

Princess Maud. Princess of Wales. Princess Louise.



Duke of Clarence and Avondale. Duke of York. Princess Victoria. Albert Edward Prince of Wales.
KING EDWARD VII., QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THEIR FAMILY.—TAKEN IN 1892.

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THE ROYAL FAMILY.



FEW aspects of the life of our beloved Queen Victoria are so marked as the Providence of God whereby she became the root of so flourishing a family tree. The patriarchal promise, "I will multiply thee exceedingly," has been strikingly fulfilled in her case. Not seldom in the world's history has a royal line died out, and the decease of a monarch been followed by a war of disputed succession. But the throne of Great Britain seems established for many generations.

Queen Victoria has had eighty-five direct descendants, nine sons and daughters, forty grandchildren, and thirty-six great-grandchildren. Of these, all but twelve were alive at the time of her death. From the manner in which these have become connected with the ruling houses of the Continent the Queen might almost be called the "grandmother of Europe." It is an event of happiest augury that so many of the reigning or future sovereigns of Europe have been trained under the direct or transmitted influence of Albert the Wise and Victoria the Good. The children of this widespread family lovingly addressed the dear old lady as Grossmutterchen, or "Little Grandmother," a term of affectionate endearment.

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QUEEN VICTORIA WHEN 21.

In many ways the Queen was more fortunate than her grandfather George III. That king had fifteen children, whereas she has had only nine, but many of his died in infancy, whereas every one of the Queen's reached maturity, and only one is without a family.

The Queen's first child, Victoria, the "darling Vickie" of the *Queen's Journal*, the Princess Royal of England, was born 1840. She had a mind of unusual intelligence and vigour, carefully trained under the influence of her father and of the very best instructors. In her high place as wife of the heir apparent

to the newly consolidated German Empire she had a difficult rôle to play. She and her royal mother incurred the bitter hostility of Prince Bismarck, who justly feared the Christian influence of these peace-loving women on his stern and stormy war policy. During the short period when our Queen's eldest daughter held the high place of Empress of Germany, her dignity and force of character commanded the respect even of those who were jealous of her in-



THE DOWAGER EMPRESS FREDERICK.

fluence, and her years of widowhood and suffering have softened the asperities of even her enemies.

It was specially sad that through an incurable and painful malady she was unable to visit the old home at Osborne in the final illness of her beloved mother. The alacrity and filial duty with which her son, the Kaiser William II., hastened to the deathbed of the good Queen and showed his loving sympathy and reverence, have completely reinstated him in the affections of the English people, from which his impulsive telegram to Paul Kruger

five years ago had somewhat estranged him.

From the union of Victoria and Frederick III. sprang eight children, the eldest of whom, the present Kaiser, has a family of seven, of whom the eldest has just received, by the late Queen's request, from the hands of his uncle, Edward VII., the distinguished Order of the Garter.

The life-story of our new Sovereign has been lived so much in the public eye that it need not here be fully sketched. As Prince of Wales he travelled far and wide throughout the Queen's broad dominions and in foreign lands. The loyal enthusiasm called forth by his visit to Canada is still remembered with pleasure by many. The present writer can claim the Prince of Wales as a fellow-student, for he was enrolled as an undergraduate of Toronto University, at which function the writer loyally assisted by his presence and his cheers.

In the United States, where he travelled as Baron Renfrew, he was received with almost royal honours, and did much to cement the growing friendship of the two countries. He has had, as have few princes, the broadening influences of travel through Europe, the Holy Lands of the East, and the great Indian Dependency, where the Empress-Queen reigned so benignly over two hundred and forty millions of subjects. The following tribute to the new King by Lady Jeune is a discriminative estimate of his character:

"There is no position in an exalted rank in life that is more delicate or difficult to fill with dignity than that of the heir apparent. In England it has generally been one of opposition to the Crown. In

the early days of the Plantagenet kings, Harry Hotspur, his successors and predecessors, were as often as not the centre of disaffection with the reigning sovereign, and the Hanoverian dynasty were no exception to the former rule. The long family history of Albert Edward is, however, a brilliant

never been one whisper, one suspicion of anything but the most absolute affection on one side and of respectful deference and chivalrous devotion on the other. There is no doubt that the affectionate relations which have always existed between the members of the present Royal Family have strengthened



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

contrast to all its predecessors, for from the moment when the Prince of Wales appeared in an independent position his relations with the Crown have been of the most delightful and affectionate character. In all the long life of the late Queen and the Prince of Wales, as a grown-up man, stretching back over forty years, there has

the loyalty and esteem of their subjects, for throughout the British Empire there is no household which presents a higher and purer example of home life than that of the Queen. It is no idle flattery to say that in a very large measure this was due to the conduct of the Prince of Wales, for he had been placed by circumstances in so



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

prominent a position that but for great tact and discretion he must have usurped some of the outward functions and attributes of the Sovereign. In his capacity of Prince of Wales he always observed the limits of the position, and never trespassed beyond them, and while acting in any capacity as representing the Queen, he always effaced himself, and in a dignified and admirable manner acted as her mouthpiece and representative. To have lived for forty years before the public in such a position as the Prince occupied and to be so universally appreciated, is the greatest tribute that perhaps can be paid him, and the most complete evidence of how perfectly he has filled a difficult rôle.

"The Prince of Wales carefully studied the art of pleasing, and never by look or word seemed bored or weary at the work he had to perform. He was always kind,

interested, and full of enthusiasm and energy in carrying out whatever he had undertaken. We all know how wearisome such things are, and how often does a feeling of profound pity and admiration fill our minds at the forbearance and kindness of the Prince!

"King Edward's life has been a perpetual education from the moment when, under the wise advice and guidance of the Prince Consort, he was prepared for the life of responsibility which lay before him. To the last days of his life, and as long as health lasts, he must always be more or less in harness. We often express a feeling of jealousy that the everyday life of Royalty is bereft of the worries and anxiety of ordinary mortals, and the sterner worries of existence are smoothed away for them. Everything is prepared and arranged to make the wheels of life go round easily; they have no arrangements to supervise as to the small details of household matters, no anxieties as to whether they may miss their train, and the want



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.



THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBOURG
GOTHA.

of money does not even enter into the shadows of their lives. To ordinary people such exemptions are very expressive, and mean substantial advantages; but, on the other hand, there is the publicity, the want of repose, and the feeling that one is never one's own master, that one's time is only to spend as other people ask and direct, while the sense of always being in evidence, and the consciousness of the responsibility which attaches to one's life and example must be often very irksome."

Since nearly forty years ago Tennyson sang his welcome to Alexandra the Fair:

"Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,
 Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
 Alexandra!"

She has been taken to the hearts of the English people and reigned in their affections only second to the Queen. Lady Jeune continues:

"King Edward has had one great

helper in his work, and that the most powerful any human being can have, and there is no man or woman whose heart does not go out to the Queen Consort, whom we have learnt to love with an intensity of which English people alone are capable. The day seems not so far distant when the fair, bright-eyed Danish girl drove through the streets of London on her way to Windsor to become the wife of the heir apparent to the English throne, and we can truly say that from that day every action of her life has endeared her to the country of her adoption. Beautiful, with all the charm of a good heart and nature in her face, ready to help, always sympathetic in sorrow and rejoicing in every one's happiness, she has the gift of winning the love of all, and her public life by the side of her husband, aiding and helping him in his efforts for the welfare of the community, found its fuller complement in the life at Sandringham, where the happiest and simplest of English homes is found."

Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, the eldest son of this happy mar-



THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBOURG GOTHA.

riage, born 1865, was regarded with special interest as the heir presumptive to the British throne. With his younger brother, the Duke of York, he was carefully trained under the tutelage of the Rev. J. N. Dawson, at Sandringham. In 1877 the Duke of Clarence and Prince George were entered as cadets on board H.M.S. *Britannia* at Dartford, sharing and faring alike with the rest of the middies in study, duties, and sports. In 1879 they were appointed to H.M.S. *Peachante* for a

career in the navy. In 1890 he was appointed to the command of a gunboat; the following year he was stricken with typhoid fever, and lay at the point of death for many days. The decease of his brother, the Duke of Clarence, made him heir presumptive to the throne, and the exigencies of State demanded that he should become a benedict with the least possible delay. So it happened that within a few months after all that was mortal of the Duke of Clarence had been consigned to the mausoleum in the Royal Chapel at Windsor, His Royal Highness was wedded to the girl who had exchanged the orange blossoms for the crape.

Lady Jeune thus writes of the nation's favourites, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York :

"That they are little known and rarely seen in public, except on errands of mercy, is the highest praise one can bestow on them. We really know very little about them, but what we do is creditable. The story of their marriage is romantic. Their union has been a very happy one, though we hear less of their lives and occupations than of most members of the Royal family.

"The position of the Duke has not been one of much publicity, for he was not expected to fill so prominent a place in the public eyes as the Prince of Wales did. He is fond of country life, and in his Norfolk home he has taken up farming, and busies himself with a variety of occupations, into which he throws himself with great zest. It is said that the Duke is a man with a very high standard of morality. The early training of all the Royal family has been liberal and broad enough, for it is as much as possible the same as that of all young Englishmen.



PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

cruise around the world, an invaluable and educative discipline. On their return they published a diary of the voyage, which is a book of much interest.

Prince Albert finished his education at Heidelberg and Cambridge, and became engaged to his second cousin, the Princess Mary of Teck, but was cut down in his early manhood, 1892, by the Ruthless Reaper.

Prince George continued his

"The extreme modesty of the Duchess of Cornwall and York has prevented people in this country from realizing how capable and practical a woman she is, in whatever work she undertakes. She has always striven for a high standard, and achieved it. Perhaps no charity in England has done more real good, or developed more kindly and practical sympathy, than the Needle-work Guild, which was instituted by the late Duchess of Teck, who was its president, and which, since her

of her English ancestors, has never been used for a more worthy purpose. The Duchess was her mother's most energetic helper in the work, and she has herself carried it on magnificently. The excellent way in which she trains and brings up her children is another proof of her goodness and common sense. The happy married life of the Duke and Duchess, and their modesty, simplicity and kindness is a perfect example of what the life of the head of any society should be. We feel with regard



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

death has been carried on by her daughter. The organization is a simple but far-reaching one, and it has brought thousands of well-to-do women in personal touch and sympathy with the poorest parts of London. It is one of the most wonderful sights of modern charity, to see the vast array of clothing which has been annually distributed by the Duchess among the poor families of London, and in the schools in the most poverty-stricken parts of the Metropolis; the great room at St. James' Palace, in which hang the portraits

to them, as to every other member of our Royal family, that their example is one which must do good and impress those around them with the high sense of duty which the responsibilities of their position have developed."

The Princess Alice, third daughter of the Queen and Prince Albert, was, after the marriage of Princess Victoria and the Prince of Wales, the eldest daughter at home and the special favourite of the Prince Consort. She was his inseparable companion and was much with her father through his painful illness,



THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

reading softly with that sweet, penetrating voice so like the Queen's, or playing and singing his favourite hymns. On his death she showed the marvellous strength and self-control of her nature. Putting aside all feelings of personal loss, she stood between the world and her broken-hearted mother during those days when the weight of grief seemed about to crush the widowed Queen to the earth. By loving care and tactful drawing out of her sympathies towards others, she won the Queen back to life and some degree of activity. She was already betrothed to Prince Louis of Hesse and the following year went to his home at Darmstadt. During the terrible conflict of the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian wars she devoted herself to the tender ministrations for the suffering soldiers. The touching story is still fresh in our memory how the Grand Duchess, devoting herself with mother-love to her children stricken with the scourge diphtheria, in her endeavour to console her little son on the death of his sister, gave him the

"kiss of death," received the infection and soon passed away.

Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, second son of the Queen, born 1844, became Britain's sailor prince, and rose to high rank in the navy. Owing to his being a younger son and so much at sea on naval duty he did not fill so large a place in the public eye as the Prince of Wales. He was devoted to his profession and shared the musical taste and skill of his father, the Prince Consort. In 1866 he was created Duke of Edinburgh, and in 1874 married the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, sister of the late Czar of Russia. He accepted the hereditary dukedom of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha, and his death last year was a sore stroke to the Queen, on whom had fallen so many heavy bereavements.

It was a pledge of peace when the granddaughter of the Czar Nicholas, with whom Britain fought, became the bride of England's sailor prince, and when the daughter of Princess Alice became Tsaritsa of Russia. In welcoming the Duchess of Edinburgh to Eng-



THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.



PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

land Tennyson makes this reference :

“ The son of him with whom we strove for
power—
Whose will is lord thro’ all his world-
domain—
Who made the serf a man, and burst
his chain—
Has given our Prince his own Imperial
Flower,
Alexandrovna.

“ And welcome, Russian flower, a people’s
pride,
To Britain, when her flowers begin to
blow !
From love to love, from home to home
you go,
From mother unto mother, stately bride,
Marie Alexandrovna ! ”

The Princess Helena, born 1846, was married in her twentieth year to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. She has exhibited the high principles and Christian virtues which have so largely marked the women of the Royal household.

Prominent among these women in high places whose truest patent of nobility was their service to the lowly, was the Queen’s cousin, the late Duchess of Teck, a daughter of King George the Third’s youngest son. In the

agricultural districts of the country an incalculable amount of good has been done through the “village homes” she established for the benefit of the women and girls of the rural population. The Princess Helena has taken up much of the work the Duchess of Teck began. She was already known as an active and zealous worker when the South African war broke out, and turned her philanthropic energy into a special channel. She made the welfare of the soldier in health and in sickness her earnest study. Her womanly tenderness was especially concerned by the fact that her own son was serving as an officer in the army. A young man of exceptional promise, he shared the dangers and fatigues of the campaign, was stricken down with fever, and died at Pretoria in the last month of the year, thus adding another sorrow to the heart of his mother and of the Queen, on whom seemed to rest with peculiar weight the sufferings of her people.



THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

In the British army the name of the Princess Helena, now better known as Princess Christian, has become a very popular one, and many a soldier has emphasized the characteristics of her beautiful character by transposing her title and calling her the Christian Princess. One of her projects was the erection of homes for disabled soldiers, which are used not only as residences for the permanently disabled, but as rest homes for the convalescent. Closely allied to this work is that of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, organized by the Princess. Its object is to furnish the soldier or sailor who retires on a pension with a friend to whom he can turn for help and advice. Another work in which Princess Christian has taken great interest and has personally supervised, is the construction of a hospital train, which bears her name.

The Princess, however, has not confined her attention to soldiers and sailors. For about thirteen years past she has been the chief of a society for furnishing free nursing to the poor. She began with only one nurse, but the value of such service was so signally proved that more were employed, and in one year the free nurses paid 9,760 visits to poor homes.

The Princess Louise, now Duchess of Argyll, born 1848, is especially dear to us in Canada for her prolonged residence among us, for the womanly tact and grace with which she represented her Royal mother, not only on State occasions, but in visitations to the hospitals and ministrations to the poor.

Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, born 1850, has reached high rank in the military profession. At the Queen's recent visit to Ireland he reviewed ten thousand troops at Phoenix Park. He

has exhibited no little military skill, and was eager to bear his part in maintaining the honour of the Empire in the field as well as in the court. Out of compliment to the Irish people he bears the name of Patrick. In 1879 he married the Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia.

Leopold, the Duke of Albany, the youngest of the Queen's sons, was born 1853. He was the least robust of the family, studious and scholarly in his tastes. He married in 1882 Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and two years later passed away, leaving a daughter, Alice, and a son, who bears the name and title of his father.

The Queen's youngest child, the Princess Beatrice, was born 1857. She was her mother's special solace, the companion of her walks and rides, public functions and private life. In the discharge of these filial duties she remained unmarried till 1888, when she became the wife of Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Princess is only two years older than her nephew, the German emperor. Prince Battenberg, a favourite son-in-law of the Queen, with the Princess, lived much with the Queen mother in the Royal household. At the call of duty the Prince went in 1896 to the pestilential swamps of Kumassie on military service, and soon became a victim to the white man's curse, the deadly malaria of that land of graves.

It would require a longer volume than the Book of Chronicles to record all the minor connections of the Royal family. Her children and children's children in posts of honour and dignity rise up and call her blessed, and there shall not fail, we unfalteringly believe, in the good providence of God, a man of the house of Guelph and Saxe-Cobourg Gotha to stand before the Lord for ever.

QUEEN VICTORIA—THE ELEMENTS OF HER GREATNESS.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.



BUST OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



WHEN we gather in our churches and homes under the sore stroke of domestic bereavement, mourning the death of a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, a husband, a wife, a neighbour, a friend, we meet to show our respect, our love, for the departed; also to sympathize with those who are bereaved and mingle our tears with theirs. We learn what lessons we may from the life and character of the deceased; we stand admonished of our own end approaching and near at hand; we rejoice in the government of God, refresh our souls at the fount of scripture doctrine, triumph in our immortality, and rest in the expectation of blessed reunion beyond

the valley and the shadow of death. The poet Whittier so expresses this thought :

“ Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor hope to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble play !
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.”

Our own Montgomery has sung :

“ Friend after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end ;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

“ Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

“ There is a world above,
Where parting 's unknown :
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the lying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

“ Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night ;
They hide themselves in heaven's own
light.”

All these elements of sympathy and grief, of humanity and religion, of joy and sorrow, of faith and hope, of love and gratitude, are in their degree with us on this solemn occasion, when we deeply feel—too deeply for adequate expression—our loss, the universal loss in the death of our beloved Queen Victoria; and all these considerations, and more than these, weigh upon our minds and hearts to-day.

This is a great national sorrow ; a national funeral, wide as our Empire, wide as the world ; and tender and sincere with all the tenderness and sincerity of our British race, and our civilized and Christianized humanity. This is a great public and national bereavement, and it is the unmistakable duty of all under the shelter of the half-masted Union Jack, as it is their highest honour, to pay their loyal respects to the memory of the Queen deceased.

This is the people's sorrow ; and the funeral services are the people's services ; not any mere proclamation of a bishop, or any effort at a state ceremonial in this Church or that ; patronized by the most worshipful mayor in this land, where there is absolute equality of all the Churches in imperial, royal, state, civic, public and political functions. We may not have the grandeur of the Imperial procession, the splendour of the royal and civic function, the concourse of emperors, kings and princes of the royal blood, the majesty and glory of military and naval display ; the imposing effect of elaborate and sumptuous ceremonial ; but we may have spirits as deeply touched with an affectionate grief, sympathies as sincere and profound, hearts as truly loyal, and vow and pledge and service as ready and faithful as those of the millions amid the minute guns, the reversed arms and silent march at Osborne, or Portsmouth, or in London, the marvellous metropolis of this world-wide Empire.

Every intelligent, faithful British subject will feel constrained to bow in special sorrow, to join heartily with all true Britons in demonstration of our sense of loss, and gratefully to acknowledge our indebtedness to God who gave us such a sovereign as our noble Queen Victoria, who so well filled up, accord-

ing to her exalted station, the opportunities and demands of her providential career.

And first, I shall speak of our Queen as a providential ruler, a sovereign providentially prepared for her time, place and work. There can be no more reassuring reflection than the truth so evident to broad and intelligent minds, that the Lord God governs the nations, and that He governs them in harmony with the principles of His moral government and the moral freedom and responsibility set on high as the most prominent and important characteristics of the human race. The Lord of the kings of the earth setteth up one and casteth down another, promoteth one race and suffereth another to be overthrown ; ever keeping in view the moral limits of His empire, within which earth's transactions must occur and earth's powers may exercise themselves to the full ; and especially keeping in view that central moral and governmental principle, that every man shall give account of himself to God.

The play of moral, physical, and social forces within this domain bring about certain varying conditions, for which the supreme government of the world must provide. We mean by a providential ruler one who is placed, with certain qualifications given him, face to face with these conditions. Such conditions may be hardened and stiffened by long accumulation, or they may be soft and florid by sudden eruption. The providential man has his chances. He may use his abilities, meet the demands and succeed ; or, he may be unfaithful, and fail, as many have done. Likely it is only the successful ones we recognize as providential, though those that failed may have had easier and better opportunity. We

speak of Abraham as a providential man. He was chosen because he was faithful in all his house. Moses was emphatically a providential man, so also Joseph and Samuel, King David and the Apostle Paul are resplendent on the list. The humble maiden Ruth and Esther the Queen filled their places in the providential order. Martin Luther, John Knox, and John Wesley were men raised up for their times and the necessities of their generation in the providence of God.

It is in such a sense that we say, our noble Queen Victoria was a providential sovereign. The times needed her. God knew it, prepared her for her place, and gave her her opportunity. And thank God for such a queen. She filled her place to its utmost demands. The court needed her, and she purified the palaces and the royal homes. The statesmen needed her; and she filled councils and parliaments with wise and gentle intimations, suggestions and decisions. Her own domains abroad needed her, and she helped them to peace and prosperity. Our Canada was in turmoil when she ascended the throne. We soon had better government and constitutional order. India and the Australian colonies needed and felt the touch of her hand. South Africa and the Isles of the Sea are learning the benignity of her sceptre. Her own Great Britain and Ireland show the impulses of mighty onward movements and the healthful restraints of patriotic legislation and pure administration.

The God of the nations who gave her her crown, gave her also illustrious and mighty men for councillors of state. She has enjoyed the benefit of three generations of British statesmen, Melbourne, Peel, Aberdeen, Derby, Wellington, Palmerston, Disraeli,

Gladstone; what national roll of fame shines with brighter names? Only well-ordered constitutional government can produce such galaxies of immortals. The generals of her army and the admirals of her navy are the admiration of the age. The scholars and philosophers of her time would adorn any era. The advancement of commerce, manufactures and industrial art have brightened the homes and life and increased the wealth and power of her people. Surely we may praise God for such a time, and such government and rule?

Then our Queen was emphatically and pre-eminently a constitutional sovereign. She was no mere monarchical figurehead, no mechanical signer of documents. She undertook no arbitrary measures outside of the constitution; but exerted great and beneficial influence within the bounds of the constitution. As yet there has been no other such sovereign in this regard upon the face of the earth. Under our system of limited constitutional monarchy, the sovereign cannot well be a nonentity. There must be positive action for good or for ill to the whole realm and to all the nations of men. Mr. Gladstone speaks thus of the occupant of the British throne:

“The Sovereign in England is the symbol of the nation’s unity, and the apex of the social structure; the maker (with advice) of the laws; the Supreme Governor of the Church; the fountain of justice; the sole source of honour; the person to whom all military, all naval, all civil service is rendered. The Sovereign owns very large properties; receives and holds in law the entire revenue of the state; appoints and dismisses ministers; makes treaties; pardons crime, or abates its punishments; wages war, or concludes peace; summons or dissolves the Parliaments; exercises these vast powers for the most part without any restraint of law; and yet enjoys in regard to them and every other function, an absolute immunity from consequences. There is no provision in the law of the United

Kingdom for calling the Sovereign to account; and only in one solitary and improbable, but perfectly defined case—that of his submitting to the jurisdiction of the Pope—is he deprived by statute of the throne.”

Who can fill a sphere like that, fully and faithfully, without pre-eminent personal abilities and endowments? When a sovereign for over sixty years performs these and kindred functions and duties carefully and conscientiously, why should she not richly enjoy our love, our highest veneration and profoundest regard? Her Majesty well understood her place and well kept it. When Napoleon III. would have her countenance some of his ambitious schemes, she apprized him of her relations and duties thus:

“I am bound by certain rules and usages; I have no uncontrolled power of decision; I must adopt the advice of a council of responsible ministers; and these ministers have to meet and agree on a course of action, after having arrived at a joint conviction of its justice and utility. They have at the same time to take care that the steps which they wish to take are not only in accordance with the best interests of the country, but also such as can be explained to and defended in Parliament, and that their fitness can be brought home to the conviction of the nation.”

Who ever furnished a clearer, more statesmanlike view of British constitutional government? Little wonder that such a monarch was sustained by the loyal allegiance of millions of men!

Then our Sovereign Queen was a strictly conscientious ruler. It was not with her mere officialism, parade, routine and perfunctoriness. The question with her was, What is for the benefit of the nation? What is in the interests of the people? She regarded herself a trustee of their liberties and rights; and while her responsible ministers might be accountable to the people, she herself should render her account to God, by whom kings reign

and princes decree justice. Her conscience rested upon her profound religious conviction and her genuine piety; and these motives and safeguards she held to be obligatory upon herself, as upon her subjects. Such a spirit and life have given us a government to be cherished and venerated to the bounds of the earth and the end of time.

Further, she was a cosmopolitan ruler; regarding not only the interests of her own people, but also of all the tribes and races of men. Her Empire was not to be built up by pulling other safe and beneficent governments down. The British nation was not to be enriched by impoverishing other people. British rule must be made a blessing wherever it extended, carrying liberty, knowledge, civilization, humanity all round the globe.

Moreover, our Queen is a perpetual sovereign, a Queen for ever. Her influence is imperishable. She exalted the home, and her life and character will produce and strengthen good homes for ever. She ennobled the family; and the families of the ages will find joy and peace in that felicitous example. She filled the word “mother” with humble and royal meaning; and mothers to the end of time will be blessed in her example. Wife and daughter will ever draw beauty and excellency from the high and clear fountains of her fidelity and love. Palaces and courts, with their pride, vanity and excess rebuked, and their virtue, purity, dutifulness and generosity encouraged and illustrated, will breathe a new spirit, a new purpose, a new power into government. Thrones and crowns in their lofty fellowship will shine resplendent with higher, grander aims and achievements because our Victoria has lived and reigned.

VALE VICTORIA, VIVAT REX.

BY MARY E. ALCOCK.

Sad was the day when over sea and land
 All that was mortal of our Lady passed ;
 The weeping skies in sad accord poured down,
 And soft and sadly moaned the wintry blast.
 The kings and princes came to bear their part
 They followed in the solemn funeral train,
 And all the nations loving tributes sent,
 Who know her worth, and watched her splendid reign.

Aye, weep for her, ye peoples whom she ruled—
 In the far north and south, and east and west ;
 Beside her Consort now she rests in peace,
 Our much-loved Queen, our noblest and our best.
 And blessed shall thy memory ever be,
 In cot, in palace, hut, and splendid hall ;
 Though daughters many have done virtuously,
 Victoria, thou far excellest all.

Albert the Good, Victoria the Great !
 A noble pair—our grief is most sincere :
 May royal Edward follow in your steps
 For your sweet sake we hold him now most dear.
 Lord of our Empire, son of her we mourn—
 Rule thou as well that we may ever sing
 “ With heart and voice,” as once we sang of her,
 God save the Queen, but *now* God save the King !
 Exeter, Ont.

VICTORIA THE GOOD.

BY M. M.



THE Elizabethan age !
 The Victorian era !
 What varied associa-
 tions come crowding on
 us with each expression.
 Yet, marvellous as was the reign of
 England's "maiden queen," teeming
 though it was with new life which
 sought an outlet in all forms of dis-
 covery and enterprise, and found
 its richest outburst in the drama
 of the "thousand-souled Shake-
 speare," its achievements in no way
 compare with the magnificent
 stride which the English world has
 made under the gracious lady uni-
 versally beloved and honoured and
 revered—Victoria the Good.

It was in the famous old home-

like brick palace of Kensington, so
 filled with the memories of former
 kings and queens, that the little
 Princess Victoria first saw the light.
 Tradition tells us that on that very
 spot stood the royal nursery where
 Elizabeth played her childish
 pranks ; there that loyal wife, Mary,
 cared for her blunt, taciturn, Dutch
 William ; and there, too, sat Anne
 with her fan in her mouth, waiting
 in silent stupidity for dinner to be
 announced.

In 1819, shortly before the birth
 of their daughter, the Duke and
 Duchess of Kent made this old
 palace their home. At that time
 there seemed but a remote prospect
 of a child of theirs ascending the

throne. The Duke had three brothers older than himself and all were married. Still, when his little girl came, he took the greatest interest in the possibility of her succession. He would hold her up in his arms and say, "Look at her well, for she will be the Queen of England."

Not long was the little Victoria to be blessed by the loving care of her father. Coming in with wet boots one day in January, 1820, he lingered to play with his little girl and caught the fatal cold which so rapidly developed into pneumonia. Thus to the mother, unaided, was left the precious charge of moulding her child's character. How well she accomplished her task we all know; how difficult it was perhaps we do not so thoroughly understand.

The Court of George IV. was in no way a desirable school for a young girl; that of William IV. was, if anything, worse, and the relations existing between the duchess and her royal brothers-in-law lacked the slightest element of cordiality. When the death of the children of the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) made the succession of the Princess Victoria practically certain, George IV. even threatened to take her entirely from her mother's care.

In spite of difficulties, the mother laboured faithfully to develop in her child those principles which form the foundation of all sound character. The little girl's life was in all respects simple and regular. Study, rest, and play had each its own time, and ordinary childish pleasures were in every way encouraged.

While giving every attention to the intellectual development of the princess, her mother seems to have fully realized the necessity for disciplining every phase of her nature in order to acquire a well-rounded character. Even in her amuse-

ments she was always expected to finish one thing before beginning another. Of her strict training in regard to the value and use of money there are many instances. To buy a toy for which she could not pay was simply out of the question. One day she saw a toy which she wanted very much, but which was beyond her means at the time. Unwilling to give it up entirely, she so far lost her usual self-control as to ask the shop-keeper to lay it aside for her until she should have received a fresh supply of pocket-money. As early as seven o'clock on the morning of "pay day" she was to be seen on her little donkey, hurrying off to claim the treasure on which she had set her heart.

All who came in contact with the Queen bear witness to the fact that her nature was one of the most transparently truthful and sincere that they had ever seen. Dr. Davys, Bishop of Peterborough, states that one day when he was teaching her she proved rather troublesome. During the lesson her mother entered and asked how she had been behaving. The governess replied that she had been a little naughty once, at which the princess touched her and said, "No, Lehzen, twice; don't you remember?"

With all her good traits, however, she was decidedly human, and enough like the average school-girl to sometimes object to practising on the piano. On one occasion, when told that there was no royal road to perfection, and that only by much practice could she become "mistress of the piano," she promptly locked the objectionable instrument, put the key in her pocket, and exclaimed, "Now, you see, there is a royal way of becoming mistress of the piano."

Until after her eleventh birthday, she was kept in perfect ignorance of her nearness to the throne.

Then it was thought advisable that she should know the possibilities which lay before her, and for that purpose the genealogical table was placed in her history. Baroness Lehzen, her governess, tells the story as follows.

"The Princess Victoria opened the book, and seeing the additional paper, said: 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments, the princess answered, 'Now, many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is more responsibility.' The princess having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good.'"

In later days the young Queen, who required that all state business should be minutely explained to her, and who, when one of her ministers spoke about managing so as to give her "less trouble," looked up from the papers he had placed before her and said, "Pray never let me hear those words again; never mention the word 'trouble.' Only tell me how the thing is to be done, and done rightly, and I will do it if I can."

When we consider what a contrast there was between this pure-minded, pure-hearted, unselfish girl and her immediate predecessors on the throne of England, we may to some extent understand the joy which on her accession thrilled the hearts of her people.

In May, 1837, the coming of age of the princess was celebrated most royally. Kensington could hardly recognize itself with flags flying everywhere, brilliant illuminations, bells ringing, and bands playing. Even then the aged King was lying ill of his last sickness. A month more, and on the 20th of June, 1837, the girl of eighteen was called upon to fill that position which she had realized years before meant

"much splendour, but more responsibility."

Often has the story been told, how with the last shadows of night, the old King's spirit passed away. The dawn was just tinting the horizon, and the birds in Kensington Gardens were welcoming a new day, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain, and four other gentlemen made their way to the palace to greet their young Queen. After a good deal of knocking and waiting they gained admission, only, after another delay, to be told by an attendant of the princess that she was in such a sweet sleep that she could not disturb her. As a last resort they said, "We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." To show that the delay had in no way been caused by her, in a few minutes she entered the room, "in a loose, white nightgown and shawl, her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." Her first words as Queen were to the Archbishop of Canterbury: "I beg your Grace to pray for me!" A grand old Anglo-Saxon proverb says, "A good begynnyng maketh a good endyng," and as we picture them kneeling there together in prayer, can we wonder that a reign begun by such recognition of the "King of kings," has been so fraught with blessings to the whole human race?

At eleven o'clock that same morning, the girl-queen held her first council. An eye-witness, Greville, describes the scene thus:

"When the doors were thrown open, the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the lords, took her seat and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and

taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two Royal Dukes first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations. This was the only sign of emotion she evinced. . . . She appeared in fact, to be awed, not daunted; and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me . . . that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better."

All through those first trying days, she showed a remarkable union of womanly sympathy, girlish simplicity, and queenly dignity. She never for a moment ceased to be a queen, but, as Greville says, she was "always the most charming, cheerful, obliging, unaffected queen in the world." "Poor little Queen," said Carlyle, with accustomed bluntness, "she is at an age when a girl can hardly be trusted to choose a bonnet for herself, yet a task is laid upon her from which an archangel might shrink."

Very soon, she was called upon to cope with trying and momentous questions. First came the insurrection in Canada. Then the anti-corn law agitation began to show its great importance. In its train came the somewhat revolutionary Chartist movement, associated with riots in such towns as Manchester and Birmingham. It is little wonder that during those first years her duty as Queen was so absorbing as to keep far in the back-ground the natural feelings of the woman. It could not, however, be for long.

It had, from their infancy, been the cherished plan of her uncle Leopold, that she and her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha, should marry, and on the 10th of October, 1839, the prince, accompanied by his brother, came to England to receive her final de-

cision. Five days after his arrival, he was her betrothed husband. The Queen's joy on this occasion was so great as to show that even the stern, prosaic routine of statecraft had not affected her naturally loving heart. It is beautiful to see with what faith and affection she always regarded Prince Albert. He was to her ever her "dearest Life in Life."

If peculiarly fortunate in her who had guided her girlish feet to the steps of the throne, still more fortunate was the Queen in the companion of her maturer years. Prince Albert's nature was one exceptionally beautiful and noble in all its phases, and for over twenty years he was to his royal partner all that a loving husband and wise, far-seeing friend could be.

The marriage took place on February 10th, 1840. The rain came down in torrents as the bride-queen and her mother drove to St. James's Chapel, but it did not in the slightest degree dampen the ardour of the throngs which lined the streets waiting to greet them. "She was extremely pale," says Mrs. Oliphant, "as she passed along under the gaze of multitudes, her mother by her side, and crowned with nothing but those pure flowers which are dedicated to the day of the bridal, and not even permitted the luxury of a veil over her drooping face. Even at that moment she belonged to her kingdom."

One of the first tasks of the young Queen and Prince was to make the arrangements of their home correspond with their ideas of morality and order. The Prince's one request was that every gentleman of his household should be a good and upright man. Strange as it may seem to us, the character of preceding courts had been such that to find suitable men proved no easy task. The Queen, too, had her house-keeping difficulties. The arrangements of the

palace were at that time in such a state of confusion that the Lord Chamberlain was responsible for the cleaning of the inside of the windows, and the Commissioners of Woods and Forests for that of the outside. One department provided the lamps, another trimmed and lit them; while if a dispute happened to arise between the Lord Steward, who had charge of laying the fires, and the Lord Chamberlain, who looked after their lighting, their Royal Highnesses might any morning be compelled to submit to the discomfort of breakfast in a cold dining-room. Out of this domestic chaos, by judicious sifting and arranging, the Queen at last evolved a well-regulated home.

That word "home," so precious to all English-speaking people, always meant very much to England's Queen. There her character as a true, noble, affectionate Englishwoman, ever shone with peculiar lustre. In the midst of State duties, which she never in the smallest degree slighted, she always found time to give the most loving and thoughtful care to the little flock which so quickly filled the royal nursery. She and the Prince took the keenest delight in their children. The Christmas after the birth of the Princess Royal, Prince Albert introduced the German custom of Christmas-trees.

As a mother, the Queen's aim always was to bring up her children in as simple and domestic a way as possible, and to make them realize that their position was worthless unless worthily filled. Like other fond parents, she and the Prince took great delight in the intellectual development of their sons and daughters.

In 1845, Her Majesty bought Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, and she wrote to her Uncle Leopold, "It sounds so pleasant to have a place of one's own, quiet and re-

tired, and free from all Woods and Forests and other charming departments, which really are the plague of one's life." At Balmoral, in the Highlands of Scotland, they soon had an even pleasanter and more dearly-loved holiday home. Many stories are told of the simplicity and naturalness of the Queen's life in Scotland. She seemed glad to be away from all state and ceremony, and used often to walk about alone and drop in to see sick or infirm old women, who did not hesitate to give her an informal but sincere pat and "God bless you."

The year 1851 was one of great joy to the Queen. The exhibition for which the Prince had worked so long and against so much opposition, was opened on the 1st of May, and proved a magnificent success. The Queen wrote of it in her journal as "a glorious and touching sight—one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and my country."

Close upon this "Peace Festival" followed the noise of war in the East.

All through the dreadful Crimean War the Queen did her utmost to relieve her suffering soldiers. How intensely they suffered and how bravely they fought is too well known to need repetition.

Hardly had the country drawn breath when it was called upon to face the Indian Mutiny, which threatened much more dire results. The tact with which the Queen dealt with her Eastern subjects at this crisis, showed well "the influence of a truly womanly woman upon political affairs." She strongly disapproved of the first draft of the Proclamation for India, and particularly of Lord Derby's expression that she had the "power of undermining" the Indian religions. She preferred "that the subject should be introduced by a declaration in the sense that the

deep attachment which Her Majesty feels to her own religion, and the comfort and happiness which she derives from its consolations, will preclude her from any attempt to interfere with the native religions." A proclamation breathing such a spirit of peace and sympathy could not but have a soothing effect on the irritated Asiatic temper. The same people who had resented the cold, selfish rule of a mercenary company, with open hearts received the sympathetic message of a gracious Queen. So intense was the feeling that a correspondent wrote to the *Times* that the people were under the impression that "the Queen had hallowed the Company!"

But our Queen was still a woman, and as such was soon called upon to bear the heaviest of woman's sorrows. During the year 1861, the angel of death twice visited the palace. In March, her beloved mother was taken from her and with the closing year there faded away that life so inexpressibly dear to her. He who had for twenty-two years been, in her own words, "husband, father, lover, master, friend, adviser, and guide," was gone, and henceforth she must walk alone. Peculiarly alone, since for one in her position there can be no really intimate friend or sympathizer.

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;

Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee that ye
made

One light together, but has past and leaves
The crown a lonely splendour."

During the widowed years of the Queen's life, while still taking the same intense interest in all that has affected the nation, she kept

herself more or less withdrawn from the public gaze. Although she maintained such a keen oversight in State affairs that Lord Beaconsfield declared that there was no person living who had "such complete control over the political condition of England as the Sovereign herself," her sympathies were drawn out particularly toward the sick and sorrowing. From time to time she was again called upon to mourn. Her next bereavement was the loss of her beloved Uncle Leopold, King of Belgium, then followed the Princess Alice, Prince Leopold, Emperor Frederick, husband of the Princess Royal, the young Duke of Clarence, Prince Henry of Battenberg, husband of the Princess Beatrice, and within a year the death of the Duke of Edinburgh.

When, in 1897, the aged Queen, surrounded by her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, stood on the same spot where, as a young girl, she had taken the solemn coronation oath, her people gazed at her with a memory of sixty wonderful years in the onward march of the British Empire, and felt that to them she was the beloved emblem of national unity, of that power which, standing above and beyond all party, lived for the good of the whole nation.

By her own true worth alone Queen Victoria enthroned herself in the hearts of her people. Her life, through all those long and lonely years, shone with a noble lustre as it steadily reflected the sublimity of a soul dedicated to high ideals and, in utter forgetfulness of self, strenuously endeavouring to establish her kingdom in righteousness and truth.

Kingston, Ont.

"There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving."

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN.



SUNDAY with Her Majesty Queen Victoria was always a very quiet day. Whether worshipping in her beautiful private chapels of Windsor and Osborne, or in the simple Scottish kirk of Balmoral, the formal State title, "Defender of the Faith," was true in word and deed when applied to Queen Victoria.

From the time of the accession of Her Majesty the Queen, there has been no single incident to which the strictest amongst us could take exception, or nothing to which he could point in proof that the first lady in the land had not duly and devoutly followed the observances entailed upon true members of the Christian Church. No personal amusement was ever indulged in on the Sabbath, and against the transaction of all business on that day the Queen steadfastly set herself.

In former years it was customary for Her Majesty to rise quite early on the Sunday morning—as, in fact, she did every day in the week. Of late years, however, she seldom left her room much before ten, at which hour breakfast was taken with any members of the Royal Family who might be there. After breakfast, the Queen had a turn round the grounds in her donkey carriage, this carriage much resembling a Bath chair in appearance, and having Cee-springs and rubber tires.

The donkey was quite a prize specimen; its coat a glossy black. It had been originally a poor, half-starved, over-worked, and ill-treated animal, the property of a native of Florence. One day, when the Queen was driving in the outskirts of that city, she saw the poor donkey being shamefully belaboured by two boys who had it in charge. Her Majesty had her carriage stopped, and expostulated with the urchins, subsequently, after due inquiries, purchasing the animal and sending it to England. After a season of good feeding and careful grooming few would have recognized it, and it was then and there promoted to its position of drawing the Queen out for her morning airings. Her Majesty always took the reins, a trusty groom walking at the head, and a Highland attendant in the rear. One of the Princesses, or a lady-in-waiting, walked at the side, in converse with the occupant of the carriage. By the time this ride had been taken it was nearing the hour for morning service, at which Her Majesty made a point of being present.

To preach before the Queen was the ambition of many a young clergyman, but few attained the coveted honour. Her Majesty, in speaking of the first sermon delivered in her presence by Dr. Macleod, says: "Anything finer I never heard, the sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put." Dr. Macleod's own account is as follows: "I preached without a

note—and I never looked once at the royal seat, but solely at the congregation. I tried to forget the great ones I saw, and remember the great ones I saw not.”

No personal reference to Her Majesty was permissible, a pure Gospel discourse being *de rigueur*, delivered as though Her Majesty was not present. The Queen liked and enjoyed a plain, practical discourse, selected from the lessons or Gospel of the day. Questions of the day, and, above all, politics, must be entirely excluded. A celebrated divine broke this rule one Sunday, and preached a very strong political sermon; he of course could not be interrupted, and so had his say and way, but it was his last opportunity; the royal pulpits have neither of them been filled by him again.

Perhaps the Queen really more enjoyed her Sundays at Balmoral than elsewhere, because there everything was so essentially homelike, and so perfect in its simplicity. During the life of the late Prince Consort, the Sundays seem to have been spent in much the same way as were those of the most humble of Her Majesty's Scottish subjects: due attendance at the kirk in the morning, and a quiet family walk during part of the afternoon. It was invariably the late Prince's custom to spend some of his time with his children, when they would read the Bible verse by verse in turns, the father expounding passages not clear to the children, while Her Majesty would spend some of her time in holding a Bible-class, which was attended by the young servants in the castle. This custom the Queen kept up till quite recently, only breaking it by reason of her increasing age.

A pleasant picture is drawn by one writer, descriptive of the ser-

vice at Craithie kirk. “On a fine day in summer it was a pleasant sight to stand on the greensward outside. As the hour of twelve approached, the people came flocking in from all directions: plainly-dressed peasants, farmers in their gigs, kilted gillies, devout-looking old women with their Bibles in their hands. They grouped themselves around the building, and engaged in friendly converse with one another. Mingled with them were strangers who had come through from Ballater and Braemar.”

“Nothing could possibly be of a simpler character than the service in Craithie kirk. Church and service were, however, very dear to the Queen. Here she worshipped with those who had been taken from her, and here she heard the heart-stirring and eloquent words of some of the greatest of Scottish preachers.”

Here the Queen worshipped in quiet fashion until she was driven away by the immense number of visitors, who ultimately became an extreme annoyance. Sunday after Sunday saw long strings of conveyances waiting outside, the church itself being crowded almost to suffocation. This, however, was not the greatest infliction, for unmindful of the sacredness of the place and day, as well as the respect due to the Queen, the majority of the visitors persistently and rudely stared at her throughout the service, many even going to the length of bringing opera glasses.

For some time Her Majesty objected to any change, but at last a service-room was built within the castle grounds. Here the same order of service was observed, the Princess Beatrice or a lady-in-waiting playing the organ, the singing being led by some of the

servants of the castle. The Queen's seat was a large arm-chair, the leather seat and back being embroidered with the Scotch thistle. Near it stood a small table with cushions of silk for Her Majesty's Bible and hymn-book.

Dinner, of course, was somewhat stately. Very often the Queen partook of it with only the members of her own family present, or any royal guest who might be staying there, save and except that the officiating clergyman of the day, and the Minister in attendance, generally received an invitation; as a rule, other guests were not asked.

When the Prince Consort was alive, he was most devoted to the organ, which instrument he had played upon from a boy. On Sunday evenings he would often play, while the Queen and the children would gather round and sing: a fair picture of a happy English family.

Her Majesty has ever been to her people an example of an earnest and God-fearing woman, consistent in all her words and actions. In the words of Tennyson—

“ Her court was pure, her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed,
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.”

—*Quiver.*

FOURSCORE.

Fourscore long years, fourscore !
Maiden and wife and mother, pure and
white,
A blameless life lived in thy people's sight,
What would our longing more ?

All the long perilous years
That thou hast ruled, always thy people's
Queen,
Loyal to Law and Freedom hast thou been
Though joy alike and tears.

Throned in thy nation's heart,
The despot's crooked ways thou couldst
not know ;
To watch the broadening tide of freedom
grow,
This was thy selfless part.

Thy people's suffering pain,
Thy tender woman's heart with pity
stirred ;
Thy generous hand, thy gracious royal
word
Were never sought in vain.

Upon thy widowed throne,
Seated apart from all in lonely state,
Alone thou didst confront thy regal fate,
Unaided and alone.

Nay ! for thy royal heart
Thy people's love sustained ; blest mem-
ories still
Of too brief happiness thy soul could fill
And nerve thee for thy part.

Sustained, supported still,
In that deep solitude which hems the great,
A feeble hand to guide the helm of state,
But an Imperial will.

And ranged around thy throne
Children, and children's children, puis-
sant, strong,
His offspring even as thine, a sceptred
throne,
Nay, thou wast not alone !

Of pageantries of state,
Patient, the hills, the seas thou holdest
dear,
A crowned republican, simple, austere,
Contented to be great

Oh, aged, thin-drawn life,
Whose golden thread binds fast the world
in peace,
Not yet, not yet, may thy worn forces
cease
To bar the gates of strife !

Thy grandsire flung away
A people's loyal love, thro' stubborn pride ;
Reknit, to-day, the kinsmen side by side
Acclaim thy gentle sway.

No higher glory thine
Than this, the best achievement of thy
life,
That sister peoples, spurning hate and
strife,
For peace and love combine.

—*Sir Lewis Morris.*

“ Patient under wrong or scorn,
Knows thy brow the touch of thorn ?
Then in thee the Christ is born.”

VICTORIA, QUEEN AND EMPRESS.*

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.



HE Queen bore an immense personal part in moulding her age, and the age has reflected back upon her name and

her greatness a lustre beyond the glory of all other reigns, re-establishing the ancient ideal of monarchy, and, in an epoch of wild change and much political commotion at home and abroad, displaying to the world this ancient throne of England securely planted amid failing dynasties and failing republics, like a vast rock in the stormy sea.

The august and illustrious figure which has been the centre, the token, and the imperial presiding genius of all this progress and prosperity can never be detached in history from the magnificent records of her time. The story of her life and the story of her people's life have flowed onward together, inextricably blended, indissolubly connected. At the bottom of the might and energy and enterprise illustrated by all majestic chapters in the chronicles of England have ever been from the first the deep religious instincts and the strong family affections of the people, both of which the Queen's royal nature was created to embody, reflect, and exemplify. Among the wives of England this sceptred wife; among the mothers of the land this crowned mother; among the widows of her people this throned Lady Victoria, whose sor-

row seemed the sorest, as her burden was the greatest,—was always one of the women of the realm, representing them all, leading them all, understood by them all.

At the root of her greatness has surely been her gentleness. The half-forgotten court gossip of the past is full of little tales of the tenderness which underlies the well-known force and firmness of Her Majesty. When, on the death of King William the Fourth, Queen Adelaide wrote to the young Victoria announcing the event, the acceded Princess replied by a gentle and respectful letter which she addressed to "The Queen of England"; and when a lady of the court humbly remonstrated, saying, "Your Majesty, you only are Queen of England," the pretty reply was given: "Yes, but Aunt Adelaide must not be reminded of that by me."

And when, at taking the oath of allegiance, the two royal dukes bowed low before her to touch her hand with their lips, she kissed them gravely, raising them from the ground, saying to the Duke of Sussex, "Do not kneel, dear uncle; if I am Queen, I am also your niece!"

The royal marriage and the happy married years ensuing, for a while made the heavy circlet of empire lighter on that most gracious and noble brow. The Princess Royal was born (since, in her own exalted turn, an Empress and a widow), and a year later the birth of the Prince of Wales rejoiced the whole country. The Queen then, as always, possessed

* We reprint from the *Forum* this sympathetic tribute to Queen Victoria by a veteran journalist who has had unusual opportunity of knowing Her Majesty personally.—Ed.

two Empires, that of Great Britain and of her own household, and a month after the coming of the heir apparent she wrote to King Leopold of Belgium: "My happiness at home and the love of my husband, his kindness, his advice, his support, his company, make up for all."

See how the Queen loved that thoroughly English word "home"—the secret of the story of nation and sovereign alike! Home love and home joys—nay, indeed—home sorrows also—fed the Queen's heart with the forces and the faith necessary to enable her to bear her majestic load of care and toil for England. In all her words and deeds and thoughts the sacredness of these sentiments and of simple human love shone within the precincts of her sovereignty like a golden lamp in a palace of marble.

There befell no disaster to the mining or industrial classes; no dreadful wrecks at sea; no sad railway accident on land; no striking sorrow; no sudden public loss,—but the motherly love of the Queen was promptly shown in tender and graceful words of pity and sympathy which she knew so well how to employ; and many a sorrowful soul has been thus comforted. For her army and her navy, whenever and wherever they served herself and the country, her solicitude was ever intense and vigilant. A thousand instances might be adduced of this, which needs indeed no other proof than the ardent loyalty of those who—from the barrack to the field-marshal's tent, from the fore-castle to the admiral's cabin—wore "the Widow's uniform."

When Her Majesty's heart was weighed down with anxiety for her soldiers in the scene of conflict, who were severely suffering, it was

her own hand which wrote again and again to head-quarters directing or suggesting ameliorations.

Not merely in name has our Sovereign Lady been Commander-in-Chief of the naval and military forces of the realm. I have watched with amusement and admiration before now, at a levee in the palace, some general officer of proud renown and superb warlike achievements, crumpling up his white gloves into a ball, and nervously fidgeting from head to foot, with a tremor never felt in the presence of death or of the enemy, as his turn came to pass the barrier and be announced by the Lord Chamberlain to his military superior, Her Majesty, the Queen.

I doubt if a better proof could be furnished of this wide and comprehensive royal interest in all her subjects than the fact—slight, but significant—that the Queen should have set herself to learn Hindostani, the language of her Indian people, and should have so mastered it as to be able to read and write, as well as to converse in, this *lingua franca* of the Oriental Peninsula.

There would be risk of being suspected of exaggeration if I attempted to say—as I might speak from my own knowledge—how widely this mark of sincere sympathy and concern affected the princes and the peoples of India. The Mohammedans especially, of whom the Queen ruled more than sixty millions, and to whom Hindostani as a tongue particularly belongs, have heard with delight and pride of the diary which Her Majesty kept in Urdu, and "Victoria the Empress" was for the mass of her subjects in India a power, an influence, absolutely immeasurable for the service of peace and obedience, almost touch-

ing, among the reverential and susceptible Hindus, the region of the gods.

There are accomplished mathematicians who can compute so nicely the celestial and cosmic forces which, on this side and that, hold planets in their place, that new worlds have been discovered, not by searching the sky, but by manipulating the calculations. But who shall give us the calculus by which God's blessing to England through this good Queen can be worked out in all its human ramifications and far social effects?

In abdicating actual power—because in our crowned republic the sovereign ruled but did not govern—Victoria found and annexed a whole new empire for the occupants of the English throne, that of influence. "Let me make the songs of a people," said a shrewd statesman, "and anybody who will may make the laws." So might a monarch say: "Let me reign in the hearts of a people, and anybody may be Ministers of the Government!"

I should deem it disrespectful to offer too particular an analysis of the character, too close a picture of the person, of this beloved mistress, whose imperial individuality is besides so well known from her life, her acts, her books, and the "fierce light which beats upon a throne." The heart of gold, the will of iron, the royal temper of steel, the pride, the patriotism, and the deep piety of Victoria were enshrined in a small but vigorous frame, the mignonne aspect of which especially struck those who beheld her for the first time in her "chair-days." It was reported how, when Prince Albert was dying, he roused himself from a period of wandering to turn with ineffable love to his spouse and sovereign, saying to her with a kiss, "Good

little wife!" And when the Prince Consort was actually passing away, after those twenty-one years of wedded happiness, it was told how the Queen bent over him and whispered, "It is your little wife," at which last words the angel of death stayed his hand, while once again the dear eyes opened and the dying lips smiled.

But though this be so, no one who has been honoured by near approach to Her Majesty, or has ever tarried in her presence, will fail to testify to the extreme majesty of her bearing, mingled always with the most perfect grace and gentleness. Her voice, moreover, was always pleasant and musical to hear. The hand which held the sceptre of the seas was the softest that could be touched; the eyes which grew dim with labours of state for England, and with too frequent tears, were the kindest that could be seen. Not for a day nor for an hour did the Queen ever suspend the performance of her royal and imperial duties during the many sorrows which have fallen upon her, nor in the comparative seclusion which she sometimes kept.

The Duke of Argyle truly wrote once: "It ought to be known to all the people of this country that during all the years of the Queen's affliction, and those when she has lived necessarily in much retirement, she omitted no part or portion of that public duty which constantly concerns her as sovereign of this country; that on no occasion during her grief did she discontinue work in those royal labours which belonged to her exalted position"

How great and experienced a statesman she showed herself, every competent British Minister has testified. She was in fact, the highest living authority upon the prac-

tical politics of Europe, and knew and understood constitutional problems with an intellectual grasp which was never relaxed. It is from a radical and republican source that the subjoined tribute has been culled: "Broadly speaking, it may be fairly said by all her Ministers, Liberal and Conservative, that she had more knowledge of the business of governing nations than any of her Prime Ministers; more experience of the mysteries and intricacies of foreign affairs than any of her Foreign Secretaries; as loyal and willing a subservience to the declared will of the nation as any Democrat in Parliament; and as keen and passionate an imperial patriotism as ever beat in any human breast."

Such, and so great, so useful, so benign, so faithful,—sketched in these most imperfect outlines,—was the Sovereign Lady upon

whom sixty-three years ago the vast burden of the British Empire was laid, and to whom, amid trials and losses as great as could be borne, sorrow and death and destiny have constantly cried:

"Break not, O woman's heart! but still endure:
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure!"

The noble heart did not break, because the faith which made Victoria begin this reign upon her knees sustained the Queen; because the fervent love of the people, given in exchange for her love, brought her daily strength; and because a mighty and majestic charge,—an Imperial charge involving for her nation immense blessings, and entailing for herself eternal rewards,—was committed by the Almighty God to her chosen and most competent hands, for divine purposes, and with destined ends.

METHODIST HEROES OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY A. C. WHEELER.

THE abolishment by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of what is known in that Church as the "time limit" in the appointment of its clergymen, closes out finally the last vestige of the Itinerancy, which had lived on down in modified forms to the present. The decision of the Conference must have been a matter of surprise to the bulk of that Church in the Middle and Western States; for whatever may be its expediency, and it would be presumptuous in a lay observer to question the wisdom of so august a body as

the General Conference, the decision relegates to tradition one of the most distinctive features of Wesleyan Methodism, and seals up in the historic yestermorn one of the most heroic, romantic, and intrepid eras of religious enthusiasms and hardihood that our country or any other has known.

Very few persons of our time, outside of the sect which early in the century identified itself both with democracy and evangelicalism when it was not comfortable to do so, have a clear idea of what a splendid episode was made in unwritten history by that Itinerancy. The rude chivalry of it has no Froissart. Its records are buried in brief, official minutes of the Confer-

ences, stored away in faded biographies, or are lost in the bottom of unmarked graves. And yet, from the mere point of view of a common sympathy that thrills at self-sacrificing heroism and invincible zeal, given to any cause whatever, it may be doubted if the whole history of the Christian Church from the time of the Apostles, or the history of enthusiasm and conquering intrepidity outside of the Christian Church in any time, presents any more astonishing group of men. These early nomads of faith distracted all that was known of the continent into "circuits," and attired in the "whole armour" of a primitive zeal, rode into the teeth of danger and death with a naive defiance that in any other than their Master's work would by its whole-heartedness have strewn the country with their monuments.

Merely as a phase of our earlier civilization and quite aside from any doctrinal determination, that exultant, on-moving "Voice in the Wilderness" comes militantly down to us now in our static security with a storied stir of eventfulness, and brings with it, if we are attentive, some of the exuberance and ardour of a young nation going up to possess the land.

Very interesting would it be to turn aside here from the narrow limits of a review, and consider for a moment how on our trackless domain institutional and evangelical religion crossed each other's trail for the first time, each carrying the emblem of Christianity. Father Marquet and Bishop Asbury, representing widely separated extremes of doctrine, preached from the same pulpit of the forest, and planted the same cross with unlike ritual in the same canebrakes and on the same lonely table-lands.

The writer of this article some time ago stood by the overgrown grave of Henry B. Bascom in the beautiful city of Louisville. It was

pointed out casually as somehow, but not clearly, associated with events that might have been momentous to our fathers. The name rang in my memory and woke up a child's experience deep imbedded there. I had seen Henry B. Bascom in my own morning-tide. My father had held me up at the outside of a church window, when I was eight years old, to get a look at him—the crowd was so great that we could not get into the church. That was in Indiana. My mother had told me afterwards why he did it. It was because he wanted me to be able to say, when I grew up, that I had seen and heard "the great Bascom." I looked at the grave as these recollections of a mother's fond estimate came back to me.

But was he great? Such a questioning doubt set me to work in a library to find out. The first cast on the lower shelves brought up Appleton. What stimulating encyclopedic terseness! "Bascom as a pulpit orator was singularly fervid and powerful, and the fame of his eloquence was scarcely surpassed by that of any other public speaker in church or state." Any man of whom that could be said was worth pursuing even to the top shelves, and so I pulled out McClintock and Strong, to be told that Bascom was unquestionably the most popular pulpit orator in the United States; that he preached in one year four hundred times, and travelled five thousand miles, receiving therefor \$12.10, and died worn out with toil in 1850. Against this all the rest that he did must be mere leather and prunella. In a flush of laudable satisfaction, I said to myself: "My old mother was right. Bascom was great. I am glad that I saw him."

Now that I was on this old trail, I pulled down from the top shelves Sprague's "Annals"—I forget now how many volumes there are—and all at once I was up to the armpits

in the Itinerancy. "Died worn out with toil" turned up regularly. Bascom was not unique even in that. And travel—Bishop Asbury did his six thousand miles a year on any kind of nag his friends provided. There were not only no railroads, there were no roads of any kind, and his seven hundred Itinerants really seemed to emulate him in the amount of ground they got over.

In any exploitation of the old records one is sure to come upon Wakeley's "Heroes" and Finney's "Western Methodism," quaint memorials written in the patois of the prayer-meeting, and taking one back at times to the cut-and-thrust candour of the Roundheads. Finally I arrived at Henkle's "Life of Bascom." By this time the outlines of an apostolic Titan had shaped themselves in my mind. Whenever the personal note had been sounded by Finney and the contemporaries of Bascom, you felt the pulse that he had occasioned and you caught the throb of a mighty heart that had passed through the valleys of the Muskingum, the Sciota, and the Wabash. Lispering tongues had tried to tell of an eloquence that held them spellbound or that smote them to the earth, and all that we can gather of it is the wrought emotion of the narrator.

None of the strains of this mighty wind-harp that had pulsed through the wilderness is left. The one meagre volume of sermons that may still be found with much searching answers in no respect to the traditions of the preacher. All the wild fervour—those masses of brilliant electrical thought that were struck at the moment and that irradiated and melted have been edited out or they vanished with the personal aura of the speaker. But there can be no question of the magnetic power that he wielded. Veterans

along the Ohio and on the dark and bloody reaches of Kentucky, rough pioneers, flatboat men, and cattle-breeders, who had heard him thunder, passed their testimony with their patrimony over to their children, and there are lingering traditions of the times of Henry Clay at Washington, when senators and political orators imitated those backwoodsman in their admiration of this preacher.

One takes up, therefore, the meagre life by Henkle with acute expectation, and follows the career of the Itinerant through the dry and hard details without a clear view of the personality and power of the man, but with a growing knowledge of what the Itinerancy meant, and how notably its dangers, privations, and demands were met and overcome by an internal conviction that was like a chariot of fire. Just here the story is of a farmer's son, scarcely sixteen, without education or intellectual ambition, a drudging farm-hand, born amid the slavish exactions of a pioneer life, putting on his home-made suit and fox-skin cap, the tail of which hung proudly down his back, and going to a bush-meeting with no other definite purpose than to enjoy such rough outing as similarly-disposed minds of his own age could furnish. Henkle does not quite see, even while he tells it, that Bascom went through an experience curiously like that of Saul of Tarsus when he "travelled that way." A great light fell upon him. What the objective or subjective phenomenon was is of less concern to the late observer than the instant and abiding transformation of the lad, who seems to have been awakened into both intellectual and moral strength. Henkle has neither the apprehensive insight nor the creative imagination to pluck the amazing from the prosaic, but we ought, perhaps, to make some allowance, seeing that Henkle him-

self was a preacher, and was probably more familiar with these phenomena than we can be.

A few days later that uncouth lad attends a quarterly meeting and is called upon to give his experience. How is a home-made lout just out of the furrow to execute at a moment's notice such an incredible psychologic feat as this? We see him standing there twisting his fox-skin cap in his hands, stammering along in search of the syllables that elude him. We hear the encouragement of the presiding elder, "Speak up, brother," and then slowly the seething emotions of the lad shape themselves into winged words. His rude assembly listens with a growing astonishment.

After that he will become a wayfarer and join the Itinerants, and as we read his after story we see that it is the story, in its essentials, of most of those Itinerants. They consecrated themselves to the wandering. They were to abandon all the ambitions and attachments that are the primal factors of endeavour in life. They were to be homeless, ceaseless, poverty-stricken, hungry, persecuted, and happy, disregarding all the appeals of kindred, of nature, and of a weary body. They were to equip themselves in knowledge without books or schools, lying as Bascom did prone before the flaring pine knots at night to gain their education; picking up some Hebrew and Greek while in the saddle as Asbury did. Such, indeed, is the story of Russell Bigelow, of Beauchamp, John Strange, Axtel, McKendree, and several hundred others—flaming voices that were always coming and going, making for the wilderness something like an apocalyptic dance of fire.

Some outlines of Bigelow have been preserved by Eggleston in his

"Circuit Rider," and with less distinctness in Sprague's "Annals." But the real record has gone over with the emotions it created to the still warm traditions of Ohio and Indiana. All other considerations pass as we fix our attention upon the prodigious disregard which these heroes had for both the immediate rewards and pains of their sojourning. The conviction that this present existence affords no abiding conditions of repose, and that the hereafter is a condition of absolute rest, breaks out continually in all their exhortations and their strivings. Bascom invariably pictures heaven as home, and Bigelow as a final and blissful goal of subsidence and victory. That eternity may itself be a greater Itinerancy is a conception not furnished by the tired emotions, but by the expanding intellect. There is in the thought, and more obviously in the character, of the circuit-riders a constant guarding against anything like local attachment. They settle down only when broken down, and Asbury, who is at once the captain and the "whip" of the Itinerants, does not think even then that the preachers should settle longer than six months in one spot. They were not pastors to lead their flocks beside still waters, but winged couriers to carry the glad tidings and take some especial pride in dropping by the wayside.

Most of those men dropped, "worn out with toil," into humble graves, and their monuments, if they ever had any, have crumbled, but they left to posterity an example of indomitable pilgrimage and unquenchable faith that in the mere recital must have the clang of armour in it to the Church which has now concluded to "settle down."—*Harper's Journal of Civilization.*

If thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that flies

Back in thy brother's skies;
If thou art sad,
Still be thou in thy brother's goodness glad
—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE LOG OF A MISSIONARY DEPUTATION IN DOMINICA.

BY THE REV. T. W. HUNTER.



SCENES IN DOMINICA.

UNTIL a few years ago, the West Indian Islands, and the mainland of British Guiana, were regarded as together forming a great mission field. Such is no longer the case. The work of the churches in this part of the world has been so richly blessed that for the most part the people now enjoy the same privileges as we do. Nevertheless, in many parts, the characteristics and colouring of the missionaries' lot remain, so much

so, that some account of a month's experience on a deputation may not be uninteresting to the readers of this magazine.

It may seem strange that, among people who are themselves regarded as the objects of missionary work, there should be anything in the nature of a vigorous missionary campaign. Yet in the West Indies such is the case. I think it is safe to say that every little native village where Methodism is planted has its stirring missionary anniversary.

In November, 1899, I had the



AT SET OF SUN.

privilege of visiting the island of Dominica, in the capacity of a missionary deputation, an experience that was deeply interesting. I was at that time stationed on the island of Barbados, the "Little England" of the West Indies. My visit to Dominica opened up a new phase of tropical life and work. The short voyage of twenty-four hours gave me an early morning glimpse of the lovely island of St. Lucia. Here, while the ship discharged cargo and took in a supply of coal, I breakfasted ashore with our minister, and at nine o'clock returned to the steamer. Coaling was not quite finished, so I was able to take in the busy scene. Men and women, bearing baskets of coal on their heads, were hurrying to and fro, chattering, laughing, arguing, swearing, now in patois, now in English. At length, coaling done, we cast off from our moorings at the dock, and steamed out of the picturesque and land-locked harbour for the north.

Three and a half hours' sail brought us to the island of Martinique, a massive, mountainous and well cultivated island, belonging to the French. From time to time disturbances occur among the coloured people here, and early in 1900 some eighteen natives were shot down by the soldiery.

The capital of Martinique looked very beautiful, as we drew near and came to anchorage. A great mountain with its summit lost in dense clouds was on our left. On our right also some mountainous but well cultivated land appeared, waving with young green sugar cane, sloping down to the sea, and breaking off into high and precipitous rocky cliffs.

Boats swarmed out, and native diving boys in frail canoes hovered round the vessel, diving gracefully for money. The amazing familiarity of these boys with the sea inclines one to believe in the well-nigh incredible stories told of the natives

of the South Sea Islands. Their canoes appeared to be made out of the wood of ordinary boxes, and resembled nothing so much as a coffin in shape, only shorter. They were of the rudest description and very slender, and the dusky little divers, looking for all the world like some pre-historic savages, propelled their tiny boats by means of short pieces of wood like shingles. With these also, tipping their canoes on one side, by dangling their brown legs over the gunwale, they flicked out the water that collected in the bottom.

in these latitudes at about six o'clock, with little variation the year round, and as there is nothing that can be called twilight, darkness almost immediately supervenes, and one is out of the day with its glare into the night with its gloom, in a very short time indeed. Dominica slowly evolved from its grey, cloudy appearance as we drew nearer, and now its masses of dark mountains, capped with heavy clouds, and its high and solid precipices, could be seen quite plainly. But lo! as we looked the sun dropped behind the horizon, and the



A BIT IN DOMINICA.

It was about three o'clock as we sailed away, bound now for the island of Dominica. A strong contingent of deck passengers had come on board, bringing with them a bewildering variety of belongings. Bundles, baggage, furniture, native straw hats, brooms, baskets, canes, earthenware, bunches of bananas and plantains, and a score of other things littered the forward deck.

And now I neared my destination. The sun was setting—sinking into the Western sky, almost with the brilliance of noon-day, suffusing sky and sea with its burnished gold and red. The sun sets

island became a dark mass, in which nothing distinct could be discerned. Faint lights flickered in the distance, by which we could guess the position of the island capital of Roseau. Another hour elapsed and we cast anchor in the roadstead. Among the boats that swarmed out to greet us and take passengers ashore, I soon saw one bearing the missionary who had come to meet me. It was the work of a few minutes to get ashore and pass through the customs. At the Mission House I found a hearty welcome from many members of the congregation.

The Mission House stood on the

elevation overlooking the town. It was a roomy old house, of the usual latticed and galleried description, so common in the tropics. The island at this time was supplied by one Wesleyan missionary only, and his house was nearly thirty miles distant in the extreme northern part of the island. This brother had come down to Roseau in order to stay with me. From Roseau only a month before I arrived the young minister who had charge of the town church had been invalided home, worn out with the work of a single year in that exacting climate.

In Dominica no white person can travel without a pony. I was quite unused to the saddle, and as there were many long journeys before me, I determined to lose no time in finding out all I could. Early next morning, therefore, the groom saddled the mission pony for me, and I walked through the Botanical Gardens, in search of a lovely road among the mountains, where, unseen of any curious eye, I could make experiments. These I need not describe, but they were sufficiently humbling to send me back to the Mission House with increased respect for any man who could boast of comfort and safety in a saddle. Next day I tried again and the result was more encouraging, and I had no further fear of my ability to make the journeys mapped out for me with comfort.

On the following morning, hatted with a wide pith helmet, shaded by an umbrella, and provided with a mackintosh as a protection against the sudden and terrific rains of the mountains, I set out with my brother minister for the native village of Layou. Our way lay along the shore, and to me was full of wonder and rare tropical beauty. At one time we passed through a grove of limes and lemons, hanging golden and ripe over our heads. At another time we skirted the sea,

threading our way along a narrow path, winding in and out through cocoanut trees, laden with huge and heavy bunches of nuts. Here and there we came to a hamlet of native huts, with thick thatched roofs of dried grass and canetops, sloping down almost to the ground and overhanging completely the sides of the houses. Groups of half-naked children stared after us with eyes of wonderment, and saucy dogs ran out and barked as we passed by.

Now our path wound up among the high and wooded cliffs, carrying us several hundred feet above the sea; again it descended, something ever new and wonderful in this tropical fairyland revealing itself to our notice as we rode along. At length Layou came in sight, like a veritable Africa. Between us and the village flowed a broad, swift river, which had to be crossed in a shallow punt, worked by means of a wire rope, stretched from side to side; then we dismounted and sought the house of the schoolmaster, a Wesleyan local preacher, where we might rest and refresh ourselves.

After a good rest, and while yet the sun was an hour and a half from setting, we rode up the valley, and turned into the mill-yard of a large estate, owned by an officer in the English army, and managed by the son of an Anglican clergyman, a manly, genial fellow. He very kindly showed us over the works, where limes were being crushed by the ton for lime-juice, which is one of the chief exports of the island. On this estate also rum was manufactured in large quantities from sugar cane. In company with the manager, we rode up a steep hill to the estate house for tea. Our way lay through an immense plantation of limes, which hung ripening in millions. In this lime grove were the unmistakable signs of the hurricane of 1898, which in the month of September in that year swept

through these islands. Embedded in the earth were two French cannon, relics of long ago, when the French held the island, and Rodney, the English Admiral, lay threatening in the offing. We spent a pleasant time in the house of the planter, and in the darkness, amid the floating fairy lamps of myriad fireflies, found our way back to the village of Layou.

Before the meeting began, I visited a goodly number of the huts of the natives, giving all a kind word and a welcome to the meeting. Some I found were old or ill, and in a few words I counselled and comforted them, and leaving a few cents, departed to give my deputation address. A congregation of some eighty people had assembled, to whom, I could readily perceive, a new face or a strange voice were unusually interesting.

The negroes have a great love for singing, and West Indian negroes are no exception. There are no very fine musical sensibilities in them, except where they come under careful training. But this is equally true of white people. Negro music is almost entirely an ebullition of native feeling and vivacity. They delight to join in some soul-stirring hymn or song, and their singing, though often harsh, has in it, nevertheless, a certain wild sweetness, which it is pleasant to hear. This was Layou anniversary, and though financially it only realized some twenty dollars, nevertheless the moral value of it was beyond computation. By such meetings native converts receive quickening and stimulus, and the work of the church is roused out of its discouragement and stagnation.

The meeting over, we boarded the punt on pony-back and crossed the river for home. The moon shone brightly as we rode back to Roseau, the sea on our right and on our left the wooded mountains

and overhanging precipices. Those who have not seen the full moon of the tropics little know how bright and glorious a thing it is—much more so than in northern latitudes. The night was calm and beautiful, but strangely weird.

As we left Layou I heard the beating of a drum, for all the world like a drum-beat in a savage land.



THE MOONLIT BAY.

To the sound of the drum, I was told, the rowdy element of a village turned out to sing and dance. And now in the silence of the night, again the loud and hurried beat of a drum in a village which we were approaching broke on my ear. By this time my curiosity would brook no restraint, so, turning up a winding path, I came upon the noisy dancing scene. Young men and

women, all negroes, were dancing the cake-walk and the sand dance, in a clear space surrounded by native huts. They were respectful, though evidently a lawless and revelry-loving company. We sought our path again, and pursued our way homeward, reaching Roseau about midnight. Such was my first journey. Many such I had during my month's sojourn in Dominica.

My next important meeting was in the town of Roseau, the headquarters of Methodism and of everything else in the island. Here the church was gaily festooned with many-coloured flowers and foliage, and the green and graceful tops of the cane, and looked very bright and attractive. The anniversary was evidently regarded with deep interest. His Honour, Governor of the island, presided, and paid a high compliment to the aggressive energy and zeal of Methodism, which had braved the difficulties of travel on the island, and carried the Gospel into the remote parts. His own Church, though earlier established, had done nothing very notable, having been content to stay in town. Another noteworthy remark he made was that he had learned in conversation with various planters that the most reliable labourers on the plantations, both men and women, were from the northern part of the island, the natives of every other district being incorrigibly lazy and dishonest. He had now discovered that it was in the northern part of the island that Methodism was strongest and most influential, and he did not hesitate to put the two things together as cause and effect, and to congratulate our Church upon such a creditable testimony from outside as to the value of our work.

Dominica is almost wholly Catholic, having once belonged to the French. The Episcopalians, so far as I can remember, have only one

church, and that in town, and Methodism alone of Protestant churches has attempted the uplifting and improvement of the people in the rest of the island.

The meeting was in every way a success, the only sad feature being the diminished financial list. Year by year the pinch tightens in these islands. The direst poverty prevails; ministers only receive half their salaries, and yet the people do their best, and nowhere are ministers more truly loved and honoured. In addition to financial lack, increased cost of living, heavy duty on all imports, difficulty of travel, isolation, and many other things incident to life in such an island must be considered.

After the meeting supper was provided for the platform, and a goodly number sat down, including one or two prominent guests from the congregation. There were no less than four people in the company who had listened to Dr. Jos. Parker in the City Temple, London.

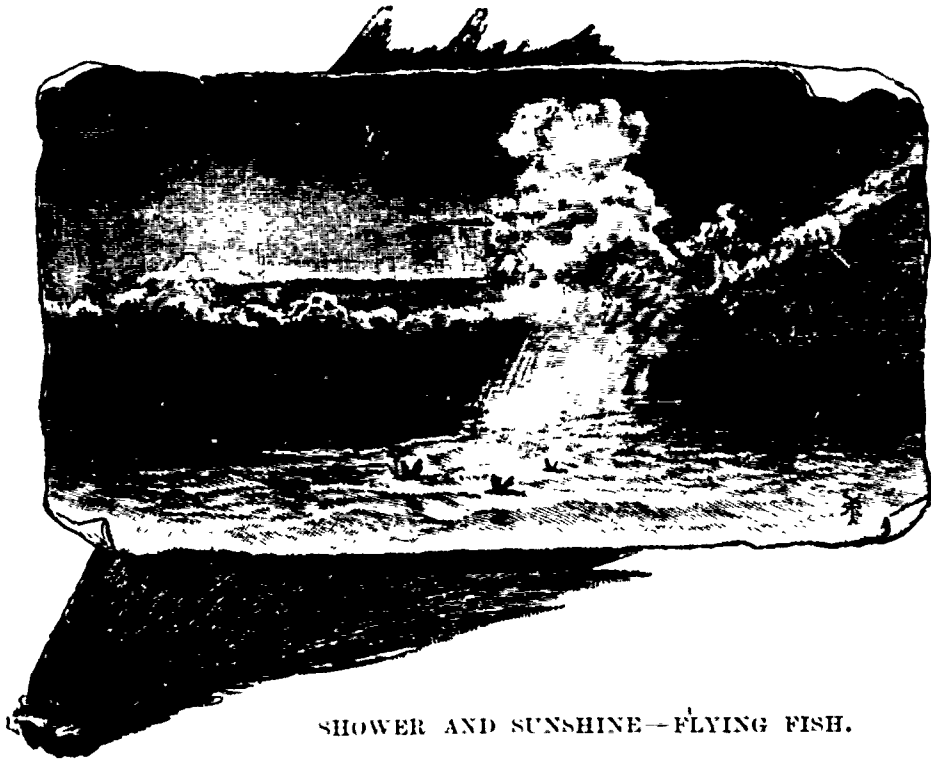
The resident minister's enthusiasm easily led the conversation to the subject of the Doctor's greatness as an orator, and in excellent imitation he gave some of those matchless and striking passages which have proved the author of them to be a prince of preachers.

Supper over, three stalwart negro boatmen carried our luggage on their heads to the jetty. It was midnight as we walked through the sleeping town, to embark on a sloop, bound for the northern part of the island twenty miles away. We were very tired, and soon, lying on the hard deck, fell fast asleep. Stretched on a shelf or bench above the cabin, whose gloomy and unknown depths I declined to explore, I passed the night in unrefreshing slumber. The last thing observed was the fact that sail had been hoisted and we had glided away from Roseau in the fitful, cloudy moonlight, favoured with only a

light and languid breeze. All night in my uneasy slumber I seemed to hear a strange creaking and flapping, but tired out I slept on, not caring to know what it was. In the morning I discovered to my great disappointment that it meant failure of wind, and I found that we were only a mile from Roseau, which we had left six hours before.

Soon the day, with its scorching heat and dazzling brightness, was upon us, and we were becalmed. The captain sat at the tiller, and forward two sailors were cooking corn-cakes on a flat tin over a char-

along from one landmark to another, we rounded the last sharp promontory, and reached our destination. I had expected a town like Roseau, and lo! it was but a long, straggling native village. Coconut trees grew in great abundance, and fringed the silver sand of the shore. Our sloop anchored in the bay, and after the services of a very wobbly Carib dug-out, we stepped ashore, welcomed by many expressions of native good-will. A short rest and dinner, then I preached to a large congregation, which had been rung to church in a very short



SHOWER AND SUNSHINE—FLYING FISH.

coal stove. I was announced to preach at Portsmouth at 11 a.m., and it was now certain that we could not be in time. By dint of a smile and a tip, and setting the example myself by taking a long oar, I coaxed these black fellows to row the sloop out of the calm into the wind, which showed itself on the sea, a black and ruffled patch not more than a mile away. This we soon struck, but it only lasted for a short distance, when under the shelter of another great mountain the sea lay almost without a ripple. At length, however, after creeping

time. I was sorely fatigued, but managed somehow. My good brother minister slept through the sermon, either from its lack of interest or from exhaustion, probably from both causes.

In the afternoon we snatched what rest we could, then came the time for opening missionary boxes. Many of them contained discouraging amounts, and these were always accompanied by speeches, long thought out and made up for the occasion, pointing out plaintively the poverty of the times. The evening meeting was well attended,

and for its soul and heartiness would put to shame the cold and lifeless meetings which in many places pass for missionary anniversaries. The magistrate of the district took the chair.

Next morning we set out on horseback accompanied by two native carriers and a servant, to ride among the mountains to Lasyou, fourteen miles away. Here lived the only minister then in the island, who was now travelling by my side, a guide, a counsellor and friend. The journey was without incident, but full of the indescribable loveliness seen everywhere in our rides abroad. Wide rivers were forded, steep climbed and steep descended before we reached the end of our journey. Here and there, without sufficient warning to enable one to assume a mackintosh, the rain poured down in torrents.

High up among the mountains, when but half the journey was done, we stopped to baptize a number of babies and hold a missionary meeting. Not a hut could be seen among the dense forests of the mountains, but in a very short time, at the ringing of a loud bell, an excellent company of negroes turned up smiling and well dressed for the meeting. Several old negroes spoke, men who were Methodists of long and honoured standing. One old man, otherwise well dressed, amused me by standing before the congregation with bare feet. I looked to the pew where he had been sitting, and there beneath the seat, as things despised, his boots were stowed away, the socks comically peeping over the tops. The natives everywhere in the West Indies have a sublime disregard for shoe-leather. Their feet are hard and horny; nevertheless, with the idea of being more respectable, they often submit to the torture of boots, only to surreptitiously smuggle them into hiding on reaching church.

The meeting ended, we resumed

our journey, and reached at length a long stretch of sandy shore, where our way wound along in the sand under giant manchineel trees. These trees have a very acrid and poisonous juice, and if a twig or leaf is broken a milky fluid capable of causing a painful and maddening wound, escapes. At the end of this patch of sand, there stood out into the sea a bold promontory, and here, the only house visible, stood the home of my friend and companion. Soon a white figure appeared at the door, waving us a welcome. In this hospitable mission home I stayed for ten days, riding to and fro to neighbouring villages, preaching, and addressing missionary meetings. At one of the meetings I received as a present, according to an old quaint native custom, a crown of brilliant flowers and foliage, a sign of welcome. This I hung in the rostrum, though they begged hard that I would wear it. I atoned for declining to do so by some complimentary words.

In another village I witnessed a negro congregation in hysterics, a scene reminding me very much of that strange affliction, the jerks, which often fell on great numbers in the days of the backwoods preacher, Peter Cartwright. Twenty-two members had been received, about three of them men, the rest young negro women. The service had been very solemn, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was over, and the meeting closed with the Doxology, when, mingling with the words of benediction, there burst forth, as though long pent up, the wailing and sobbing of a people deeply moved. Loudly and unrestrainedly men and women wept and moaned.

Every morning, early as sunrise, we went for a swim in the sea, and one evening, out on a flat, bare table rock, almost surrounded by hissing, foaming breakers, we held a quaint impromptu picnic.

At length my visit to Lasyou

ended. Next day I took my departure alone for Roseau, leaving my friend standing amid the tall palms and native huts waving adieu, to return to his self-denying toil and trying isolation.

As my experience in a sloop had not been very agreeable, I hired a long canoe for the return journey, and three strong negroes rowed me back again in the burning sun. I was, however, very comfortable, lying under an awning in the stern-sheets, and well supplied with English newspapers. We kept close to the shore, my black rowers never resting during the entire journey. Scarcely a word was spoken as, to

mixture of English, African and patois. However, I had with me a lady who knew Baum Joko well, and loved her, and was able to interpret. This good old soul had given \$5.00 a year for many years to mission work, which had done so much for her. This year when I visited her she wept like a child because her cows did not give so much milk, and times were bad, and she could only give \$2.50. I remember her presence at the anniversary meeting. Everybody gladly made way for Baum Joko, and loud cheers went round when her name was read out as a contributor.

And now my "log" draws to its



AFTER THE STORM.

the time of a steady, measured, sweeping stroke, we moved along. It took about four hours to reach Roseau; before me a Sunday's work, a few days' visitation, and then back to my work in Barbados. I visited the sick and aged of our church. One specially interesting old lady I came across, by name Baum Joko, an African. She had been landed in Dominica somewhere about the year 1820, a little slave girl, before the days of emancipation. Her father, mother and many brothers and sisters had been captured and carried away in chains, by cruel slave-raiders. She was now very old. Her speech I could not understand, it was so strange a

close. Presents of baskets made by Caribs, native coffee-beans, cocoa, ground and rolled into sticks ready for use, oranges, shaddocks, grape fruit, sapodillas, native pears, limes, lemons, etc., etc., began to pour in, the gifts of an affectionate and kindly people. Then came the last day, and among many friends, gathered to accompany me to the jetty. I waited for a boom of the mail gun, the signal for getting on board. At length it came, as the sun was setting, and at the jetty I took leave of my many friends, and boarded the steamer in the offing for Barbados.

Waverley, N.S.

HYMNOLOGY OF THE CHURCH.

BY T. M. DENYRS, B.A.



SINGING has always formed a very important feature of all worship, singing in some form, and generally accompanied by instrumental music. The Psalms were without doubt sung to irregular chants or short, simple melodies, accompanied by instruments selected as appropriate in tone to the particular Psalm, the whole body of instruments being used in grand bursts of chorus. Alternate singing from side to side or by choirs of women or boys and of men was frequent, "And Miriam answered them, sing ye to the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously" (Ex. xv. 21). "And the women answered one another as they played and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands" (1 Sam. xviii. 7). "And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord" (Ezra iii. 11).

Vocal music was nearly always accompanied by instruments. "And David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of firwood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals." Music entered so largely into the private and public life of the Hebrews that its cessation typified utter misery or desolation. "Moreover, I will take from them the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride, the sound of the millstones and the light of the candle" (Jer. xxv. 10); "and I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard."

Vocal and instrumental music, often with dancing, *i.e.*, measured rhythmical movements, was an accompanying feature of their social gatherings and their processions, whether religious, triumphal, bridal or funeral. Singing men and women formed part of David's and Solomon's court, the winepress was trodden, and the vintage that closed the harvest was gathered with a song. The "timbrels and the dances" of the daughters of Israel typify ordinary peace and prosperity.

That must have been a magnificent service in the temple when a great army of singers, strengthened by the sound of trumpet and psaltery, called to one another and said, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall enter in. Who is this King of Glory?"

We read that there were four thousand Levites whose only business was to look after the Psalmody. They were divided into courses of two hundred and forty and five—each course having its appointed time. There were no sermons in those days except in the synagogue. The psalm was everything, but can we imagine anything grander, more fitted to press home the great truths set forth in the symbol and ceremonial of the former Dispensation than those white-robed Levites standing before the tokens of God's presence—smoking altars, golden candlesticks—under the very wings of the cherubim, chanting such psalms as the one hundred and thirty-sixth, one part exclaiming: "O, give thanks unto the Lord for he is good," then another section standing in a different place responding, "unto him who doeth

great wonders," and so on till every trumpet sounding and every bosom heaving, all would lift up their voices and exclaim, "O, give thanks unto the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever?"

Why the prominence of music and song in worship? Because of the essentially emotional character of all true worship, and poetry is essentially the medium of emotion, and music is the poetry of the soul. In all ages and among all men music and song have thrilled the heart and stirred the soul. Great emotions, whether of joy or of sorrow, have ever sought expression in some form of song, and always will. How, then, shall the hymnology of the Church become a part of the worship? Just in so far as it is expressive of our deepest and tenderest feelings toward the God of our salvation, who at the creation's dawn caused the morning stars to sing together, and all the sons of God to shout for joy.

The power of music on the human soul to strengthen and soothe, to inspire and support, has been recognized more or less fully by all the world. Even in heathen nations music, though often of such a character as hardly to deserve the name, has influenced when everything else failed. And in civilized nations, though perhaps not classed among the highest arts, yet from the fact of its power to appeal to the whole personality of one's being, music is one of the most efficient influences to refine and cultivate the nobler parts of our spiritual natures. What would our public services be if the music portions were to be withdrawn; and what worshipper has not felt the power and inspiration the soul has received from the strains of some familiar song of Zion.

How often, when alone, perhaps in the ordinary routine of daily life, has the Spirit of God Himself in

the still small voice been wafted in upon our being through the medium of some hymn or musical strain?

These are the means, too, whereby patriotism and earnest national feeling has been sustained. Every nation, every army officer, every general knows the power of martial strains to inspire fresh courage and strength into the hearts of soldiers on the field of battle. So we have great national hymns and patriotic airs of the nations, of the world—the "Marseillaise" of France, Germany's "Wacht am Rhein," the Russian National Anthem, and our own "Rule Britannia." We might pause to note the debasement to which music and song have been put by the devil and his agents in the world, and stop to learn the lesson that we ought to be accordingly anxious to ennoble song as far as we can.

It is clearly our duty to make this heavenly-bestowed gift of music as perfect and as true to the real feelings of the human heart as is possible. When we join in the hymns of the public service let us feel that it is from the heart and understanding, as well as from the lips, that the praise is swelling. This and none other is acceptable unto God, and only as it is truly pleasing in His sight will it be capable of appealing to and stirring up the best in those who hear it.

All our churches, perhaps, need arousing on the subject of sacred song. All are ignorant of the power that is latent here—a power which, if fully evoked, would fill our churches and make our people strong in God and in the power of His might. Listen to Jonathan Edwards: "As it is the command of God that all should sing, so all should learn to sing, as it is a thing which cannot be done decently without learning. Those, therefore, when there is no natural inability, and there seldom is, who neglect to learn to sing, live in sin, as they

neglect what is necessary in order to their attending to one of the ordinances of God's worship."

Let us notice some of the necessary features of any really great hymn. Any hymn claiming to be great must be Scriptural and full of Christ; it must echo from Mount Zion. It is in this quality that the hymns of the older writers like Milton and Dryden were often lacking.

Then a great hymn must be simple in language and easily understood. This is fundamental, and needs no comment. Again, a great hymn should be filled with reverence, veneration and solemnity. What a model in this respect is that hymn, "Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty."

Every great hymn must be the expression in some form of a real religious experience and appeal to our inmost hearts. In the times of the Church's persecutions and trials her hymns have been her greatest source, next to the Spirit Himself, of consolation.

There are, it is computed, twenty thousand hymns in the English language, and a good many which all acknowledge to be among the great and mighty influences for good that are found within the pale of Christian effort. The Church needs to know more about the hymns before she can expect to sing them as they ought to be sung. Certainly some knowledge of a hymn, its origin and authorship, to say nothing of the music to which it is set or of the tender recollections with which it is associated, adds greatly to the fervour of our devotional singing. Let us remember that next to the preaching of the Gospel itself there is no more potent influence to win the heart back from the evils of the world to Jesus Christ than the sincere and beautiful rendering of the Gospel in melody and song.

If it were possible to accomplish it, there can be no doubt that a full

study of our most typical and sincerest hymns, with the times and circumstances under which they were written, would reveal to us the progress of the Church through the many stages of its progress and development to the present time.

The first hymn we shall mention, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," is perhaps the most widely known of all hymns, and it is said to be in every Christian hymn-book, including the Roman Catholic. This hymn, as is well known, is written by the great-



est hymn-writer of the modern world, Charles Wesley. It has been called the hymn of the ages, so truly does it voice the best sentiments of the human heart, and Eternity alone will be able to reveal how many souls have been helped heavenward by its comforting words. Two things it declares, and these bind the believer to the throne of God: Jesus Christ our sufficiency here and our portion for ever.

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within."

It is a beautiful expression of trust, confession and praise.

"All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

One of the explanations of the

origin of the hymn is that the poet, in his early evangelistic tours, was overtaken by a dreadful storm, when the courage of the seamen was tested to the last degree of endurance, and in the violence of the tempest a bird seeking shelter made its way to the vessel labouring in the gale and alighted on the breast of the poet, utterly unable to hold out any longer. To a nature so sympathetic, so full of pity and poetry, such an incident must have been at once both impressive and suggestive. The sight of such helplessness on the one hand, and such a storm on the other, could hardly help but bring before him the helplessness of the sinner amid the storms of broken laws and crushing penalties, and at the same time the tenderness of Him who rides upon the storms and whose love many waters cannot quench nor floods drown.

This hymn is the longing look of a contrite soul to a crucified Christ. Beecher said of it, "I would rather have written that hymn of Charles Wesley than have the fame of all the kings that ever reigned on the earth. It is more glorious; it has more power in it. That hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band, and then I think it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

"Lead, kindly Light" must always hold a prominent place in our hymnology. Whatever our opinion of the wisdom of Newman in accepting the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, we must concede his sincerity and honesty. What a beautiful prayer he breathes in this exquisite lyric! John Henry Newman, born in 1801, became in early life an infidel. He tells us that a feeling of unrest in regard to religion possessed him, and that he had a conviction that his mind had not found ultimate rest, when on a visit to Italy in 1832 his ship became be-

calmed in a Mediterranean fog. These circumstances led to the composition of the hymn. What a prayer for the anxious seeker for truth and guidance! This is only another evidence to us of the great fact that those hymns which are richest in the Spirit and beauty are those that have been the result of severest struggle and darkest experience. But as the author came to feel that amid all the trials and perplexities of life the power of God Himself would lead him on, so may we feel in our daily life that the kindly light of Heaven will lead us until at last we are brought

"To rest for ever after earthly strife,
In the calm light of everlasting life."

Perronet's hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," is not only one of the most popular and soul-stirring hymns of the Church, but one of the most inclusive as well. The entire hymn includes all of the following classes, each verse referring to a special class: (1) angels, (2) martyrs, (3) converted Jews, (4) believing Gentiles, (5) sinners of every age, (6) sinners of every nation, (7) ourselves. How can such an appeal for worship go unanswered? Wm. Reynolds tells an incident in connection with this hymn: "The Rev. E. P. Scott, a missionary in India, observing one day in the village a particularly uncouth member of a mountain tribe, resolved to visit that tribe. All remonstrances from his friends were in vain. Shouldering his violin he started out to visit these fierce and murderous people. It was not long until he found himself in the centre of a group of savages, each with a spear pointed at him. On the impulse of the moment, in his helplessness, he took from his shoulders his violin, and sang three verses of this beautiful hymn, with his eyes closed. The spears were dropped and the hearts of the savages were tamed. The missionary was welcomed by

these wild tribesmen, and laboured among them for two and a half years very successfully.



REV. HENRY P. LYTE, M.A.

What a beautiful and touching prayer is that last hymn of Rev. Henry P. Lyte, M.A.:

“ Abide with me, fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
abide !

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !”

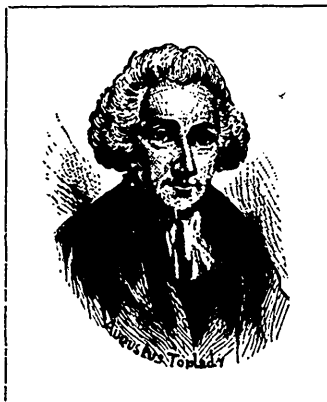
The circumstances of its composition are very pathetic. The Rev. H. P. Lyte was born in Scotland, 1793. Having entered the ministry he was stationed among a rough, seafaring people at Lower Brixham. For twenty years he endured hardships of many kinds among these people until, his health failing, he resolved to take a trip south. He longed to meet his people again before his departure, and on the last night before leaving for France though weak and hardly able to crawl, he dispensed the sacrament to his little flock, and returning home he spent the remainder of the night in writing this wonderful prayer hymn. He died shortly after in Nice. Some one has said of this hymn that it was the offering of sorrow reserved swan-like for the last.”

The greatest hymn in the language is “Rock of Ages.” The author, Augustus Toplady, though

of a pious family in England, was himself when a boy very far from God. He resisted many earnest pleadings of a widowed mother but finally his heart was touched under strange circumstances. When on a visit to Ireland with his mother, they attended religious service held by the Rev. J. Morris in a barn ; here, too, he resisted the appeals of the preacher until at the conclusion of the service, was sung the hymn,

“ Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power ;
He is able,
He is willing ; doubt no more.”

At these words his heart was softened, and he yielded himself to the Master’s call and consecrated to Him his life. “Rock of Ages,” an imperishable monument of him, has quickened and refreshed the souls of thousands, and bears witness to the truth expressed by some one that a good hymn is a more valuable contribution to Christian literature than volumes of theology, for it will sing to the ages after the volumes are mouldering on the shelves. This hymn was written by the poet while taking refuge in the cleft of a steep rock on the shore of



England, during the progress of a severe gale, from which his hiding-place sheltered the poet. Toplady

himself says of this masterpiece that it was a "living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world."

At the time of the Queen's Jubilee in 1897, among the many embassies which came from foreign lands to offer her congratulations was one from the King of Madagascar. In the number of this embassy was a Hova, a man of years, dark-skinned and intelligent. Desiring for the sake of his people to make a good impression, he recalled in the presence of his royal hosts many incidents of his long journey around the Cape in the sailing vessel, and then asked if it was agreeable that he should sing a song with which he had whiled away many a weary hour of his life. His curious but interested listeners expected to hear some weird and heathenish chant, but judge of their surprise as the venerable Hova began in a thin tenor:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

There was a subdued silence, and tears streamed down the cheeks of the listeners as they thought of the seed sown in missionary zeal and faith coming back after many years.

The scope of this article forbids the mention in any detail of such exquisite and inspiring hymns as "My faith looks up to Thee," "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," "At even, ere the sun was set," "Sun of my soul," "Take my life and let it be," and a score of others, each unexcelled in its way, and possessing marvellous power. Let us cherish these treasures of song, and make them a part of our lives. Let us weave them into our thoughts and around our hearts, and they will be to us an inspiration and a medium for our best and noblest feelings to go to Him who is our joy and our song all the day long.

Newburgh, Ont.

THE MIGHTY HUNDRED YEARS.

I heard a voice cry from the Judgment Seat:

"Declare unto the Rulers of the Spheres
The story of the triumph and defeat,
The story of The Mighty Hundred Years."

"And now the Powers of Water, Fire, and Air,
And that dread Thing behind the lightning's light,
Cry, 'Master us, O Man, for thou art fair:
To serve thee is our freedom and our might.'

"He flung bright harness on them, and the yoke
And new joys shook the brilliant firmaments:
The dim, dead places of the world awoke,
Stirred by the new pulse of the continents.

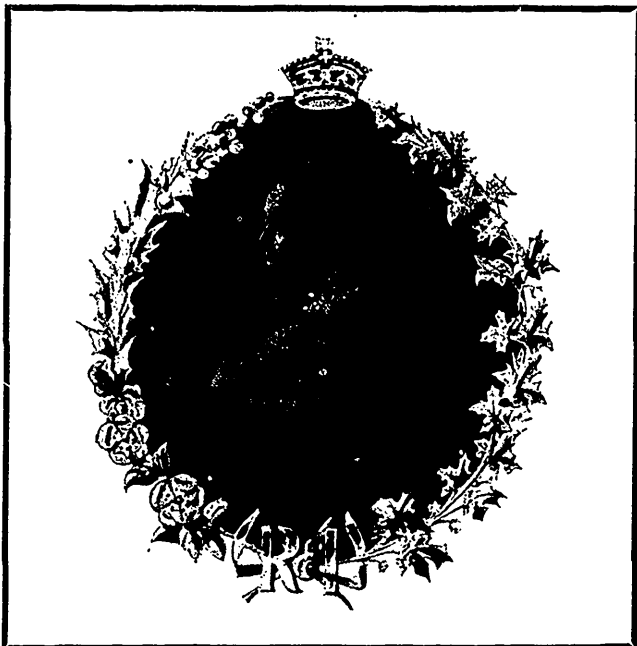
"It is the hour of Man: new Purposes,
Broad-shouldered, press against the world's slow gate;
And voices from the vast Eternities
Still preach the soul's austere apostolate.

"Always there will be vision for the heart,
The press of endless passion every goal
A traveller's tavern, whence they must depart
On new divine adventures of the soul."

—By Edwin Markham, in "Success."

THE LAST NIGHT AND ITS VISION.

BY MRS. DE TOUFFE LAUDER.*



OUR LATE BELOVED QUEEN VICTORIA.

In the island palace of Osborne reigns silence sad and deep,
And the royal—mournful—watchers scarce dare to breathe or to weep.

In the Solent there moves not a wave; hushed in the moon's soft rays,
It seems to hold in its heart the memories of brighter days.

Beauteous Solent! Night her silver stars on thy surface pours,
And many a heavenly visitant is roaming thy lovely shores.

Hark! Hearst the angel messenger? The vision is not for you;
'Tis for our passing Queen Victoria, with heart strong and true.

For spirit-feet are noiseless; unholy hearts are filled with dread,
And Eli, though a priest, heard not the awesome tread.

Now a light in every colour bursts forth in the stately halls;
Above there curves that "Rainbow," and glory falls on the palace walls.

"And He that sat on the throne said: 'Behold I make all things new.'"
"All things new," echoed the wakening Queen; "blessedly true—"

"New home; new life; new crown—the Crown of Life—and day without night
To dwell in His sight near th: throne—His face for ever the light.

"O vision of rapture! Joy and bliss the King gives me in this!
All fear, all doubt at the dreadful abyss of Death I dismiss.

"On the echoing shore I behold my beatified four!
I am coming, Albert, coming, restored to thee evermore."

Toronto, Canada.

*At the Diamond Jubilee Mrs. de Touffe Lauder addressed to Her Majesty a poem entitled, "The Eightieth Birthday of the Queen." On the departure of the Volunteers for South Africa in 1899, she sent her patriotic song:

"O Britain! we fight for you, we stand for you true,"

which was sung in Massey Hall on Empire Day by the city schools, and again, "Afterglow; or, The Cross on the Sands," for all of which she received the Queen's kind acknowledgment and thanks, as well as for her letter of Christmas greetings.

THE ROMANCE OF THE POST OFFICE.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.



QUEEN Jezebel is credited with having sent out the first circular letter. A more fortunate letter was carried by Naaman from the King of Syria to the King of Israel. In the reign of Hezekiah "the posts went with the letters from the King and his princes throughout all Israel and Judah."

Ahasuerus sent letters into every province of his vast empire declaring "that every man should bear rule in his own house," by no means a very good precept, if understood and practised as he himself was doing.

All civilized nations, ancient and modern, have known something of postal necessities and conveniences; but they have been as crude on the one hand as they have kingily on the other, for kingly messages and messengers have been almost the only ones concerned, until very recent times.

Our term, "post," is of Latin origin, from *positus*, placed. Horses and men were put at certain distances by the Emperor Augustus, to transport letters and travellers throughout the principal portions of the Roman Empire on Imperial business. Probably from this Roman origin we have inherited our permanent word "post."

Perhaps the Persians had the most perfected postal system of antiquity. Cyrus had established between Susa and the Egean Sea post stations, and the speed of the cour-

iers, Herodotus tells us, was such as "nothing mortal surpassed."

Posts almost as systematic were found in the ancient empires of Mexico and Peru, and in the fourteenth century when Marco Polo visited China he found a fairly good system of posts in existence. They may have been there for many centuries prior to that time, like a great many other notable elements of ancient Chinese civilization.

Some of the postal devices of antiquity were very curious. Herodotus tells us of one plan, which was to shave the head of a trusty messenger, and impress the message on his scalp. When the hair had grown sufficiently long for concealment, the messenger proceeded to his destination, and his head was again shaved, and the object of his secret mission revealed." Ovid speaks of messages being inscribed on a person's back, and Josephus states that during some wars, messages were conveyed by men disguised as animals, or that they were enclosed in coffins in company with an embalmed body.

Appian mentions letters inscribed on leaden bullets and thrown by a sling into a besieged city or camp.

The British postal service—with which the present article has chiefly to do*—dates back its feeble beginnings to as early a period as most other European States. The first Postmaster-General of England was Sir Bryan Luke, appointed in 1533, just ten years before the Emperor Charles V. appointed Count Leonard of Thurn and Taxis Postmaster-General for his empire.

* The Romance of the British Post Office. Its Inception and Wondrous Development." By Archibald Granger Bowie. London: S. W. Partridge. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

From that time until now includes a growth in the British postal service as wonderful as the development of the most gigantic oak from its tiny seed—a marvel of modern civilization, unsurpassed in its vastness, variety and utility.

Without stopping to note a number of the earliest stages of progress, the first Government Letter Post was established in the reign of James I. In the subsequent reign of Charles I. the postal rates were fixed at twopence a single letter for any distance under eighty miles; fourpence up to one hundred and forty miles; sixpence for any longer distance in England; while to any place in Scotland, the charge was eightpence.

In 1641, the existing Postmaster, Thomas Withering, was superseded by Philip Burlamachy, the first one placed under the superintendence of the principal Secretary of State. Many important changes were introduced in Cromwell's time, which at the Restoration were confirmed by Act of Parliament, which was the first strictly legal authority for the establishment of a post-office, and in consequence is known as its charter.

In 1683, a London upholsterer—Robert Murray—started a penny post for the city. It subsequently fell into the hands of William Dockwra. It was remarkable for its extraordinary liberality and extraordinary success, and still more for the fact that it anticipated by more than one hundred and fifty years many of the reforms of Sir Rowland Hill, the greatest of all post-office reformers Great Britain has ever known.

Like every other reform in the postal service, Dockwra's London Penny Post had to encounter much opposition. It was denounced by the ultra-Protestants as a contrivance of the Jesuits, and that "if the bags were examined they would be found full of Popish plots."

The whole postal establishment of the country was remodelled in the reign of Queen Anne, 1710, and this Act remained as the foundation of the British postal law up to 1837.

The next stage of postal development took place nine years after the passing of the Act of Queen Anne, and was due to Ralph Allen—a highly honourable name in philanthropy as well as in postal history. He is Pope's "humble Allen," and also Fielding's "Squire Allworthy" in "Tom Jones." Allen was the inventor of what was known as the "cross-roads postal system." Allen was Deputy Postmaster of Bath, and in his official capacity had many opportunities of observing how extremely few and ill-supplied the cross posts were throughout the country. Many districts were entirely without postal service, and in other cases letters passing between neighbouring towns were carried by circuitous routes, causing serious delay in those days of slow locomotion. Allen's proposed reorganization and extension of these cross-posts so strongly recommended itself to the Government that he was granted a life-lease at an annual rental of £6,000. His success was so great that for forty-four years he enjoyed an annual profit of some £12,000, which he generously spent in charity and hospitality to men of learning and genius.

It was reserved for another Bath gentleman—John Palmer, manager of the theatre in that town, to effect in 1784 a far greater improvement, officially described as "One of the greatest reforms ever made in the post-office"—the mail coach service. To quote the account which Palmer gave of the existing system, in the scheme he submitted to Mr. Pitt:

"The post," he states, "at present, instead of being the swiftest, is almost the slowest conveyance in the country; and although from the great improve-

ment in our roads other carriers have proportionately mended their speed, the post is as slow as ever. It is likewise very unsafe, as frequent robberies of it testify; and to avoid a loss of this nature, people generally cut bank bills in two and send them by different posts. The mails are generally entrusted to some idle boy, without character, mounted on a worn-out hack, and who, so far from being able to defend himself or escape from a robber, is much more likely to be in league with him."

Palmer proposed that, as far as possible, the mail-bags should be sent by the passenger coaches, accompanied by well-armed and trustworthy guards, and the mails, which hitherto had left London at all hours of the night should be so timed as to depart from and arrive in London at an hour convenient to the public, so that the letters might be delivered all together.

The scheme was vehemently opposed and denounced as "impracticable and dangerous to commerce and the revenue; that "it would fling the commercial correspondence of the country into the utmost confusion," and that the postal system as it then existed was "almost as perfect as it can be, without exhausting the revenue arising therefrom."

Mr. Pitt, however, determined that, in spite of all opposition, the plan should be tried. In the first year of the new system the net revenue of the post-office rose to £250,000. Thirty years later it had attained to £1,500,000.

In 1836, the number of four-horse mail coaches which ran in England was fifty-four, in addition to forty-nine of two horses. In Scotland, the number of four-horse coaches was ten, and in Ireland thirty.

Famous among the coaches was the "Age," which ran to Brighton, with a baronet for a driver. There was also the "Beaufort," driven by the Marquis of Worcester, while the Brighton day mail was driven

by the Hon. Fred. Jerningham, son of Lord Stafford.

The mail-guard (the prototype of the modern railway "conductor" of America; in England he still retains the old name, "guard") was a position in point of fact superior to that of the driver. He was always clothed in the royal livery as the badge of his office, and his duties were both important and onerous, and sometimes hazardous.

"The mail-coach it was," says De Quincey, "that distributed over the face of the land, like the opening of the apocalyptic vials, the heart-shaking news of Trafalgar, of Salamanca, of Vittoria, of Waterloo."

The news of any great victory was proclaimed throughout the journey by the mail coach, dressed in laurels and flowers, oak leaves and ribbons. Miss Martineau relates that the trial of Queen Caroline, "all along the line of mails crowds stood waiting in the burning sunshine for news of the trial, which was shouted out to them as the coach passed."

One of the gayest and liveliest of sights was the annual procession of mail coaches on the King's birthday. The horses with new harness, and the postmen and post-boys in scarlet coats and jackets, with much blowing of bugles and cracking of whips, while the bells of the neighbouring churches rang out a merry peal.

A most serious drawback to the extension of postal facilities was the exceedingly high rates charged for the conveyance of letters. A letter weighing less than an ounce with one enclosure, if for delivery thirty miles out of London, cost threepence; if eighty miles out, fourpence, and so on. As showing how the charge according to enclosure operated, a letter with three single enclosures, from London to Edinburgh, was charged 3s. 4 1-2d. One result was the enormous extent of illicit transportation of letters.

There were carriers who did in this way as much business as the post-office itself. Thus, it was stated by many Manchester merchants in evidence before the post-office enquiry committee, appointed in 1838, that four-fifths of the letters written in that town did not pass through the post-office. There were carriers in Scotland who in this way handled five hundred letters daily.

A Glasgow publisher confessed that he had not been caught until he had sent twenty thousand letters, otherwise than through the post-office. Ingenious, too, were the methods for evading the postal charges.

It is related that the poet Coleridge, on a visit to the lake district, halted at the door of a wayside inn, just as the postman had delivered a letter to the barmaid. He noticed that after turning it over and over, she returned it to the postman, saying she could not afford to pay the postage. This the poet gallantly insisted on paying, in spite of some remonstrance on the girl's part. He was rather astonished, however, afterward to learn that the envelope had told her all she wanted to know. It had been prearranged that a few hieroglyphics on the cover should convey all that was wanted, and the letter contained no writing whatever.

Another effect was the abuse of the franking privilege. Peers and members of the House of Commons were pestered continually for their signatures, which, in many cases, were given away wholesale. The evil grew to still worse proportions, in connection with the mail packet service. "Dogs, a cow, parcels of lace, bales of stockings, boxes of medicine, fitches of bacon, are among the articles that were so sent." The frank was even used to cover the postage of "two maid servants going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen,"

"fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans," "Dr. Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers necessities," "three suits of cloathes for a nobleman's lady at the Court of Portugal."

The penny post seems to us a very simple thing, but, like many other simple-looking things, it was not so easily discovered. It took many years of the most exhaustive analytical study of one of England's most practical men, Rowland Hill, to find this out. The conclusions he reached were three: First, that the practice which then existed of regulating the amount of postage according to the distance an inland letter was conveyed had no foundation in principle. It appeared that the difference in cost of transit in the delivery of a letter, say a mile from the posting-place, and of one posted in London, and delivered in Edinburgh, was an insignificant fraction of a farthing. The conclusion was that the rates of postage should be irrespective of distance.

Second, to make a fixed charge below a given weight, instead of charging according to the number of sheets or scraps of paper enclosed.

Third, to devise a means of prepayment of postage instead of throwing the postage on the recipients of letters.

When, in 1837, Rowland Hill published his pamphlet, "Post-office Reform," advocating a uniform penny postage for inland letters below half an ounce, it created an immense sensation throughout the country. Within two years the agitation grew continually. Twenty-five London journals and eighty-seven provincial papers supported the scheme. Petitions came pouring into Parliament by thousands in its favour.

But it met with the most determined opposition as well. The Postmaster-General characterized the proposal as the "most extrava-

gant of all the wild and visionary schemes he had ever heard of." "The walls of the Post Office," he declared, "would burst; the whole area in which the building stands would not be large enough to receive the clerks and letters."

Mr. Godby, of the Irish Post Office, said, "He did not think any human being would ever live to see such an increase of letters as would make up the loss by the proposed reductions." A Parliamentary Committee was appointed to enquire into the whole matter. It sat for sixty-three days, and reported in favour of penny postage. The bill passed both Houses of Parliament, and became law on the 17th of August, 1839.

To fix upon a simple, practicable plan of prepaying letters was a matter of no small difficulty. The Government issued a proclamation inviting all artists, men of science, and the public in general, to offer proposals as to the manner in which the stamp may best be brought into use; and two prizes of £200 and £100 were offered for those deemed most deserving of attention. Nearly three thousand proposals were sent in. A stamped envelope designed by Mr. Mulready, R.A., was accepted, and after six months' trial was a complete failure. The adhesive stamp, such as we have at present, and for which there were over a thousand designs, was adopted.

For many years the stamps could only be separated from each other by the primitive process of cutting with scissors or knives. In 1847, a Mr. Arthur offered to the Postmaster-General a machine he had devised "to pierce the sheet of stamps with holes, so that each sheet might be torn apart." His machine was purchased for £4,000. It had, however, to be greatly improved before it was made to answer the public wants.

Many and great were the diffi-

culties which Rowland Hill had to overcome. In 1854 he was appointed chief secretary to the Postmaster-General, and for ten subsequent years devoted all his great energies to the development of his plans, and with extraordinary success. In 1860, the Queen conferred on him the distinction of Knight Commander of the Bath. In 1864, Lord Palmerston moved for a grant of £20,000 in consideration of his eminent services, and testified to the "great genius, sagacity, perseverance and industry, and eminent services rendered by Sir Rowland Hill to this and other countries."

He died on the 27th of August, 1879, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The last sixty years have produced a development in the postal service of Great Britain such as neither Hill nor any of his coadjutors ever dreamed possible.

Steam and electricity, and indeed all sorts of modern discoveries and devices, have been largely utilized to increase and perfect the postal service of the country and of the Empire. The finest merchant fleets of the world carry the British mails to all parts of the globe. The fastest railway trains bear their immense postal burdens to almost every nook and corner of the Kingdom. The most ingenious devices for time-saving have been introduced, such as the duplicate net apparatus—one fixed on the railway station, the other on the train, and where the mail-bags are tossed from that on the train into that on the station, while the train is flying at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

In 1870, the telegraph system of Great Britain was taken over by the Government, and since that time it has been under the direct control of the Post Office. The same thing happened with the British telephone system in 1896. The work of the British Post Office has, therefore, become one of the most im-

mense and comprehensive and far-reaching of all the economic systems that any nation of the world has ever seen

Saint Martin's le Grand, in London, is the headquarters of the British Post Office for Great Britain, and for the British Empire. The celerity, accuracy, and scientific manner with which the enormous volume of business is transacted in this vast building every day, is one of the sights of London. Two of its departments are very curious—the "Hospital" and the "Blind Room." All letters and packets which have become in such bad condition that the contents are in danger of getting astray in transmission, are sent to the hospital. It is almost incredible how careless many people are in regard to the posting of their correspondence. Large numbers of letters are left quite open. Such letters, together with fragile articles, insecurely packed, form a source of much extra trouble to the post-office, inasmuch as the work left undone by a thoughtless public has to be completed by the members of the postal "hospital."

To the "Blind Room" are brought all the letters which bear insufficient, misspelt, or illegible addresses. Here the clerks, selected from amongst the most experienced and skilled sorting-clerks, have to decipher writing which others have given up as a hopeless task. The difficulties of their work may be appreciated by the following samples: "Haselfeach in no famtshere," interpreted as "Hazelbeach, Northamptonshire." "Santlings, Hilewight," "St. Helens, Isle of Wight." "Coneyach lamentick a siliam," "Colney-Hatch Lunatic Asylum."

"Ashby de la Zouch" gives no end of trouble. It is spelled in fifty different ways. The following is a copy of one address to the town: "Ash Bedles in such, for John Horsel grinder, in the County of

Lestysshire." "Mister Willy, wot brinds de Baber, in Lang Gaster-were te gal is," was intended for the editor of a Lancaster paper, "where the gaol is." "Uncle John, Hopposite the Church, London, Hingland" proved too vague even for the Blind Room.

The telegraph station at St. Martin's le Grand is probably the largest room of its kind in the world. It occupies about 20,000 square feet, and its mahogany tables extend about two-thirds of a mile. There are 2,911 clerks, of whom 869 are women or girls, besides some 600 messengers. The telegraphing of the Queen's Jubilee message in 1897 illustrates the high degree of perfection to which this branch of the post-office service has been brought. As Her Majesty was about to commence her triumphal progress through London, she entered the telegraph room at Buckingham Palace and there pressed a button, which was electrically connected with St. Martin's le Grand. It is interesting to record that the dot which came out on the Morse-paper was immediately followed by two slight clicks, which, according to the experts, indicated a certain amount of nervousness on the part of the aged Sovereign, at that supreme moment in her illustrious career.

The simple and affecting message "From my heart I thank my people. May God bless them," was in a few seconds speeding over land and sea to some forty distinct stations in every part of the globe where now floats the Union Jack. Within sixteen minutes the first reply, that from Ottawa, was waiting in Buckingham Palace for the Queen's return. In less than two hours replies from the Cape, from Australia, from Singapore, and other colonies and dependencies, were on hand.

In 1839, seventy-six millions of letters were carried by the British post. To-day there are over eight-

een hundred millions, and, including newspapers, circulars, and packets, there are more than three thousand millions a year.

The gross revenue of the Post Office in Britain has now reached the enormous annual sum of fifteen millions of pounds sterling. In the subsidiary lines of money-order business, post office banking, life insurance, etc., the British Post Office has recently made wonderful strides. All sorts of encouragements are being held out continually to promote the habit of saving among soldiers in the army, navvies on the railroads, the children of the day-schools, and all classes of society. A depositor can have even as small a sum as a penny to his credit. Mr. Wilson Hyde, in his book, the "Royal Mail," gives some amusing answers to the questions asked in the depositor's book: "State here whether the above address is permanent." Rejoinders like the following were given: "Here we have no continuing city," "This is not our rest," "Heaven is our home," "Yes, D.V.," "No, for the place is beastly damp and unhealthy." "Doan't know what permanent is."

When the book is lost or destroyed, the explanations given are sometimes as follows: "Last night when I was sleeping in the tent, one of our elephants broke loose and tore up my coat, in the pocket of which was my bank-book, and ate part of it." "I think the children

has carted it out of doors and lost it, as they are in the habit of playing shuttlecock with the backs of books." In another case "it had been taken from the house by our tame monkey."

A sergeant in the army lost his book "whilst in the act of measuring a recruit for the army," a rather awkward insinuation as regards the recruit.

Evidently the British postal service has not yet reached the zenith of its development. Only a little while ago the two-cent postage for almost the whole British Empire was inaugurated, for which great advance Canada, through its present enterprising Postmaster-General, the Hon. William Mulock, must claim the chief credit.

Vast schemes of cheap telegraphy of Imperial and international extent, are being devised and, with scarce a doubt, will be speedily executed. Perhaps before long there may be a one-cent postage for letters and a five-cent rate for telegrams throughout the whole British Empire. Like a great river, the postal service will flow on in ever-increasing volume and power, and it is a river of life. It is one of the most powerful of all our educational forces, and a mighty moral force as well, for it is bringing the whole world together in the bonds of a more enlightened amity than was ever known before.

Paisley, Ont.

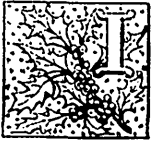
FAITH.

Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
 And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!
 She reels not in the storm of warring words,
 She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No,"
 She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst,
 She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,
 She spies the summer thro' the winter bud,
 She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
 She hears the lark within the songless egg,
 She finds the fountain where they wailed "Mirage"!

—*Tennyson.*

THE CONVERSION OF MAMETOOSE, JUN.

BY THE REV. A. BROWNING.



SAW the last great potlatch of the Flat-head Indians. There have been potlatches since, in spite of government prohibition, but they were faint imitations of the one I write about. For years it was discussed around the Indian camp-fires and its glories chanted in many an improvised song. The head Chief of Nanaimo was sick unto death, but he determined to pass away in such a manner as would be remembered so long as a Flat-head lived. So he sent out messengers, and from far and near summoned all the Flathead chiefs and their retainers to his potlatch. Potlatch means "a gift," and for years the chief had been storing up boxes of blankets, stacks of muskets, bales of shirts, rolls of tobacco with the skins of fur-bearing animals to be given away at the time and on the occasion I have mentioned.

I knew one morning by the rattle of flint musketry and the yells of the Indians that the grand potlatch had begun. I went at once to the camp and saw a sight such as a white man sees but once in a lifetime and which once seen he never forgets. The chief of the potlatch stood on a raised platform and beneath him were thousands of half naked and wholly nude Indians. The chief began with a speech. For some time he spoke quietly with face unmoved and limbs rigid as a statue. Then he grew excited and fiery words leaped like burning coals from his lips and his arms gesticulated like a whirlwind. His theme was the fading glory of his

race and his own speedy departure to the spirit-land—the spirits of the great chiefs were beckoning to him and he must obey their call. He finished with a wail like the sobbing of the sea as it listens to the spirit of the coming storm, and when he closed there was a silence unbroken by word or tears, but the faces of his listeners were eloquent with a sadness the more impressive because of its silence.

Then the potlatch proper began, blankets, muskets, shirts, tobacco and skins were all brought forth in sight of the multitude. The chiefs of the kindred tribes were called forth and to them were given gifts according to their rank. When this was over blankets were thrown from the platform to be scrambled for and fought over until each separate blanket was torn into shreds. Muskets were thrown into the sea to be dived after and fought for under and above water until the victor brought his prize to land. Hour after hour this continued until the excitement became dangerous, for the blood of the savage was up, and "What next?" was the cry if not the fear of the few white men who dared to see it through. That fear soon became reality, for suddenly, as if he had fallen from the clouds, the chief of a hostile tribe, noted as being the worst murderer of the coast, marched right through the crowd of Indians, who gave way before him, and then, standing in front of the platform, challenged any man then and there to a fight to the death.

I can see him as I write, march-

ing to and fro, with musket and knife, just like Goliath of Gath, the Indians shrinking from him through very fear. To pacify him and as he thought to honour him, he was invited to the house of Mametoose, Sen., who was distinguished as the priest of the tribe where the potlatch was held. Mametoose, Sen., held matins every morning and vespers every night, and during the potlatch he was more than usually fervent and hysterically devout. After matins and vespers he would hold forth on the sacredness and security of the Catholic Indian, and the certain damnation of Protestants of every class and creed. To illustrate his doctrines the Jesuit Fathers had provided him with two charts, showing plainly that the way to heaven was through the Catholic Church and that the sure way to hell was to be a Protestant. To make it more vivid the saved Catholics were represented as among the angels and the lost Protestants writhing in the flames of perdition.

I have listened to the chants of these Indians as the music of their voices came over the water, and it needed no strong imagination to compare their songs to the music wafted over the sea of glass by the choir invisible. I have at close range heard the infamous teachings of Mametoose, Sen., and if Satan himself was speaking I could not have felt more indignant with his creed. To leave matins or vespers and to murder and steal and commit all sorts of abominations was as natural to these worshippers as the study of their charts or the marks of the Cross on their bodies made with fingers stained with blood.

But to go back a little. The chief sat by the fire of Mametoose, Sen., and ate his food. He had no fear, for the hospitality of an Indian

is sacred. But as he sat and ate, a boy, supposed to be Mametoose, Jun., coolly blew out his brains. I heard the report of the musket, and when I knew the daring chief was killed I hastened to the house of Mametoose. Such a thing was never heard of before as to kill a guest in an Indian's house. The excitement was fearful, but so well was the secret of the murder kept that not until the potlatch was all over could I find who had done the deed.

The murder over and the victim buried, Mametoose, Sen., sang his vespers and enforced his doctrines with more than usual unction. For in his house had not an enemy been slain, and his own son made into a brave? But Mametoose was more cautious than ever, his step was more stealthy and his eye more suspicious, for the avenger of blood was on his heels. He knew, as we all knew, that no man could kill such a chief and be safe. He was followed by the shadows of pursuing avengers everywhere, and when at last we heard of his being found with a bullet through his brain, we knew that vengeance was complete. From henceforth there were no matins nor vespers, the chants were discarded and Mametoose, Jun., throwing off the veneer of Catholicism, displayed from this out all the traits of a pagan savage.

He was morally no better and no worse than before, but he was no longer a hypocrite. The Indians now began to attend our services, and a few were converted to God. But Mametoose, Jun., stood aloof. Some years had passed when, for the first time, a camp-meeting was held halfway between Victoria and Nanaimo. After a most adventurous journey by sea and land, I came in sight

of the camp-ground. I had been at the old Ebenezer camp-meeting when Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, like some visitants from the better world, shed their heavenly fragrance on all around. I had heard "Johnny Black" and "Johnny Carroll" at the great Sidney camp-meeting, and the Prince Edward and Smithfield camp-meetings were among the precious memories of my soul; but a camp-meeting in British Columbia in the sixties remains to me as one of the most gracious remembrances of my life, for it was there Mametoose, Jun., was led to Christ.

It was after the close of one of Seloseton's sermons that I found him a broken-hearted penitent and rejoiced with him over sins forgiven. The close of that sermon I can never forget. The preacher turning to his white hearers, said: "I was born a pagan Indian. My father and mother lived and died in the dark. You were born Christians, and your fathers and mothers lived and died in the light. I have now light in my soul, for Christ shines within and is shining more and more unto the perfect day. Many of you white people are dark and dead in trespasses and sins, and God has sent me, a poor Indian, to offer you light and life."

Then turning to the Indians, his voice became caressing in its tenderness, and burning words fell melting from his tongue. For those poor dark pagans, for those whose hearts were so black, Christ's blood was shed. He would forgive them all if they would come to Him—mur-

derers, if they were. He died for His murderers; and, surely, if He forgave the men who murdered himself, He would forgive the men who had only killed their fellow-men.

The penitent form—a rude pole stretched in front of the pulpit—was soon filled with seekers after Christ, and among them was Mametoose, Jun., now become a young man. He sent a messenger for me, and when I found him I put my arms around his neck, and as our cheeks touched our tears mingled together before the Lord.

"Oh, Mr. Browning," said he, "you knew my father, and how he lived and died. I do not want to live and die like him, but want to get into the light which Seloseton has, and to live in it until I die."

Our prayers went up to God for poor dark Mametoose, Jun., and when he entered into light and liberty we sang, "My God is reconciled," as the angels cannot sing, and rejoiced together in hope of the glory of God.

We parted from Seloseton and Mametoose at that camp-meeting to meet no more on earth. Seloseton passed away to the light of heaven very soon after, and Mametoose, Jun., I heard, lived to become a class-leader. I anticipate with joy the meeting with them again in the house of many mansions. And when the great gift-day of Jesus Christ dawns, may you and I, dear reader, with Seloseton and Mametoose, Jun., hear His call and receive from His hands "life eternal."

Toronto.

THE QUEEN.

With wisdom, goodness, grace, she filled
O'er sixty years the throne,
And whatso'er her people willed
That will she made her own.

More long, more loved, she reigned than all
The Kings of days gone by,
Sceptre may fade and empire fall—
Her name will never die.

ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE,

Author of "Dave Marquand," "How Billy Went Up in the World," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.



JOHAN FERRIS did not bring home his wife that week, although he went for her. Not that Polly Huggins failed to succumb to Mrs. Ostrander's tactics: she weakened slowly, and finally promised to stay and do her best. The delay was for another reason; Hannah Goddard had even a clearer appreciation of Mr. Ferris' words than Maria who repeated them to her. It was going to be hard for Mrs.

Ferris to begin again her life in Cairnes. Pondering on that fact she sought out John and said to him:

"Don't bring your wife directly here from the asylum. Take her, instead, for a pleasure trip. Go among crowds, and to beautiful places. She needs to forget herself and she will begin that among people who know nothing of her. Another thing that you may think is a trifle, but it is not in a case like this—stop in some city and have her get new dresses and bonnets, better and more fashionable than any we have here. Then when she returns she will be conscious of looking well (a great moral support to feminine nature), and she will have her travels to talk about. Otherwise we must talk of herself, which would be unwise, or of Cairnes interests, and thus remind her that she has all along known nothing of them."

"This is an inspiration," said John.

"No, only common-sense, or what one woman knows about another," returned Hannah, glad that her idea was approved.

Mr. Ferris had not left the village before his affairs were being talked over at tea-tables, sewing circles, and by the *coterie* which daily filled up the shaded end of Bogert's piazza. Learning this, Mrs. Ostrander began to create among the women a sympathetic sentiment which would impel them to show the new comer neighbourly attention, at the same time warning them not to seem to be

either pitying or patronizing her. The men were inclined to think that John's future prospects for domestic comfort were dubious. They conferred with old Doctor Summers one day while he sat on the Bogert House steps and waited for his horse to drink. He shook his sides with laughter over their report of Polly Huggins and "the links," for Polly's Doctor Bumpus, "the scientific," was known to be like Mrs. Harris to Sairey Gamp, then he muttered, "Lunatics get well? Of course they can. I had a girl over here eleven miles north as crazy as a loon last year from over-study and worry. She never saw me coming without saluting me as a 'generation of vipers,' but she pulled through all right. She came of a level-headed, hearty race on both sides of the family, never a touch of insanity known among them before her own. This trouble does not begin with Mary Ferris. In marrying her John had, you see, to marry her grandfather, the most cantankerous old party who ever kept free of a strait-jacket. Mary is an heiress after a fashion. She won't inherit all his ills and ailments, of course, but she is to be pitied, and John too. Howsomever, I hope Mary Ferris has got well, body and mind."

The old horse, having slaked his thirst, was looking about for his master. The doctor climbed into his gig and drove away.

During Mrs. Ferris' stay at the asylum her husband had frequently seen her; and that she always received him with indifference or aversion he understood to be only one more proof of her insanity. Now when he started out to meet her under new conditions it was in uncertainty how she would behave toward him. Arriving one morning at the asylum, he first talked with a physician, who told him that beyond a slight melancholy, which was natural to her, his wife showed nothing of mental disorder either in her conduct or conversation. Then leaving John in a private room, the doctor went to announce his arrival to Mrs. Ferris.

A strange embarrassment came over the man awaiting a wife who had been as if dead to him for so long a time. Of what should they speak first? Formerly there had been complaints and accusa-

tions on her part, and silent endurance on his. To say anything personal might offend her, to talk about the weather would seem absurd. In fact, to be speculating in that fashion over their meeting was rather cold-blooded and made John ashamed of himself in thinking that he ought to be eager and light-hearted, knowing that he was not. When suddenly the door opened softly, he was speechless with surprise. It was no sullen creature in untidy apparel approaching—not the girl Mary whom he had married, though he thought instantly of her, but a pale woman with cheeks flushing pink, with soft-brown hair and a becoming dress. Strangest of all, one having a wholly new gentleness of manner that of a sudden stirred John's pitiful manliness. He said by instinct the wisest thing possible:

"Why, Mary, how nice you look! I had forgotten that you were half so pretty."

She smiled, leaving her hand in his as she replied: "Perhaps then you won't be ashamed of me if I keep quiet. You know I shall seem ignorant after all these years of—nothing, or worse."

"Never fear, Mary! We shall find enough to talk about when we get home." John hardly knew his own voice, it was so hearty. "But we must have a play spell first! I have not taken a journey for I cannot tell how long. Now I propose that we travel a little and see a bit of the world, before going back to Cairnes. Would you like that? Not to visit friends, but to see new places, and fine scenery."

"Yes, I would like it very much."

The warmth of her tone gave John hope for the future and unexpected present comfort. He drew her down to the sofa, regarding her with a face that may have betrayed his thoughts, for she said feelingly, "I never have given you any reason to be glad I was coming back, but I mean to be better. If you will help me, and be as patient as you were once, I am sure that we can be happier than we have been. It was my fault, and I realize it now."

"We are both older, and we will be wiser," he answered, as if in a pleasant dream from which he might awaken unless he did his utmost to prolong it. After all the not unreasonable apprehensions which he had struggled against, this relief was very joyful. Mary came back more like the ideal of her that he had long ago lost than like any reality that he had known. She seemed not so much recovered as transformed, while Mary

herself knew that never in their past had they been nearer to one another spiritually. She was at her best, though even as she sat with her thin white hand in his strong brown one, she wondered if her will could keep down her restlessness—the old undefined, all-pervading jealousy of all life save her life. She was older, wiser, and rather penitent; she wondered why she could not be sure of staying good when her intentions were so childlike. Doctor Sumners' theory of her doubt would perhaps have been that her grandfather's antics were beyond her control.

"Let us get away from this place as soon as we can," said John, after a long talk about home matters. He had an exaggerated idea of the aversion which he imagined she must now feel for the asylum. She had only a few preparations to make, and so it came about that in an hour or two they were off on a pleasure trip which more than one fellow-traveller decided was the bridal tour of lovers no longer youthful. This not because they were demonstrative, only they had the air of persons not well enough acquainted to be indifferent and who are enjoying the process of finding each other out.

Mary told her husband one day that he was very thoughtful to have planned the journey as he had. With the superfluity of truthfulness peculiar to some men, he replied that he was too dull to have originated the idea, that it was Miss Goddard who had advised this trip. Mary secretly resented it as having been no affair of any third person whomsoever, but all the same the journey was a success. They went first to New York, mingling with crowds and sight-seeing leisurely. With considerable tact John brought gradually to her knowledge a multiplicity of local and national matters of interest, making her forget in talking of them the reason of her ignorance. They went from the city to the mountains, and last of all to the seashore. Every day it seemed as if a new life had begun for them, for John never ceased trying to perfect her confidence in him. He told her of whatever concerned his life on the farm and his intercourse with the townspeople.

She shrank, however, from the thought of meeting his friends—of being looked at and talked about by other women. She devoutly wished that she might stay with people who had never known her. Something like this she said to John the last day at the seaside, but his face grew so grave that with a new impulse of self-denial she resolved to say no more of her

desire. She knew that no place could ever be to him as that home where his father lived and died, and his father's father before him. Still it was a pity that in a mind like Mary's, with a morbid bias, there should remain this secret aversion, especially when all that was best in her nature was struggling to unfold into long belated blossoming.

They lingered on the shore that warm July afternoon; John, while watching the deep green hollow of incoming waves, was thinking of the tints and motion of the lake which he knew so well, while Mary was watching him instead of the ocean.

"Are you ever low-spirited, John?"

"Do you think me high-spirited?"

"Oh, perhaps not quite in the way of fun-making, but you seem to take hold of things heartily."

"Well, somebody told me once that the use of a low state of mind was to get out of it," said John evasively, "and in order to get out of it I always have to get a firm grip on something—truth—or person."

"Does everybody in Cairnes know that I am coming back?"

She had asked that in various ways so often that he delayed answering until she added fretfully, "I don't want to see people. Excitement is not good for me, and they will surely excite me. I don't mean to begin by going to visit or to church or anywhere. I want to be let alone."

"But, Mary, is that the best way? Don't you know that if you are engaged in what is going on around, you will be much less likely to be despondent? I am out of the house in the daytime, so you will be often alone. If Polly Huggins does most of the work, you would have too monotonous a life in that great, quiet house, having no intercourse at all with your neighbours."

"But I am not like—that is, your friends are like strangers to me. For a while, anyway, I want to stay at home, and you must let me."

There was a set look about her lips that recalled to John her obstinacy long ago. Guessing his thoughts, she added with a mixture of sincerity and artfulness: "If you let me do this without opposition, I shall keep much calmer and more contented."

John was silent. The last injunction of the asylum physician was not to give Mrs. Ferris time for solitary brooding over her troubles, real or fancied.

"I know," she continued, "that be-

fore I went from home I was a trial to everybody's patience. I never mean to be that again. It will be easier—if I live away from other people, and alone with you."

Rightly reasoning that as time went by she would retire more into herself and make rare or impossible any confidences like the present, John resolved to commit her now to the wisest course of conduct. Smoothing her hair, tossed by the sea breezes, he said, "Well then, Mary, won't you trust to my guidance just for a few weeks at the outset? I will promise you that after a while, if you insist, you may be as secluded as you like, and I will do my best to make you happy in that way. But at first, Mary, yield to me. It is so long since I have had a wife that I want to show her, now that I can take a downright pretty one into public places."

She watched a distant sail with too evident an attempt at indifference, but he made her smile when he went on:

"Then, besides the fact that you have grown ever so much better looking than you used to be, you must remember that your trunk is full of new-fashioned finery. You are uncommonly strong-minded if you want only to display yourself to Polly Huggins and me. No, you will go to church with me. Think of the years that I have sat alone in that old pew. I know that you will want to see Hannah Goddard's home, and you can't keep her and Mrs. Ostrander away from yours, unless you fairly turn them out of doors. We are not old, Mary. Why should we retire from the world like a couple of hermits?"

"You do not need to do it. People like you. That I have ceased to be a lunatic is not going to be any particular reason why they will enjoy my society. My clothes are fine enough, but long before I have worn them out Mrs. Ostrander will be telling Miss Goddard that it is a pity John Ferris' wife does not know anything. It will be very true. You say Mrs. Ostrander is wonderfully capable. Polly Huggins has to keep my house for me. Miss Goddard is literary, isn't she? I have not read a book through in ten years."

The old bitterness was creeping into her tones. Argument had always failed with her. John was going to be powerless, if his newly acquired personal influence failed at the first test.

"Mary, do you really care more for the opinions of a person whom you scarcely know, like Miss Goddard, or your fancies of one whom you never saw,

like Mrs. Ostrander, than you care for your own well-being and for me?"

"I suppose not."

"Why can't you just drop the past into nothingness? You have no sin to expiate, no fault to be for ever trying to cover. God seems to have given you a new life. You are not stupid. Very many people mature slowly, and only toward middle life show all the excellency that is in them," urged John, earnest with the charity that hopeth all things, believeth all things, "and since we have been together this time, I feel sure that it is true of you. I am not willing that you should hide yourself as if you were ashamed."

When two reticent people break through the stiffness of their ordinary converse, the stronger nature surprises often the weaker into entire submission. Mary little by little agreed to all that was required of her and promised even more than John asked.

When he left her and went cheerily back to make some arrangements for their approaching journey homeward, she could scarcely understand her own compliance. Was she merely meek from mental weakness after the long "fitful fever" of a life by no means ended. She longed to sit here—just here for ever,

"—on the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore."

Here in a land where "it seemed always afternoon." She knew nothing of the lotus-eaters, but her unspoken protest was none the less like theirs:

"Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil?
Let what is broken so remain;
'Tis hard to settle order once again."

Yes, she could be quiescent, she could possibly restrain fretfulness toward this man whose strength was bearing her up; but she vaguely felt that he was counting on powers within her which were paralyzed.

CHAPTER V.

On the whole Hannah was satisfied with Andy. He was bright, neat, and he seldom forgot how to do anything after being taught. He often conventionalized truth with an artistic sense of adaptation

to desired purposes, or even varied it into entire originality, but he was good-natured and tractable. Jake Mather showed him how to harness, and by standing in the manger, he could get the halter over the horse's head. Jake said he was a "smart young one;" but because he was young, Andy sometimes grew lonesome, mourned for Pete, longed for a playmate, and asked in his own mind a question akin to Charles Lamb's: "Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead?"

Hannah read his thoughts, and so said to him one morning: "If you are a good boy, Andy, you can often go berrying with the children. Go now and dust off the phaeton; I am going after a visitor, and Marjory Hopkins is coming to see me some day."

Andy grinned with pleasure, for the minister's child was a vision of delight to him. Hannah had but mentioned her when she came singing down the road. She was an erect, beautifully rounded maiden of five, full of caprices and graces and witchery. The minister had moments of pride when he saw in her the future Jean Ingelow or Elizabeth Browning. He had also seasons of flesh-creeping at the thought of actresses like Rachel or Bernhardt—for Marjory lived half her time in a world of her own.

"Come, Marjory! The pony is waiting for us!" called Hannah. "Let me tie on your sunbonnet, and we will start. Next time you may see my coloured boy."

"Did you buy him in this new house?" asked the child; then they drove away to meet Kate Hamilton at the nearest railway station.

The phaeton had just reached the wooden platform when the train steamed along, and waited only while three boxes, one trunk, two men and a young lady were put off in safety. Hannah called "Katharine!" as soon as she saw a slim figure in a gray dress; and a merry voice cried, "Yes, here I am!"

Bright eyes, rings of soft hair curling cunningly around a white forehead and in her neck, a saucy nose, and a shrewd, intelligent expression made Miss Kate a comely young person. She had withal a kind of gentle dignity that broke into playfulness at slight provocation.

"You look younger than I expected you to look," said Hannah, leading her to the phaeton.

"Don't say that? I want you to find me very mature and companionable. No, I am not at all giddy," she added, as

Hannah smilingly studied her face more at leisure.

"I think we will get on together."

"Thank you, I was so afraid that you would say my countenance 'showed character,' and that means just next to nothing, of course, as it may be good, bad, or indifferent character. I keep that phrase for photographs that I can't admire, and must be civil about. It is as convenient as 'suggestive' applied to a dreadful painting or a splay-footed poem. Yes, you must like me, Cousin Hannah."

"That depends. At least I judge that you won't come home to me every night with torn dresses, stained face, and curls full of burrs, as you once came."

"Never! I promise. Oh, it is delightful to see so much out of doors after stone walls."

"I hope you will not be dull, but Cairnes is a quiet place."

"Don't fear. I know that just what I like will be found here: friends, woods, books, and little Brown-eyes to sketch, perhaps, if she will pose for me and be paid in sugar-plums. Oh, here we are on the broad road, and the oaks each side are as grand as I remembered them. But the Bogert House! How it has shrunken! It used to seem like the Doges' Palace."

Hannah did not tell of her own change of abode, and so she was greatly pleased when Kate said: "There is an adorable little house. I will sketch that as a companion picture to Ann Hathaway's Cottage. I know the same flowers must grow in that garden: briar roses, pansies, lavender, rosemary, and rue."

"Yes, some of them are there," said Hannah, stopping her pony and enjoying the surprise that followed explanations. In the midst of them the usually mild-mannered pony began a waltz, and refused to cease capering until a young man who was approaching on a bicycle, lessened his speed and rolled his wheel to the far side of the road. Hannah saw that he had a very pleasing face, and he, in his rapid passage, caught sight of the prettiest girl whom he had seen in a month.

"I believe," said Hannah, the day after Katharine's arrival, "that I will have a tea-party."

"When?" asked Katharine, who was filling vases with garden flowers.

"To-day, this afternoon."

"Why, it is almost noon now."

"Yes, but I am subject to these attacks and they pass off lightly. I have only to make fresh cake. I will go and invite the people and make that when I get back."

Then putting on her sun-hat she crossed

lots to Mrs. Ostrander's, sent Andy to the Hopkinsons' with an invitation for Hope, and with some misgivings, went herself, last of all, to the Ferrises', whom she had not seen since their return. She hesitated how to enter. It was the height of Cairnes formality to go in at the front door, and often as difficult as formal, for said door was sure to "stick" from disuse. Still, she objected to any interview with Polly Huggins in the kitchen before seeing the mistress of the house, so was glad to find a long-closed side-door open into a sitting-room. Coming near, she saw Mrs. Ferris alone. There was needlework in her quiet hands, but she was absorbed in thought. Making her presence known by a gentle tap, Hannah stepped in at the open door, saying, as Mrs. Ferris rose,

"I hope I have not come too soon, but I thought that you must be rested by this time, after your journey."

She was not a kissing woman, but she kissed Mrs. Ferris, and then, ignoring every topic which might renew unpleasant memories, she talked on as if her neighbourly visit was according to long-established custom. Mary was visibly fluttered. A bright pink spot came out on each pale cheek, and her hands toyed nervously with the ruffle of her morning dress. She recovered her self-possession on finding that her caller was not waiting in silence to be entertained, while it was "supporting" to see how pretty her dainty dress looked by the side of Hannah's dark gingham. She was soon beguiled into talk about a bow-window that John wanted to have built, and when Hannah, who had just been telling of her own house, rather suddenly asked her and her husband to tea that afternoon, she could not refuse before her consent was taken for granted.

When the clock struck twelve, Hannah rose in haste, saying:

"If I do not hurry home, I can give you but one kind of cake, and that might shock Mrs. Ostrander, who always has three. By the way, he warned never to take her for a model. The effort to equal her has nearly killed one or two Cairnes women."

Mary bade her good-bye quite cordially. When she turned back to her sewing, she was rather pleasantly excited. Miss Goddard, after all, had not seemed so terribly intellectual. She had not even spoken of a book, while her chat about home matters had given Mary the idea of several changes that would improve her own rooms.

"Kate," said Hannah, re-entering her door, "I want you to make yourself as agreeable as you can, to one of my guests especially."

"The lady who was in the asylum?"

"Yes, there is nothing easier than for such a person to get behind a stone wall of her own building and to say there is no sun at all or she would see it shine. Stone walls are cold, Kate, and so will be any one behind them, yet all the same we know that the sun does shine, so it must be our neighbourly work to keep Mrs. Ferris in the warmth and light."

"What a nice little sermon directly applied! I will do my best. At what hour does the party begin?"

"Oh, any time that anybody is moved to come. I told Hope Hopkins to be here early. She is almost the only young girl you will be likely to care for."

"Very well, and now let us go about making the cake, for I want to help," said Kate, whereupon they retired to the kitchen, where Hannah presided happily over the various rites. In the early afternoon Kate, buried in a big chair, gave herself to reading "Romola." One slept and the other read, for the time forgetful of guests, until at last Katharine, looking off her book, was startled to see a young lady seated near her, knitting at her ease. She was extremely fair, with almond-coloured eyes and red-gold hair—not rough, but fine and silky, coiled loosely back from a head as perfect as a Greek statue's. She made one think of honey, of amber beads, of everything warm, sweet, and light-holding, this country minister's daughter, who was a downright, sensible, unromantic girl, given of necessity to much dish-washing, bread-making, and stocking-darning.

"I thought it was a pity to make you remember that you were not in Italy, and 'Romola' is vastly superior to me."

"That remains to be seen, Miss Hopkins—for I am sure it is Miss Hopkins who has come in like a sunbeam," said Katharine, longing to touch the beautiful hair.

"Oh, no, I came in a pair of new shoes a size too large for me, but all that our 'store' afforded. Shopping can never get to be a fine art in Cairnes."

"You have a great many things to select from, I am sure, and time to learn all about them. I told Cousin Hannah I was certain that I recognized two candy hearts, some purple calico, and an accordion that I left behind me years ago."

Hope was making some playful reply

when Miss Goddard came in and asked what news she heard from her father.

"He is well, and enjoying every moment, but what are we going to do for a minister? The one who agreed to come while father is away has written to say that the death of a brother has changed all his plans, and made it impossible for him to keep his engagement. Do you think——"

There was a shadow in the door, a solid body bounced tumultuously over the threshold, scattered three kittens, scared and squealing, then, after just missing utter downfall, recovered balance, and Mrs. Ostrander, panting, laughing, and brilliant in cherry ribbons, begged pardon for her hasty entrance. She "was not looking for kittens on the door-mat."

Again the subject of a minister was taken up, and Maria was all excitement.

"There must be somebody to preach next Sunday, for if there is not, the people who drive in two and three miles to church will be provoked, and stay away the Sundays following. Miss Goddard, you might write a sermon and let Mr. Ferris read it!"

Miss Hannah declined with thanks, and proposed that Maria enter the ministry herself. Not at all dismayed, she insisted that she knew what could be done then: there were excellent Sunday readings in the religious papers—yes, and occasionally sermons. Selections of this kind would do admirably. Then having disposed of that matter, Mrs. Ostrander asked: "Is Mrs. Ferris coming to tea?"

"She gave me reason to think that she would come," replied Hannah, "and I urged her not to wait until her husband was ready. Mr. Ostrander will be here?"

"O yes, after his work is done."

Hannah, going to her west window, looked down the road, and saw Mrs. Ferris lingering at her own door, as if in uncertainty. Its nature Hannah divined but dimly. She was so ready to stretch out strong hands to Mary, so conscious that

"'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after,"—

that it seemed to her the other woman's heart must know hers to be sympathetic. Did Mary know? Well, she half-apprehended and half-resented that which she felt in the air, as if it had been patronage. At noon, when she told of Miss Goddard's visit, and saw John's approval, she had longed to say that she would not visit anywhere. Not quite yielding to that

desire, she laboured instead to show him that she could not enjoy society.

It was late before she started along the weed-bordered path to Hannah's house; John, who was in a field that she had to pass, came tramping between the rows of corn to give her an encouraging word. Her experience was of course far less dreadful than her forebodings. Hannah met her outside the green lattice and before she realized it, she was in a corner of a sofa and Kate put a ridiculous little bramble-bush of a kitten in her lap. Anybody can talk about kittens—so, too, she found that she knew something about raising big pansies, when Hope Hopkins told of her failures in that direction. She had a bit of fancy-work in her hands (something learned at the asylum), and Mrs. Ostrander admired it and begged to learn the stitch. There continued to be more easy talk, friendly gossip, and sensible discussions, but nothing too profound for her understanding. Before she heard John's step on the cobble-stone walk she had conquered her timidity enough to study the two pretty girls, to envy them their trick of saying bright little nothings. She furtively watched Hannah, aware of the charm of her gracious, unhurried motions, studying her delicate oval face, changeful eyes and sensitive lips. This was the woman for whose wisdom and purity John had already revealed his unbounded respect. She did not wonder, neither was she quite jealous, she was only, in a far-off, lonely way, sorry that she was not like Hannah.

Such a charming dining-room as that now was, with open windows westward to the flaming sunsets, open door to the garden sending in its tributes of rose and lily fragrance! Within there was the beautiful new china and glass, with Andy as table waiter, in spotless white apron and gravely consequential mien.

Katharine, sitting between John and his wife, and mindful of her instructions, strove to keep them entertained.

"Friends, do you realize," said Mrs. Ostrander, after the first biscuit, "that we the people of Cairnes have not had a single picnic to the lake this year, and here it is midsummer? I propose that we have one this coming week. Miss Hamilton must see the inhabitants drawn up in battle array. She cannot judge of all by the select specimens before her and—"

"O, Mrs. Ostrander," protested Hope Hopkins, "can't you wait until that 'supply' arrives? It would be so easy to

introduce him in that way to everybody. Father commended him, whoever he may be, so earnestly to my mercy, and insisted that he must be made acquainted with all the people."

"Remember the hare must be caught before the cooking," put in Mr. Ostrander; adding, "what are we going to do for a parson, John?"

"I have no idea. We must send to Langbury."

"In the meantime I agree with Hope that we will not precipitate a picnic. I will show Katharine the natives by degrees, as she or they can bear it," laughed Hannah.

"You have probably seen a few places, Miss Hamilton, as remarkable as Cairnes," said Mr. Ferris, turning to look at her for the first time. Her frank, pleasant face attracted him always afterward.

"After supper," remarked Maria, "Miss Hamilton will tell us about her travels. It is the dream of my life to go to Europe, and I have a passion for hearing everything a traveller can tell me."

"But I have no lecture prepared on the subject, dear Mrs. Ostrander, no panorama, not even a magic lantern. Still, if you care to catechise me, I shall answer to the best of my ability."

It was a warm evening, so they carried chairs out under the trees and watched the afterglow of sunset on the lake while Kate, yielding to Mrs. Ostrander's entreaties, modestly narrated whatever she fancied could be of interest. She was a natural story-teller, and a bit of a mimic. She pictured for them life on an ocean steamer and in foreign cities, told of odd characters she had met, all the while revealing herself as an unaffected girl. Hannah was quite proud of her. Hope, who, being of finer fibre than the rustic maidens thereabout, had lacked for congenial companionship, rejoiced at her coming. To Mary Ferris, after years of isolation from young people's society, she was a most brilliant creature. Her little drolleries seemed dazzling, and her pretty ways uncommonly fascinating—even Kate's simple toilet, taken with her youthful grace, was a marvel of elegance in Mary's opinion. She grew silent and moody. How easy it was for all these women to keep up a smooth flow of pleasing talk. If she forced herself to speak, she fancied that her words fell out dry and void of all interest. John was talking and listening to them as never to her—alert, full of animation in telling this Miss Hamilton of his schoolboy notions

of Rome, making her describe its temples, ruins, forums.

"It is not too dark, Mrs. Ferris, to show you my roses; the rest have seen them," said Hannah after a little.

Mary gladly followed her to the garden, where, over one thing and another, they lingered until the stars came out. Then giving her a cluster of her finest roses, Hannah said:

"We are all so glad to have you at home again well, glad for you, for ourselves, and to see how happy it has made your husband."

"Yes, if I only could begin over," faltered Mary, surprised into a half-confidence.

"You are beginning anew, with everything bright before you."

"With youth behind me."

Hannah was going to answer in a cheerful strain, when Mrs. Ferris made an utterly irrelevant remark, and soon showed her desire to rejoin the rest.

They had an hour of music and then the guests began to go; the Ferrises went first.

"Maria," expostulated Hannah, "get Mrs. Ferris into picnics, but not into your scientific club."

"Why, that is precisely what she needs, Hannah! Her early education was neglected, and she has been under a cloud until naturally——"

"Naturally she needs to be made happy, rather than learned."

"She can just as well be both. Why, Mary Somerville studied French after she was seventy, and I have been thinking that I would study Greek myself, so as to read the New Testament in the original."

"Mary Ferris is not Mary Somerville, and——"

"Then do you think she would be interested in Chinese missions? I'll take her over my reports to-morrow. And how about a minister? Didn't I hear

you say once you admired something of Browning's? I am reading him, but so far I don't get the drift of any selections that I have read. I'm reading to Mr. Ostrander, too, because what is good for me is good for him. I read to him evenings, and he got down considerable history last winter, but he is behaving just awfully about this Browning poetry. I told him it lacked the vulgar jingle, perhaps, but it was deep. So last night when I came to this verse:

"Hobbs hints blue,—straight he turtle
eats,

Nobbs prints blue,—claret crowns
his cup,

Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats—
Both gorge. Who fished the murex
up?

What porridge had John Keats—'

"Ostrander founced upright and roared 'Stop that!' He didn't care who wrote that, he would not listen, and as for me, I had better read Watts' hymns. I am afraid I can never get him to hear more, and yet I do like to be thorough with anything I undertake."

"Maria, I am going home. If you come before daylight don't tumble over any toadstools; you know you're top-heavy," said Mr. Ostrander.

"I'm coming this minute, wait for me. Good-night, all," cried his wife.

"Cousin Hannah," said Katharine, "your party was very pleasant."

"And you helped to make it so."

"Mrs. Ostrander is like a lake breeze, and Hope Hopkins delightful."

"Do you like the Ferrises?"

"He seems one of the big brothers of humanity, with whom poor, snubbed, tired creatures ought to be comfortable; but she hardly looks contented. What uncanny eyes she has! I fancy she does not like me."

"Oh, that is only fancy," said Hannah.

"We must make her like us."

THE MISSIONARY MARTYRS.

BY EDWARD N. POMEROY.

O ye who joined but yesterday
The holy martyr throng,
Ye wear your crowns serene as they
Whose brows have borne them long.

We know not what indignity
Ye suffered ere the last;
We know He bore you company
While through the flame you passed.

We ask no shaft to mark the place
Where earth received her trust;
We ask instead that flowers of grace
May blossom from your dust.

Our heads are bowed, our eyes are dim,
Our hearts are rent with pain;
But ye who dared and died for Him
Nor dared nor died in vain.

—Independent.

BY WESTERN WATCH-FIRES.

DEDICATED TO THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE
METHODIST CHURCH.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.



TWILIGHT — the long luscious twilight of the prairie summer. The winds had lulled, only a gentle breath, just enough to stir the silvery branched wolf-wil-

lows by the slough and the poplars on the bluffs. The day's work was over, and Grace Douglas stood leaning slightly forward, her fair arms crossed on her father's shoulder as he sat in the open doorway.

"How is thy bronco coming on, little one?" asked he.

"Well! splendidly! I rode him all the way to Tullivers yesterday. Bill says I'm completely master now."

She was a slender-looking little brown-eyed lady (not over twenty) to curb a newly-broken bronco and trace the prairie paths alone, but she had grown up amid such things. The prairie was to her almost a living being. Its great greyish bosom that throbbed and heaved under the west wind, its winding trails, its bending harvests, its mirages, its far-spread sunset—these things she knew and loved.

She shrank from man as do most children of solitude. She was really timid, but she could mount a bronco and skirt miles of prairie. She did not even dread the howl of the wolves at night nor the white breath of the blizzard. These had been her cradle-song. She knew every sound of nature: the cry of the little gopher, the flash of the wild ducks in the lake, the call of every bird. And the flowers; every flower had a personality to her!

As to people; well, there was Aunt Becky, who had kept house ever since dear mother died, fifteen years ago, and Priscilla and Drusilla, the twins that had worked for them so long, and half-breed Bill, who helped her manage the broncos at first.

Then came David, and Solomon, and Ruth, and Esther, and Samuel, and Paul, and Stephen, who was stoned to death. Oh, yes, she knew them all. They were as real as Aunt Becky. She had peopled the prairies with them long before other inhabitants had dwelt there.

As a child she had built Solomon's porch there at the foot of the bluffs, and that big hole back of the poplars was

Joseph's pit, and she was quite sure Ruth had walked with her among the ripening harvests.

But of late years there had been human companions as well. Great stone houses had been rearing their fronts in the distance and shacks dotted the far-off horizon.

Still hers was for the most part a life of isolation, and her face had a touch of that solemn pathos that looks from the eyes of those who live face to face with God and nature. It was deepened just now as she stood leaning on her father's shoulder, watching the sunset light gather and glow and fade over the low-lying sand-hills of the west.

"What is thee thinking of, my child?" asked the old man, in the pretty Quaker accent of his childhood.

"I was thinking—I have just been reading about that little Herbie Bellamy."

"Yes, yes, Aunt Becky was just reading me about him."

"Do you know, father, I don't see why there isn't a Woman's Missionary Society here at Bethel church now that the country is getting settled up. There are a lot of good Christian women. There's Mrs. Lowther, and Mrs. Carpenter, and Mrs. Gregg; and there's a great deal of wealth here, too, and I can't help thinking that when we are right here we ought to do something to help our Indians help themselves. Of course it's all right for the people away off to just send them blankets and clothes and things of that sort, but it seems to me we ought to do something more."

"Yes, child, thee has sound philosophy in that little head. We've certainly done much to make paupers of our Indians. We've simply shoved 'em back an' given 'em no place in the civilized world."

And they gazed in silence for a moment at the little sparks glowing on the horizon: it was the camp-fires on the Indian Reserve.

"That's a wonderful work that Sibyl Carter did among the American Indians. Did you read that?"

"No, where did thee get all this missionary literature, child?"

"Mr. Bowers lent me a lot of papers the other day."

"Our young minister seems very much interested in thee," said the old man, secretly smiling.

"He is very kind," she answered with innocent solemnity; for she was too much a child of nature to play the coquette.

"But that Sibyl Carter, she saw there was no longer any sale for the poor Indians' bead-work, and so she learned lace-making on purpose to teach them. She got all the best ideas of European schools, and then she wove in Indian designs. At first the Indian women came to her to work, and then she let them take the work home on condition that they would keep their houses clean and allow her to inspect them. And now their laces are on exhibit at the Paris Exposition."

"Humph! Wonderful achievement for one girl!"

"Yes, and I don't see why our own Indians couldn't learn it just as well. I think, anyway, we ought to have a Woman's Missionary Society in Bethel church. Do you know, father, I think I'll mount Billy to-morrow and go and see Mrs. Lowther and Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs. —"

"Thee! Thee! Why my poor dear little mouse! They'll want thee to inaugurate it or do some other desperate thing, an' timid little chicken, thee'd faint if thee had to stand up an' speak before 'em all."

Her eyes looked misty for a moment. That had been her great trial at school, her nervousness in the presence of others. It was probably the result of her solitary life. She was bold enough when alone.

But that did not prevent Grace Douglas from silently maturing her plans that night. It was early dawn when she awakened just in time to catch that beautiful phenomenon of the North-West prairies, the mirage.

The whole district, its shacks, its stone barns, its little church and school-house, its herd of wild horses, its winding trails, the Reserve dotted with wigwams—all were painted there on the morning sky.

She saw her mission-field spread across the heavens. She felt her call, shrinking child of nature though she was, and all day long the bronco was treading over the prairie fields and the bluffs till he brought home a weary girl at nightfall.

Well, the outcome of her day's labour?

"Let me see, there's Mrs. Lowther says she thinks the world is run to death with organizations and societies and clubs. Says she had hoped when they got away out here on the prairie she'd be out of reach

of all those things. But it seems to me it is the too many organizations that is troubling Mrs. Lowther's mind, and I don't see that because we have one good organization we need to cry out the woes of having too many."

"Yes," said Priscilla, "as father used to say, eatin' too many apples doesn't prove apples ain't good to eat."

"That's just it, sister," said Drusilla, who was only the echo of her sister and her sister's sentiments.

"Well, then, there is Mrs. Carpenter, she says a woman's work is at home. Of course, that's true. Her first duty is there. But then Mr. Bowers said in his sermon, Sunday, that a home that existed only for its own inmates was a dead hulk on the earth's surface. Surely some of us can spare a little time to send Christ into other homes than ours. Mrs. Carpenter, with her family all grown up, is just the one to spare a little time."

"Then, Mrs. Clavers doesn't believe in a woman taking part in anything public. But who is it says, 'It isn't where a woman speaks but her manner of speaking that makes her womanly or unwomanly,' whether it be in public or in private, and what is there public anyway in a Woman's Missionary Society, women working to save the souls of their sisters!"

She paused a moment to think of poor old Papuneka as she had seen her often labouring under her burden of firewood whilst husband and sons rested, wrapped in the tobacco smoke of their wigwam.

Well, of course, talk didn't carry it through. Talk never does. Grace Douglas wore thoughtful eyes over a further step. It is wonderful how determined timid girls often are in the carrying out of their plans.

There seemed to be an unusual amount of baking and dainty cooking in 'e Douglas kitchen during the next week, and half-breed Bill felt wonderfully drawn thither. It was such a pleasure just to "try things fresh from the oven and tell the women-folks how they taste."

Finally the women of the surrounding neighbourhood were invited to what Grace called a "Missionary Tea Party." Things were proceeding merrily. Tea was over, the teething baby, the rag carpet bee, the last funeral, the next wedding, had all been looked at from their various points of view.

Then came Grace's trying hour. She had resolved to face it, and face it she must. It was an understood thing that



“WHILST HUSBAND AND SON RESTED,
WRAPPED IN THE TOBACCO-SMOKE
OF THEIR WIGWAM.”

there was to be a little talk on missions, given by the young hostess that evening, and so the circle gathered round her at the signal.

We will take her first attempt at an address, interlined with her thoughts while speaking:

“My dear Christian sisters (Oh, how can I go on with that lump in my throat?). You all know, of course, the purpose (Oh, my cheeks, they will surely burst into flames!) for which we are come together. I think I have spoken to all of you here (Oh, that quake in my voice. They'll think I'm nearly crying!) about st— about starting a missionary auxiliary in Bethel church (Oh dear! What was I going to say next? I can't think! Oh, this dreadful pause! How still the place is! Oh, what shall I do? Oh, I remember!). We have all, I believe, felt pity in our hearts for heathen women, women in lands of polygamy and idolatry (There's Mrs. Jarvis whispering to Mrs. Matthews. I wonder if I've made some dreadful mistake?), and why should not we bear our share in sending them the Gospel light? (Dear! that sentence didn't come in there at all. Why did I ever attempt to speak from notes?) We read the words: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' and if the rest of the Christian world is responsible for sending the light to the whole world, surely (Oh, dear! There's the minister coming in! How shall I



ever get through, now!)--surely--God expects us to do something for the heathen under our eyes. Other bands— societies—I mean auxiliaries. (Oh, dear! I'm all mixed up, and I can't breathe, and——.)”

The next sentence was illustrated by the speaker sinking into a chair a mere sobbing heap, her notes scattered on every side.

“Well, I just couldn't do anything else,” said motherly Mrs. Lowther on her way home. “When I saw how hard the poor timid little soul had tried, and how her heart was set on it, I couldn't do anything else but go to work an' see that we organized an auxiliary. An' the way the minister commended her! Of course, I do think it was a mistake puttin' me in president, but if the Lord see fit to do so, I can but do my best. It's a pity, though, the minister hasn't a wife for such a position as that. We almost need a married man at Bethel.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Clavers, “ministers' wives come in so handy like when they're the right sort. You can always depend on 'em to do the work that other, won't do.”

So the auxiliary at Bethel had its

beginning. To be sure, Grace Douglas passed through the Valley of Humiliation that night, when she thought of her failure. But what she called failure materialized into a flourishing auxiliary under Mrs. Lowther. If Grace had not

lace she had designed herself—a prairie vine clinging to a delicately intricate border. Then followed visits to the Indian Reserve, and soon the settlers' wives were wearing lace made by the hands of the Indian women. For timid



“SHE WAS PERFECTLY AT HOME AMONG THEIR TEEPEES AND THEIR CAMP-FIRES.”

as yet developed the self-possession necessary to a leader, she yet had the faculty of urging on others.

It was September. The auxiliary had held three splendid meetings, and Grace had been mysteriously engaged during her spare hours on a wonderful piece of

though she had been before her own people, she had no fear of the Indians. They were the children of the prairie; she was perfectly at home among their teepees and their camp-fires.

It was getting toward evening when she started homeward from the Reserve

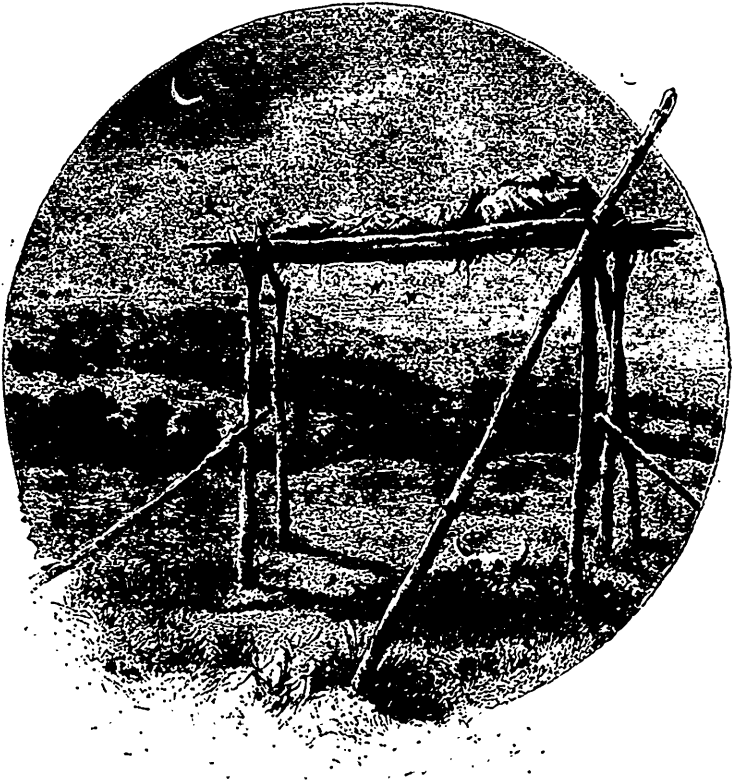
that night mounted on her bronco. She had told them not to expect her home, as she would spend the night with Mrs. Clavers, but the Clavers' house was closed when she got there.

Mrs. Clavers, the hired man said, had received a telegram that morning, and left with the children for Ontario.

"Four miles out of my way and near night! Prick up, Billy, my boy; we must hurry."

her purpose to scold. It was just cold enough to bring the glow to her face as she gazed on the prairie scenes.

They do not know the prairie; who dream of it as a weary waste without variation. Yonder was the slough where the marsh-hay was being gathered. (Travellers of the North-West are all familiar with the phenomenon of haying till autumn). Then the rippling Kumu-wawa, glowing with its bright-winged



"A DARK SHADOW FELL ATHWART HER PATH—THE SHADOW OF A SCAFFOLD."

And they turned down the homeward trail. It was only the beginning of September, but the chill of the prairie night was increasing. She had come to a fork in the trail. Oh! the very place! Why didn't she think of it before? Here was a short cut round the bluffs, along Lake Kumu-wawa, past Adams' shack and through their own lands.

"Get up now, Billy. This way."

Billy seemed very much inclined to turn back, but she was too absorbed in

ducks. Overhead the cry of the wild geese sailing in the cloud and the blue.

"Humph! Never saw this poplar wood before," Grace soliloquized.

This trail must be farther west than I thought. It must be up near Black Bear Creek and the ravine."

A fawn went scampering across the trail; the path grew steeper and more rugged. Already the moon hung faint and silvery among the light touches of far-away cloud. She had just emerged

from the shelter of a cluster of larches when suddenly a dark shadow fell athwart her path—the shadow of a scaffold.

She looked up in terror. Something long and dark was stretched upon the top. She knew it well—the remains of some poor Indian, left to sleep in the winds and the night. Asleep, dear Lord, with lips untaught to breathe thy name! Her heart ached as she looked back on the terrible shadow, the lonely scene, and the coming night. There was something uncanny in the very air, but she feared not.

Yes, she had mistaken her way; they were descending the Black Bear Ravine. The brook was low, fortunately, but its bed was very stony.

“Now, Billy, good fellow, you must ford it.”

But they had scarcely touched the opposite bank when Billy reared suddenly, humped up in bronco fashion, and plunged madly forward. Something like a thunder-clap followed and a dense darkness over everything. Then she felt very cold in her own bed at home, but it was hard to open her eyes, though she could feel something like a faint far-off light on her face. With an effort she roused herself at last. And the stars! Why, it was the stars above and the moon drifting yonder on the night-winds. Why had they carried her bed out under the stars at night? She felt for the clothing, but the turf and the stone met her hand. A queer dazed feeling passed through her head. The poplars rustled and whispered, there was the dash and hurry of running waters. Oh, yes! she remembered now. She had been thrown from her bronco that evening. She was on the bank of the Black Bear stream, alone at night on the prairie! She tried to move; but, oh, the pain! Was it early night or near morning? Would they find her? Oh, no, she remembered; they did not expect her home that night. The poplars shivered and whispered; there was the hoot of a prairie owl far off by the Kunuwawa and the far-off howl of the coyote.

She raised one cold benumbed hand, simply pulled her cloak about her, then she floated away again to a lamp-lighted room and her mother rocked her to sleep in the little cradle in the kitchen.

It was daybreak when she opened her eyes again; but she was too cold and numb to move now. The sky was all alight with fire, the horizon burning gold. Black and grey and crimson and golden shadows met and chased each

other over ravine and woodland and bluff. The sandhill crane called in its flight overhead; then the mirage unfolded its glories to her vision. There, oh there, was home on the clouds! She could even see the yard. And there was her bronco grazing. They would know then she was lost. There was the church-yard, too, and Mrs. Baker's house where the minister boarded.

Then the mirage faded in the full blaze of the sunlight, and she lay passive and still beneath the morning light. She could not move; she felt faint and weak, but her imagination seemed strangely vivid, and she fell to painting the Bible scenes of her childhood. This was the brook Cherith beside her, and she was Elijah, and there were the great black ravens coming in the sky. Then she knew nothing again till a voice spoke just above her.

“Grace—Grace.”

She opened her eyes. It was Mr. Bowers, the minister.

“Poor, brave girl!”

But she did not feel the need of pity lying there under the morning sky. A great unknown something made her happy. It was weeks before she walked again; but in the quiet of her room papers were brought her giving accounts of Bethel Auxiliary and of the work of its brave founder, Grace Douglas.

A year later, at one of the Board meetings of the Woman's Missionary Society, held in Metropolitan Church, Toronto, a lady was seen displaying the wonderful lace work of her own Canadian Indians.

“A very self-possessed little woman is that Mrs. Bowers.”

“Just on their wedding tour, aren't they?”

“Yes, Bowers knew how to chose a minister's wife.”

But didn't Mr. Bowers, in his address that night, “For the Encouragement of Nervous Women,” tell about his wife's first attempt at a public address, and how she actually cried in the middle of it when he came into the room?

Mrs. Bowers, in the rear of the congregation, laughed as heartily as anyone.

“But the idea of giving the poor young thing away like that? I always did think,” said Aunt Becky, when she read the letter, “that the meanness in the men folks is like pokeberry stain. Women may scrub and scrub, but you never get it all out.”

Toronto.

ST. JAMES' PALACE.



ST. JAMES' PALACE, WHERE KING EDWARD VII. WAS PROCLAIMED.

St. James' Palace—it is no exaggeration to say—is better known by name than any other place throughout the world. The very mention of it—in countries remote, and amongst peoples who speak other languages and have different manners and customs—wins instant respect and recognition; for does not its Court wield a mightier influence than any other Court, and are not its accredited emissaries the representatives of a power than which none is mightier?

Being, then, what we may term the official headquarters of a nation on whose realms the sun never sets, St. James' Palace must ever possess a singular interest to the great majority. This is further enhanced by its past associations, connected as it is with monarchs, statesmen, and generals famous to history.

To go back to the beginning: It was probably about the year 1100 when the first building on the present site of the palace was put up as a sort of hospital, being a lazar-house for women. Henry VIII., liking the position, purchased the ground, turned the occupants out, razed the hospital, put up a mansion on the spot, and enclosing the neighbouring fields with a brick wall, surrounded himself with a fine park, at that time well stocked with game. This was at the time he married Anne Boleyn, and some of the interior still shows evidences of their joint residence within its walls.

The building, of course, has been much added to at later periods, chiefly by Charles I., Queen Anne, George II., and George III. It has a somewhat rambling appearance, and is of mixed architecture—chiefly Gothic. The front centre shows much of the original, comprising the clock-tower and gateway, and the Chapel Royal.

This chapel, apart from its architectural interest, has many associations which make it more interesting still. In the first place, the Liturgy, as now used in the Church of England, was rendered here for the first time. Secondly, King Charles I. attended in these walls his last service on earth, just prior to setting out for his journey to Whitehall and the executioner's block. Here were married George IV. and Queen Caroline; and, coming down to our own times, here it was our late beloved Queen was both confirmed and married. Later on, the Princess Royal and Crown Prince of Prussia were also married here; and at a still more recent date the marriage ceremony of His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Her Serene Highness the Princess May was performed.

George III. attended the Royal Chapel every Sunday morning in State, but so long was the service, and so devout was he, that the Queen and family were in the habit of dropping off one by one, leaving the king, the parson, and His

Majesty's equerry to freeze it out together.

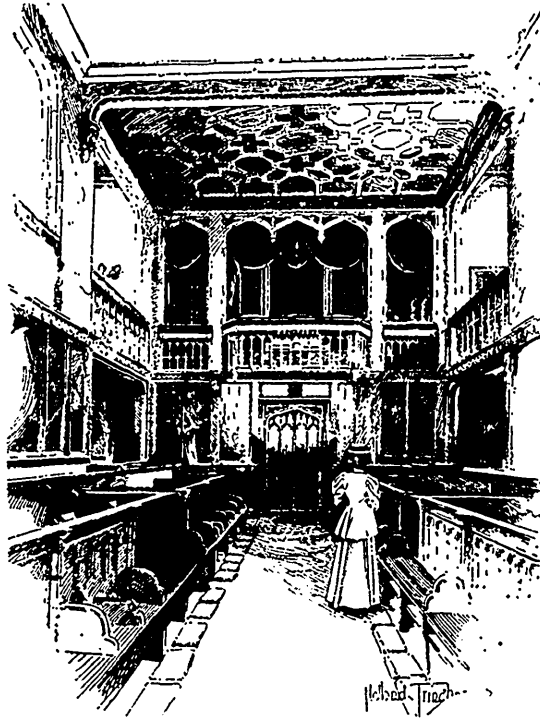
Certain it is that not all the attendants were so devout as the king, for the story goes on to tell how a celebrated duchess and her daughter, coming hither one

The interior of the chapel is oblong in shape, with a roof divided into small painted squares, termed panelled renaissance, showing Tudor emblems and mottoes. The H. and A. which are evident, are by some supposed to refer to Anne Boleyn, and by some to Anne of Cleves; at any rate the date inscribed in these panels is 1540. The entire decoration was designed by Hans Holbein.

The choir, known as the "Gentlemen and children of the Chapel Royal," sit in stalls on either side of the chapel, the organ being in a gallery on the left. The dress of the boys is picturesque in the extreme, the scarlet and gold of their long coats, and the Elizabethan ruffles at neck and wrists giving them a quaint and old-world appearance. This choir performed the first oratorio ever heard in England, namely, Handel's "Esther," in 1731.

The levées are still held in St. James' Palace. From the window of this room the accession of a monarch is proclaimed, and it was here, so many years ago, that our late Queen stood and looked out on the surging, cheering crowd who had assembled to listen to the proclamation of her accession.

In this place died Queen Mary, two children of Charles I., Queen Caroline—wife of George II., the Princess Elizabeth—daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and other celebrities. Here also were born Charles II. and George IV.



CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES' PALACE.

Sunday, found the chapel quite full—not a seat to be had! Looking round and finding the case hopeless, the duchess somewhat audibly observed—"Come away, Louisa; at any rate we have done the civil thing!"

VICTORIA REGINA.

Our anguished hearts with grief are beating low,
 Through the long watches of this winter night,
 And hast thou passed for ever from our sight
 Most august Queen, beloved and honoured so?
 Now is thy mighty Empire bowed in woe,—
 For thou Britannia's annals pure and bright
 Hast ever kept. Thou hast maintained the Right.
 Oh, Mother-Queen! how can we let thee go!
 Within that royal home where Albert died
 Are gathered those of so supreme renown,
 A Prince, an Emperor are kneeling down
 In filial love thy dying bed beside,
 Regina, Queen! may peace with thee abide.
 Who for an earthly, gain'st a Heavenly Crown.

The World's Progress.



IN MEMORIAM

This cartoon from *Harper's Weekly* beautifully symbolizes the grief and sympathy of the United States with Great Britain for the death of our beloved Queen. Above the strife of tongues, and jealousies of party or of pelf, throb the warm sympathies and good-will of all English-speaking lands. This cartoon recalls another which appeared in *Punch* just six-and-thirty years ago, of Great Britain and America mourning at the tomb of Lincoln. That journal had often caricatured the gaunt form of the great tribune of the American people, but it made ample amends in a memorial poem accompanying the cartoon :

"Between those mourners at the head and feet,

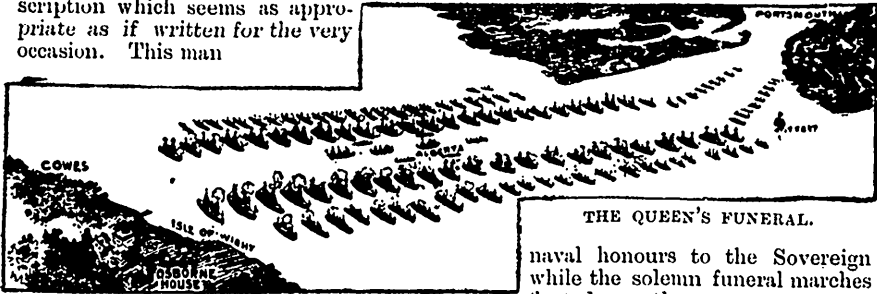
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you ?

Yes, for he shamed me from my hollow jest"—

and the poet went on to pay a noble tribute to the dead statesman and emancipator.

In many American cities memorial services were held at the same hour as the obsequies of the Queen, and most generous appreciations of her many virtues were eloquently expressed. So also during the obsequies of President Lincoln memorial services were held in Canada. In one of these it was the privilege of the present writer to take part. In the words of the great poet who belongs alike to all English-speaking lands, we found a de-

scription which seems as appropriate as if written for the very occasion. This man



“Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
against
The deep damnation of his taking off.”

Thus in the providence of God these national bereavements do much to draw together kindred peoples on both sides of the sea.

LAST TRIBUTE.

The Queen's funeral was the most imposing pageant of the sort of which we have any record. On Friday, February 1st, from her island home at Osborne all that was mortal of the Queen was borne reverently to the port, King Edward VII. and Kaiser William III., mourning attendants and ladies of the Royal Household walking behind as at a village funeral. It was then conveyed on the royal yacht between miles of ships of the royal navy whose minute guns paid the last

naval honours to the Sovereign while the solemn funeral marches floated over the waves.

The following day, like a soldier's daughter, the body of the Queen was borne upon a gun carriage, the crown and orb of sovereignty resting upon the coffin, through miles of London streets, draped with sable and purple amid the solemn silence of her loving and loyal people who thronged the route. In the procession rode the sorrowing King, the German Kaiser, and forty European sovereigns or members of royal houses. A striking contrast was this mournful pageant to the brilliant display of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, less than four short years before.

At Windsor an impressive funeral service was held in St. George's Chapel. On Monday, the 4th, the interment at the royal mausoleum at Frogmore took place, and the mortal remains of the beloved Sovereign were laid beside those of the Prince Consort whose loss she had mourned for well-nigh forty years. They await together the resurrection of the last great day.

At the hour of the Queen's obsequies solemn memorial services were held all over the wide empire. Everywhere were seen the sable trappings of woe, the people met in their places of religious assembly, bells tolled solemnly, the roll of muffled drums and solemn funeral marches filled the air, and the booming of the minute guns marked the last military honours paid to the great and good Queen.



THE QUEEN'S LAST RESTING-PLACE.

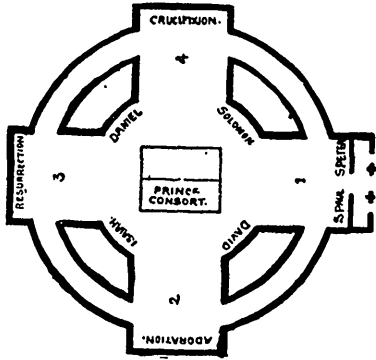
The mausoleum in which Victoria was

FROGMORE MAUSOLEUM—WHERE THE QUEEN WAS BURIED.

interred is situated in Frogmore park, within sight of Windsor Castle, at the end of the long avenue shown in our engraving. It was finished the year after the death of the Prince Consort, and received

The structure stands on high brick walls, to raise it from the damp soil of Frogmore. The cupola, from the windows of which the interior is lighted, is eighty feet above the ground and is coloured blue and gold.

There is a central chamber and four transepts, giving the building a cruciform shape. At each side of the entrance stands a bronze figure of an angel, one bearing a sword and the other a trumpet. The first object seen on entering is an altar, which faces the door from under a fresco of Christ breaking out of the tomb.



PLAN OF MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE.

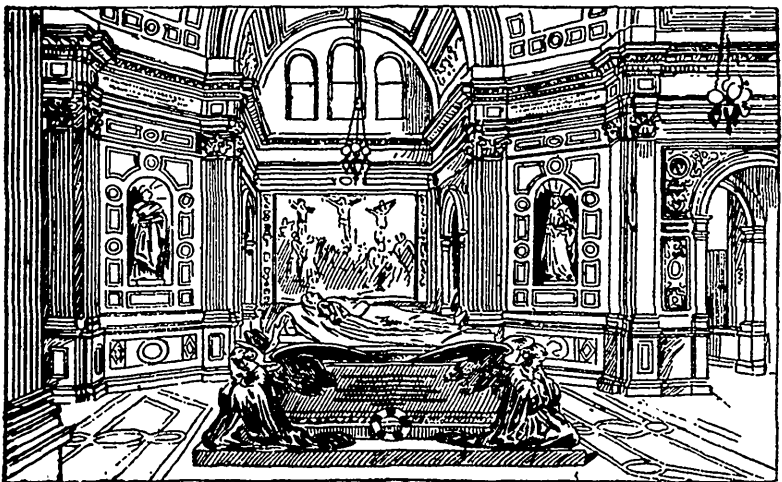
his remains in December, 1862. The mausoleum is said to have cost \$1,900,000 and is one of the most sumptuous buildings of its kind in the world. Beside the sarcophagus which contains the body of the Prince Consort is another prepared some years ago for Queen Victoria and bearing the following epitaph, written by the Queen herself :

Victoria—Albert.
Here at last I shall
Rest with thee ;
With thee in Christ
Shall rise again.

STABILITY OF THE EMPIRE.

It is a remarkable tribute to the unity and solidarity of the British Empire that the passing of the sceptre from the experienced hands of one who for two long generations had wielded it so wisely, into the hands of one who had never shared the responsibilities of office, should be effected without a flutter in the stocks or the slightest commotion in the widespread Empire. While continental thrones have reeled and rocked and toppled to the ground, while rulers have been created and deposed, while financial panic has accompanied political changes, in Britain liberty has "broadened down from precedent to precedent," "broad-based upon a people's will."

To this happy state of affairs we are largely indebted for the life and influence of the Queen herself. By her wise administration, by her self-repression, by



WHERE THE QUEEN IS BURIED.—INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM, FROGMORE.

her utter absence of personal ambition, she has made the British constitution more democratic, more sensitive to the popular will than that of any country that we know. The surest guarantee of the permanence of our institutions and their ever-broadening scope "which makes the bounds of freedom wider still," is the pledge of the new King that he will walk in the footsteps of his mother, and defend the constitutional rights and liberties of his people.

Edward VII. has a grand opportunity. Never was the Empire so united as it is to-day. No rumblings of discontent at home or of disaffection abroad are heard, as when the maiden Queen received the sceptre. The problems of the future will be largely economic; the development of peaceful industries, the seeking of wider markets, the extension of education, the spread of religion, the housing of the poor, the extirpation of pauperism and of its chief cause, the drink traffic—these are some of the problems of the new century.

A ROYAL MARRIAGE.

The funeral knell and wedding bell, the crape and orange blossom are not far apart in this world. A few days after the great Queen was laid to rest the marriage of the young Queen Wilhelmina was celebrated with loyal enthusiasm.



WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

The best wishes of the Canadian people will accompany her. No greater blessing

can we invoke for her than that which Mrs. Browning prayed for our own good Queen on her marriage:

"The blessings happy peasants have, be thine, oh, crowned Queen."

VICTORIES OF PEACE.

A strange sentiment was uttered by Dr. Armstrong Black in addressing the volunteer corps of this city as they assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of our late lamented Sovereign. The eloquent preacher affirmed that "we cannot attain to a true and full life unless we shall have experience of war in the life of this fair land," and further, that "before we come to the full and true and noble work of life we must be consecrated to that work in blood." He predicts also that this "baptism of blood" may come soon, and that it may arise from the question of race, of religion, or of old-world quarrels.

This is a very dark horoscope for our new country and the new century. We doubt the prophecy, we deny the principle. There are victories of peace more glorious than those of war. War may sometimes have created a new patriotism and a spirit of union, but there is a nobler cement of nationality than that of blood—that which comes from a lofty faith, inflexible principle, pure lives, and a devotion to noble ideals. "The meek," saith the Master, "shall inherit the earth." There is a might and majesty in meekness that there is not in bloodshed and war. The Pilgrim Fathers, who fared forth across the sea and on New England's rock-bound shore "raised the psalm to wintry skies" and sought "freedom to worship God"—these have been an inspiration to the noblest patriotism and self-sacrifice, to the devotion to the things unseen and eternal rather than to things seen and temporal, that have been the cornerstone of the national greatness of the American Union.

The Pilgrim Fathers and founders of this land who went forth like Abraham, not knowing whither they went, so only that they might dwell in peace beneath the old flag they loved so well, laid broad and deep and stable the foundations of this commonweal. And their sons and sons' sons builded wisely thereon. In felling the forest, in ploughing the glebe, in subduing nature, in creating homes in the wilderness, in training their households in the fear of God, they rendered as noble service to their country as though they "sought the bubble reputation in

the cannon's mouth," or imbrued their hands in their brothers' blood. We hope and believe that no great war shall devastate our fields, destroy our cities, wreck our commerce and clothe our land in mourning. In fighting racial and religious prejudice, in casting out the drink demons and other evil spirits from the body politic, in building up a Christian civilization, in peopling the waste places of the earth and sending the Gospel to the regions beyond, is ample room and scope for the display of purest, loftiest patriotism and development of noblest character.

WAR NOT NORMAL.

In this connection we wish to dissent from sentiments expressed by the Premier of the Province at the banquet tendered to Colonel Otter and his troops on their return to Canada. Dr. Ross—we quote from memory—referred to the history of Britain as one of almost continuous war, and spoke of the pugnacious character of John Bull, and in praise of the policy of "What we have we'll hold." One must not accept too literally the rhetorical figures of an after-dinner speech at a military banquet, but Dr. Ross' own services to his country for many years have shown how great and benign are the victories of peace. If you look on one of those historical charts showing in red colours Britain's wars for the century you will find that they were exceptional, local, generally limited to the frontiers of the Empire, and were, properly, a police service in maintaining peace and not a general war. In our own country only for a few months out of the century have actual hostilities been in progress, and in Great Britain not for a single

hour. But weeks of war bulk more largely on the public view than years of peace. Poets and orators, painters and sculptors have glorified its achievements and haloed it with the nimbus of renown, yet, at best it is only a desperate remedy for a desperate disease—the surgeon's knife shedding blood to save the national life. But in the higher civilization of the future—the near future, we believe—war will become obsolete, the "idle spear and shield be high up-hung" and the nations practice its dreadful art no more.

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
War's echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'"

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

PAX BRITANNICA.

It is pleasing to learn that the greater part of the Orange Free State has become pacified and loyal under British administration. Schools have been established, loyal Boers appointed justices of the peace, and the most of the clergy have taken the oath of allegiance and are receiving the same payment from the British Government which they received from the Free State. We predict that as soon as the irreconcilable bandits who are plundering the country are captured or dispersed, the same shall be true also of the Transvaal.

"THE LORD IS THY KEEPER."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The Lord doth keep, by night and day,
His people everywhere;
None too remote or lowly are
His guardianship to share.

Through storm and calm, in gleam or gloom,
He doth attend them still,
To cheer and soothe and sympathize,
And shield from every ill.

He smooths the way for those amid
Earth's busy throng who tread;
And watches tenderly beside
Each lonely sufferer's bed.

To weary ones He whispereth
Of the resting-time to come;

And comforts grief-bowed hearts with hope
Of a glad, immortal home.

The anxious and perplexed He bids
On Him all care to cast,
Trusting the love that leads aright,
Till trial-times be past.

No evil can befall the souls
Who His protection know;
Safe He will bring through every hour
Of danger or of woe.

The Lord His people everywhere
Will keep by night and day—
Until they come where night is not
And the daylight shines for aye!

CHILD-WIVES AND CHILD-WIDOWS.*



ONLY A GIRL

From "*Wrongs of India Womanhood.*"

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One of the saddest things in the world to-day is the condition of the child-wives and child-widows of India. The number of widows in that country is twenty-three millions, and many millions of these are

mere children. The writer speaks of one who was married at nine months to a boy of six. Girls are often married in their cradle, and if the husband for whom they are destined dies, they are doomed to the disgrace and shame and drudgery of widowhood, for they are deemed to be under the curse of heaven, and are doomed to the curse of earth, especially of the cruel mother-in-law. This custom has existed for twenty-five hundred years,

*"The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood." By Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller, Bombay, India. With an introduction by Ramabai. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 302. Price, \$1.25.

and is a tyranny strong as that of caste itself.

The poor widow, whose bereavement in Christian lands calls forth tenderest love and sympathy, is treated with cruellest wrong. She must eat but one meal a day, must fast twice a month, must never join the family feasts, her beautiful hair is shorn away, her bright garb removed, she is almost literally clothed in sackcloth and ashes. The British Government prevented the burning of widows on their husbands' funeral piles, but the tyranny of ancient custom still oppresses the hapless victims. The well-known Pundita Ramabai was betrothed in childhood, but refused to accept the man chosen as her husband. She fought out her right in

the courts. All India was roused. She had to pay two thousand rupees to her husband and bear the cost of the trial, several thousands more.

This is only one of the wrongs of womanhood described in this book. The missionaries have done much for the succour of Indian women. They have invaded the seclusion of zenana life, and taken the light of the Gospel to many a dark home and sad heart. But both the Mohammedan and Hindu religions degrade woman to a mere chattel, and only the power of Christianity can emancipate them from this ancient thralldom. Here is the noblest work in which Christian women can engage on behalf of their heathen sisters.

VICTORIA.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

“He set the royal crown upon her head and made her queen.”—Esther ii. 17.

God made her Queen. In a long line she came—
Such as had known the splendour of a throne;
And England's realm she early called her own,
While the world utter'd her auspicious name:
Yet did God make her Queen: His sacred flame
Inspired with purest love her virgin heart;
Yea, wisdom to her choice did He impart,
And honour, never to be turned to shame.
The isles looked up to her; she was enthroned
In all affections; virtue to her reign
Gave still new lustre; her sweet face, serene,
Chief of all womankind her people owned;
Kings, poets, did her reverence:—not in vain
God, and a loyal Nation, made her Queen!

“IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MY MOTHER.”

BY JULIA HARRIS MAY.

In the footsteps of thy mother
(Thou hast promised, and no other)
Thou wilt walk, O new-made King!
Still we hear it echoing,
(Prince, and King, and Man, and Brother)
“In the footsteps of my Mother.”

Ah, her footsteps are so plain!
Look for them, and look again;
On the highways of the land;
In the Palace, by the Strand,
Find them. Walk thou in no other.
Keep the footsteps of thy Mother.

She hath chosen paths of truth
From the very days of youth.
Walk thou in her footsteps, pray,

Hour by hour and day by day:
Leave them not for any other.
Keep the footsteps of thy Mother.

If thou dost her footsteps keep
Up the Empire's toilsome steep,
England shall be glad and free;
Other lands shall honour thee;
And the distant isles shall sing
Evermore, “God Save the King.”

King, who dost thy Mother weep,
Thou canst not forget to keep
This good promise. Dropping tears
Are the pledge of future years;
And the world, in sympathy,
Reaches loyal hands to thee.

—*Lewiston (Maine) Journal.*

THRENODIES ON THE QUEEN.

Innumerable poetic contributions have been called forth by the nation's sorrow for the loss of their beloved Queen. A notable one is that by the poet laureate, Sir Alfred Austin, of which we quote the closing lines :

Dry your tears and cease to weep,
Dead I am not ; no, asleep,
And asleep but to your seeing,
Lifted to that land of Being.
Lying on life's other shore,
Wakeful now for evermore.
Looking thence, I still will be,
So that you forget not me,
All that, more than, I was there,
Weighted with my Crown of care.
Over you I still will reign,
Still will comfort and sustain,
Through all welfare, through all ill,
You shall be my People still.
I have left you, of my race,
Sons of wisdom, wives of grace,
Who again have offspring, reared
To revere and be revered,
Those on Mighty Thrones, and those
Doomed thereto when Heaven decrees.
Chief amongst them all is One
Well you know, my first-born Son,
Best and tenderest son to me,
Heir of my Authority.
He through all my lonelier years
Tempered with his smile my tears,
And was, in my widowed want,
Comforter and confidant ;
Therefore, trustful, steadfast, brave,
Give him what to me you gave,
Who am watching from Above,
Reverence, Loyalty and Love !
And these gifts He back will give
Long as He shall reign and live.

Of greater poetic merit in our judgment, however, is that of Edwin Markham, who wrote "The Man with the Hoe." It is something to be thankful for that this noble tribute to England's noble Queen comes from an American pen, and was read by the author at a memorial meeting in New York :

THE PASSING OF VICTORIA.

Homage and hush of heart belong to Death,
When at the door the Dread One entereth.
The courteous departure of the soul
To seek its high imperishable goal,
The still withdrawal of that inward Thing
That gives the shapen clay the aureole,
Sends on all hearts the ancient wondering.

And so a stillness falls across the day,
Now that the Queen has pushed aside the
Crown

And, with no heralds telling her renown,
Has gone the august unattended way—
Gone down the way where all of earth
recedes,

Leaving behind a fragrance of good deeds,
A wreath of memories for ever green

Above her name, mother and friend and
Queen.

Whatever fortune came to shape event,
She carried in her heart the Good Intent.
And surely, too, since that far fragrant hour,
When first the boughs of Eden broke to
flower,

Nothing has shined more kingly than kind
deeds ;

Lo, out of these the Golden Heaven proceeds !

The memory of good deeds will ever stay
A lamp to light us on the darkened way,
A music to the ear on clamouring street,
A cooling well amid the noonday heat,
A scent of green boughs blown through
narrow walls,

A feel of rest when quiet evening falls.

The kindly deed will live in memory
When London, in far centuries, shall be
As still as Babylon, and both a dream—
When London dead shall be some poet's
theme—

When all her tombs and towers shall be a
flight

Of ghostly arches in the noiseless night,
Then as some bard on legends borne along
Shall build her faded glories into song,
Some Homer sing her daring and defeats,
Filling with crowds again the grass-grown
streets,

Placing dead kings back on their crumbled
seats—

There suddenly will start into his rhyme
Victoria's name long lavendered by Time ;
And at the poet heart of him will stir
At some small heart-warm chronicle of her,
The obscure whisper of some kindly deed
Of this dead Queen, her quick reply to
need ;

And lo, his song will brighten and will
shine

As though a star should be along the
line !

Greater than any king with wolfish hordes
That ever climbed the pathway of the
swords

Was this Queen mother, gracious, gentle,
good,
A white fair flower of Christian woman-
hood.

Her banners felt the wind of every sea,
And yet she held a wider realm in fee,
The pure high Kingdom of the Womanly.
Peace to her spirit as the years increase—
Peace, for her last great passion was for
peace.

O God of nations, on the dark of things
Send down the white fire of the King of
kings,

Until all rulers shall be lifted up
To drink with common man the equal cup.
Send wisdom upon nations, and send down
On kings the deeper meaning of the crown.
Come, God of Kings and peoples, breathe
on men

Till Love's heroic ages flower again.

“INDUCTIVE THEOLOGY.” *

With these two goodly volumes Chancellor Burwash crowns the labours of a long and useful life. He has embodied in them the result of thirty years of prayerful study. They have been revised and rewritten several times to meet the questions of current thought, and once, he tells us, “with a special view to helping Japanese students, who must approach the study of the Christian truth with a view quite different to that of their European brethren.” They are designed to be a new apologetic for the new century, meeting fairly and squarely the “questions of historical criticism, of scientific objection, of Pantheistic and materialistic philosophy.”

Theology is distinctly a science—the queen of the sciences, as it has been fittingly called. Dr. Burwash studies this science by the proper scientific method—by inductive reasoning from ascertained facts, and not after the manner of the barren philosophy of the mediæval schoolmen.

The chief characteristic of this book is not merely its clear definition, its philosophical acumen, its close-linked logic, but also its spiritual insight. It is pervaded and suffused with a religious glow, with a moral enthusiasm that makes this science of sciences a living thing. We have found it greatly inspiring and helpful, read as an aid to devotion.

The author studies first the great historic religions and philosophies, but finds none that meet the large needs of the soul like the revealed religion of the Lord Jesus. Of this divine revelation he observes that no part, once in the possession of the race, has ever been lost, and the Scriptures as they now exist contain its sum total. “We have found nothing of truth in the religions of the past which Christianity has omitted; nothing to which it has not given a more perfect and fitting expression.”

This Divine Word “has indeed been written in the Book, but it has been re-written in many books. Poets and philosophers, painters and all artists have seized upon its life-giving spirit, have felt its glow in their hearts, and have poured

it forth into all new and modern forms of thought and beauty. It speaks not now in Greek and Hebrew alone, but in hundreds of living languages, and in forms of art which transcend all languages, and are read by universal humanity. While expressed in the Book in divinely inspired perfection, its streams have watered all fields of human thought and have enriched all human literature. This Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever, is a spiritual thing, imperfectly grasped by all our thought, imperfectly expressed by all our languages, contained but in part by all our books, a treasure in earthen vessels, even when set forth in the thought and words of an inspired apostle. The creation of this Word among men is the process of the revelation of God for the world, and the Book is its divinely ordered and completed form.”

Speaking of the criticism of the Scriptures, our author says: “We may quite safely allow reverent and truth-loving biblical critics to press their investigations with scientific fidelity to all facts, and we think there is not the slightest reason to fear that any trustworthy results finally arrived at will diminish aught from the moral and religious value of the Old Testament. The links which bind it to Christianity are not the precise date of any particular event, or the authorship, date or original form or editorial recasting of any particular book, but the fundamental truth which is embodied in the books themselves, and which cannot be eliminated by any results of criticism.”

Dr. Burwash does not avoid or evade the difficulties which meet the students of theology either in biblical or scientific criticism. The treatment of Inspiration, of the Office and Authority of Scripture, of the Formation of the Canon, of the Doctrinal Contents of the Word, is clear and strong.

A very valuable part of this book is the discussion of the topics germane to the great theme. One of these is on the Relation of Religious Faith to Science. In this, speaking of the great scientific discovery of the nineteenth century, Dr. Burwash says: “It is not possible for the theologian to ignore the importance of evolution as the most influential scientific doctrine of our time. It has so largely shaped his own fields of study that he cannot avoid it if he would; and

* “Manual of Christian Theology on the Inductive Method.” By Nathanael Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D., President of Victoria College, Toronto. London: Horace Marshall & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. 2 vols. Pp. xi-442; vii-406. Price, \$3.00.

it has proved itself so richly fruitful of results in every field of scientific investigation, that to ignore it is to deprive ourselves of the most potent of all modern aids in our search for truth. It is without doubt the most universal of the laws of nature as yet discovered by man. Its presence is equally manifest in the world of matter, the world of mind, and the world of history. Its discovery can scarcely be credited to any one man, though Darwin, by its application to the field of biology, gave it a grand impulse. But even in this field he, if the greatest of pioneers, was not absolutely alone; and we may trace back its influence as brooding over the currents of human thought for centuries or even millennia. But in the last half-century it has stepped into the high places of all knowledge, and claimed an imperial sway over every field of human thought except one, *the thought of God*. Faith asserts that He, the infinite, the immutable, the eternal, changes not. What then is the relation of this most wonderful conception of modern science to religious faith? . . . It is that law or order in nature under which each successive phase or step of the movement of the universe as a whole, and in each of its parts, takes up into itself all that has gone before, and adding thereto some new increment of perfection passes onward to that which comes after. . . . Is there aught in the conception itself alien from the religious spirit? Can it not also lift the soul to a Pisgah from which we may get vision of the unseen? . . . May we not go further and venture to say that the religious spirit itself has grasped the same idea in the case of St. Paul, who, comparing the knowledge of God revealed in Christ with the more imperfect light of preceding ages, sees therein a Divine unfolding of an eternal purpose of God. And may we not go further and say that Paul grasped this unfolding, not as an outward and formal series of Divine acts, but as the inner working of the living Spirit of God dwelling in the hearts of His people. It was this vision of the evolution of the purpose of the ages in the sphere of spiritual life which called out one of Paul's noblest exclamations of devout doxology, 'Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think according to the power that worketh in us, Unto Him be glory in the Church and in Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.' . . . The fact seems to be that, so far from religion being opposed

to this conception, religion alone gives it its highest perfection, makes its scope truly universal. It is perhaps not too much to say that its birth in the human mind first came from the religious spirit, and of this same religious faith we believe it is destined to become the noblest of helpers. On the other hand, estranged from the fundamental truth of religious faith, it becomes, not an evolution of ever-increasing glory, but a mere endless permutation of blind forces, working they know not from whence or whither, a purposeless and irrational movement, an incomprehensible series of shifting identities, which confounds alike reason, faith, and every other sense of truth.

"The Christian theologian may thus with all boldness lay claim to this and all other modern science as pillars in that great temple of truth in which religion is the throne of glory from which God reigns supreme in His universe, and in which He is worshipped in spirit and in truth."

The second volume is taken up chiefly in a discussion of man as related to God, of human responsibility and sin, of redemption and personal salvation. The concluding sections treat the office and agencies of the Christian Church and the consummation of Christ's kingdom and last things. These are all treated in Dr. Burwash's lucid and luminous manner, at times rising into a vein of lofty eloquence, but always magnifying the Word and love of God, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the illuminating power of the Divine Spirit. This book is an addition of no small value to the literature of the Christian Church. Not merely ministers, but our thoughtful laity will find it greatly helpful for promoting definiteness of conception, clearness and correctness of thought, and the building up of a rounded and completed Christian character.

Dr. Burwash closes in these impressive words: "If we have even partially succeeded in pointing out that this body of truth which we call religion is to be received not blindly as dogma imposed by authority from without, nor yet discovered by the observations of experience and the processes of reason, but entering the soul as a living conviction full of light and life and power, the demonstration of the Holy Spirit, and if we succeed in turning any of our readers away from the obscuring mists of modern controversies to this pure light of truth which shines within, then to God be glory and praise both now and for ever. Amen."

LORD ROSEBERY'S NAPOLEON.*



LORD ROSEBERY.

Victoria—Napoleon. What greater contrast could there be than the memories which these names suggest—the one sinking like the sun to rest after a long and splendid day; the other expiring like a bale fire in a dark and stormy night. The one name is for evermore a memory of goodness and of grace; the other a name

“At which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.”

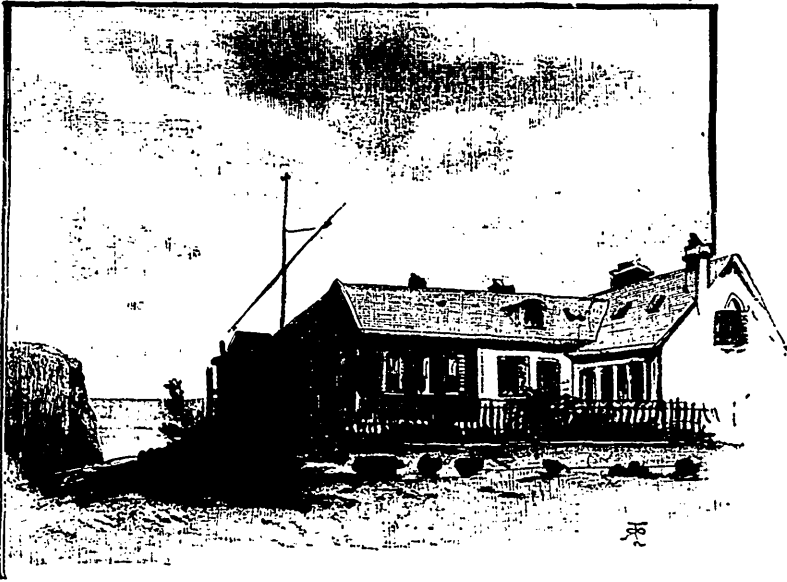
The one lived to do her people good and devoted a long life to their service; the other was an incarnation of selfishness and rapine and wrong. The one, the daughter of a hundred kings, counted it her chief joy to lay her regal splendours by and live in rural simplicity in her Highland home; the other, sprung from obscure Corsican birth, became the arch-despot of Europe, “waded through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind.”

*“Napoleon: The Last Phase.” By Lord Rosebery. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 283. Price, \$3.00.

Napoleon's mother was at one time in a desperate plight and had not a farthing to live upon. He himself was on the verge of suicide, but a friend lent him money and saved him for his remarkable destiny. His family, whom he raised to thrones, though born and reared in poverty, assumed a divine right with easy grace. “No Bourbons or Hapsburgs were so embued with the royal prerogatives as these princes of an hour.”

The study of the last phase in the life of this strange portent to mankind, especially by one of the leading statesmen of Europe, a man who has been once Prime Minister of Britain, and may be Prime Minister again, is of singular importance. Lord Rosebery has made a thorough study of the copious literature on the subject. Curiously enough, he notes that one of the most important documents, O'Meara's manuscript Journal, still remains in California unpublished.

We think Lord Rosebery is needlessly apologetic for the part played by Britain in the exile of Napoleon. “If St. Helena recalls painful memories to the French,”



LONGWOOD, ST. HELENA—THE HOUSE WHICH NAPOLEON OCCUPIED AS A PRISONER.

he says, "much more poignant are those that it excites among ourselves." Hestates that it cost Britain more than eight hundred million pounds to effect Napoleon's removal to Elba; his return cost them many millions more; and this cost besides not less than two million lives. The first thing to be considered was the safety of Europe. This soldier of fortune was too great a menace to its peace and to civilization to be let loose once more upon mankind. In the bland climate, salubrious air, noble scenery of his island prison his physical surroundings were vastly better than they would have been in a German or Russian prison, or exposed to the peril of assassination or execution, and infinitely better than he himself imposed on Pope Pius VII., the head of Catholic Christendom, whom he "put into captivity almost as malefactors are imprisoned."

The British Government was certainly not illiberal. It cost about a hundred thousand dollars a year to maintain Napoleon and his household of fifty-one persons and his custodians. It was the duty of Captain Nicholls to see his person every day. The prisoner, with a petty ingenuity, tried to prevent this. Captain Nicholls complains: "I was nearly twelve hours on my legs to-day endeavouring to see Napoleon Bonaparte before I succeeded, and I have experienced many such days since I have been stationed at

Longwood." The ex-Emperor maintained a petty state, drove out with six horses to his carriage and an equerry in full uniform riding at each door. His officers were kept standing for hours till they nearly dropped from fatigue, even his physician had to stand in his presence till he nearly fainted. At dinner he was served in great state, on gold and silver plate, and waited upon by his French servants in a rich livery of green and gold.

The chapter on Napoleon's table talk is very interesting. One of the chief topics was religion, and one of the books that Napoleon loved most to read was the Bible, but his reading was not always for the highest motives. He sometimes professed to be a Christian, but he said: "My opinion is formed that (the Divine?) Christ never existed, that he was put to death like any other fanatic." He finds but one able man—Moses. He professed great admiration for the religion of Islam. "Had I taken Acre I should have assumed the turban." "I am not a man like other men," he would say, "the laws of morality and decorum could not be intended to apply to me."

He pays a high compliment to the British. "Had I had an English army I could have cleared the universe." He said to Captain Maitland in the *Bellerophon*, "Had it not been for you English I should have been Emperor of the East,

but wherever there is water to float a ship we are sure to find you in our way."

He tried to learn English with slight success, as the following example illustrates: "Since sixt wek, y learn the english and y do not any progress. Sixt wek do fourty and two day. If might have learn fifty word for day, i could know it two thousands and two hundred. It is in the dictionary more of foorty thousand."

Napoleon was a cold-blooded egotist. "He wonders if he ever loved anybody, if so it was Josephine—a little." He was notorious for his conjugal infidelities, of which he freely conversed.

"War," he says, "is a strange art; I have fought sixty battles and I have learned nothing from any of them that I did not know in the first."

Nineteen years after his death, by permission of the British, his body was removed to France. "It was then that the dead conqueror made the most majestic of his entrances into his capital." Lord Rosebery gives him due credit for the brilliance of his military genius and force of will. Of the crown of France Napoleon said, "I found it in the gutter and I picked it up on my sword's point." He was a man of indomitable energy. He would work for eighteen hours at a stretch. "His councils were no joke, they would last eight or ten hours." He was sometimes violent and brutal in his manner. He kicked Volney in the stomach and the philosopher was carried

away senseless; he knocked down his chief justice and belaboured him with his fists; he attacked Berthier with the tongs.

In his latter years he became obese and lethargic, remaining in bed much of the day.

Lord Rosebery thus sums up his character: "Supreme power destroyed the balance of his judgment and common-sense, and so brought about his fall." He was profoundly affected by the gambling of warfare. "The star of his destiny which bulked so large in his mind was but the luck of a gambler on a vast scale. In the final and deteriorated phase of his character there is no trace of friendship." "It is because of that character," said his faithful Bertrand, "that he has no friends, that he has so many enemies; indeed, that we are at St. Helena."

"Was he a great man?" asks Lord Rosebery. "If by great be intended the combination of moral qualities with those of intellect, great he certainly was not; but that he was great in the sense of being extraordinary and supreme we can have no doubt. . . . Besides that indefinable spark which we call genius, he represents a combination of intellect and energy which has never perhaps been equalled, never, certainly surpassed. No name represents so completely and conspicuously dominion, splendour, and catastrophe."

"CHRIST IS ALL."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

He is my Strength: I journey, day by day,
With His right arm for my unswerving stay;
He is my Song: hour after hour I hear
His sweet, sweet notes of never-falling cheer.

He is my Sun, Who, fast as teardrops fall,
With rainbow brightness doth illumine them all;
He is my Shield: He guards from every foe,
And bids my timorous heart no tremor know.

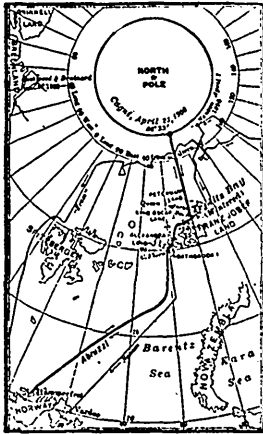
He is my Covert: clinging to His breast,
Never can tempest me from shelter wrest;
He is my Shadow from the noontide ray—
Else I should faint upon life's weary way.

He is my All—and all my thought above!
I know not what He is—my Lord! my Love!
To tell His grace cannot to me be given
Till I have learned the language of His heaven.

Toronto.

FARTHEST NORTH.

BY SOPHIA BOMPIANI.



The Duke of the Abruzzi, returning unexpectedly after only eleven months' absence in the northern seas, surprised even the most hopeful believers in his polar expedition. His strong ship, the *Stella Polare*, was provisioned for three, and could even have remained away five, years. None imagined that he could so soon have accomplished the purposes of the expedition, and still less that he could have surpassed the polar record of the great Norwegian mariner Nansen. The Duke has been received in Italy with enthusiastic joy. Italians felt a natural pride that one of their race and one of their kingly house should have succeeded in such a difficult and perilous undertaking.

This young man, born at Madrid when his father, A. nadeus of Savoy, was King of Spain, studied at the Naval College in Leghorn. He was the first to reach the summit of Mount St. Elias on the Pacific, and now, by this polar voyage, he has achieved a world-wide reputation. Employing his own private fortune to prepare this expensive expedition, and abandoning all the small pleasures of his age and rank—he is cousin of the present King of Italy—Louis of Savoy has set an example to the wealthy young men of Italy.

When, at noon of June 12th, 1899, the *Stella Polare* set sail from Christiania, no one expected it to return this year, and Nansen believed that it would be absent at least two years. It was thought that

the whaling-boats of Norway, which go far north, might perhaps bring some news of it; but on September 6th, 1900, it touched the northern port of Norway, and soon told its own tale of disaster happily overcome, of hard journeys over ice and snow on sleds drawn by dogs, of hardships from cold and hunger, and the loss of several members of the ship's crew. Unlike Nansen, who expected to be carried to the Pole by the great current running from the islands of Siberia to Greenland, the Duke of the Abruzzi planned to leave his ship in some quiet and safe harbour, and then with sleds send on to the north a series of exploring parties. The sled journey of Nansen with one companion, by which he reached latitude $86^{\circ} 14'$, was an incident, while it was the chief idea of his young friend and admirer. The ship, at a fixed point, was to be the storehouse of provisions and the starting-point for sled journeys. The journeys were to be at first slow and short, gradually extending in time and length, finding the way and establishing depôts of provisions.

The difficulties overcome by Louis of Savoy and Captain Cagni are best understood by Nansen, who gave them both the most enthusiastic welcome on their arrival at Christiania. They reached latitude $86^{\circ} 33'$ in one-third of the time employed by Greeley and one-half of that taken by Nansen. The sled journey made by Captain Cagni, which reached the nearest to the Pole, was not to have been the last sent out if the entire programme had been executed.

The *Stella Polare* would have passed a second winter in the Bay of Teplitz had not an accident rendered it necessary to return. The ice broke around the ship and threw it with force upon the near land, breaking a hole in the side a foot and a half long. For twenty-four hours the water entered and the case seemed desperate, until a new movement of the ice lifted the ship up on a strong glacier. The carpenters then worked for their lives, using the woodwork of the interior of the ship. This was in September. A habitation on the land was made from the ship's sails and some of the woodwork, and a stove in the centre reduced the temperature to seven degrees below zero, centigrade. But without it was

fifty-two degrees below, and during the exercises with the sleds this extreme cold froze two fingers of the Duke, so that they had to be amputated, and one of Captain Cagni, while all the men suffered more or less. One hundred and twenty dogs shut up in a large kennel of wood had often to be dragged out from the snow, which quickly covered them again. The amputation of part of two fingers and consequent illness prevented the Duke from going with Captain Cagni on the sled journey, which in one hundred and five days traversed five degrees of latitude, and proved that by this system, under more favourable circumstance, the Pole may some time be reached.

But the actual journey from the ship was made by Captain Cagni, who shares all the honours paid to the Duke and is constantly with him. He set out with twelve men and one hundred and eight dogs, but the ice was so heaped up that they had to cut it with axes, and the provisions diminished faster than expected. He sent back Lieut. Querini, with two other men, and this detachment was never heard of again. The family of this brave young officer, living at Venice, are mourning his death, which now seems certain. Cagni, finding the provisions were still lessening, sent back another party, and kept on himself with his attendant and two Alpine guides. These guides would not turn back, and were determined to reach latitude 87°. So on they went; the ice became smother and the

air milder, so that the sleds went rapidly, and they travelled sometimes twenty-four hours without stopping. No food remained except the flesh of the dogs, a horrible repast, and these were now few, so that return was necessary. The place they reached is neither land nor sea, only a lonesome desert of ice and mist, where no life, animal or vegetable, is visible. Captain Cagni now says that he will never return there, and he remembers with horror his journey back to the ship. He lost all hope of reaching the Duke; only seven of the one hundred and eight dogs were left; the ice on which they found themselves was floating, and often they were swimming in the water. But at last he found his way to the camp, and was received by the Duke and his companions with a perfect ecstasy of joy. The disabled condition of their vessel made return necessary, and prevented them from passing another winter in the Arctic regions, and from attempting other sled journeys.

After sixteen days of anxious voyaging through fields of floating ice, they reached Cape Flora, where letters deposited by the seal-fishers awaited them. One of these letters was from King Humbert, and only six days later they heard the sad news of his assassination. At Christiania began that triumphal progress which culminated in Italy. Generous Nansen led the Norwegian nine hurrahs, and King Oscar decorated the explorers with the highest honours in his gift.—*The Outlook.*

WINTER ON THE HILL.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

What do the city houselings know
Of Winter hale and hoar,
Who crouch beside the back-log's glow
Behind the battened door?

Not theirs the wonder of the waste,—
White league on league out-rolled;
Not theirs 'neath spacious skies to taste
The tonic of the cold!

Not theirs the North Wind's breath to breast
Till each vein tingles warm
The while he drives along the west
The horses of the storm!

Not theirs the snows as soft as sleep
That hill and hollow hood;
Nor the oracular silence deep
Within the druid wood!

Not theirs by night, undimmed, to mark
The spangles of the Bear;
Nor through the dark from are to are
The pale aurora's flare!

Not theirs to share the proffered part
Of wealth he holds in store;
Not theirs to know the constant heart
Of Winter hale and hoar!

“Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.
Every natural flower that grows on earth
Implies a flower upon the spiritual side.”

—*Mrs. Browning.*

Religious Intelligence.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We beg to call the special attention of our readers to the Woman's Missionary Society story in this number. It was written at our special request by our talented contributor, Miss Maude Pettitt. Miss Pettitt is herself an accepted missionary of the Society, undergoing training at the Deaconess Home, Toronto, with a view to employment in mission work. Miss Pettitt is in warmest sympathy with this woman's work for women, and is devoting herself to it with enthusiasm.

At the late meeting of the Woman's Missionary Board in Toronto, we were profoundly impressed with the spirit of religious consecration and sacred zeal of those who came from farthest parts of our great Dominion and beyond—from the island of Newfoundland and from the high places of the foreign field—to take part in its deliberations and renew their consecration to this grandest of causes. No one but He who knows all things knows the self-sacrifice and devotion of these good women. We conversed with one lady, an active worker in the cause, who described her initiation into this unwonted labour. She was appointed secretary of her local Branch, and one of her duties was to write a report for the central bureau. Unaccustomed to the task, it was a perfect nightmare to her soul. This report she wrote out nine times before she could muster courage to mail it. Having mailed it, she would have given the world, she said, to get it back. But the work soon became an absorbing passion, as it becomes to most of those engaged in it.

What we specially admire about the Woman's Missionary Society is its combination of shrewd business common-sense, untiring zeal and devotional spirit. Its cardinal principle is never to go into debt, to wait till the money comes before it is expended. In this way not a dollar is spent in interest, but a good many hundred dollars are received on deposits in the bank. Then, the systematic diffusion of missionary intelligence is invaluable. The literature bureau at Toronto issues a large number of tracts and pamphlets, and the monthly meetings with their programme for reading, thought, study, prayer and conversation, covering

the whole field of missions, are an invaluable education along this line.

In her inaugural address, Mrs. Ross (daughter of our late beloved General Superintendent, Dr. Williams) remarked that what was wanted was not so much information as inspiration. But we think both are needed, and the Society purposes furnishing both. It is enlisting the best heart and brain of our Church in this noble work. It is broadening the sympathies and enriching the lives of those good women themselves as well as of the beneficiaries of their labours. The generous supplies sent out from year to year to mission fields, to remote Indian camps, to frontier settlements, cheer the lives of many who are in need of the physical succour thus extended, as well as gladden their hearts by the religious sympathy and love of which they are the token.

The agents of this Society have shown themselves the peers of any in the mission field. We had the pleasure of having travel under our care last summer in Europe one of these, Miss Sara C. Brackbill, a Canadian girl whose home is near Thorold, Ont., returning from furlough to her mission field. She had already spent some years in Sz-Chuan, and had shared the expulsion of the missionaries from that field four or five years ago. On board the steamship Miss Brackbill made herself a universal favourite and rendered good service to the Society by her soulful addresses on mission work. These were given by request several times in first, second, and third cabin, and created great sympathy and interest. At Moville came the intelligence of the massacre of the Legations at Peking, but Miss Brackbill refused to believe the tragical story. Subsequent events justified her prescience and faith. She made a special study of the missionary exhibits, especially those of the Roman Catholic Church, at the Paris Exposition, and devoted much time and private means to the purchase of presents, lantern slides, and the like, for her far-off field.

At Rome we were the guests of the Rev. Dr. Wright and family at the Methodist Episcopal Italian Mission, and the brave-souled woman commanded the admiration of the entire mission circle by

her devotion to duty and her heroic resolve to press on to her arduous field. From Venice she took ship for Trieste, in Austria, sailed down the Adriatic to Brindisi, and from there took the P. & O. steamer for the Suez route to Ceylon and Shanghai and two thousand miles up the Yangtze River to Sz-Chuan.

The evening before she left Venice a little farewell meeting was held at our hotel. The glorious moonlight lit up the old historic buildings and the Grand Canal, on whose silvery surface glittered the firefly-like lamps in the gondolas, the songs of the gondoliers mingling with the singing of Methodist hymns and that sweet parting song, "God be with you till we meet again." Thus this brave-souled woman fared forth on her lonely way for the long journey so far east, not knowing what should befall her, whether bonds or imprisonment or suffering or death, but willing to brave all, the love of Christ constraining her.

Arrived at Shanghai, she found all the missionaries had been recalled. She was assigned duty in Japan, and took up the new burden of labour among unfamiliar conditions and a new and difficult language. But the same spirit that led to her early consecration to this life of Christian toil sustains her now. These are the sort of women the Society sends forth and maintains in this sacred work. Let them be upheld and undergirded by the love and faith and hope and confidence of their sisters at home. The whole Church is proud of them and their example is an inspiration to us all.

FORWARD MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

The Simultaneous Mission in London began with a unique and impressive service in the Council Chamber of the new Guild Hall before the Lord Mayor and Sheriff of the City of London. Of this the *Methodist Times* says: "Many a gorgeous pageant, many an array of crowned heads, many a famous warrior flushed with victory have passed within these walls to receive the plaudits of the City Fathers. But Monday's ceremony was totally unlike any former scene. All was simplicity, as befitted a service in which the homage of the heart of the Empire was paid to the 'King of kings, the Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes,' the Meek Monarch who enters into His kingdom not with the fanfare of trumpets, but with the songs of little children. It was the first religious service ever held in the Guild Hall, which, with its magnificent

stained-glass windows, its rich oak panelling, and the great commemorative statuary, made an unsurpassable background for such an event." Dr. Parker preached a most impressive sermon and similar services were held throughout the kingdom.

A BILLION DOLLARS FOR CHRIST.

We sometimes see pessimistic laments of the meagreness of gifts for the Gospel. While they are not as adequate as they should be, yet they are more than ever before, and make a noble aggregate. The New York *Herald*, a secular paper, shows that in the city of New York alone \$6,500,000 was raised to maintain Protestant churches and \$1,750,000 to maintain Roman Catholic churches. This, however, is but one-third of the sum spent in Christian effort. The largest single item, on a complete list, is \$8,000,000 for new structures and repairs, followed by \$4,500,000 for education, \$3,000,000 for hospital support, and nearly \$2,000,000 for Christian literature. Other items are those of missions, young people's organizations, and Sunday-schools, making a grand total of \$27,000,000 representing what the Christians of New York City gave last year to carry on the Gospel work. In the whole country, the Methodists spend more money than any other Protestant denomination, followed by the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Lutherans, Disciples, and Congregationalists. Adding expenses for new buildings, etc., the total approaches \$300,000,000. For the world the compiler believes the annual expenditure to be about one billion dollars.

RECENT DEATHS.

The legal profession in Ontario has sustained some notable losses during the past month. The sudden death of His Honour Judge Rose, in the full ripeness of his powers, when many years of distinguished service to his country might be expected, is one that was a cause of great grief, not merely to his personal friends, but to the whole legal brotherhood. Judge Rose maintained the best traditions of the British Bench, stainless, incorruptible and inflexible in his administration of justice, with lofty ideals and an earnest zeal for the public good.

The sudden death of Mr. B. B. Osler, K.C., is another great loss to the profession. He was probably the most eminent

member of the bar, especially in criminal trials. In these he was indeed a terror to evil-doers. He could arraign guilt and extort the truth from unwilling witnesses as with an hypnotic spell. Probably no man in the Dominion ever represented the Crown in such important cases or rendered such valuable service in bringing guilt to its deserved punishment.

Both of these distinguished men are sons of the manse. A cheap sneer is often indulged at the expense of ministers' sons. We doubt if any class in the community contributes, in proportion to its numbers, as many distinguished and faithful public servants. The brother of Judge Rose is one of the foremost ministers of our own Church. The elder brother of Mr. Osler is Judge of the Court of Appeal of Ontario, the younger brother is a member of the Dominion Parliament and one of Canada's great financiers, still another is the head of the Medical Staff of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, one of the most eminent positions of the American Union.

We are reminded of another family of ministers' sons, the Field brothers. The Rev. David Dudley Field was a minister in a poor parish in New England, who never received above six hundred dollars a year. One of his sons became Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; another was Cyprus W. Field, of Atlantic Telegraph fame; another was the distinguished editor, who, in his eighties, still wields a vigorous pen; still another was an eminent financier and capitalist. Where will you find such a notable family as the seven sons and two daughters of old Lyman Beecher? Truly the training of a parsonage in thrift, in industry, in following noble ideals, is not a bad outfit for life.

Many Canadians have heard with profound personal grief of the death of the Rev. W. F. S. Marling, for many years the highly-esteemed pastor of the Bond Street Congregational Church of this city. He was a fine type of Canadian scholarship and ministerial character. He did much to promote the interdenominational good feeling which happily prevails. Twenty-five years ago he became pastor of the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, New York, which pulpit he occupied for twelve years. He continued

to the end of his life exceedingly active in Presbyterian councils, and had reached the age of seventy-five when he died suddenly of heart disease in the street at Port Chester, New York, as he was proceeding to preach on "Some Lessons from the Life of Queen Victoria." He was a good man and greatly beloved.

Dr. Henry Foster, of Clifton Springs, is well known to many Canadian ministers and lay people. He was a profoundly religious man, a Methodist of the old type. Over fifty years ago he found Clifton Springs a dismal swamp. By his energy and enterprise he built up a great house of healing which, with its grounds, worth six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he has dedicated to become ultimately a free health-cure and resting-place for the sick. We have never had the pleasure of visiting the Springs, but it is spoken of as a "saint's rest" of delightful character. It has become the permanent meeting-place of the International Missionary Union. Dr. Foster passed to his rest on the 16th day of January, 1901. A great and good man has gone to his reward.

The Rev. Samuel Nelson McAdoo spent the early years of his life and ministry in Canada, but fourteen years ago went to the Western States and completed a useful ministry on December 1st, 1900, in his forty-fifth year. He was known as the poet-preacher, so lofty and beautiful were his discourses.

Rev. John O. Clubine, B.A., B.D., one of our younger ministers, died suddenly at the parsonage of the Laurel Circuit on January 29th. He was only thirty-one when his short ministry closed in triumph. He was a brilliant graduate in arts and theology of Victoria University, and gave promise during his short career of great usefulness.

We may not here speak of the personal bereavement which has cast its shadow over our heart and home. Yet there are beams of blessing amid the shadows. There are unfading stars of hope amid the darkness. There are lessons of love and faith which can be learned only amid bereavements like these. Thank God for the hopes reaching forward beyond this world, and laying hold on the eternal verities of the world that is to come.

Book Notices.

Palestine: The Holy Land as It Was and as It Is. By JOHN FULTON, D.D., LL.D. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-527. Price, \$3.00.

There is an undying interest about the Lord's land which grows stronger as the years pass by. Dr. Fulton's account of the land as it is and as it was, is one of the latest and best which has appeared. He visited a good many of the by-ways as well as the highways of travel in Palestine, but devotes special attention to the city of the great king. He discusses fully the question of the real site of Golgotha, and agrees with the very large consensus of testimony that it was not on the present site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but most probably on the hill outside the Damascus gate.

A special feature of the book is the elucidation of biblical narrative from the present conditions by study of the sites and scenes of Palestine. The beautiful half-tone engravings, printed in sepia tints, of which there are thirty, enable us to walk again through the streets of Jerusalem, by the strand of Jordan and Galilee, and to visit the places made sacred evermore by the life and labours of our Lord. It is an admirable book for preachers or Sunday-school superintendents or teachers. The eight coloured maps in this book add very much to its value.

Literary Friends and Acquaintances. A Personal Retrospect of American Authorship. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-288. Price, \$2.50.

Few living writers have been in such close touch with the literary life of America as the genial author of "Silas Lapham," and many other books. Mr. Howells confesses that his early ambition was to be known as a poet, and yet he is much better known by his graceful prose than even by his elegant verse. There is a friendly frankness about this book which captivates us at once. The piquant humour, the blended wit and wisdom, the graceful bonhomie of the man are everywhere apparent. He knew, as much as any one could know, the very heart and inner life of Lowell, Long-

fellow, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, Field, and other leading lights of American literature, to whom he devotes special studies, and had a scarce less close acquaintance with many others. To none does he give more absolute love and homage than to Longfellow, "the White Mr. Longfellow," as he calls him. "All men that I have known besides," he says, "have had some foible (it often endeared them the more), or some meanness, or pettiness, or bitterness; but Longfellow had none, nor the suggestion of any. No breath of evil ever touched his name; he went in and out among his fellow-men without the reproach that follows wrong." But even the foibles of the writers into whose familiar society we are introduced makes them but the more human and lovable. Seventy-one engravings and landscape pieces greatly enhance the value of this admirable book.

The Last Years of Saint Paul. By the ABBE CONSTANT FOUARD. Translated with the Author's sanction and co-operation by GEORGE F. X. GRIFFITH. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. xiii-326. Price, \$2.00.

It is significant of the broad, deep, underlying unity of our historical Christianity that this book, by a Roman Catholic abbé, bearing the permission of the Roman Catholic censor and the imprimatur of a Roman Catholic archbishop, is one from which, for its piety and its learning, the most strenuous Protestant may derive much profit. The great apostle of the Gentiles belongs to all Christendom. The distinguished author has studied very profoundly all the Biblical, patristic and classical literature and Greek and Roman epigraphy illustrating the subject. In a previous volume he has described the missionary journeys of Saint Paul, which make up the longer term of his apostolate. The present volume describes the last five years of his life after his arrival in Rome, half of which he was destined to drag out in captivity. His main purpose in the seventeen years of mission work had been, says our author, to free the Christian communities which he was founding from the bondage of Judaism. He was now to enrich the church with those invaluable letters written from Rome,

some of them while the writer was suffering bonds and imprisonment. The author describes the awful persecution of the church by Nero, the burning of Rome and massacre of the Christians, the ruthless hounding down of the saints of God throughout the empire, the rebellion in Judea, the massacre of the Jews in the east, the triumphant martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, and, like the close of a mighty drama, the siege and destruction of Jerusalem, the burning of the Temple and the carrying off to Rome the sacred spoils of God's holy house. We may not accept all the local traditions as to the death and burial of the great apostles, but the book is a sublime epic of the triumphs of the church through seeming disaster and defeat. Five excellent maps illustrate the text.

The Age of Faith. By AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D. Author of "Spirit and Life," "The Pilgrim in Old England," etc. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-306. Price, \$1.50.

Instead of accepting the statement that the time in which we live is an Age of Doubt, Dr. Bradford maintains that it is emphatically an Age of Faith. The pessimistic French and German novels are not the true exponents of the world's philosophy. He summons the great poets, Browning, Tennyson, Lowell, Whittier, Lanier, as prophets of faith. So, too, are the greatest statesmen, scientists and writers, Gladstone and Argyll, Kelvin and Dawson, Victor Hugo and the whole school of whom George McDonald and Ian Maclaren are types. The sense of brotherhood and altruism has dawned upon mankind like a sun. The fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man in Jesus Christ are the watchwords of the closing century. This book is of such importance that we hand it to a competent critic for fuller review.

The People's Bible Encyclopedia. Biographical, Geographical, Historical, and Doctrinal. Edited by the REV. CHARLES RANDALL BARNES, A.B., A.M., D.D. Pp. 1221. Illustrated by nearly four hundred engravings, maps, charts, etc. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs.

Nowhere that we know has such help for the study of the Word of God been furnished in so clear and concise, condensed yet full manner, as in the volume before us. In the range of strictly Bible topics its treatment is even

more extensive than in the twelve-volume work of McClintock and Strong. Specialists in different lines have been engaged, thus securing accurate and up-to-date treatment. Among these are President Buttz, of Drew Seminary; Dr. Rogers, the distinguished Assyriologist; Dr. McCurdy, of Toronto University; Dr. Post, of Beirut, Syria, and other distinguished writers. The maps and diagrams are especially helpful. On testing this book by practical use we were able to find references in it which we were unable to find in either Cruden's or Eadie's Concordance to the Scriptures. It is handsomely bound. The Methodist Book Concern has rendered a distinct service to Sunday-school teachers and Bible students by the preparation of this admirable volume.

Woman: Her Charm and Power. By ROBERT P. DOWNES, LL.D. Author of "Pillars of Our Faith," "Pure Pleasures," etc. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 361.

The place of woman in the history of the nations is a criterion of their civilization. The people who degrade women become themselves degraded. It is the noblest characteristic of our holy Christianity that it lifts woman from the abasement to which non-Christian religions consign her, that it shrines her in the sanctities of home, and ennobles and dignifies society and civilization.

Our author writes with a high ideal of womanhood. His purpose is "to awaken in woman a sense of privilege and responsibility which will not suffer them to be complaining, or selfish, or prayerless, or idle again, while they have a woman's life to live." The book is written with beauty and eloquence, and is instinct with a noble Christian spirit. The ideal woman is thus described:

"Right from the hand of God her spirit
came
Unstained, and she hath ne'er forgotten
whence
It came, nor wandered far from thence,
But laboureth to keep her still the same;
Near to her place of birth that she may
not
Soil her white raiment with an earthly
spot.
For this I love her great soul more than
all,
That, being bound, like us, with earthly
thrall,
She walks so bright and heaven-like
therein;
Too wise, too meek, too womanly to sin."

A Little Tour in France. By HENRY JAMES. With illustrations by JOSEPH PENNELL. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiii—350. Price, \$2.50.

This is not merely an elegant book for the holidays, but for all the days. It has the light impressionist touch of which Mr. James is such a master, and it is accompanied by exquisite sketches, executed in the same poetic spirit by that sympathetic artist, Mr. Pennell. And where will one find such quaint pictures of architecture, such romantic chateaux and impressive cathedrals, and picturesque gates and towers as in the valleys of the Loire and Rhone? Mr. James knows his France well and treats the theme with a lover-like tenderness. In no part of Europe outside of Italy are there so many old Roman remains. The amphitheatres of Nimes and Arles are in wonderful preservation, and the memorials of the heroic age of the Church, when weak women like Saint Perpetua and Saint Felicitas bade defiance to the persecuting power of pagan Rome, abound. The book recalls delightful memories of Avignon and Vaucluse, and of the quaint old towns of the picturesque Rhone valley. It is a delight to turn these cream-laid pages and to dream over the finely etched bits of highways and byways, castle and keep and cathedral close.

The Religion of Democracy. A Memorandum of Modern Principles. By CHARLES FERGUSON. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 170. Price, \$1.00.

This is an eloquent, too eloquent, we think, discussion of some of the principles of the new time. A calmer treatment would carry greater conviction. The author has lofty ideals, strong sympathy with the people, and an optimistic view of the future. "One empire," he says, "seems an inspiring possibility—a multiplicity of empires is mere unreason and the flow of fate." Yet there are perils that menace the present. "In the last mill of civilization the bodies of the poor are ground, but the oppressors also wear the yoke of servitude and are treading in the mill." "The name of the hour is Opportunity, and an infinite waiting for the coming of the poets and the artists

who shall rejoice in life on any terms, hearing the singing of the heart of God sending back a brave antiphonal across all the deserts and wildernesses of the world." We can hardly agree with the estimate that this is "one of the greatest books of the decade," that the author "probes as deep as Carlyle and smites with the strength of Ruskin."

Eros and Psyche. A Fairy Tale of Ancient Greece. Retold after Apuleius by PAUL CARUS. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-99. Price, \$1.00.

This story of Eros and Psyche is one of the most tender and beautiful of the Greek mythology. "It reflects," says Dr. Carus, "the life of classic antiquity more strongly than any other book, poem, or epic. It describes the attitude of man towards the problems of life, especially that problem of problems, the mystery of death and the fate of the soul in the unknown beyond. The Greek religion," he continues, "consisted in the performance of certain rites which were administered by the priests in the name of the state for the public benefit. Neither faith nor morality was required. But the performance of sacrifices and other ceremonies left the heart empty." The cravings of the soul led to the mysteries and secret teachings of Orpheus, Dionysus, and other deities. Dr. Carus tells once more the touching tale of a love reaching beyond the grave, with its suggestions and foregleams of immortality, not the full assurance of Christian confidence, but the cry of the human heart for life beyond the veil. The exquisite illustrations by Paul Thumann and the classic cover design, form a dainty setting for this ancient myth.

Ecumenical Missionary Conference, New York, 1900. Report of the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, held in Carnegie Hall and neighbouring churches, April 21 to May 1. In two volumes. New York: American Tract Society. London: Religious Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. Vol. I, 558; Vol. II, 484. \$1.50.

There is a strange significance in the fact that just on the eve of one of the most terrific persecutions and slaughter of the Christians of mission lands should

take place one of the most important and successful missionary conferences ever held. The attention of the world was focused as never before upon missionary triumphs just on the eve of this severe trial of the missionaries' faith. These two goodly octavo volumes of over a thousand pages are at once a record and a monument of missionary success, a

treasury of missionary information and an inspiration to missionary zeal and consecration. The first edition is fifty thousand volumes. It is well indexed and will be for many years the most authoritative source of information on missionary problems and missionary work that the world has ever seen. It will be an invaluable enrichment to any library.

THE PASSING OF VICTORIA.

BY HETTA LORD HAYES WARD.

Shrouded in clouds arose the sombre sun,
The bright blue sea grew grey through rain of tears,
The stately ships in solemn line moved on,
Sea folk and sailors swarmed the crowded piers.

Mid awful, measured tread of armed men,
And tramp of bitted war-steeds side by side,
Lord-mayors, leaders, lords and barons, then
Great kings, the Emperor, and princes ride.

E'en thieves and beggars, children lacking bread,
The wise, the good, the rich, the proud, the great,
A huge black crowd with bowed, uncovered head
For her, good Mother of great kings, they wait.

The solemn organ and the tolling bell,
The catafalque, the crape, the long, black pall,
And bursting sobs, and tears can only tell
Victoria dead, the Queen beloved of all.

But lo! on high another host in white,
Great lords and ladies, who lived loving lives;
Here hastes her Albert, down the dazzling light
'Mid patriots, heroes, poets, mothers, wives;

Good friends and lovers of the gracious Queen,
Pale, patient students, who have served her land;
And ranks on ranks of faithful men here seen,
Who fought and died; now joyful waiting stand,

With her to fling their earthly glory down,
Before the Lord of lords, and King of kings,
In adoration cast aside the crown
To join the holy song that Heaven sings:

"Now unto Him be wisdom, power and might,
Be blessing, glory, honour. Worthy He,
The Lamb, that sitteth on the throne in light,
Dominion His through all eternity."

—*The Independent.*