most sceptical of the smaller capital cost of the automobile. The electric line has a station costing about \$100 per h.p., a permanent way valued at from \$10,000 to \$50,000 per mile, depending upon the nature of the structure

and whether the paving is included, which is often the case; overhead construction costing from \$2,000 to \$10,000 per mile; cars and equipments from \$2,500 to \$4,000 each; and in addition probably a percentage of receipts is demanded by the municipality for the franchise. The franchise also has to be obtained at frequently great cost and trouble.

Against this, in favour of the automobile, no franchise is required, no permanent way, no overhead construction is needed. The busses will cost no more than the cars at the worst, and no station will be required unless the system be storage battery automobiles, and if required will be much less costly than for the electric cars both in total cost for the same traffic and for operating costs, the reason being that the station will be running at its full capacity at all times, thus requiring a smaller horse-power of plant, and having that plant operating at its highest efficiency at all times. In the case of steam or gasoline machines, no station whatever would be required. The busses would run upon any street and would never be blocked by interruption to the supply of power, street repairs, etc., and could be concentrated to meet sudden demands in a manner not approachable by the electric cars. Under these conditions the final triumph of the automobile for city transportation appears certain, the electric roads to be restricted to the inter-urban services where advantages may be had of greater speed over their own right of way than would be permissible in the case of an automobile line traversing the country highways.

It may be questioned whether automobiles will be available for winter service in such places as Montreal and Quebec, and the point will be well taken at the present time, but those who predicted the use of electric cars in those places ten years ago were laughed at, and it may safely be predicted that the winter difficulties will be overcome as were those of the electric cars. As to the system of propulsion adopted at the present time, it would appear that steam would be the cheapest, but has the disadvantage over electricity of being more noisy and complicated, and for many reasons apart from cheapness electricity has the most to commend it. A further advantage of the automobile bus line lies in the fact that the public will be guaranteed a fair competition with consequent reduction in fares, as no

monopoly can be granted, as is done at present. The automobile is in the same position as regards the city business as the electric roads were about ten years ago, and the next ten may see as great a change in this regard as the last.

ROLLING LIFT BRIDGES.

The rolling lift bridges which have been constructed during the past few years in Chicago and at other points in the United States, says Waldon Fawcett, in *The Scientific American*, constitute so distinct an advance over the types of movable structures heretofore utilized in spanning navigable waterways as to have aroused deep interest abroad. The development of the pivot bascule bridge—like the old drawbridge over a castle moat—led directly up to the invention of the rolling lift bridge, the latter type having been devised just as the Tower Bridge at London was nearing completion. The famous London structure was commenced in 1885 and completed in 1894. It provides a waterway 200 feet in width, and cost, all told, more than \$4,000,000. The advance which has been made in movable bridges of late years could not, perhaps, be better illustrated than by comparing the Tower structure with a rolling lift bridge of even greater span at the entrance to the Grand Central Station at Chicago. The weight of the iron and steel in the London bridge is 14,000 tons, while that in the Chicago bridge is but 2,250 tons, and the entire cost of the latter was \$126,000, less than the cost of the operating machinery alone of the Tower Bridge.

Trials have proved that less than twenty seconds is required for the complete operation of opening and closing the spans of one of the largest bridges. A most interesting record is that of the Rush Street Bridge, at Chicago, said to be the most active movable bridge in the world. During an average season of lake navigation comprising a little over eight months this bridge is opened between 10,000 and 11,000 times, or fully forty times every twenty-four hours. Yet the power expense for the operation of this bridge by electricity does not exceed sixty-seven cents a day. Over another rolling lift bridge in Chicago the passage of trains aggregates 1,200 daily.

Current Topics and Events.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

"The law of worthy national life, like the law of worthy individual life, is fundamentally the law of strife." [Better say "Effort." Ed] "It may be strife civic; but certainly it is only through strife, through labour and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things." - THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

Theodore Roosevelt comes to his high office in many respects better equipped than any of his predecessors. He was not a son of poverty, but was born to affluence, with its opportunities of education and culture. He had a brilliant university career at

Harvard, was leader of the House of New York Legislature, was United States Civil Service Commissioner for six years, and was president of the New York Police Board, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Vice-President, and has had also military experience in the Cuban campaign. To

counteract ill-health in youth, he has lived much in the free life of a western ranch. His impulsive character has led, we judge, to an exaggeration of his "rough-riding" propensities, and the responsibilities of his office will doubtless steady and calm his character. His announcement of his determination to maintain the policy of President McKinley will give great satisfaction. His books on "The Winning of the West," "American Ideals," and "Life of Cromwell," stamp him as a writer of great vigour and ability.

The following extracts from speeches aptly indicate his attitude as a public man :

"I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labour and strife ; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shirk from hardship or from bitter toil, and who, out of these, wins the splendid ultimate triumph."

"Money is a good thing. It is a foolish affectation to deny it. But it is not the only good thing, and after a certain amount has been amassed it ceases to be the chief even of material good things. It is far better, for instance, to do well a bit of work which is well worth doing."

A CAMPAIGN OF LIES.

Kruger's and Louis's campaign of lies is about played out. An officer of the Boers was invited to visit the concentration camps, and found the concentrados well treated and content, better treated even than the British soldiers. The British are thus illustrating the Gospel revenge. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink." toward 140,000 refugees, besides 20,000 prisoners, are furnishing them with medical attendance, religious consolation, and schoolmasters for instructing the children. Were ever prisoners of war so treated before ?

The Boer officers have been leading the ignorant burghers by saying that France and Russia had declared war against Britain, were invading England and bombarding Cape Town. This mendacity will surely overreach itself, and the most stupid and ignorant burghers will soon learn how cruelly they have been deceived.

Mr. Kruger has been raising a great howl against the importation of American mules into Africa, while the Boers have, from the very outbreak of the war, been largely supported by mercenary troops from almost every country in Europe. He was also prepared to authorize buccaneers of every nation to prey upon the commerce of Britain.

The pro-Boer critics, especially French and Russian, are lifting their hands in holy horror against the strenuous measures necessary for the suppression of the rebellion in Cape Colony, while utterly oblivious to the wanton and remorseless cruelty and perfidy wrought by France and Russia in Madagascar and Finland.

The traditions of British valour were never more signally illustrated than when two hundred men at Fort Itala resisted for nineteen hours two thousand Boers, although their ammunition was well-nigh exhausted and even water to drink was cut off by their unchivalric foes. At Prospect Camp a little band of British, though greatly outnumbered, held at bay for many hours a vastly larger number of the Boers.

A guerilla war is notoriously a difficult war to suppress. Our American friends are finding this to be the case in the Philippines, where, by an attack of bolo men without a gun among them, a garrison of seventy-five was surprised, nearly all of whom were killed or captured—and this more than three years after the capture of Manila. These facts should restrain the criticism of the war in Africa, not with naked bolo men, but with the most skilled marksmen in the world, aided by soldiers of fortune from almost every nation of Europe.

Congressman Schaffroth writes that it costs seventy-five millions a year to hold the Philippines, and that their benefit to the United States will not materialize till a generation or two has passed away.

OUR ROYAL VISITORS.

The auspicious visit of our future Sovereigns to our country has greatly intensified the love and loyalty of every Canadian to the world-wide empire of which Canada furnishes two-fifths of the area. In crowded city and in rural hamlet they were met with the same demonstrations of patriotic enthusiasm. These demonstra-

tions culminated in the city of Toronto. The dismal weather but emphasized the loyal devotion of our people, as, like Mark Tapley, we tried to be as jolly as possible under discouraging circumstances. The singing of the six thousand children standing in the rain touched the sympathies of our royal visitors, who unfalteringly bowed and smiled their way amid the rain through miles of cheering crowds and decorated streets to the City Hall and Government House.

The illuminations were a vision of delight, the Foresters' and Manufacturers' arches were a dream of beauty, and the loyal mottoes breathed the patriotic devotion of our people. None was more touching than that surrounding the effigy of Victoria the Beloved, which bore the legend, "Not Forgotten."

Never have we seen the Metropolitan Church so crowded as at the service on the following Sunday evening, when our new pastor, the Rev. W. Sparling, preached a stirring, patriotic sermon, and the royal chorus and choir sang patriotic hymns. Mr. Sparling asked the audience to join in the stirring words of "The Maple Leaf For Ever," and that noble lyric was sung by the vast audience as it was, we think, never sung before. This was followed by the sublime Hallelujah Chorus, and "God Save the King," the whole audience standing.

The finest poem on the royal progress around the world that we have seen is the following by a Canadian writer :

BRITAIN'S "GRAND ROUNDS."

You have heard your sentries challenge
From every seaward head :

You have found young nations growing
Wherever we sowed our seed.

You have felt the heart of Empire
In the far lands throb and stir ;
You have seen eyes flash a welcome
That but late grew dim for Her.

You have learned how men forgotten
In the time of need forget ;
You have seen your builders building—
Their lives are the stones they set :

You have tried the chain that binds us,
Have you found its links unworn ?
The chain that binds earth's wand'ring race
To the home where it was born :

The chain that the children fashioned,
From the love of early years,

Love inborn, tempered, tested,
By distance, and time, and tears.

You have heard—can you read the meaning
Of the voiceless cry, the throe
That shakes our camps from earth's red heart
To plains of the sunless snow ?

If you can take the children's message ;
" By deeds we do and have done,
" By the love we bear for England,
" By our oath to the great Queen's son ;

" By the fame that we share in common,
" By the blood we were proud to shed,
" By those that sleep in God's keeping,
" Our own, and our royal dead—

" Hear now our heart's cry and help us,
" Great son of her royal son,
" Pray your father gather his people,
" And make of his nations—one.

" And if he needs soldiers, send us
" Seed corn from home we may sow ;
" Since love comes of knowing, blend us
" Only with Britons who know."

So pass, "Grand Rounds," with this password,

While the world's way rocks and rings,
And your sea beasts bay a welcome
To the son of our sea-throned kings.

The links in the girdle of Empire—
Love, law, mother-tongue, Britain's fame--
Are clasped here and clinched for ever,
By us with his Mother's name.

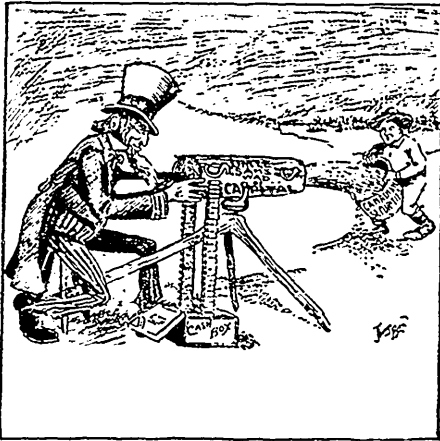
—Clive Phillipps-Wolley, Victoria, B.C.

NO ANNEXATION.

Canadian papers, says The Literary Digest, are still touchy on the subject of annexation. No inducement will secure Canada for the American Union, declares The Patrie (Montreal), the chief organ of French thought in the Dominion. "We are neither to be sold nor rented."

The Saturday Review (London) pooh-poohs the idea of any considerable annexation sentiment in Canada. It says: "It would be an insult to Canadian intelligence and to the memory of the Empire Loyalists to imagine that the republic will either coerce or cajole the Canadians to surrender their birthright. Canada would lose much and gain little by absorption in the United States. That is better understood in Ottawa than in London. The bitterness of some Americans when they discuss the Canadian question is easy to understand. What they could not do by force of arms ninety years ago they

have failed to accomplish by fiscal expedients in later times, and all they have achieved has been their own 'discomfiture.'"



THE NEW AMERICAN INVASION.

JOHNNY CANUCK: "Fire away, Uncle Sam! I can stand any amount of this kind of thing. It's capital!"

—The Daily Witness, Montreal.

The late General Grant once asked the present writer if there was much sentiment in favour of annexation in Canada. We replied that there was not, that we were too democratic a people to wish annexation with the United States. The General laughed and asked us how we made that out. We rejoined that the Government was much more directly amenable to the popular will in Canada than it was in the United States, that if any Government in the Dominion could not command the majority of the Legislature it had to step out of power at once, whereas the President could not be deposed except by impeachment. The General laughed, and offered us a cigar (which we declined), and changed the subject.

THE STRIKE THAT FAILED.

The collapsed steel strike was one of the most disastrous in history. Seventy thousand skilled workmen not only lost the earnings of many weeks, but have been heavily burdened with debt. The total loss is estimated at \$25,000,000, but worse than this is the bitterness of feeling which has been engendered, and the widening of the breach between employer and employees. The walking delegate is often a walking nuisance, egging men on to strike against their better judgment, and as often as not failing to secure the object at which they aimed. Surely the resources of civilization can provide some court of conciliation that shall prevent such disastrous civil war.

SAFEGUARDING CIVILIZATION.

The American press is loudly demanding the suppression of anarchists who are in the country, and the exclusion of those who seek to come. In this it is quite within its rights. The safety of the people is the supreme end of government. Quarantine is established to exclude the germs of cholera and plague, much more should diligence be observed to exclude the more deadly microbes of anarchy and murder.



PUT THEM OUT AND KEEP THEM OUT.

—New York Tribune.

THE SINGER.

How sweet in all her ways is she
Who sings me songs of chivalry,
Of love, romance and courtesy,

As, pausing oft, you wander by
Her lake, where birchen shadows lie
In mazes that repeat the sky!

She sings them all so well, I see
Their wildly-castled scenery,
Their towers looking down on me;

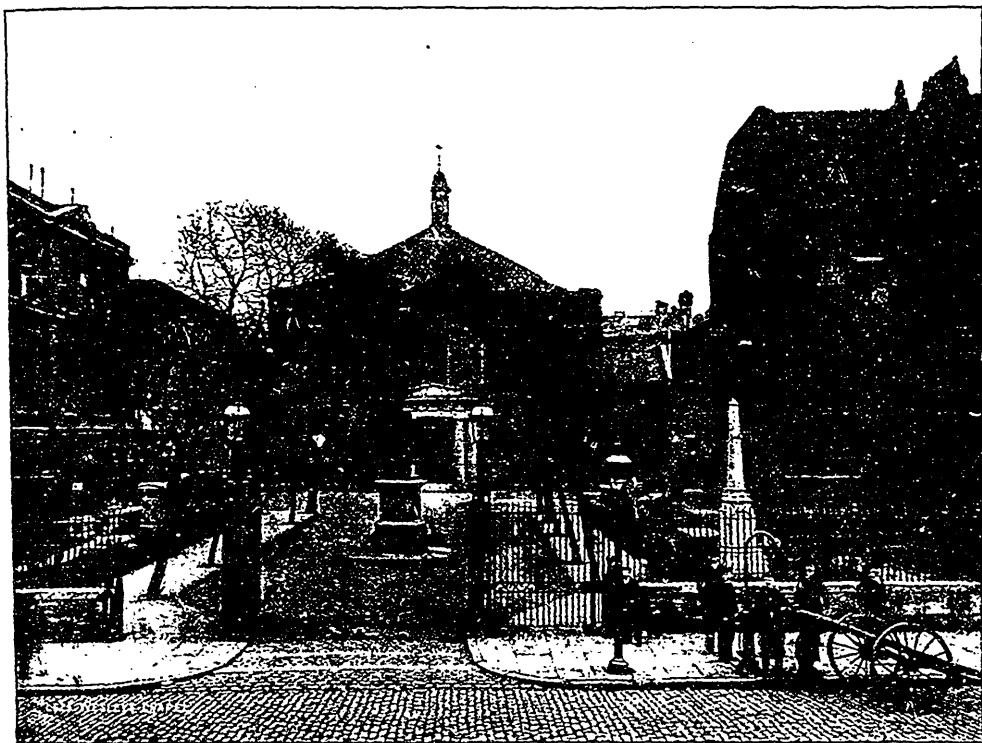
And I become her knight, and bear
Within my heart her image fair—
All deeds for her to do and dare.

She knows they have a charm for me—
Who knows but I was born to be
Alive to such old balladry?

But deeply would she blush to know
How much to her pure lips they owe,
Her eyes that glance and cheeks that glow.

—Ralph H. Shaw.

Religious Intelligence.



WESLEY'S CHAPEL, CITY ROAD, LONDON, WHERE THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE WAS HELD.

WORLD-WIDE METHODISM.

The Ecumenical Conference has been the prominent topic in the Methodist world during the month. It was a very noteworthy gathering. When, in 1777, John Wesley laid the corner-stone of City Road Chapel, he preached from the words, "What hath God wrought?" Could he have had a vision of the representatives of thirty millions of Methodists, scattered throughout the world, assembling in that chapel, he might have used these words with a profounder significance. It was a unique demonstration to the world of the unity and solidarity of Methodism on all the continents of the earth and islands of the sea. The words of the Roman poet could be used with a profounder meaning than ever dreamed of by the Virgilian muse :

" Quis jam loens, . . .
Quae regio in terris . . . non plena laboris?"

" What region of the globe is not full of our labours?"

The words of the prophet were again fulfilled, "Thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters from the ends of the earth."

WESLEY'S CHAPEL.

This venerable chapel is itself a monument of the unity of Methodism. The beautiful marble columns which decorate the interior are contributions from the varied Methodisms of the world, Canada being represented by one. The stained-glass windows are another tribute of love and gratitude. The carved busts and the names engraved upon the marble slabs on the walls are memorials of



INTERIOR OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

the great and good men who have builded their lives into the goodly structure of Methodism—the Wesleys, Fletcher, Benson, Coke, Clarke, Watson, Bunting, Newton, Punshon, Ger-vase Smith, and many others. The pulpit shown in our illustration is that from which John Wesley so fervidly preached. At the organ manual before it a grandson of Charles Wesley, the sweet singer of Methodism, conducts the service of song with rare musical ability.

In front of this historic structure stands the new statue of John Wesley in his striking attitude of preaching the Word. On its base are the words, "The world is my parish." The white marble shaft to the right is the cenotaph of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism, whose body sleeps till the resurrection in the Bunhill Fields cemetery, just across the road. Here, too, rest the remains of the glorious dreamer, John Bunyan, the sweet singer, Isaac Watts, and Daniel Defoe, author of that immortal classic, "Robinson Crusoe"

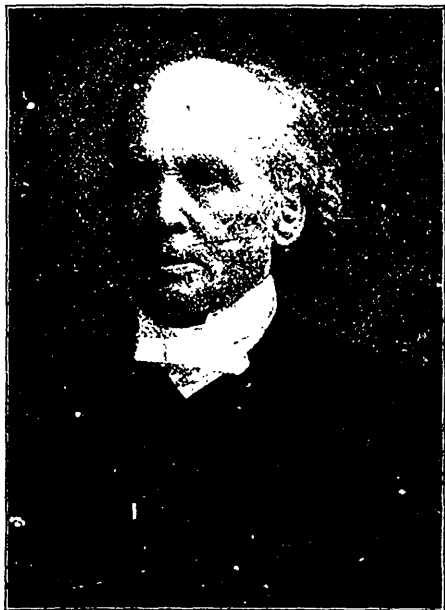
—probably the three best known writers in the English tongue—and near by is the tomb of that sturdy Puritan, Richard Cromwell.

In the rear of Wesley Chapel lie the remains of the founder of Methodism. In the early morning, before six o'clock, six poor men bore his body to its burial, with no hearse or coach or escutcheon or funeral pomp "except the tears of those who loved him and were following him to heaven."

The sombre-looking brick house to the right of our half-tone is that in which Wesley lived and wrote and died. It is now a museum of Wesleyan memorials. The more ornate-looking structure to the left is the residence of the minister of City Road Chapel.

COURAGEOUS OPTIMISM.

The address of welcome by the venerable Ebenezer Jenkins was one of great serene Christian optimism. Standing near the close of a long and



THE REV. EBENEZER JENKINS, D.D.

useful life, with his face to the sunset, he speaks thus: My outlook on the future is a very cheerful one. I belong not to the gloomy prophets. It is true that this is a day of prevalent infidelity, but the respect in which it differs from the older scepticism is an encouraging feature of modern unbelief. Apart from that worldliness which is common to every age, it is more intelligent, more serious, more sincere. It does not abuse the Christian faith; its posture is rather that of silence and watchfulness than loud resistance. It regards the Christian movement as a whole, determining its character by its best form, not so much the creed upon which it is based as the work it is doing for mankind, its influence upon the best legislation of the world, the essential humanity of its best work, and the fruits of its missionary policy. It is impossible for men to bestow their thought upon the work and irresistible progress of the Christian religion irrespective of churches and creeds, without being attracted to the great Founder of the movement. There is an increasing number of men in the civilized communities of Europe and America who are drawn to the study of the Christ. They never meet with His professed dis-

ciples; the class to which they belong is not tabulated in any Church returns, and yet not a few of them are silently passing from admiration to reverence, and from reverence to worship.

The stirring address of that clever young Canadian, Mr. N. W. Rowell, attracted much interest. Mr. Rowell had the honour of being, we think, the youngest member of the Ecumenical Conference, as he was the youngest member ever elected to an Annual Conference or to a General Conference in Canada. We regret we have not room here for his address, which we print elsewhere.

METHODIST UNION.

A striking result of the previous Ecumenical Conferences has been the impulse given to the Methodist Union, first in Canada, next in Australia. Now, let us hope, in the near future, a union of federation between the varied Methodisms of Great Britain and the United States will take place.

The thrilling note of Methodist union sounded in the Ecumenical Conference, says The Northwestern, will reverberate throughout the Methodist



MR. N. W. ROWELL.

world. Many American delegates will return to their homes with a new or increased desire for a union of the various branches of Methodists in this country. The causes of divisions have, for the most part, been removed by time and changes in laws; and there is now no good reason why all Methodists should not be united in one body. The greater good which would result to the Church and the spread of the kingdom of God throughout the world dwarfs into insignificance the reasons for continued separation. With scarcely an exception the smaller bodies are suffering in numbers and in spiritual influence by reason of their independent existence, and if united in one body the single organization would possess a power which they are unable to exert by themselves. This is even more strikingly the case in Great Britain.

TAKING STOCK.

The Ecumenical gave an occasion for taking stock of the growth of Methodism in all lands. The wonderful results of the growth of a little over a century are shown in statistical tables prepared for *The Methodist Times* by the Rev. James Jenkins:

In 1791 there were 120,233 members or communicants; in 1901 there are 7,448,892. Adherents in United Kingdom increased in 110 years from 560,000, or one in 28, to 3 1-2 millions, or one in 12; the population grew 156 per cent.; Methodism, 525 per cent. In the United States adherents grew from 2-5 of a million to 23 1-5 millions, or from one in 13 to one in 3.3; while the population gained 1.329 per cent., Methodism gained 5.700 per cent. In Europe, the proportion of Methodists is one in 90; in Africa, one in 273; in Asia, one in 2,075; in America, one in 5; in Oceania, one in 82. The Church of England has at home and abroad 13 1-2 millions, while Methodism has 29 3-4 millions. The Anglo-Saxon Methodists number 21 1-4 millions; the negroes, 6 1-2 millions; the European contingent is 3-4 of a million; the Asiatic the same; and the aboriginal 1-2 a million. The total voluntary workers are 1,017,604, while the ministers number 45,731. The annual gifts to Methodism are £13 millions; the value of Methodist trust property—churches, parson-

ages, colleges, etc.—is put at £100 millions. The estimated wealth of Methodism is £3,718 millions; its greatest earnings being £595 millions, its savings £148 millions, its givings £13 millions."

In addition to this great army, two millions of enrolled Methodists have joined the General Assembly of the church of the first-born above, beside many millions more, who were not technically members, have been brought under its religious power.

Very high praise is given to our Canadian delegates who took part in this Conference as "equal to any, if not superior to all." Dr. Potts, Dr. Briggs, Dr. Shaw, Dr. Stewart, N. W. Rowell, Joseph Gibson, Dr. Inch, and other representative Canadians, won "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Detailed reports of the addresses of these honoured brethren are given in full in current numbers of *The Guardian and Wesleyan*.

EXPANSION OF METHODISM.

On this subject, *The Methodist Times* has a striking article, from which we quote as follows:

It is very gratifying to learn that during the last century Methodism in the United Kingdom has grown "at the rate of 369 per cent. faster than the population—a leap from one in twenty-eight to one in twelve."

In America the growth of Methodism has been even greater, and much greater than in the British Isles. There it has grown "at the rate of 4,371 per cent. faster than the population, having performed a leap from one in thirteen to one in 3.3." Indeed, America is the great stronghold of Methodism. The United States contain "seventy-eight per cent. of the Methodist family." A favourite sneer of *The Church Times* is that our immense growth is due to the adhesion of negroes. We are very proud that God has given us so much success among the African races. But Mr. Jenkins shows in his ethnological tables that while Methodism includes 6,500,000 of the negro races of all types, we have the adhesion of 21,250,000 of the Anglo-Saxon race. Indeed, a much larger number of Anglo-Saxons, all the world over, are Methodists than are Anglicans.

No other Church furnishes, relatively to its numbers, so many spheres of active service for its

members. We have to-day, in addition to 45,731 ordained ministers, 106,481 local preachers, 120,000 lay class-leaders, and 791,123 Sunday-school teachers, to say nothing of trustees, stewards, choirmasters, temperance workers, Wesley Guild and Epworth League officers. The total number of active lay helpers cannot fall short of one million and a half, which means about thirty-three voluntary officers for every ordained minister. Nevertheless, we are still far from justifying Dr. Chalmers' opinion that we "are all at it and always at it." The proportion of ministers to adherents all the world over is one minister to 650, and the great majority of those adherents do nothing at all. Let each minister and his average of thirty-three voluntary officers do their utmost to rouse the 650 to active and strenuous service. If that could be done the millennium would soon dawn.

Dr. Daniel Dorchester, the well-known authority on religious statistics, has compiled the following comparative statement of the condition of Methodism the world over, as regards members and travelling preachers in 1881, 1891, and 1901, the dates of the three Ecumenical Conferences:

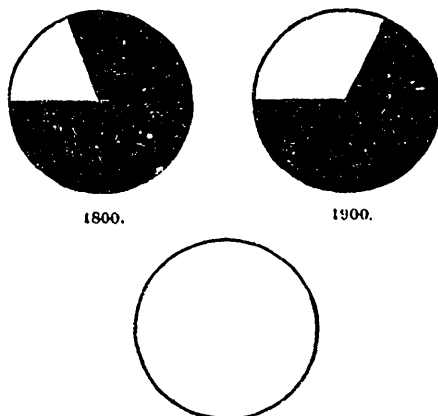
	1881	1891	1901
Members	4,999,541	6,503,959	7,833,456
Travelling preachers	32,652	45,283	47,041
Total	5,032,193	6,549,242	7,880,497

THE WORLD'S CONVERSION.

The accompanying diagrams show the comparatively slow widening of the area of Christian illumination amid the darkness of heathenism. After nineteen centuries still to a sad extent darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people. The inquiry, "When shall the world be illuminated with the light of the Gospel?" is one of tremendous importance.

Nevertheless, the condition of things is not, we think, quite so bad as this diagram would seem to show. The progress during the past century has been nearly equal to that of all the previous centuries of the Christian era. Moreover, the Christian nations, especially the Protestant nations of the world, are the dominant nations, those that sway the sceptre of empire, and send the missionaries of the Gospel throughout large por-

tions of the earth's dark regions. Thus, by a strange anomaly, Britain is the greatest Moslem power in the world. King Edward VII. rules more Moslem subjects than does the Sultan of Turkey. Despite the colossal



WHEN ?
PROGRESS OF THE WORLD'S EVANGELIZATION.

The white in the circles shows the proportion of professing Christians.

— Epworth Herald.

blunder, as we conceive, of attempting to exclude Christian teaching from the college named after that heroic Christian soldier, General Gordon, which commemorates his death at Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan, still the Christian influence of Britain is a factor of potent might over the Moslem peoples under her rule. The worn-out civilization of China, and the barbarism of darkest Africa, though of so little political or intellectual influence, make up the vast proportion of the dark areas of these diagrams.

WOMAN'S WORK.

By some singular oversight, the programme of the Conference had no place for woman's work for Methodism. To partially atone for this, a meeting was held in Wesley's Chapel. Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes said she was afraid the Church did not realize the great force there was in woman's work—one of the greatest forces in the Church to-day. She spoke of the work of the "Sisters of the People," their name expressing their close relations to the people they were trying to help.

Mrs. F. C. Stephenson, of Toronto, spoke on the work of the Methodist women of Canada in their great home field stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the United States to the North Pole; and of the foreign work in Japan and China. She told of an unusual state of finances in Canada, where their increasing income was all in before they met to decide how to spend it, and closed with a pathetic story of a little girl who, when dying, wanted her hands full of pennies, because she thought she would feel more comfortable to have some money with her for a collection.

Baroness Langenau, of Vienna, spoke very appreciatively of the Methodist Episcopal deaconesses in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. The doctors of Vienna declared the Methodist deaconesses to be the best nurses in the city. She also said the work of the Church on the Continent was a beautiful one. This is a valuable testimony coming from such a source.

A REAL DEMOCRACY.

It is gratifying to note that in old monarchical England a truer feeling of democracy prevails—the recognition of man as man regardless of the land of his birth or colour of his skin—than even in the great Republic of the United States. Bishop Gaines, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who for twenty-five years of his life was a slave, travelling with his daughter, joyfully reports that he was treated “like any other white man,” and passionately exclaimed, “Would God we should be treated in our own country as we were in Europe.” At the Conference we note that the utmost fraternity prevailed between all the delegates, irrespective of colour, and special kindness was shown those of African descent. They felt keenly the race prejudice against which they have to contend in part of the United States, and, therefore, warmly appreciated the fraternal spirit shown them in this Conference.

An English correspondent in *The Congregationalist* writes: “Looking at and listening to such men as Bishop Arnett, Bishop F. Lee, Bishop Derrick, Bishop Walters, and Professor Scarborough, and remembering their attainments as preachers, educationists, scholars, etc., one felt that

the differences are, after all, only skin deep. One of the most eloquent and passionate utterances so far was that of Bishop Walters, who, with tear-brightened eyes and glowing face, pleaded with Britishers to continue their friendliness towards his race, and not to give too ready credence to reports which put the negro in the worst possible light. He said that of 191 persons lynched in America last year only nineteen were accused of assaulting white women, and only eleven of those nineteen were proved guilty of the charge, and urged the absurdity of accusing a whole race when only eleven out of 9,000,000 people have been proved guilty of the crime within the space of twelve months.”

LOWELL ON PETER CARTWRIGHT.

The Rev. Mr. Fletcher, late United States Vice-Consul to Oporto, was calling on Mr. Lowell, then the United States Minister at Madrid. That gentleman apologized for being late. He had been at a State banquet the previous evening, and reaching home he picked up the life of the Rev. Peter Cartwright, the famous pioneer preacher. He was so fascinated with it that he did not lay it down till seven o'clock in the morning. It was, he declared, the most genuinely written American book ever written, a high tribute to the spell and power of this famous autobiography.

RECENT DEATHS.

A few years ago we spent a delightful afternoon on the Bosphorus in the company of Professor A. L. Long, D.D., Vice-President of Robert College, Constantinople, the report of whose death has just reached us. He discoursed with enthusiasm the story of the founding of that college by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, and its subsequent development is like a tale of romance. Dr. Long was a distinguished student of ancient manuscripts, and he discoursed with enthusiasm on the pleasures of hunting down rare manuscripts of which he had found a clue. He was a Methodist minister, who was for some years engaged in the Bulgarian mission. His wide and accurate knowledge of the languages of south-eastern Europe and the Levant led to his engagement in Robert College. He was on his way home on a well-merited furlough, after five-and-forty years of service.

He received a well-earned tribute and generous "send-off" from the American colony at Constantinople. His impaired constitution unhappily broke down entirely at Liverpool, in one of whose quiet cemeteries his mortal remains lie awaiting the resurrection. For many years he wrote the Oriental Lesson Lights for The Sunday-school Times, and almost at the very hour of his death the following beautiful tribute by Miss M. A. Mason appeared in that paper:

"Wise with the wisdom of the West,
And mellow with the Eastern lore,
Young with the young heart in thy breast,
Sail safely to thy native shore.

"Sail over placid seas, O friend!
The tide of love alone runs high,
And only steadfast stars attend
The happy chart thou sailest by. . . .

"Then, while the sunset glories rest
In promise on Sophia's dome,
With buoyant heart sail east or west—
God speed thee—either way is home!"

It is with no ordinary feelings of a personal loss that we record the death of Dr. W. H. Spencer, Secretary of the Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. At the Epworth League Convention, San Francisco, it fell to the lot of the present writer to preside at the closing meeting in the Alhambra Theatre on Sunday night. The last speaker on that impressive occasion was Dr. Spencer. We never heard more pungent, and persuasive appeals for Christian decision than fell from his lips. Scores of persons asked for prayer, and several conversions took place. For two days it was our privilege to travel with Dr. Spencer from San Francisco to Salt Lake City. We shall never forget his sunny and saintly spirit, his wise and witty discourse. Though engrossed in the great affairs of the Church Extension Society, which is opening four or five new churches for every day in the year, with the pressure of toil and travail incident thereto, he found his special delight in evangelistic labour.

In response to our request, Dr. Spencer repeated the story of the heroic rescue by his brother of seventeen lives from a ship-wrecked steamer on Lake Michigan, and the repeated inquiry of the poor storm-shattered hero who had saved so many lives, "Will, did I do my best? did I do my best?" As the result

of this effort his health became permanently impaired, but his heroic example has been an inspiration to thousands, and should lead each one of us to earnestly ask, "Have we done our best, our very best?"

Dr. William M. De Puy, for many years assistant editor of the New York Christian Advocate, passed away in his eightieth year. He was also the projector of the "People's Cyclopaedia," a work which made a very great success, also "Three Score Years and Beyond," and other valuable works. He was greatly honoured in the Methodist Church, and was to the end an indefatigable worker with his pen, and as far as strength would permit, in the pulpit as well.

By the death of Bishop Whipple, a distinguished missionary has passed away. He had reached the ripe age of seventy-nine years. His early life was devoted to business and politics. After his conversion he entered upon active Christian work, and forty-two years ago was elected Bishop of Minnesota. He was known among the whites of his diocese as "St. John of the Wilderness," and the Indians called him "Straight Tongue." He commanded the love and reverence of both alike. He was one of the best friends of the red men that they ever possessed.

Father Peat, the oldest Methodist in Winnipeg, entered into rest on September 8, at the venerable age of eighty-nine. This venerable saint had been ill for some months previous to his death, and at last, like a ripe sheaf, was gathered into the everlasting garner. He had seen in the progress of the Prairie Province the wonderful growth of Christian civilization, in which his beloved Methodism had born a very striking part.

The Rev. George F. Byam died in this city early in the current month. He was born in Niagara seventy-nine years ago. He was a son of the R.v. J. W. Byam, one of the earliest pioneer Methodist missionaries in Canada. He assisted in the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, and for many years was one of its active ministers. He, too, has witnessed this wonderful progress of the church of his choice and the land of his love during well-nigh four-score years.

Book Notices.

“An Introduction to Political Economy.”

By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D.,
Professor of Political Economy and
Director of the School of Economics
and Political Science in the University
of Wisconsin. New York: Eaton &
Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye.
Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-
387.

The dismal science, as it has been called, has been made much less dismal by such books as Professor Ely's. It is a tribute to its remarkable merit that it has reached its thirty-first thousand. Sociology has been called the mother of the family of the social sciences, which includes among its children economics and politics. Economics is no longer the neglected Cinderella sitting among the ashes, but rather Cinderella come into her high estate. Society is recognized as an organism as never before. The grandest conception of society is that of the universal Fatherhood of God and the universal Brotherhood of Man. It is this growing conception that gives such importance to the study of sociology in these modern times. We are learning that no man liveth to himself, that we are all so mutually related and so interdependent one upon another that no member of the body politic can suffer without the whole body suffering with it.

But it has been said that the science of sociology does not exist, that it is rather to-day a science in the making. Political economy, however, has already made great progress in all civilized lands and is thus the best introduction to the wider subject of sociology. Professor Ely sets forth the proposition that the “economic dependence of man upon man increases with the progress of industrial civilization. In this single phrase lies locked up the explanation of many of the complicated and distressing phenomena of our times.” Hence a great strike will affect millions of people in many different and often unexpected ways. “We must believe that it was intended by the Creator of the universe that man should seek union with his fellows.”

The economic life of a nation is the product of two great factors, land and man, the physical and the psychical or human. To the study of these relations our author then proceeds. He discusses first the production, the transfer and the distribution and consumption of goods.

Under the first of these are treated the factors of production and their organization; under the second, money, credit, banks and regulation of commerce; under the third, rent, interest, profits, wages, labour organizations, profit-sharing, co-operation, socialism and monopolies, social problems and remedies for social evils. The concluding chapters discuss public finance and the evolution of economic science.

It is very gratifying that a work on this important subject by a great Methodist scholar has won such wide commendation from those best qualified to judge. Emile de Laveleye, Professor of Political Economy, University of Liège, Belgium, says: “It is, I think, the best elementary economic treatise that I have read. How clear and simple it is!” Professor Bowne, of Boston University, expresses a similar judgment, and especially commends the emphasis of the sociological and ethical aspects of the science. So luminous is the author's treatment that a distinguished educationist in a ladies' college says, “I can testify that no other branch of science ever awakened such a general interest among girls.” Similar testimony comes also from Professor F. H. Giddings, of Bryn Mawr.

When the principles of political economy are better understood, much of the strife and antagonism between classes will pass away. Public resources especially shall be better distributed, the injustice of man to man, often unintentional, shall be prevented, and the greatest happiness to the greatest number more widely secured.

“A Bibliographical Contribution to the Study of John Ruskin.” Compiled by M. Ethel Jameson. Cambridge: Riverside Press. Pp. viii-154. Price, \$2.00.

This is a unique volume, and one meeting a long-felt need. To the student of Ruskin it is invaluable, and to the general reader a work of great interest. It contains the most complete bibliography concerning Ruskin that exists, the result of the painstaking research of the compiler, a young Canadian of great ability and brilliant scholarship. The work was prepared as a thesis for the University of Chicago, and being found of very exceptional worth, was recom-

mended for publication by the Library Science Professors. The manuscript was read by Professor Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, who judged it to be indispensable to a thorough study of the great art critic and social reformer.

A new interest is being awakened in the writings of this man who did so much, not only for his own day, but whose influence—for refinement and humanity—will be felt through all time. Ruskin Clubs are being formed everywhere, and knowledge of the meaning and worth of Ruskin's teaching has aroused earnest thought on the part of thousands of students. To them this bibliography of Miss Jameson's will be of great value.

In addition to the bibliography this book contains an admirable biographical summary by the author, consisting of many rare and unusual "bits" of information regarding the life and purpose of John Ruskin. In less than fifty pages she gives a very complete survey, often in his own words or those of his critics. Greater even than his art criticism is his work as a social reformer. Turner had made him the former, Carlyle the latter. He "humanized political economy," teaching that there is "no wealth but life," "that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human beings."

His life was one of great purity and nobleness. "He will rank," says Hobson, "as the greatest social teacher of his age, not merely because he has told the largest number of important truths upon the largest variety of vital matters, in language of penetrative force, but because he has made the most powerful and the most felicitous attempt to grasp and to express as a comprehensive whole the needs of human society."

His art criticism, though an "over-refinement," did a splendid service to the appreciation of true art, while his interpretation of nature, and opening the eyes of mankind to its beauties and their meaning, cannot be over-estimated.

This book can be ordered from the author, "The Windermere," Detroit, Mich. Price, \$2.00, postpaid, and duty prepaid.

"Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language." New Edition with Supplement of New Words. Being the authentic edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, comprising the issues of 1864, 1879, and 1884, thoroughly revised and much enlarged under the supervision of Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., Editor-in-chief. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Company. Price, \$13.50 in sheep, with thumb-nail index.

A good dictionary is an essential requisite of every intelligent household. It should be easily accessible and consulted in every case of doubt as to meaning or pronunciation or obscure reference. Thus only can accuracy of thought and language be secured. We have used successive editions of Webster for forty years, and found each one the best at the time of issue. Of course, in a living language like ours, with the growth of science, and introduction of new words from many lands and many tongues, a dictionary will, with the lapse of time, become out of date, and needs frequent revision and additions to keep it thoroughly up to the times. This the editors of Webster's International have secured. This twentieth century edition is printed from new plates throughout, with the addition of 25,000 new words, contained in a supplement of 234 pages, with many illustrations.

Among new words we notice many scientific terms, often illustrated, as aerodrome, coherer, Crookes' space, radium, telephotography, autohypnotism, Marconi system, etc., also such words adopted from foreign languages or referring to foreign affairs, as Tamale, kopje, Tabasco, Boxer, donga, Juramentado, Yiddish, yamen, and the like. Such slang and dialect words as fakir, frazzle, jambouree, and the like, also find their due place. The over 3,000 illustrations give a definiteness and lucidity to explanations otherwise impossible. The biographical and geographical dictionary, and the dictionary of noted names in fiction, are very full. The departments of agriculture, biology, astronomy, botany, chemistry, music, medicine, all the sciences, church terms, and the

like, have special editors. We note the statement of the late President McKinley, that Webster's is the standard of the Executive Department, and that of our own Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, "If there is a better one than the latest edition of Webster's International, I am not aware of it." Such competent educationists of our own country as Professor Shaw, Superintendent Inch, Rev. Dr. Potts, Principals Dawson, Burwash, Loudon, Rand, Cavan, all give it their endorsement. The old phrase, "As dry as a dictionary," loses its meaning when applied to such a book. The study of words, their uses, derivations, variations, is one of fascinating interest. The thumb-nail index greatly facilitates the reference to words.

It may be well to call attention to the cheap photographic reprints of the original Webster's Unabridged, fifty years old, which are being foisted on the community. These are about as useful as last year's almanac.

"With 'Bobs' and Kruger." Experiences and Observations of an American War Correspondent in the Field with Both Armies. Illustrated from photographs taken by the author. By Frederick William Unger, late correspondent in South Africa for The Daily Express, London. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Pp. 412. Price, \$2.00.

The camera of the special correspondent enables us to be present, as it were, upon the very field of battle. It brings its horrors home to us as nothing else can do. One of Mr. Unger's pictures shows an enterprising photographer standing on the back of his motionless horse, taking stereoscopic negatives with his double camera. These vivid presentations make us feel, as cold words of description cannot, that "war is hell," and "hell is let loose" in South Africa. All the more tremendous is the responsibility of the wanton and wicked precipitation of this conflict by the truculent ultimatum of Kruger, and his invasion of peaceful British colonies and besieging of British towns.

This correspondent has been with the Boers, as well as with the British. He does not conceal his sympathy with the burghers, yet the

camera tells the truth. On page 60, showing the battle of Spion Kop, is a photo which he says had the unique distinction of an attempted suppression by two governments, by the British because it revealed the terrific slaughter, by the Boers because they did not relish this evidence of their love of loot in rifling the unburied dead, turning their pockets inside out, and carrying off their boots. Another, entitled, "A Modern Ghoul," shows a German photographer piling up the British dead on Spion Kop, in order to make a particularly gruesome photograph. Another shows the Italian Dynamite Brigade in the pay of the Boers mining the piers of a costly bridge. Another shows a group of captured burghers all wearing khaki uniform. Masquerading in the uniform of the enemy is as distinct a violation of civilized war as the burghers use of the white flag. Still another photo shows the "Tommies" buying chickens from the natives at a shilling each. "Only a few," Mr. Unger says, "were looted from the Kaffirs."

Dr. Leyds, who was kept well out of the way of bullets, Mr. Unger describes as "the arch patriot or arch conspirator, as you choose to look at it, of the South African republics." A Hollander by birth, who drifted into the land with little money of his own, he urged the policy which provoked the war, and made it inevitable. "He carried with him," continues Mr. Unger, "two million and a half pounds in gold to expend at his discretion without being called to render an account. This feat places him easily at the top of the list as the most monumental and successful political adventurer of the decade," and yet he says of this "adventurer," "To him, and to all like him, I cry hail, may success follow in your path and lead your footsteps."

This strongly pro-Boer correspondent says in his closing chapter: "The war started as a result of a plot. A conspiracy to undermine and drive everything English out of South Africa, and entirely uproot the last vestige of the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and plant in its place that of the Hollander-Boer peoples, which, while it may be just as good, yet is at heart everlastingly hostile to everything British." "The conspiracy elicits American sympathy," Mr. Unger says, "because it was a na-

tural movement toward the establishment of a United States of South Africa, for the same reasons that we ourselves exist as a nation to-day." The writer is deluded by a name—the name of "republic" misapplied to the oligarchy of Kruger, Leyds, and Reitz. By some strange hallucination he thinks this truer liberty than that which England gives to all her colonies.

With reference to the severe British defeats at the beginning of the war, Mr. Unger writes, "I heard a gray-haired veteran of our Civil War say, 'Why, these battles are only skirmishes. We lost more men at Fredericksburg or Gettysburg than the total number of men engaged on both sides in any of these fights.'"

One of the chief causes of the Boer hatred for Englishmen, Mr. Unger says, is the latter's alleged "lifting up the niggers and setting them on a level with white men."

When the war broke out the author was sick in the hospital in the Klondike. By dint of perseverance, in spite of many difficulties and disappointments, he made his way to the Transvaal. He has written a very vivacious book. His very pro-Boer sympathies make his testimony in favour of the British all the more valuable.

"Tristram of Blent." An Episode in the Story of an Ancient House. By Anthony Hope. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Pp. vi-426. Price, cloth, \$1.50. Paper, 75 cents.

In this book Mr. Hawkins has given us, instead of a tale of mediæval chivalry like those by which he has won such fame, one of present-day life in England, with its delightful rural environment and occasional glimpses of club and social life in town, with sketches of the great political world and its leaders. The pride of possession of an old historic house has seldom been more strikingly set forth. This possession is imperilled by discrepancy between the Russian and English dating of time, which invalidates the legality of the claim of Tristram of Blent to his ancient inheritance. The strange incidents through which the rightful heir is confirmed in his title, yet wins in spite of many difficulties the lady of his love, forms a story of absorbing interest. The literary merit of the work is, we judge, a distinct advance on that of any of Mr. Hawkins' books with which we are acquainted.

"Gloria Deo." An Undenominational Hymnal for All Services of the Church. Svo, cloth sides, leather back. Price, \$1.25. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

This well-printed and well-bound book is a valuable addition to the hymnology of the church. Very many old favourites will be here met, but many more recent hymns are added. The mechanical make-up of the book is of marked excellence. It can only be furnished for the price by its very large sale. Every hymn in the entire work is given under the music, not separate from it. This enables many to sing hymns with which they might have no previous acquaintance; it saves a grievous strain on the eyes; it prevents the "dragging" often noticed in congregational singing; it enables the worshipper to fix the mind on the sentiment of the hymn by relieving the mind of the continual effort to couple the words with the music.

"Gloria Deo" provides a selection of the hymns and tunes which a twenty-year experience in church work has proven to be the best for both congregations and choirs. It is not quantity alone that we need, but comprehensiveness, adaptability to the various requirements of the church, and quality that will satisfy discriminative musical tastes, and train aright the tastes that are formed in many cases by the music of the church.

In this one volume are contained hymns suitable for the church, the Sunday-school, the Young People's Society, and other organizations, a feature which not only enables all to use the same book, but makes all, from the youngest to the oldest, familiar with the best hymns of the church, and enables the young people to join heartily in the regular church service of song. All children love to sing, and if they only knew the church hymns they would more willingly come and join their fresh young voices in the congregational singing. It is impossible to estimate the good that might come from this common use of the one comprehensive and adaptable hymn-book in all branches of the church. There are chants, responses, and glorias for choir use in this complete hymnal.

BOOKS RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR NOTICE
IN THIS NUMBER.

"Constantinople." By Edwin A. Grosvenor, Professor of European History at Amherst College, etc. With an Introduction by General Lew Wallace. In two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo. Pp. xvi-xiii-811.

"Footing it in Franconia." By Bradford Torrey. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Pp. 261. Price, \$1.10, net.

"The Affirmative Intellect." An account of the origin and mission of the American spirit. By Charles Ferguson. Author of "The Religion of Democracy." New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Pp. 204. Price, 90 cents, net.

"Back to the Soil; or, From Tenement House to Farm Colony. A circular solution of an angular problem. By Bradley Gilman, author of "The Drifting Island," etc. With an Introduction by Edward Everett Hale. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Pp. xix-242.

"The Miracles of Missions. Modern Marvels in the History of Missionary Enterprise. By Arthur T. Pierson. Fourth series. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Pp. x-257. Price, 90 cents, net.

From the Wesleyan Conference Office.

"Books for Bible Students." Edited

by the Rev. Arthur E. Gregory, D.D. The Development of Doctrine from the Early Middle Ages to the Reformation. By John S. Banks. Pp. viii-266.

"The Dawn of the Reformation." By Herbert B. Workman, M.A., author of "The Church of the West in the Middle Ages." Vol. I. The Age of Wyclif. Pp. xv-310.

"Studies in Christian Character, Work, and Experience." By the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. Second series. Pp. 252.

These may all be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

The latest issue of The Religion of Science Library (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, price, 35 cents), is "The Meditations and Selections from the Principles of Philosophy of Rene Descartes, 1596-1650," together with an essay on Descartes' philosophy. This translation from the Latin collated with the French from the writings of this distinguished philosopher furnishes the means of becoming acquainted at first hand with the writings of one of the ablest, strongest, clearest thinkers France ever produced. Almost better known than any other philosophical phrase is his dictum, "Cogito ergo sum," "I think, hence I am." This he explains is not intended as a syllogism, but as a demonstration.

Methodist Magazine and Review for 1902.

We are arranging the programme of this magazine for the year 1902. It will be, we confidently believe, the best we have ever announced. Among the specialties will be: Serial and short stories of a pronounced religious character by such distinguished writers as S. R. Crockett, Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, Ian Maclaren, Isabelle Horton, Lena L. Woodill, Maude Pettit, E. R. Young, Jr., and others. Among the illustrated papers will be a large number on Canada, including "The Water-Power of Canada," by T. C. Keefer, C.M.G., C.E., "Pathfinders of Empire: Canadian Pioneers," by the Editor; "Northern

Lakes of Canada," "Quebec and Its Memories," "Builders of Empire," "The People Called Quakers," "Logging in Canada," and "Canadian Poets," by Lawrence J. Burpee.

Full announcement will be given in the next number. Our friends will note that the November and December magazines, containing the beginning of Miss Horton's strongly written story, will be given free to new subscribers. Further developments of this magazine are in contemplation. May we not ask our patrons to kindly commend it to their friends, and endeavour to secure their subscriptions.