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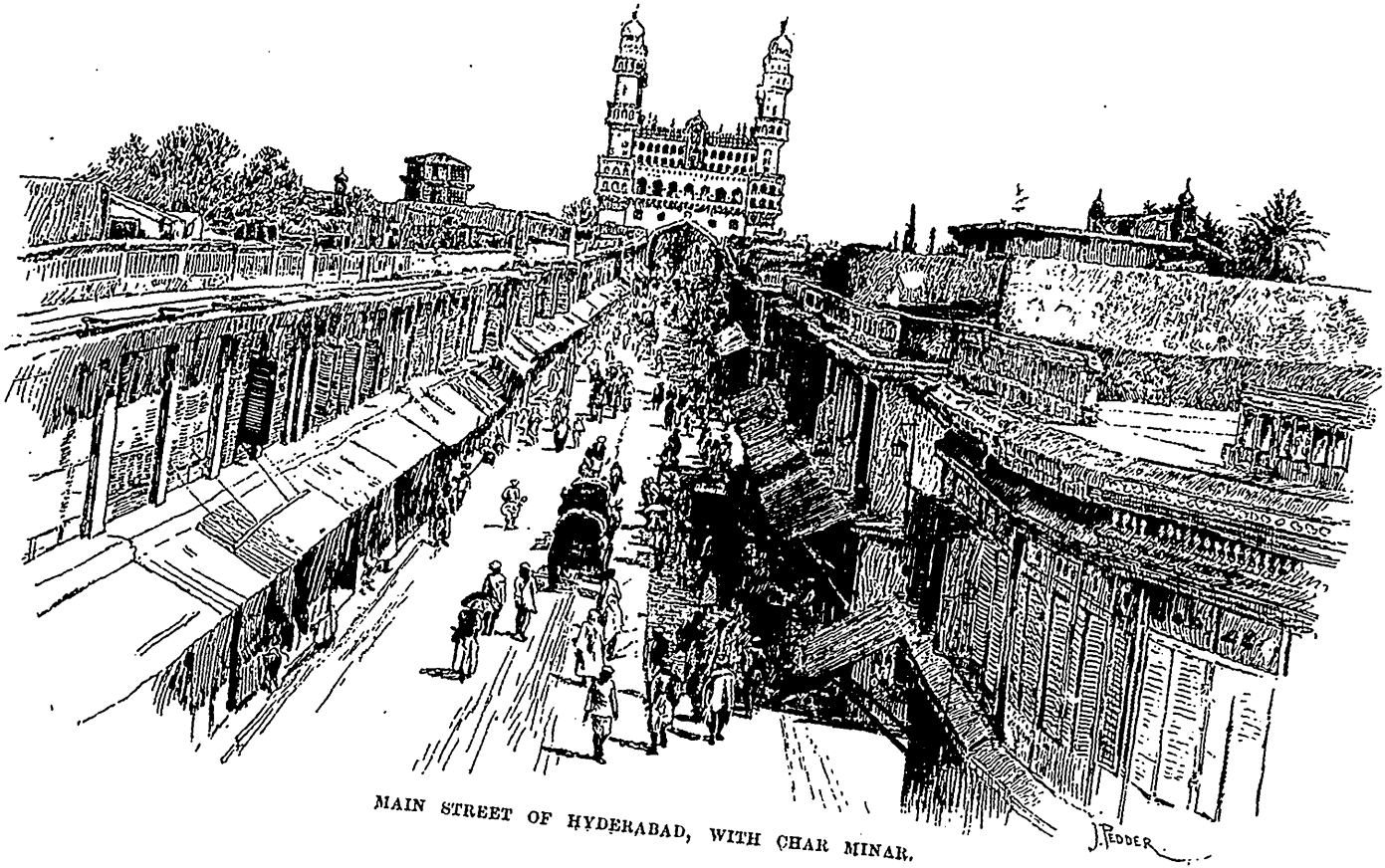


MAIN STREET OF HYDERABAD, WITH CHAR MINAR.

THE

# METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

## Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

VOL. XXXVIII.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1893.

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS, METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.
HALIFAX:
S. F. HUESTIS, METHODIST BOOK ROOM.

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## POETRY

THE

# Methodist Magazine.

JULY, 1893.

## INDIA: ITS TEMPLES, ITS PALACES, AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY W. S. CAINE, M.P.*

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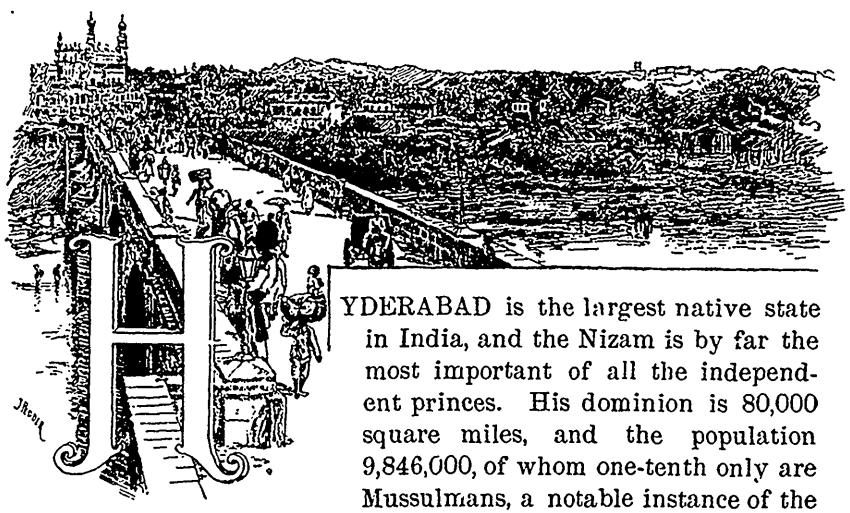


HYDERABAD is the largest native state in India, and the Nizam is by far the most important of all the independent princes. His dominion is 80,000 square miles, and the population 9,846,000, of whom one-tenth only are Mussulmans, a notable instance of the wonderful tenacity of Brahmanism on the Hindu mind.

Secunderabad, four miles distant, is a British military cantonment, the largest station in India. There are usually stationed here about 3,000 European, and 5,000 native troops of all sorts. The cantonment covers an area of nearly twenty square miles, including the beautiful tank and the magnificent parade ground.

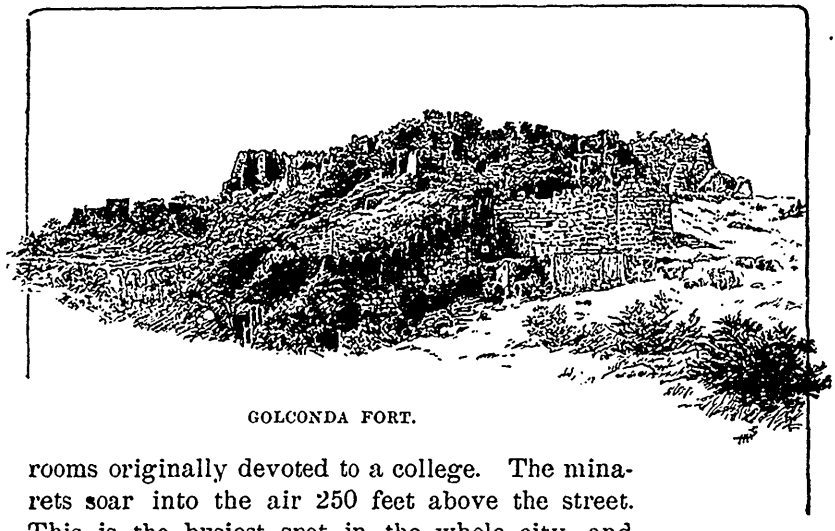
Hyderabad is encircled by a strong bastioned stone wall, six miles in circumference, pierced with thirteen fine gateways. The

* *Picturesque India.* By W. S. CAINE, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Continued from October number, 1892. From pressure of other material this important series of papers has been for a time interrupted.

population is 355,000. It stands in the midst of wild and rocky scenery, with isolated granite peaks. The tank which supplies the city with water is twenty miles in circumference. The bazaars are picturesque beyond all description.

The Nizam's palace consists of three enormous quadrangles. These courtyards are full of armed retainers, servants, horsemen, carriages and elephants, and at busy periods of the day are very amusing. There is, however, nothing to be seen inside or outside the palace but the usual tasteless display of splendour characteristic of modern Indian princes. It accommodates 7,000 people of all sorts.

In the very centre of the city, at the junction of the four main streets, is the famous Char Minar, or four towers, built about A.D. 1600, upon four grand arches, above which are several storeys of



GOLCONDA FORT.

rooms originally devoted to a college. The minarets soar into the air 250 feet above the street. This is the busiest spot in the whole city, and hours may be spent watching the picturesque scenes surrounding the Char Minar. The palace is an odd building with a terraced garden at the back as high as the topmost room. The palace is full of those mechanical nick-nacks of which Indian rajahs are so inordinately fond, of the "drop-in-a-penny-and-the-machine-works" kind, and other curiosities; in the garden are cranes of various sorts and a few animals in cages.

Golconda is an ancient fortress and ruined city, about seven miles west of Hyderabad. In former times Golconda was a large and powerful kingdom of the Deccan, which rose out of the ashes of the Bahmani dynasty, and was the capital of the Kutub Shahi kings. The diamonds of Golconda, of proverbial celebrity, were

cut and polished here, being found at Partial, close to the frontier. The plain in which Golconda is situated is stony and arid, with enormous boulders of granite piled one on the top of the other in strange and fantastic heaps. In the midst of these rises a solitary hill about 250 feet high, crowned by a sombre fortress. Ranged along the foot, on the plain, are the tombs of the kings, a row of vast mausoleums, a veritable Necropolis, solitary and deserted. Not many years ago these tombs were overgrown with grass and jungle, but the late Sir Salar Jung has cleared it all away and done much towards the intelligent repair and restoration of these interesting monuments.

Hyderabad is a survival of dominant Islamism, with Mussulman customs. It is a remnant of the gorgeous East, a page out of the "Arabian Nights." It has never been brought under the heel of England. There are no Babu clerks, or college and high-

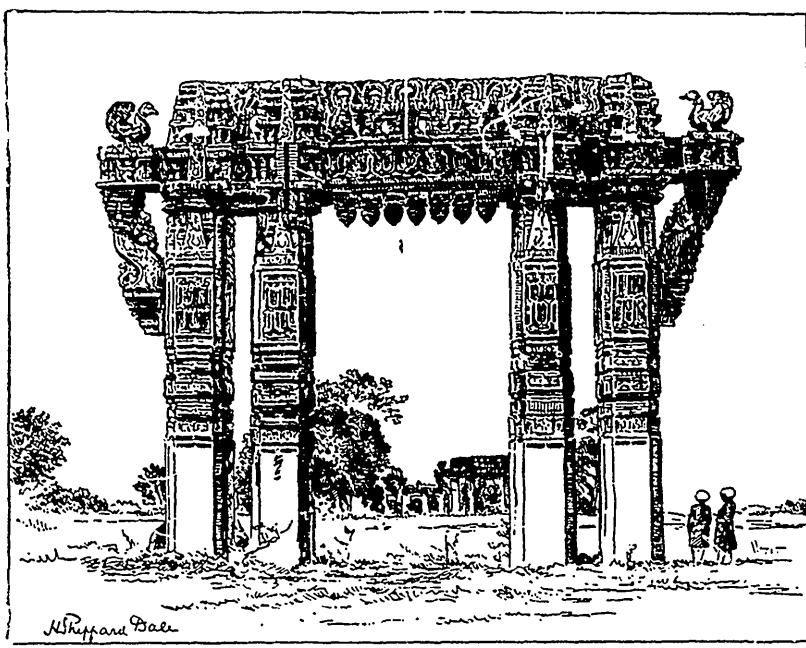
TOMBS OF THE KINGS, GOLCONDA.

school students, thronging the streets and bazaars, but good, valiant swashbucklers, bristling with daggers and matchlocks. The nobles are feudal barons, with enormous estates, which they govern in their own fashion without much heed to the central authority, maintaining their fine palaces and princely hospitality in the capital. They are easy-going followers of the prophet, especially in the matter of champagne and other convivial accessories. Their hospitality is boundless. There is the most cordial relationship between them and the many Englishmen resident in the city, visiting and entertaining each other with a freedom existing nowhere else in Mussulman society.

The red earthenware pottery of Hyderabad is well known in the Eastern shops of London, and is very pretty and artistic. There is no place in India where it is so easy to get together a collection of armour and weapons.

Every kind of shield, sword, knife, dagger, matchlock, spear, battle-axe, pistol, helmet, and breast-plate, engraved, damascened, sculptured, or jewelled—may be picked up in the Hyderabad bazaar, and so too, may very base imitations, manufactured on the spot, to snare the unwary traveller.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society is active in Hyderabad, having stations also at Secunderabad and other places in the Nizam's dominions. They have nine missionaries, a total membership of about 300, with some 1,400 scholars in twenty-eight schools. The Rev. William Burgess is chairman of the district



ANCIENT GATEWAY, WARANGAL.

and general superintendent. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the American Episcopal Methodists, and the American Baptists, also are in the field. Some of the chief trophies of mission life and mission work have been won among these interesting people.

Bellary is the chief town of a large district in the Madras Presidency, with a population of nearly 60,000. The city stands in the centre of a vast treeless plain, broken by occasional masses of granite and huge boulders that spring abruptly from the soil, like islands in the sea. On one of these, 450 feet high, and about

two miles in circuit is built the impregnable fortress of Bellary, inaccessible in the face of the smallest defensive force. Bellary is singularly bare of trees, but there are many specimens of the curious Phlomis Indica, or umbrella tree, with its grateful shade and fragrant blossoms. The distinctive art crafts of the bazaars are glass, bangles, carved teak, lacquered wood boxes, bracelets and toys, cotton carpets, silk and cotton cloth, pretty chintzes, printed on coloured grounds, black blankets, and coloured felts, and other Oriental textures.

Hampi is a ruined city of great interest, covering nine square miles, and is seven miles from Hospet station, where there is a Dak bungalow. The most remarkable monument is a temple wholly built of granite, and carved with great boldness and

UMBRELLA TREE AND GRANITE BOULDER, BELLARY.

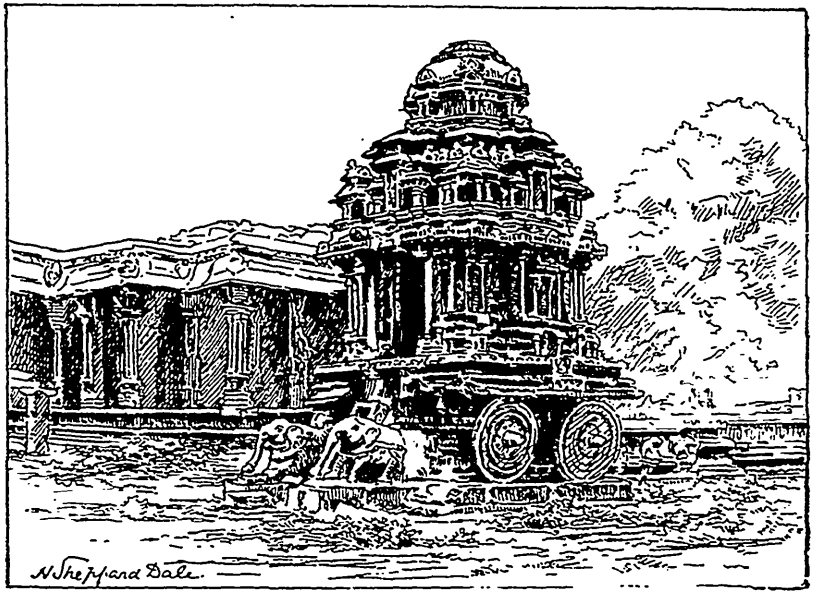
power. To the right of the entrance is a curious little building, cut out of a single block of granite. This is the car of the god Vitoba, but the wheels are the only moveable part of it. It is a relic of a well-nigh extinct worship.

The palace buildings bring before us the arrangements of a Hindu prince's residence before they fell under the sway of Mussulman influence. They consist of pavilions, baths, audience halls, harems, and other buildings, probably joined together by wooden arcades, long since vanished. The style of architecture is a mixture of Saracenic and Hindu, which is not met with often in India, and which is extremely picturesque.

At a little distance is the building generally known as the "Elephant Stables," and there seems no reason to doubt that it was used for this purpose. The huge monoliths applied to various purposes form perhaps the most distinctive feature of these ruins

—one, a water-trough, is forty-one and a quarter feet long; another, a statue of Siva, thirty feet high. Masses of cut granite, many of them thirty feet in length by four in depth, are seen high up in the wall.

The London Missionary Society commenced missionary work in the town of Bellary in 1810, and the first missionaries of the society spent much time and labour in translating the Scriptures into the Canarese and Telugu languages, as well as in writing and circulating Christian tracts, which they printed in the Mission Press.

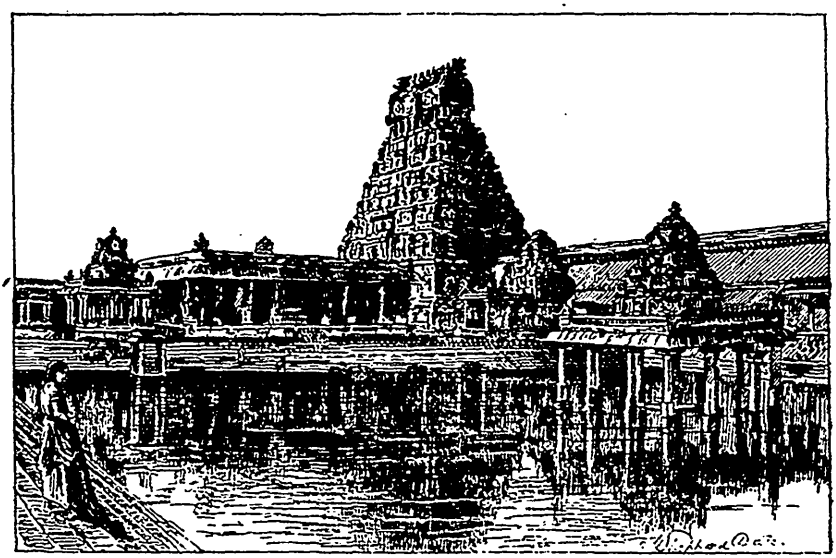



CAR OF THE GOD VITOBA, HAMPI.

Orphan schools for boys and girls were commenced in 1833, and in these schools many boys and girls have been trained, some of whom have occupied useful positions in the Mission. The severe famine which then visited South India, left upon the missionaries' hands so many orphan children, that it was found necessary to carry on the schools more vigorously than ever. Work among the women is carried on in schools and by house to house visitation, by the wives of missionaries, and their Bible-women. There is also a vigorously-worked branch of the Blue Ribbon (Temperance) Army, which numbers 130 members. There is also a Tamil native church which is ministered to by a native clergyman, assisted by a catechist.

In 1877, the Rev. William Taylor, now Bishop Taylor, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, began work among the Eurasian population of Bellary. A small church, which was intended to be self-supporting, was commenced and is ministered to by its own pastor. This church has become settled and worships in a chapel which was built in the Fort by local contributions.

Tirupati is a Hindu town of 14,000 inhabitants, celebrated for its hill pagoda, the most sacred in Southern India. The chief temple is sacred to Vishnu, and is so holy that till quite lately no Christian or Mussulman was allowed to enter. Thousands of



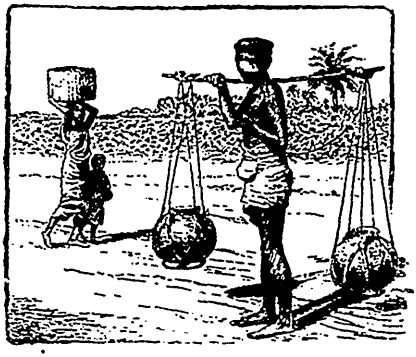
TEMPLE TANK, TIRUPATI.

pilgrims flock to Tirupati, with rich gifts for the idol, about 120,000 passengers alighting at the station every year, bound for the temple.

Up to 1843 the pagoda was under the management of the British Government, who derived much revenue from the offerings of pilgrims, over £20,000 a year. The temple is said to have been built B.C. 3100.

Madras, the capital of the oldest presidency in India, straggles for nine or ten miles along the coast, covering an area of about thirty square miles. The population is about 430,000. Hindus number 320,000; Mussulmans, 55,000; Christians, 45,000. There are some 3,500 Europeans, and 15,000 Eurasians. The proportion of Christians is higher in Madras city than anywhere else in

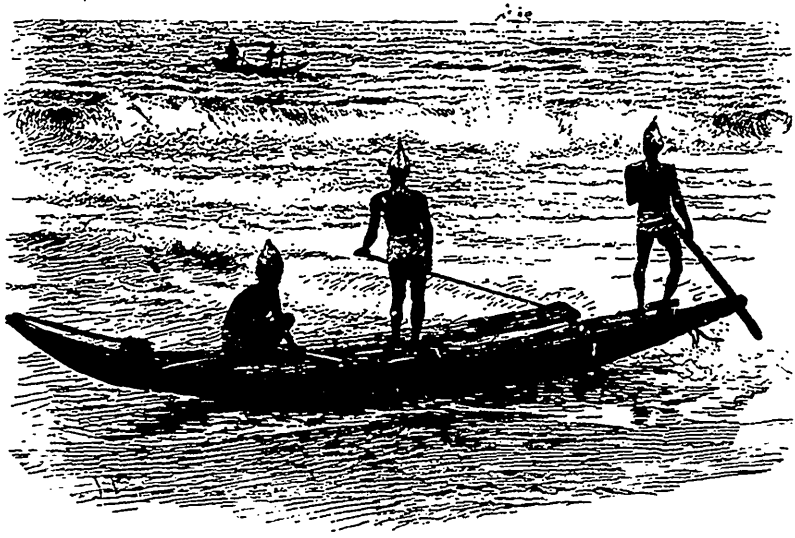
British India. Tamil is the language chiefly spoken, though quite a fourth of the population is Telugu. English is widely understood, and all the well-to-do people speak it with ease.



OIL MERCHANT, MADRAS.

Madras was founded in 1639 by Mr. Francis Day, who obtained a grant of the land on which the city now stands from the Rajah of Vijayanagar and constructed a factory.

In 1746 Madras was taken by the French, who held possession of it for two or three years. The French, under Lally, again occupied Blacktown for a few months in 1758, but were beaten off by a British fleet before they could reduce the fort. Since then the history of the city has been uneventful, and its prosperity steady and progressive.



MADRAS CATAMARAN.

The harbour is the most interesting thing about Madras. It is protected by two huge breakwaters, reaching out like arms, enclosing a space about 1,000 yards by 830, with a maximum depth of water of seven fathoms. It is an immense work, containing nearly a million tons of huge concrete blocks. It has not proved

a success. A terrible cyclone in 1881 breached and spread out nearly half a mile of breakwater. The western coast is at certain seasons swept by fierce hurricanes, and at all times the surf in Madras harbour is very great. In finest weather great steamers pitch at anchor in the harbour, and the embarking of passengers is attended with much inconvenience and difficulty. The boat used is called a *Masula;* it is a large open boat of thin planks stitched with cocoa fibre to a strong frame. They are rowed by ten or twelve almost naked Madrasis, who beach them through the surf with great skill. Passengers are landed at an iron pier, which runs 330 yards into the harbour; they have to display much agility in jumping off at the rise of the wave, which in calm weather is seven or eight feet high, and in windy weather fifteen to twenty. The disembarking of twenty or thirty passengers and their luggage is a troublesome and often dangerous business. The native boat is the *Catamaran*, a hollowed-out log with a projecting outrigger, or three logs of light wood lashed together and driven by a paddle, which is almost universal down the Coromandel coast.

TODDY PALMS, MADRAS.

The visitor will find his amusement in the quaint shops of the bazaars, the groups of natives in the streets, and in the excellent

general market, where all sorts of strange fish and beautiful fruits are exposed for sale.

The European quarter is prettily laid out, and richly timbered. The marine promenade is about two miles long, and is thronged towards sundown with English carriages, and crowds of well-dressed Indians, who come to hear the band play. One of the most picturesque sights in India is the washing-ground on the River Adyar, where hundreds of *Dhobies* are busy with the garments of their European employers. Government House is an imposing mansion in the midst of a wide and well-planted park, noted for its beautiful palms.

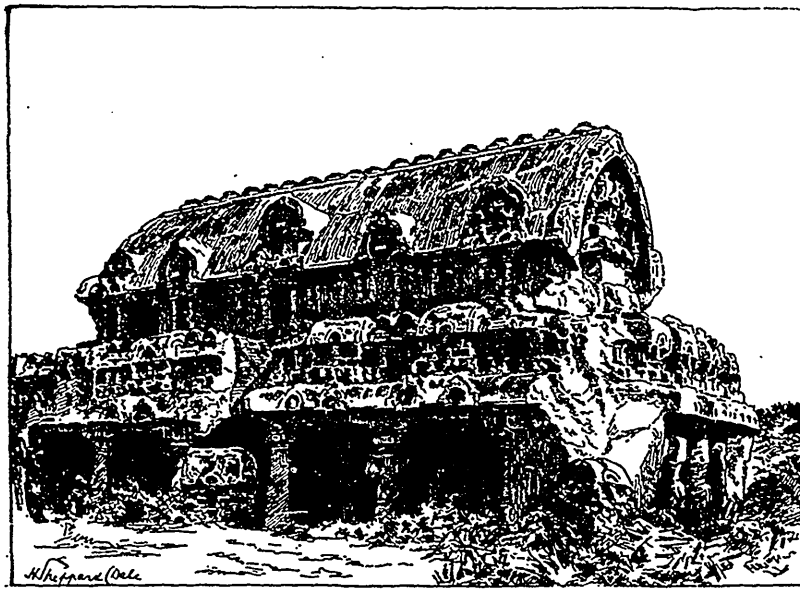
GRANITE BOULDER TEMPLE, MAHABALIPUR.

At Triplicane there is an ancient and very holy tank, said by its Brahmans to be equivalent to 10,000 baths in the Ganges, and to be able to save the soul even of a dead body dipped into its waters. It is much resorted to.

A pretty drive along the shore leads to Little Mount, sacred to all Indian Roman Catholics as the spot where St. Thomas the Apostle is said to have been martyred in 68 A.D. by Brahmans, who stirred up the people against him. After being stoned by the crowd, he was thrust through with a spear. In the museum at Madras is a gold coin of Claudius, struck to commemorate the

conquest of Britain, discovered in excavating a foundation near the city. Sir Edwin Arnold. with quaint poetic conceit, suggests that it came to India in the scrip of the Apostle! And why not? At the summit of the Little Mount is a chapel dedicated to St. Thomas; beneath is a cave, lighted by a narrow opening, through which the Apostle once squeezed himself, in a successful escape from pursuing Brahmans. There is also a little cell, said to have been his dwelling, with holes in the ground worn away by his knees in constant prayer.

There are thirty-one Protestant churches and chapels, and fifteen Roman Catholic churches in Madras. St. Mary's Church of England is the oldest in India, 1680 A.D.



MONOLITHIC TEMPLE, MAHABALIPUR.

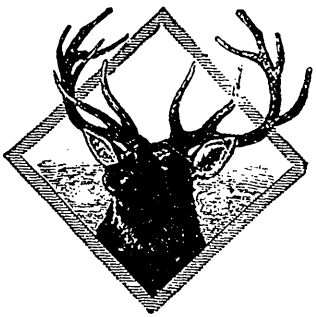
The principal schools and colleges are, the Madras Christian College of the Free Church of Scotland, with 600 university students and 1,000 school pupils, one of the most famous educational institutes in India; the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel College, with 400 pupils and other colleges.

A whole book might be written about the various Christian missions in Madras. The Church of Scotland, the Church Missionary Society, the Wesleyans, the London Missionary Society, the American Baptists, the Free Church of Scotland, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the American Methodist Episcopal Church, the German Lutherans, the American Board are all hard at work.

ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

# TICONDEROGA AND ITS MEMORIES.

BY THE EDITOR.



"TRAVEL," says Bacon, "is a part of education." Yet travelling is an expensive luxury, and many hesitate to indulge in it because they cannot go to foreign lands and visit world-famous and historic scenes. Yet within our own country, or within easy access, is some of the finest scenery in the world, associated, much of it, with the greatest events of our own national history. The places where brave men have done brave deeds, and, perchance, have shed their blood and laid down their lives for their country, will evermore be sacred in the patriot's eyes. To stand upon the Plains of Abraham, or on Queenston Heights, and think of the heroic deeds of our Canadian heroes, Wolfe and Brock, must quicken the throbs of every Canadian heart. For sublimity of scenery the grand and gloomy Saguenay, the historic heights of Cape Diamond, Niagara's mighty cataract, and the cliffs of the Nipegon and Thunder Cape are unsurpassed; and one will travel far to find more picturesque beauty than that of Memphremagog, the Thousand Islands, and our numerous inland lakes.

About fifty miles due south of Montreal, in a setting of engirdling hills is the beautiful Lake Champlain. This lake is haunted with storied memories of the most heroic character. Its very name recalls the *preux chevalier* who, first of white men, gazed upon its fair expanse. For two hundred years it was the gateway of Canada, by which hostile invasion of red men or white penetrated our country. With the exception of the immediate vicinity of Quebec, no place on this continent has been the scene of such severe conflict as the shores and waters of Lake Champlain and Lake George. From the year 1609, when Champlain discovered the noble lake that bears his name, down to the battle of Plattsburg in 1814, the rude alarms of war have over and over again disturbed the quiet of these peaceful scenes. And long before the eye of the white man rested on these virgin solitudes the "river of the Iroquois" furnished the water-way whereby the war-like "Five Nations" attacked their hereditary foes, the Algonquins and the Hurons. But during the long

struggle for the possession of the continent, between the French and English, the beautiful lake Horicon, that "Como of the wilderness," and the Pass of Ticonderoga were the scenes of the fiercest strife and most dreadful slaughter.

The grim old fort, whose ruins slowly moulder to decay, on the broad plateau where the waters of Lake George flow into those of Lake Champlain, the stern guardian of the old "gateway of Canada," played such an important part in the history of this country as to justify a brief account of two recent visits to its site. The fort is situated on a peninsula projecting into the lake, here contracted into a narrow channel. This peninsula comprises about one hundred acres, and rises about one hundred feet above the water. The ruins of the fort crown the highest ground. They are extremely picturesque and command noble views of the adjacent mountains and lake. The field-works covered a very large area; indeed, the forests in the vicinity are furrowed for miles with entrenchment lines of parallels, redoubts and rifle-pits. The ruins of the fort are still very extensive, although they have been used for one hundred years as a quarry for building material. Its old hewn stone and well-burned bricks were carried away in waggon-loads for the construction of the rising villages of the lakes. This vandalism is now prevented; but no other steps are taken for the preservation of one of the most interesting ruins of the continent. On the walls of the great stone building which rises most conspicuously on the hill some mercenary wretch has printed an advertisement in huge letters that can be seen for a mile: "Use Rising Sun Stove Polish."

FORT TICONDEROGA.

Grim-visaged war has smoothed his rugged front, and the prospect is now one of idyllic peace. The ancient ramparts and battlements are softly rounded by gentle nature and are clothed with turf of softest texture and of greenest hue. We may still, however, trace the outlines of the vast fort, which covered the ground for many a rood.

After Ticonderoga and Crown Point were captured from the

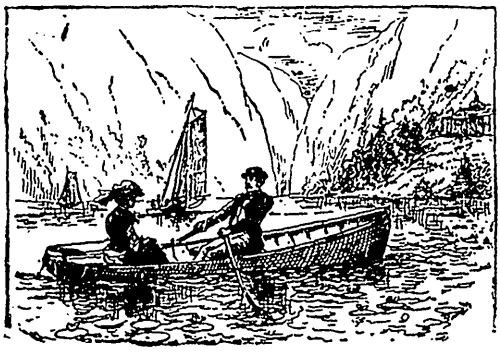
French, the British expended on these forts the enormous sum, for those days, of $10,000,000. In 1775 Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen, with a handful of men, surprised and captured both forts. Two years later they were retaken by Burgoyne, but have since been allowed to crumble into ruins. To-day the tourist, wandering amid their grass-grown trenches and ramparts, sees slight trace of those deeds of violence and blood.

ON LAKE GEORGE.

A star-shaped redan rises abruptly from the waves, its deep moat, broad glacis, massive masonry, curtains, and demi-lunes, all clearly traceable. The remains of great stone barracks still "stand four square to all the winds that blow." They resemble in construction the oldest buildings in Quebec and Montreal, with thick walls, steep gables, and empty windows, which look like the eyeless sockets of a skull. The great fireplaces, around which gathered the gallant cavaliers of France, who roared their marching songs, and told their tales of Ramillies and Malplaquet, are empty and cold. While I explored the ruins, a timid sheep showed its face at the door, and the bleat of lambs, instead of the sound of war, was heard. It is easy to repeople in fancy this crumbling ruin with the ghosts of the dead warriors who assailed or defended its walls, or dyed with their blood its gory slopes. Such, Hawthorn tells us, were his reflections as he stood "where the flags of three nations had successively waved, and none waved now; whose armies had struggled so long ago that the bones of the dead had mouldered away; where peace had found a heritage in the forsaken haunts of war." Upon this very scene, through these crumbling windows, gazed the eyes

of Montcalm and Bourlemaque, and from yonder height the gallant Howe, whose grave is in Westminster Abbey, and Abercrombie and Amherst, scanned with eager interest the scene.

When the lilied flag of France has given place to the red cross of St. George, other scenes come up. The blazing light of the barrack fire gleams on the sombre uniform of the famous "Black Watch," on the tartan plaid of the Highland clansman, on the frieze coat and Brown Bess of the old colonial militiaman, and on the red skin and hideous war-paint of the Indian scout. In the corner is heard the crooning of the Scottish pipes, as an old piper plays the sad, sweet air of "Annie Laurie," or "Bonnie Doon," or "Auld Lang Syne." And now a red-coated guardsman trolls a merry marching song:



ON THE CARILLON.

"Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander and such great names as these;
But of all the world's great heroes
There are none that can compare,
With a tow-row-row-row-row-row,
To the British Grenadiers."

In another corner an old veteran is reading his well-thumbed Bible, while around him others are shuffling a pack of greasy cards and filling the air with reeking tobacco-smoke and strange soldiers' oaths.

Again is heard the quick challenge and reply, the bugle-call, the roll of drums, the sharp rattle of musketry, the deep and deadly thunder of the cannonade. From the throats of the great guns leap forth the fell death-bolts of war. The fierce shells scream through the air. The gunners stand to their pieces, though an iron hail is crashing all around them.

"Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursèd instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?"

But all now is peaceful and silent. The lamb crops the her-

bage on the once gory slope—the blue-bird makes her nest in the cannon's mouth. Great trees have grown up inside the fort, and their sinewy roots have overturned its massy walls. The eternal bastions of nature mock the puny structures of man, and on the surface of the primeval rock may be traced the grooves and striæ made by the sea of ice in the old years before the flood. I clambered down into a crumbling vault, and found it a large arched, and once bomb-proof, magazine with lateral chambers which were too dark to be explored.

At a cottage near by I found quite a museum of relics—heavy shot and shell, regimental buttons, bullets, and the like. I bought a four-ounce ball and part of an old gun lock as *souvenirs* of "Old Ti."

OVER THE PORTAGE.

Climbing to the top of Mount Defiance, nearly a thousand feet above the lake, to the spot where Burgoyne shelled the fort, which lay beneath. For sixty miles Lake Champlain and its ever winding shores lay spread out like a map, and on the opposite slope of the hill the lovely Lake George —the French *Lac St. Sacrement*, the Indian Horicon, the scene of many a bloody fight—like a sapphire in its setting of emerald, lay guarded by its engirdling hills. There are few such historic outlooks on the continent, or in the world.

A strange supernatural legend connected with Ticonderoga has been recounted by Dean Stanley, recorded with amplification by Sir Thomas Dick Saunders, in his "Legendary Tales of the Highlands," and recited in striking verse by Robert Louis Stevenson. We quote the salient passages from Dean Stanley's account as given by Parkman:

"The ancient castle of Inverawe stands by the banks of the Awe, in the midst of the wild and picturesque scenery of the western Highlands. Late one evening, before the middle of the last century, as the laird, Duncan Campbell, sat alone in the great hall, there was a loud knocking at the gate; and, opening it, he saw a stranger, with torn clothing and kilt besmeared with blood, who in a breathless voice begged for asylum. He went on to say that he had killed a man in a fray, and that the pursuers were at his heels. Campbell promised to shelter him. 'Swear on your dirk!' said the stranger; and Campbell swore. He then led him to a secret recess in the depths of the castle.

"Scarcely was he hidden when again there was a loud knocking at the gate, and two armed men appeared. 'Your cousin Donald has been murdered, and we are looking for the murderer!' Campbell, remembering his oath, professed to have no knowledge of the fugitive; and the men went on their way. The laird, in great agitation, lay down to rest in a large, dark room, where at length he fell asleep. Waking suddenly in bewilderment and terror, he saw the ghost of the murdered Donald standing by his bedside, and heard a hollow voice pronounce the words: 'Inverawe! Inverawe! Blood has been shed. Shield not the murderer.' In the morning Campbell went to the hiding-place of the guilty man and told him that he could harbour him no longer. 'You have sworn on your dirk!' he replied; and the laird of Inverawe, greatly perplexed and troubled, made a compromise between conflicting duties, promised not to betray his guest, led him to the neighbouring mountain, and hid him in a cave.

IN THE MEADOW.

"In the next night, as he lay tossing in feverish slumbers, the same hollow voice awoke him, the ghost of his cousin Donald stood again at his bedside, and again he heard the same appalling words: 'Inverawe! Inverawe! Blood has been shed. Shield not the murderer!' At break of day he hastened, in strange agitation, to the cave; but it was empty, the stranger was gone. At night as he strove in vain to sleep, the vision appeared once more, ghastly pale, but less stern of aspect than before. 'Farewell, Inverawe!' it said; 'farewell, till we meet at Ticonderoga!'

"The strange name dwelt in Campbell's memory. He had joined the Black Watch, or Forty-second Regiment, then employed in keeping order in the turbulent Highlands. In time he became its major; and, a year or two after the war broke out he went with it to America. Here, to his horror, he learned that it was ordered to the attack of Ticonderoga. His story was well known among his brother officers. They combined among themselves to disarm his fears; and when they reached the fatal spot they told him on the eve of the battle, 'This is not Ticonderoga; we are not there yet; this is Fort George.' But in the morning he came to them with *haggard looks. 'I have seen him! You have deceived me! He came to* my tent last night! This is Ticonderoga! I shall die to-day.' And his prediction was fulfilled.

"In the attack made upon the fort by Major Duncan Campbell he received a mortal wound and his clansmen bore him from the field. He was carried to Fort Edward where he died and was buried.

"The stone that marks his grave," says Parkman, "may still be seen,

with this inscription; 'HERE LIES THE BODY OF DUNCAN CAMPBELL, OF INVERAWE, ESQ., MAJOR OF THE OLD HIGHLAND REGIMENT, AGED 55 YEARS, WHO DIED THE 17TH JULY, 1758, OF THE WOUNDS HE RECEIVED IN THE ATTACK ON THE RETRENCHMENT OF TICONDEROGA OR CARILLON, ON THE 8TH JULY, 1758.'"

We quote the salient passages from Stevenson's weird poem:

"This is the tale of the man
Who heard a word in the night
In the land of the heathery hills,
In the days of the feud and the fight.
By the sides of the rainy sea,
Where never a stranger came,
On the awful lips of the dead,
He heard the outlandish name.
It sang in his sleeping ears,
It hummed in his waking head:
The name—Ticonderoga,
The utterance of the dead.

. . . . . .

"'I have slain a man to my danger,
I have slain a man to my death.
I put my soul in your hands,'
The panting Stewart saith.
'I lay it bare in your hands,
For I know your hands are leal;
And be you my targe and bulwark
From the bullet and the steel.'

"Then up and spoke the Cameron,
And gave him his hand again:
'There shall never a man in Scotland
Set faith in me in vain;
And whatever man you have slaughtered,
Of whatever name or line,
By the bread of life and the steel of war,
I make your quarrel mine.
I bid you in to my fireside,
I share with you house and hall;
It stands upon my honour
To see you safe from all.'

"It fell in the time of midnight,
When the fox barked in the den
And the plaids were over the faces
In all the houses of men,
That as the living Cameron
Lay sleepless on his bed,
Out of the night and the other world,
Came in to him the dead.

"'My blood is on the heather,
My bones are on the hill;
There is joy in the home of ravens
That the young shall eat their fill.
My blood is poured in the dust,
My soul is spilled in the air;
And the man that has undone me
Sleeps in my brother's care.'

"'I'm wae for your death, my brother,
But if all of my house were dead,
I couldnae withdraw the plighted hand,
Nor break the word once said.'"

For many years in many lands Duncan Cameron heard the strange refrain—in Flanders, in Germany, in Asiatic jungles, and in far Cathay:

"'I cannae joy at feast,
I cannae sleep in bed,
For the wonder of the word
And the warning of the dead.
It sings in my sleeping ears,
It hums in my waking head,
The name—Ticonderoga,
The utterance of the dead.

"'Many a name have I heard,' he thought,
In all the tongues of men,

Full many a name both here and there,
Full many both now and then.
When I was at home in my father's house
In the land of the naked knee,
Between the eagles that fly in the lift
And the herrings that swim in the sea.
And now that I am a captain-man
With a braw cockade in my hat,
'Many a name have I heard,' he thought,
'But never a name like that.'"

At last the Black Watch crossed the sea to take part in the fierce conflict in the wilds of America, and thus the doomed Cameron "dreed his weird."

"It fell in the dusk of the night
When unco things betide,
That he was aware of a captain-man
Drew near to the waterside.
He was aware of his coming
Down in the gloaming alone;
And he looked in the face of the man,
And lo! the face was his own.

"'This is my weird,' he said,
'And now I ken the worst;
For many shall fall the morn,
But I shall fall with the first.
O you of the outland tongue,
You of the painted face,
This the place of my death;
Can you tell me the name of the place?'

"'Since the Frenchmen have been here
They have called it Sault-Marie;
But that is a name for priests,
And not for you and me.
It went by another word,'
Quoth he of the shaven head:
'It was called Ticonderoga
In the days of the great dead.'

"And it fell on the morrow's morning,
In the fiercest of the fight,
That the Cameron bit the dust
As he foretold at night;
And far from the hills of heather,
Far from the isles of the sea,
He sleeps in the place of the name
As it was doomed to be."

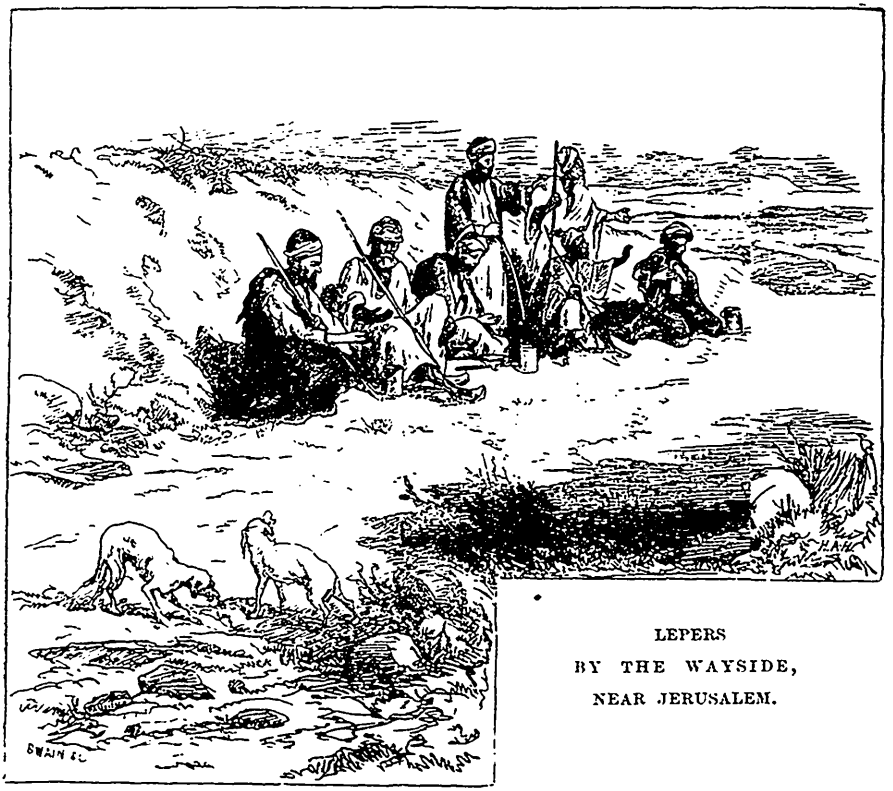
The sail up lake George, beautiful as the loveliest of the Scottish lakes, is one of surpassing enjoyment. For a century it was the highway over which ebbed and flowed the unceasing tide of conflict between New England and New France. Here was the "Bloody Pool" in which the victims of the massacre of Fort William Henry were thrown. On the site of the fort is a gay summer hotel, where beauty and fashion disport themselves, amid the engirdling hills which once witnessed such tragic scenes. Here, the armies of Abercrombie and Amherst sailed in bannered pomp and splendour over the now peaceful waters, the wild scream of the Highland pibroch, and the exultant throb of "The British Grenadiers," waking the mountain echoes as the flotilla swept down the lake. But these stern memories only serve as a foil to the peaceful beauty of this lovely scene. The eternal calm of nature is a prophecy of the time when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more.

# TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

## II.

*JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.*



LEPERS
BY THE WAYSIDE,
NEAR JERUSALEM.

THE day after reaching Jerusalem our Canadian party set out for the three days' excursion to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Early in the morning there was quite an exciting episode in selecting horses for this journey, and for the long ride through Palestine. Quite a cavalcade was marshalled at the hotel, and the innocent pilgrims from over sea set out to make their choice. We tried to look as knowing as possible, but with some of us it was not a very great success.

My first mount was a tall, raw-boned nag, with a determined will of his own and a tremendous stride. I tried to feel like a gallant cavalier about to "witch the world with noble horseman-

ship," and to show off a bit beneath the eyes of Madame, who was watching the exhibition from the hotel balcony. Instead of showing off, it was as much as I could do to stay on. My Arab steed went like the wind, at his own sweet will, despite a strong pull on the snaffle-bit.

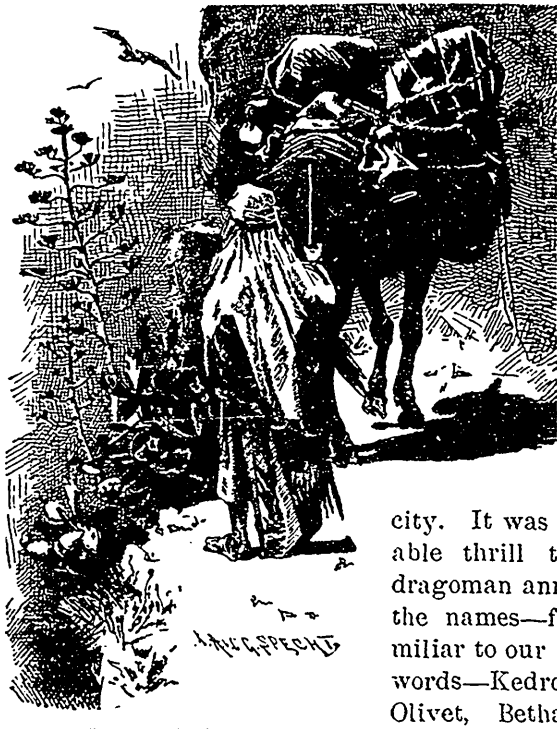
This terrible horse reminded me of the one described by Job: "He panteth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He

ARAB ESCORT.

mocketh at fear and is not affrighted, and he smelleth the battle afar off." I did stay on, however, but concluded it would be the better part of valour to exchange my fiery steed for the more sedate and docile "Naaman, the Syrian," who faithfully carried me many hundred miles, on the execrable roads, over the mountains and through the valleys of Palestine and Syria.

The Judge selected a magnificent-looking Arab horse, on which,

in his pith helmet, he looked like a general officer. The rest of the party got good, serviceable mounts, which they not seldom put to their speed to see which was the better horseman. Madame's "Jemil" was an easy-pacing and reliable animal, as it had need to be on these stony roads. Our dragoman Abdallah's was not the best-looking animal, in fact, it was rather of the Rosinante character; but the Oriental dress and accoutrements of his rider —long, blue gown, crimson sash, fez, and kuffia, with the Turkish saddle and housings with long pendant tassels—and his fearless horsemanship, made him decidedly the most picturesque figure in the party.



THE PATIENT CAMEL.

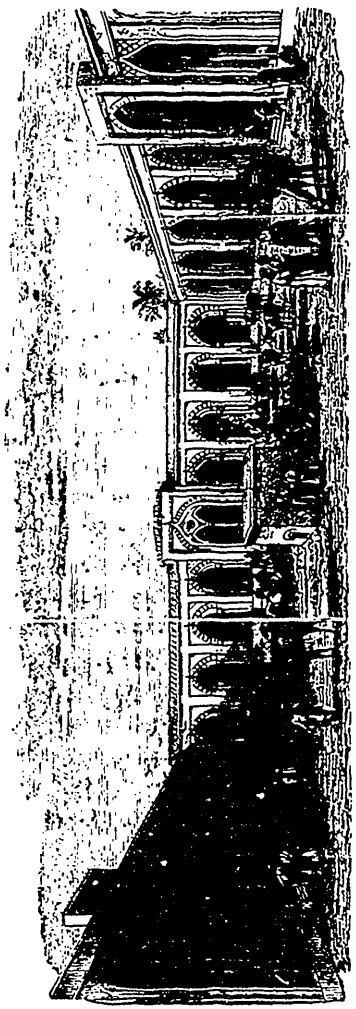
The morning was bright and beautiful, the air clear and bracing, and of an unusual transparency which brought the distant near.

We rode past the Russian hospice and church, beneath the gray old battlemented walls situated on the north of the city. It was with an indescribable thrill that we heard our dragoman announce successively the names—from childhood familiar to our ears as household words—Kedron, Gethsemane, Olivet, Bethany, Siloam. But they were to be visited at leisure after our return.

Wherever we rode without the gates, we passed groups of wretched lepers, holding up, in their withered hands, their tin cans, and begging, in their husky voices, for "backsheesh, howadgi"—"alms, O traveller!"

A tolerably good road, repaired and levelled at the expense of a Roumanian lady, extends for most of the way to Jericho. In many places we passed swarms of Arab men and boys repairing it in a seemingly most ineffective manner, with the rudest tools, short-handled hoes, and rush baskets for carrying earth.

We descended first the Kedron valley, leaving the venerable olives of Gethsemane on the left, and skirting the Mount of Olives, with the "Mount of Offence" beyond the deep ravine of Kedron. In about forty minutes we passed the crumbling ruins of Bethany, with its sacred memories, which we visited on our return trip.



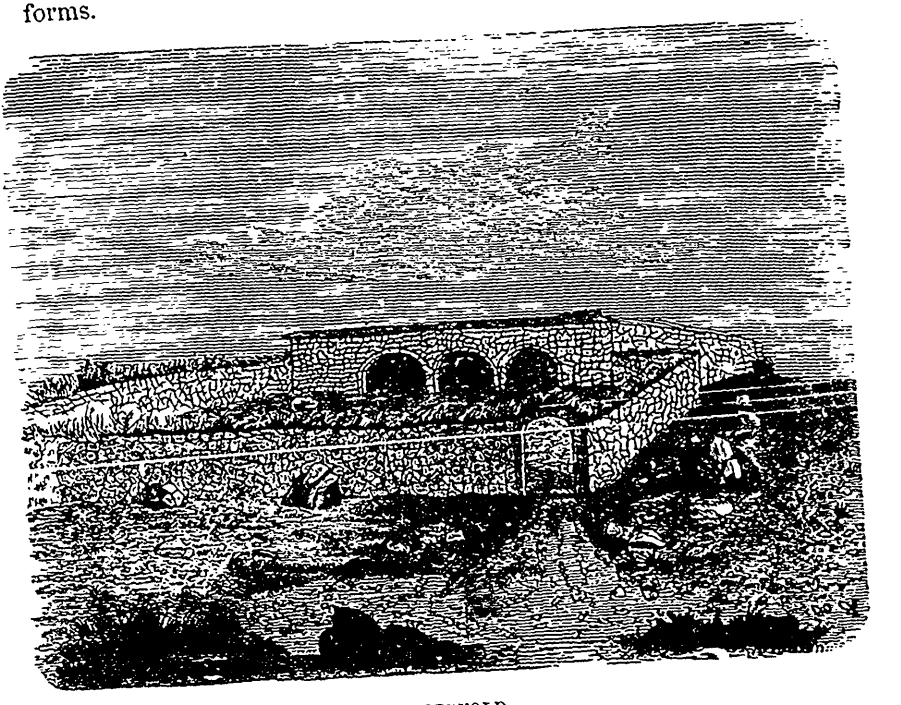
EASTERN KHAN.

As we passed the traditional Bethpage we were joined by our Arab escort, a swarthy, dark-eyed, muscular man, wearing a white bournous, confined by black horse-hair cord around his head, a weather-stained cloak and baggy trousers. In his girdle he carried quite an arsenal of weapons—a long-barrelled pistol, a huge curved sword, and on his shoulder a brightly-polished gun. He would shake hands all round two or three times a day, and repeat the formula, "Good morning! English? English goot."

He gave us several exhibitions of his magnificent horsemanship, sweeping like the wind over the plain, his bournous and cloak flying behind him, waving his gun above his head, stopping and whirling almost like a bird in its flight. We were informed that he had, by sheer force of will and superb horsemanship, rescued four tourists who had been imprisoned by a band of ninety Arabs. These Arabs seem very centaurs, man and horse combined, and acting like one. In former troublous days they have been credited with plucking a rider out of his saddle and carrying him off, a feat we heard Mr. Rolla Floyd say that he had himself performed.

We more than once felt the advantage of having our escort, as we passed numerous groups of fierce-looking Arabs, convoying

donkey brigades of grain, or an occasional camel train, from the wheat fields of Moab to the Holy City. Their bold, free air, their keen, hawk-like eyes, and long, white, hungry-looking teeth, quite fulfilled our ideal of the sons of Ishmael: "their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them." On their shoulders they carried guns with immensely long barrels and their stocks inlaid with silver or mother-of-pearl, at their girdle a cruel-looking, curved knife in a sheath, and even the poorest donkey boy carried a stout club. They were picturesque-looking rascals, with their undaunted air, free stride and sinewy forms.

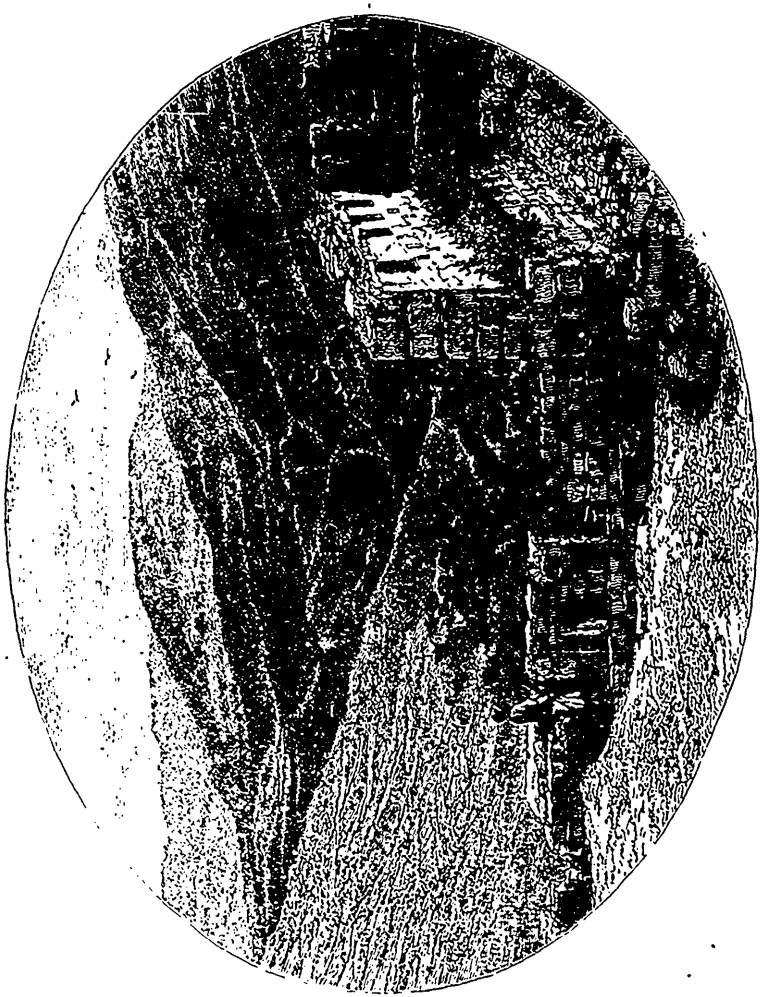


SHEEPFOLD.

The road descended rapidly, and we realized as never before the meaning of the phrase, "Going *down* from Jerusalem to Jericho." The Apostles' Spring, the only fountain between the two places, where, doubtless, our Lord and His disciples must have drunk of its waters, exhibits the remains of a handsome stone structure with Saracenic arches and stone troughs for water. It has been identified as the Waters of En-shemesh, mentioned in the fifteenth chapter of Joshua.

The road was thronged with Russian pilgrims of the Greek Church on their way to the Jordan. They were a very pictu-

resque, but shabby and dishevelled-looking crowd, in all degrees of raggedness. Most of them were trudging along, sweltering beneath sheepskin cloaks, like Bryan O'Flynn's, "with the woolly side in." They wore long, unkempt, square-cut hair and shaggy beards, and carried bamboo staves from the Jordan, or palm branches in their hands.



THE WILDERNESS OF JUDÆA—FROM SAMARITAN'S INN.

The women were generally mounted on the backs of much-enduring donkeys, crouched on their bedding with, it may be, one or two children. They often wore a fur-lined cloak and top boots, and rode with short stirrups, bringing their knees almost to their chins. In the sweltering heat they would ineffectually try to ward off the sun's rays by a palm branch or the corner of a shawl stretched out on a bamboo cane.

The village priest trudged along with his parishioners, dressed in black gown and tall, black hat, whose rim was at the top instead of at the bottom. Some of those foot-worn and weary pilgrims were carrying heavy bags on their shoulders. They all wore sad and weary faces, and ceremoniously saluted the howadgi with humble obeisance.

This pilgrimage is the event of a lifetime. The rustic inhabitants of some village, in the remote Caucausus or Greek Islands, save their money for years, and, with the village priest, make the pilgrimage to the sacred places, carrying with them the long, white shroud in which they bathe in the Jordan, and which they carry to their distant homes to be their final winding-sheet.

While the Russian pilgrims are said to number about nine-tenths of the whole, yet there are many others, Cypriotes, Levantines, Abyssinians, Copts, Syrians, Armenians—adherents of the ancient Christian sects of the East. We saw down at the Jordan a tall, handsome Abyssinian woman, weary and way-worn, who had got separated from her companions and was anxiously inquiring the way to the convent. It made us think of Mary returning from Jerusalem, and missing the young Christ amid the great multitude of pilgrims.

About noon we reached a dreary and desolate pass on a hill, to the left of which was a ruined tower, known as the Inn of the Good Samaritan. At its base was an ancient khan, or caravansary, where we stopped for lunch. This was a type of many such which we saw subsequently, and probably a type of those which from time immemorial have accommodated travellers in these Eastern lands. It had a solid wall surrounding a large court, with ample space for horses and mules, with an arcade and chambers along two sides for travellers who carried their own provisions; but for those who had none, rather meagre supplies could be purchased.

After lunch some of us climbed the steep hill to the old inn, probably an ancient castle for the protection of the road. It was utterly dilapidated, some of its ruined chambers being occupied by squalid Arab families. A couple of withered and witch-like women conversed with the Rev. Mr. Read, in that universal sign language at which he was an adept, and showed us the scanty furnishing of the vaults of the tower in which they lived, and gave us water to drink. Anything more dreary than the outlook over the stony hills can scarcely be conceived—the deepening gorge of the Wady-Elkelt or brook Chireth to the left, and in the distance the tawny, long, serrated wall of the mountains of Moab.

We rode on in the glowing heat like that of a furnace, the road in places being so steep and rough that our dragoman and a muleteer walked on either side of Madame's horse to prevent

APPROACH TO THE DEAD SEA.

accident, and the rest of us scrambled up and down the boulder-strewn gullies as best we might. The road clung closely to the tremendous gorge of Chireth, a deep, dark, yawning abyss, far down on whose opposite slope we saw the Convent of Elijah, which we visited on our return.

Twenty minutes later we obtained a complete view of the Jordan valley—the course of the old, historic river, traced by the fringe of willows and canes on its borders—and stretching far to the right the deep cobalt-coloured waters of the gloomy Sea of Death. Two ruined castles defended the pass into the plain, the remains of once strong fortresses. The marble remains of an ancient aqueduct give evidence of the facility with which this now dreary site of Jericho was once rendered the luxuriant "City of Palms."

To the right were seen the remains of the ancient Berket-Musa, or Pool of Moses, 180 yards long and 157 wide, part of the ancient system of reservoirs and conduits which once irrigated this district and rendered it a terrestrial paradise. The name is doubtless a misnomer, and the pool was probably constructed by Herod in his palace at Jericho. As we rode across the plain we heard a shot, and one of the long-necked, long-winged cranes, which were sailing through the air, tumbled to the ground. Our Arab escort dashed off at full speed, when a ragged Bedouin boy brought the dead bird to the Judge. A great plague of locusts had devastated the country, and the Government had called out two hundred soldiers and fifteen hundred villagers to fight the plague with petroleum fires, but all in vain, till a flight of these cranes came to the rescue and devoured enormous quantities of the locusts. Their lives are sacred on account of their usefulness in this regard, and it would have gone hard with the unlucky marksman had not our escort deemed that the shot was fired to procure a specimen for our party.

We presently rode beneath a handsome aqueduct with ten pointed arches, as shown in our illustration, and forded the sparkling brook Chireth through a thicket of willows, and in a few minutes reached the *Hotel des Voyageurs*, glad to tumble out of our saddles after a very wearying ride. The name of this lodging was the most imposing feature about it, but the reality was better than its reputation. It was a clean, comfortable, mud-walled, two-storeyed structure in a pleasant garden, filled with strange sub-tropical plants. A cup of good Russian tea and a short rest gave us energy to go out and explore the town.

There are three Jerichos: First, the ruined mound of the ancient Canaanitish city; second, the classic ruins of the stately palace and gardens, presented by Antony to Cleopatra, and greatly extended by Herod the Great, who made it his winter residence. Here he retired in his mortal illness, and here he appeared to the people in his robe of silver tissue, and while the multitude shouted: "It is the voice of a god," he fell stricken to

the ground, and in the words of Scripture, "was eaten of worms." Third, modern Jericho, a group of squalid houses, inhabited by about sixty families, who appear to be a degenerate race, as the climate has an enervating effect.

We wandered through a dreary Arab cemetery, beneath the battlemented walls of a mediæval tower, probably of Frankish structure, said to occupy the site of the house of Zaccheus. We saw, also, low branching sycamores, like that into which the publican had climbed when bidden by our Lord to come down, for He should abide that night in his house.

RUINED AQUEDUCT, NEAR JERICHO.

In the grounds of the Greek monastery, traditionally called Herod's Garden, there were a number of palms—such as once gave its name to the city—vines, and the remains of pools and cisterns, —all that was left of the splendid palace of the dusky queen of Egypt and the cruel Herod of Judæa. We visited the squalid Arab encampment, where some women were grinding wheat with a handmill, and cooking over a charcoal fire a strange mixture of sour milk, oil and meal, highly seasoned with red pepper, which did not look particularly appetizing.

After dinner we went out in the glorious moonlight to a village wedding, with its accompanying "fantasia," or monotonous dance, accompanied by more monotonous singing. The performers, who were all men, clapped their own and each other's hands and chanted in a weird cadence. The whole affair was tedious and uninteresting.

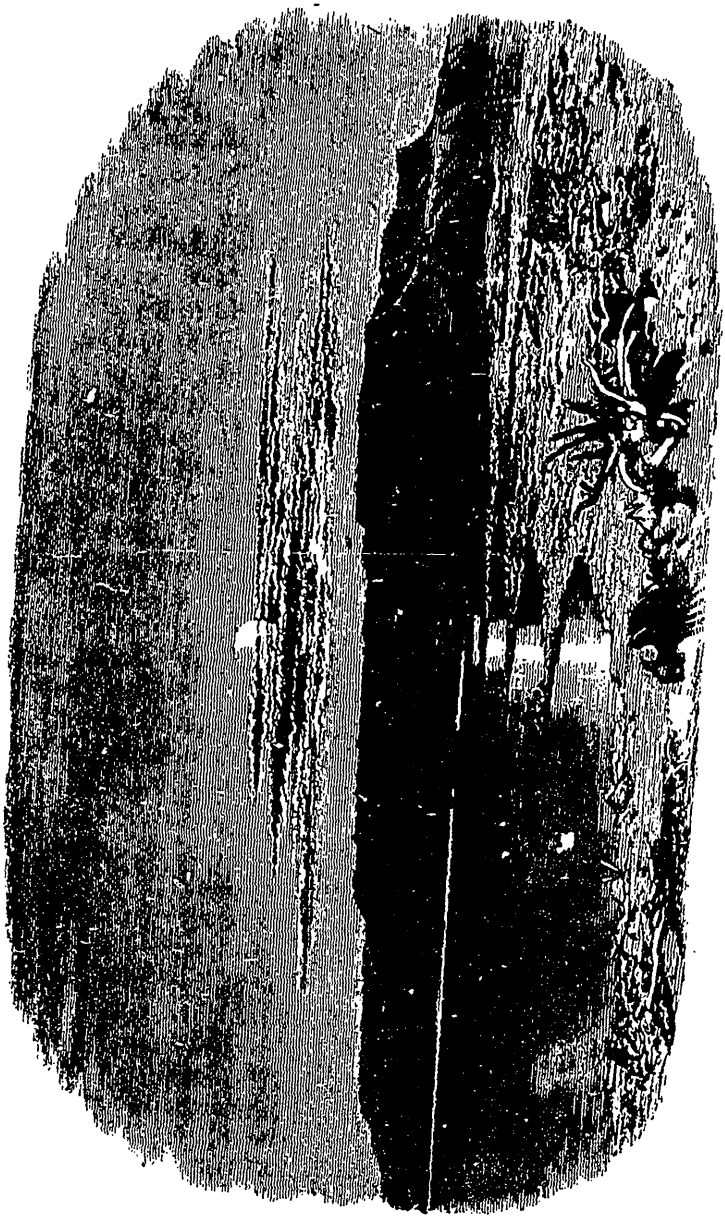
Our visit was made less pleasant by the innumerable dogs that compassed us about, sniffing suspiciously at our heels. As we returned in the brilliant moonlight through the cemetery of nameless Moslem graves, thoughts of the strange past, of Joshua and the Israelites, of Elisha and his school of prophets, of the vanished Canaanitish, Greek and Roman dynasties, and above all of the visit of our Lord to this once lovely, but now desolate spot, seemed to haunt the very air.

Next morning we were in the saddle early for our ride to the Dead Sea. We cantered across the flat plains, sometimes breaking into a glorious gallop. The sandy soil was marked here and there with an efflorescence of white nitrous salt, and wherever this was found, of course, vegetation was meagre, or altogether wanting. The waters of the Dead Sea looked blue, and clear, and crystal in the bright morning light. We rode off to a retired spot, a screen was soon erected and our rugs spread, and while Madame, in the distance, gathered pebbles, we plunged into the crystal flood. It was impossible to sink, but it was hard to swim, for our hands and feet both rose above the surface, yet it was delightfully easy to float upon the waves. If a drop of water got into eye or throat, the nauseous taste, or acrid, burning sensation soon showed how different from Ontario's limpid waves.

Of course, no fish nor plant can live in the sullen waters of this Sea of Death, yet a veracious traveller stoutly avers that he saw two live fish sporting in its waters, namely, the Rev. Dr. Fish and his son. After bathing in the waters a few minutes our hair became gray with the salt, whose crystals sparkled on our skin, and had to be carefully washed off with water brought for the purpose from Jericho. A good deal of driftwood floats down the Jordan, and wave-worn, gaunt and weird, and covered with crystalline incrustations of salt, strews the beach.

As the sun rose high it became oppressively hot, for this sea fills the deepest hollow on the face of the earth. Its surface is 1,293 feet beneath that of the Mediterranean, and 3,697 feet below Jerusalem, so great had been our descent in a few hours' ride. The greatest depth of the Dead Sea is 1,310 feet, showing a depression of over 5,000 feet below Jerusalem, or, 2,600 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean. The Dead Sea is forty-six miles long, and its greatest breadth ten miles. On its eastern shore it is flanked by the precipitous mountains of Moab, rising like a long purple wall. It has been calculated that 6,000,000 tons of water fall into the Dead Sea every day. The whole of it must be carried off by evaporation, absorbed by the hot, dry air of this unique basin. It is no wonder that the water that is left

is super-saturated with salts of sodium, of magnesium and lime. It contains twenty-five per cent. of solid substance, most of it



THE DEAD SEA.—NORTHERN END.

common salt. A bituminous asphalt sometimes rises from the bottom and strews the shore. Colonel Lynch's expedition brought two tin boats, with much labour, from Acre to Tiberias, whence

they sailed down the Jordan. They spent twenty-two days on the Dead Sea in taking soundings. When a storm burst over the sea, the waves, according to Lynch, lashed the sides of the boat like hammers. I did not, however, find the waters more dense, nor more acrid and nauseous than those of the Salt Lake of Utah, where I had bathed a few months before.

On the southern shore of the Dead Sea is a ridge of fossil salt, called Gebel Usdem. Columns of this salt are frequently left standing detached from the general mass. Some of these have been absurdly identified with Lot's wife, in ignorance of the fact that they are soon washed away and give place to other columns similarly detached.

This vale of Siddim is the scene of the first battle recorded in the page of history (Genesis xiv.), the prelude of the long, dark, bloody chapter of battle and slaughter which has marred the face of God's fair creation from that day to this.

In one of the gorges of those purple mountains is the ancient castle of Machærus, where Canon Tristrem found a deep, dark dungeon which, he says, "must surely have been the prison house of John the Baptist."

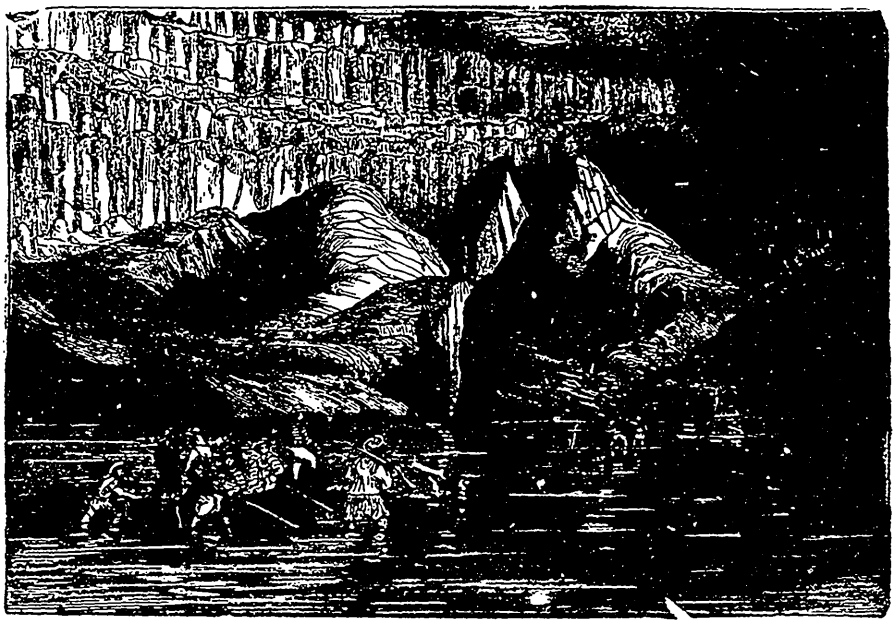
On the western shore of this gloomy lake was enacted the last awful tragedy of the Jewish war of Independence. At Masada, the fortress palace of Herod, a band of patriot Jews, with the courage of despair determined to die by each other's hands, rather than surrender to the hated Roman. On Easter Day, A.D. 73, the conquering Romans entered the ruined fortress and found only two women and five children who had hidden in the vaults, the sole survivors of the well-nigh one thousand who had perished.

The dominant thought, however, as we gaze over the Dead Sea, is that of the destruction of the guilty cities of the plain. "The cry of Sodom and Gomorrah was very great, and their sin very grievous." The flashing lightnings of heaven and the bursting forth of volcanic fire turned the whole plain of bitumen into a flame of fire, and "the smoke of the country went up like the smoke of a furnace."

The purple peaks of Moab possess an intense interest from their Biblical associations. From yonder height of Pisgah, the prophet Balaam, summoned to curse, thrice blessed the people of God. "God is not a man that He should lie; neither the son of man that He should repent; hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken and shall He not make it good? . . . Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel!" . . And falling into a trance,

and having his eyes opened, he exclaimed, 'How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!'"

Again, after the forty years' wandering were ended, Moses, the valiant leader and law-giver, climbs "the mountain of Nebo to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho." There the Lord showed him all the land of promise, which his foot might not tread, and there, according to the Jewish legend, he died of the kisses of God's lips. "And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." "Even in Palestine itself," says Dr.



THE DEAD SEA—SOUTHERN END.

Manning, "there are few spots upon which the eye rests with a deeper sense of awe, and mystery, and reverential wonder, than as we look across the Ghor of the Jordan and gaze upon this peak, glowing in the light of the setting sun, where the prophet of the Lord breathed his last earthly sigh, and awoke in the presence of his God."

We never grew tired of watching the deep purple mountains of Moab, Nebo, Pisgah, and "Beth-peor's lonely height," and as we lingered all day in full view we were haunted with the music of Mrs. Charles' beautiful hymn, "By Nebo's Lonely Mountain":

## THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY MRS. CHARLES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the tramping
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crowns of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves:
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot:
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honour'd place
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster-transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along th' emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truth half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall?
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, most wondrous thought
Before the judgment day;
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won your life
With the incarnate Son of God.

Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
Oh, dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His messages of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

# CANADA.*

BY THE REV. A. CARMAN, D.D.,

*General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.*


I KNOW a land toward the West,
A land I love, the first and best;
A land of genial clime and air,
With bread for all and bread to spare;
A land of health and wealth and peace,
Of noble toil and toil's increase;
A land of broad and fertile fields,
Where tillers' care bright harvests yields;
A land of milk and corn and oil
Where fatness tinges rock and soil;
A land of quarry, pit and mine,
Of spouting well and flowing brine;
A land of fountain, river, flood,
A land of mountain, meadow, wood;
A land of busy, earnest men
That guide the plough or wield the pen;
That crowd the tracks and marts of trade
To make their wares or sell them made;

* I wrote these lines about thirty years ago, when I had more hope, but not more love, of Canada, the land of my birth, the land of my sires, the land of my pride and joy, than I have to-day. Party strife—which has since well-nigh been our ruin—was then bitter enough to be sure; but we had not been yet flooded with political corruption in the high places of the State, nor in the lower grounds of the electorate submerged and soaked in the sediment of public debauchery.

Were I to undertake such a task now, the wounded wing would make heavy flight, and possibly lose its way in the stenchful mists of the common bog. Would that a kind Providence would vouchsafe a great deliverance to this great and noble Dominion, committed to our care even by blood! Then might

A land of daughters sweet and fair,
That brighten home and lighten care;
A land of churches, courts and schools,
Of learned men, some learned fools.
A land of parliaments and laws
Where rich and poor have equal cause;
A land of liberty and right
Where manhood feels true manhood's might;
Where virtue's shield protects the chaste,
And rising arts develop taste;
Where pleasures fill the frugal home,
And plenty more bids millions come;
Where commerce gladdens sea and lake,
And freighted trains the forests shake;
Where towns spring up and cities rise—
Swift proof of wealth and enterprise;
Where every man has even chance,
And cringes not to lordly lance;
Where every man, a king and free,
*May hold his land in simple fee;*
Where every man by work may thrive,
The strong grow rich, the weak may live;
Where men their honest gains enjoy,
And gains on gains their powers employ;
Where manly worth has large respect,
And fraud and crime are quickly checked;
Where in the face of public wrong
The people's voice is prompt and strong;
And where the spring of public good
Is faith in right and rectitude.

This is the land we call our own,
Land of all lands, preferred, alone;
This is the Canada we love,
To which we turn where'er we rove;
This the sweet name that charms our ear,
Lights up our eye and quells our fear.
Land of my life! land of my birth!
Thou dearest land of all on earth.

be realized under the spirit and constitution of the United Empire Loyalists the dream of my youth, the strong desire of my manhood, and the lingering picture of coming strength, righteousness and integrity; of public fidelity and national prosperity, that, somehow or other, even yet haunts my convictions, my prayers, and my hopes.

The heathen Roman, Cicero, almost in anguish, cried, "Never despair of the Republic." Yet by Catilines and corruption his beloved Republic was broken and has gone down the abyss. Possibly, however, the moral government of the world is so changed, that despite Catilines and corruption, a Christian Canadian may cherish patriotism, courage and faith. Hence, on request, I furnish these lines for the METHODIST MAGAZINE. A. C.

Land of my toil! land of my heart!
What soothing balm could heal the smart
Where flows the blood, if e'er we part?
Could cure be found in Ceylon's vales,
In India's groves and spicy gales,
Where fragrance floats on every breeze
And precious gums embalm the trees?
Could ease be had where richer flowers,
'Neath softer skies beguile the hours,
Embowered love despising care,
And music filling summer air?
Could Persian pomp my longing stay,
Or Tuscan strains while grief away?
Could Spanish grace my love engage,
Or Gallic art my woes assuage?
Arabia's myrrhs, nor Afric's palms,
Nor softest oils, nor sweetest balms,
Nor greatest pomp, nor gentlest grace,
Nor noblest art, nor loveliest face
Could ever touch my heart's deep sore
If I could see my land no more.

The lands afar may boast their gems,
Their flashing crowns and diadems;
Their lordly rank, their regal state,
Their masses poor, their rulers great;
Their ducal sway, their royal line,
Their ancient house, their blazing sign.
Give me the land of equal men,
Where all have rights, not one in ten;
Where "sir," "my lord" 's as good as Jack,
And Jack as good as premier "Mac."
Where lords untitled fill the land,
And brother feels his brother's hand;
Where none must crouch or lick or cower,
But all can feel their inborn power;
Where all may know God made them free,
And made their interests well agree;
Where special rights run not in blood,
But men are great as they are good.

The lands afar may boast their spice,
And taunt us with our fields of ice;
May boast their summer air and flowers,
Their orange groves and ivy bowers;
May boast their limpid oils and wines,
Their tow'ring palms and spreading vines:
Give me! give me this rugged land
With hardy woods and forests grand:
The stately elm, the stalwart pine,

Our maple leaf, heraldic sign ;
Heraldic sign that bears no stain,
Nor burns our cheek with crimsoned pain ;
Heraldic sign of honour pure,
Of equal laws, of rights secure,
Of justice mighty to endure.
Far off the day when we shall blush,
Or infamy our spirits crush ;
As we shall gaze on that loved sign,
The token of your land and mine ;
The token held before the world,
The banner by our sires unfurled,
That here, as free as forest air,
There's peace for all the sons of care.
That here, as pure as forest dew,
There's freedom full to Greek and Jew ;
That here, as bright as forest sheen,
There's honour bright when hands are clean.

The lands afar may vaunt their past
The glory won, the wealth amassed,
The lordly piles, the glittering domes,
The royal parks and princely homes ;
The broad estates, the tenant's cot,
The weaver's loom, the farmer's lot ;
The old cathedral's stately towers,
And darkest dungeon's fiercest powers ;
The symbol of the ruler's might,
The proof of tyrant's cruel spite ;
The Inquisition's dark career,
And seas of blood and Robespierre ;
And priests and monks and nuns in black,
That roll the bright'ning ages back ;
The frowning battlements of war,
And faiths whose priests the free abhor ;
May venerate the lifeless creeds,
And scorn the hero's noblest deeds ;
May execrate the true and brave,
And shout for joy at Freedom's grave :
Give me the land whose sons, freeborn,
The scowl of priests return with scorn ;
The tyrant's threats meet with disdain,
And fling them to their source again ;
The politician's arts suspect,
The briber's plans and pelf reject ;
And so maintain in manhood's tower,
The secret of the nation's power ;
And so hand on to Britons true
The freedom old, the freedom new.
This is the land of youth and hope

Where none pull down—where all build up—
Where ancient wrongs have found no place,
But truth and love invite the race
To industry and honest wealth,
To comfort, peace and surest health;
To all the blessings God hath given
His children dear, this side His heaven.

A hundred years have come and gone,
Since loyal men that loved the throne,
And chose the king and kingly crown,
And for that choice laid all things down,
Throughout the forest wilds that lay
Along our lakes and lovely Bay
Urged their bold course through flood and wood
To find again their perished good;
To plant again on untried shores
Their standard true with well-tried powers.
They brought not wealth or shining gold,
They feared not ice or piercing cold;
But firm resolve they bravely brought
And Britain's shield and honour sought;
And here the deep foundations set
On which their sons are building yet,
And rearing strong the towers of State,
Sure in our hope, as firm as fate.

Now, watch these empire builders move,
And see what things they dearly love,
Observe what massive stones they bring,
What sure cement and fastening;
How deep they lay, how strong they bind!
With what a hand, with what a mind!
How well they plan, how well they do,
How old their work, and yet how new!
What strength of proud historic worth!
What vigour of more modern birth!
What Tory pride and keeping hold!
What Whiggish schemes and projects bold!
And as this side lays up the blocks
In firm cement the other locks:
Together building Freedom's throne,
And right secure to every one;
A home for Order, Justice, Peace,
And Reason's sway till time shall cease.

These people hold religious truth
The guardian of the nation's youth.
They well believe our weal and bliss
Are liberty and righteousness.
They joy in knowledge as their power,

And rest in virtue's stately tower.
They love the Church, the court, the school,
The law revere, the Bible's rule;
They dwell in peace with neighbours just,
And for their riches seldom lust;
Against marauders shut the gates,
But might let in the United States—
Annex their vast and grand domain,
And take them to the Crown again.
Or better yet for mutual good,
Keep laws, do deeds of brotherhood;
In Friendship's bonds held heart to heart,
In Truth's great conflict taking part;
In serried ranks ranged side by side,
Firm in the Right let us abide.

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## THE VOICE OF SAD UPBRAIDING.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

"Then began He to upbraid the cities wherein most of His mighty works were done, because they repented not."—Matt. xi., 20.

THE voice of sad upbraiding
That fell on Jewish ears,
In plaintive weary pleading,
Still sounds adown the years:
The words—that paint the morrow
Where life's probations part—
Breathe out the tender sorrow
Of Jesus' loving heart.

Of yore, each favoured city—
Close nestled by the sea—
Reaped gifts of love and pity,
From Him of Galilee;
And still, to life's distressings,
He bringeth sweet surcease:
To each the same bright blessings,—
The same glad gifts of peace.

The nations—daily reaping
The harvest of His love—
Scarce realize the keeping
And grace, of Him above;
And, heedless of His kindness,
Hear not the words He saith;
And see not, in their blindness,
"The end thereof is death."

The records of the ages
No mention make, when sought;
Nor history's storied pages
Reveal the works He wrought
Chorazin's maimed and smitten—
They have nor place nor room—
So, million gifts—unwritten—
God-kept, shall measure doom.

They waited, in the morning
Of Time's long latter-day,
In certitude of warning,
Of judgment, in array;
And though His coming tarry,
And Mercy bide abroad,
'Tis but that He may carry
Each sinner home to God.

Oh, listen to the pleading
Of Him who loves you best—
"Ye weary, heavy laden,
Come unto Me and rest."
Ye toilers in Time's twilight,
Oh, lift your gaze above;
See, blazoned in God's sky-light,
His messages of love.

# WILLIAM III.

BY THE REV. W. A. QUAYLE, D.D.
*President of Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas.*

## I.

THE Puritan revolution had come and gone. If its appearance had been sudden and mysterious, its disappearance was no less so. It had come unheralded, like a new knight into the tournament. It had dashed into the tourney with the swiftness of the wind, but had vanished like Lancelot when he fled into the silence of an unknown place to heal him or to die. The rapidity of either transition is the historical wonder of the seventeenth century.

When we attempt the enumeration of the foes with which Liberty must always battle, the surprise is, not that she does so little or so tardily, but that she achieves at all. Her foes are legion. The lust of power leaps like a rider into the saddle whenever the slightest opportunity offers. But when Liberty has come, formed and fortified her camp, raised her standard, numbered her adherents, formulated her policy, written her constitution in blood, then the enigma is, how, in the brief passing of a lustrum or a decade, the very vestiges of her achievements seem washed away. That the tide, with the whole ocean swelling in its wake, can erase the rude scroll of the child's name from the sand, is no surprise; but that the name of Liberty which has been graven on the rocks with graver's tool so keen as to carve its way through troops marshalled by kings, that such should be washed out by the impulse of the passing storm, is a mystery the mind can never penetrate.

*Liberty came. The halo of a youth eternal binds her brow*, the strength of centuries of slumbering power seems gathered in her arm. Armies which have slumbered during a decade of centuries awake, stirred by the resurrection power of Freedom's voice. We thought to see a growing glory. We inferred a perpetual regnancy of such benignant principles. We fell asleep for but an hour, when lo! The face of history has changed. The insignia of subjugation glittered on citizen and soldier, knight and lord. Liberty seems destined to an eternal sequestration. No man knows its grave nor marked its burial; but all believe it dead. If some supreme faith still turns an inspired face toward the future, his fellows mark him a madman and a fool.

Such in brief is the survey of the train of events following the enthronement of human brotherhood in the Puritan dominancy. A Cromwell's death, a palsied power, a Richard's abdication, an impending military anarchy or despotism; and Albemarle brought home a banished prince amidst pomp and rejoicing which had been a royal welcome to a king returning a victor from the wars. A dissolute prince has come with body-guard of harlots, and such welcome as Rome gave Pompey is accorded him. A solecism this, before which all apology sits dumb.

When had England seen so servile a parliament as that which knelt like a craven at the throne of Charles II.? His nod was law. They watched his gesture as musicians the baton stroke of their master spirit. They forecast his wish. They seemed intent on this, that he should heap contumely upon them. Their servility sat upon them like delirium. The king was false to every promise. Obligation of king to subject he thought a figment, and laughed it down. Men who had suffered loss of property and blood for the loyalty they had shown Charles Stuart's failing fortunes were neither thought upon nor mentioned. That they had served him must be its own reward. And he, while men thought him a careless, roystering symbol of kingship, was forging fetters for Liberty's limbs. And still men saw the shame he brought, the monster vices which were his daily bread, the selling of national honour for pocket pence to squander on courtesans—saw, nor lifted a voice. They saw the glory which Cromwell bought by splendid achievement, pale to gray and gloom; and England became a jest to all Europe! And still they bowed at their Domitian's throne. To affirm, under such inculcation as these facts afford, that Liberty was dead, seems but a superfluity. It would rather appear she had never lived.

If we may reason from their conduct, the Stuarts accounted ingratitude a virtue. Clarendon, who supplied the statesmanship for the reign of Charles II. as Strafford had for that of Charles I., discovered that royalty had no remembrance of service loyally and ably performed. If Charles I. let loyal Strafford perish on the block, despite his royal promise to save him at every hazard, Charles II., despite the long years of his secretary's faithfulness in times of exile, despite every incentive to a gratitude that should have neither metes nor bounds, drove him from his royal presence. If the king dying whispered, "Remember poor Nell," it is but candour to remark that mistresses were the only persons who could boast his substantial regard.

But Charles is dead. James II. ascends the throne. His brother was a jester till he died. This man is bigoted, morose, and sullen as a winter sea. Yet with his failings he is superior to Charles by unnumbered gradations. Those who bore the shame of the reign of Charles II. should not have murmured at the tyranny of James. Charles masked his malice with a smile: James moved toward his destined end with knit brows. This it was that slew him. If ever there was a desert in the history of Liberty, it was in the epoch succeeding the Protectorate of mighty Cromwell, and extending to the abdication of James II. Yet even that desert was to bloom with beauty; and Liberty was only sleeping and not dead. And this was the hour which was to witness the coming of William, the greatest English king after Cromwell.

Of the four Williams named in the list of English kings, two were foreigners. The men of strength were foreign born. William Rufus and William IV. added names to the list of kings, but have made history no richer because they reigned. But of the first and third Williams, history may well be voluble. They differed in nationality, time, character. One was a Norman, and founded the British Empire; the other was Dutch, and refounded, on a nobler plan, the government which had fallen so low men thought it could no more arise. They lived six centuries apart.

William I. was cruel. He seemed to revivify the spirit of Attila and Alaric. He was iron-handed, and, in his bursts of passion, fierce even to frenzy. Self-restraint he did not so much as know by name. He embodied the strength and weakness of Feudalism. A continental feudal lord, he raised himself to be an island king. Attila, the Hun, was not more ferocious; and no inroad of buccaneers, Saxon or Danish, was ever more terrible than his conquest. His caress was cruel. His smile had no sunlight in it. He peopled England with desolation. He banished the Saxon from camp and palace, and thought he had made a perpetual banishment. William I. was ruthlessness enthroned; but historians allow the man was no mediocre. In a fierce age he outmatched its fierceness; but there was in him a genius for control. He curbed his fierce barons. His vengeance appalled them. Love he could not hope, and cared not for. Obedience he demanded and enforced with terrible severities. His shaggy brows beetled over eyes that saw. Statesmanship was in him. He was the greatest statesman of his century.

Six stormy centuries pass. Norman, Plantagenet, Lancaster, York, Tudor, Stuart, each have their day. Feudalism lives to

totter in decrepitude; and the last feudal baron, king-making Warwick, closes the gate that shuts mediæval England out forevermore. The struggle for liberty at Runnymede, at Naseby, in Star-chamber, in parliament, takes place. Tower Hill is crimson with patriots' blood. We seem to be spectators of the horrors of an opium-eater's dream. Another king ascends the throne. His mien betrays his kingliness. The third William is the antithesis of the first. His is the spirit of modern Europe. His whole life is an apocalypse of self-control. He is a warrior, but not a marauder and assassin, calling himself a king. He humbled the pride of the French sovereign when that monarch had prevailed in the face of all Europe. By his accession the English struggle for constitutional liberty was terminated triumphantly; and it thus transpires that William is a man important not only for himself, but also for the drama in whose closing scene he acted.

He is a man who challenges remembrance both for what he was and what he did. But if to this there be added an illustrious field for the display of ability, and momentous events which missed being tragic because he was present, then clearly a more absorbing interest attaches to him. He becomes the more important, and must be interrogated if we are to comprehend one of the most unique and important epochs of modern history.

William III. was a native of the united Netherlands, born in 1650, died in 1702. His eventful life spanned an eventful half century. He belonged to a race distinguished alike for industry and love for liberty. The Dutch had wrested the land they inhabited from the ocean. In Cæsar's time, Holland was a series of marshes verging the Northern seas. By a matchless industry, that uninhabitable waste had become the most fertile tract in Europe. This land became the refuge for the persecuted Puritan of England; and from its shore Puritan America set sail. The Dutch had become a race of seafaring merchantmen, whose vessels entered every harbour of the earth. They planted colonies in the New World, and founded as their capital that city which has become the metropolis of modern America. It was fitting that a people so distinguished for industry should become renowned in the annals of Liberty. And so it was. The Dutch set the English an example in resisting kingly tyranny. The encroachments of the bigoted, imperious Philip, spurred them into rebellion. The Inquisition, with its unimagined horrors, goaded the people to veritable frenzy; and some of the most noble records of human heroism are to be found in the battles and sieges of this remarkable people. Under the leader-

ship of William the Silent, a man of splendid genius, of catholicity of spirit rarely equalled, and of a breadth of view surpassed only by breadth of patriotism—under the leadership of such a man, the Netherlands became free.

William III. was the scion of a noble house, and the inheritor of qualities which made William the Silent a figure fit for the pantheon of the world. In frame he was slender and feeble. The citadel of his life was beset by asthma and consumption. His life was a conquest of an indomitable will over seemingly impossible odds. His forehead was capacious, his cheek pale, his expression sullen, his manner incongenial. He was taciturn and seldom smiled. He repelled men rather than attracted them. Only in time of battle did his manners become gracious, his smile sunny, and his mien truly lordly. In feebleness of frame he reminds us of Torstensone, the illustrious successor of Gustavus Adolphus. In generalship, he was a second William the Silent. In statecraft he stands, as Macaulay affirms, "The peer of Richelieu."

William III. was the great-grandson of William the Silent, and posthumous son of William II., Prince of Orange, "and was," as Kitchen affirms, "destined to be the most distinguished man of his race." That such was to be his elevation there was nothing to forecast. At his birth the sun of the House of Orange seemed set. "Father William" had been slain by a hired assassin of Philip II. Prince Maurice, as a brilliant soldier, had continued the heroic enterprise for freedom to which his father had dedicated his fortune and his life. On his death, in 1625, Frederick Henry, his brother, seized the spear which had fallen from Maurice's dying grasp, and wielded it right royally for two and twenty years. In 1648, the Netherlands were recognized as free. They were Spanish dependencies no more.

The House of Orange had liberated the Lowlands. Such service, it would appear, merited recognition and reward; but William II., son of Frederick, was supremely ambitious, and, it is to be feared, supremely selfish. His grandfather had been the servant of his country; the grandson estimated the country his body-servant to do his bidding. Such ambition "o'erleaped itself." At his death the States General abolished the stadtholdership. The government became an aristocratic republic with virtual kingly power in the hands of the Grand Pensionary, John De Witt; and William of Orange grew up the acknowledged head of a semi-monarchical party, at once hated, watched, and feared. His words, looks, gestures were recorded. Suspicion guarded him on every side. He had been hedged with enemies from his childhood. "Hence," says Prothero, "William learned caution,

reserve, insight into character, and the art of biding his time." He had come to guard his thoughts as soldiers the palace of the king. Any but a prophet would have said the glory of the House of Orange had departed. The youthhood of Frederick the Great gave indefinitely more promise than that of William; and men did, not, could not know that this, the last of an illustrious house, was to become the chief personality of contemporaneous Europe.

These infelicitous surroundings afford some clue to the character of Orange. They do not account for it. Environment never can account for either character or conduct. At best it casts but a feeble light. It is never more than an adjunct. But doubtless those traits of the Prince which made him so unpopular as an English sovereign, had in a sense been burned the deeper into his soul by the long watch he had set on face and voice. But the deterrents to popularity were elemental in his career as general and statesman. His face never betrayed him. He hid behind it as behind a mask. Though joy laughed in his heart, his face was sunless, his eye lustreless. Praise or blame, victory or defeat, he met with visage unperturbed. Men looked in vain to read the secrets he hid in his capacious mind. Diplomats could get no word which should betray the plans he was maturing for the accomplishment of that end to which he had dedicated every power of his soul — that end the humiliation of Louis XIV. and the enfranchisement of Europe. And when the year 1672 came, and with it the battalions of Louis' unequalled soldiers to wash like a stormy sea over the Netherlands, William, the lad of twenty-two, was in truth a man of mature intellect and vigour, fit to cope with the greatest sovereign of Europe.

Since the Dutch had, in 1667, become a party to the Triple Alliance, Louis had determined to annihilate Holland. At that time he was the statesman pre-eminent of all christendom. With him, diplomacy took shape as an art in government, and with it he conquered in the cabinets of kings. His diplomacy had served to detach every ally from Holland, and leave it friendless as a beggar shivering at the gate. Thus alone and armyless the Republic must meet upon the field of blood the best trained soldiers of the century. The provinces were panic-stricken. That was William's hour. He rose to meet the storm. He met it as the sailor the tempest, with courage like to joy. He roused his province to resistance. He gave his revenues and private fortune to the State to be used in defence. He took the lead of its armies. He stood in the swirl of battle undisturbed, even joyful. He opened the sluices and flooded vast tracts as William

the Silent had done before him. He was heroism at its best. He formed confederations against France. He won no battle; but such was his genius for turning defeat into triumph, that Turenne and Conde, though always victors, were always defeated. Conde retired, Turenne died; but William lived to celebrate, in 1678, the treaty of Nimeguen and the independence of Holland. Small wonder that his countrymen loved him with an affection that was near to adoration. The ten years which had succeeded this triumphant peace were, on William's part, an era of diplomacy. He headed the coalition of Europe. A country with scant ten thousand square miles of territory dominates in the counsels of emperors: so does genius master.

Had the stadtholder never become a king, had his base of action never been enlarged from a province to a kingdom, William III. would have ranked among the great men of modern Europe. It was not place that made him great. When he became king of England, it was he who honoured England, not England which honoured him.

From the time of his marriage with Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, William had turned the attention of his astute intellect to England and English politics. He cast covetous eyes upon the throne, because, as the sovereign of one of the great powers of Europe, he could more effectually head the coalitions against the arch-enemy of continental powers — the king of France. It is safe to assume that never, in waking hours, did the prince forget that king whose life was spent in self-adulation and in plans for the aggrandizement of himself and Catholicism. William was the acknowledged head of Protestant Europe. If he cared for England's crown, for such common ambition as the many know, that desire is not apparent. With him the kingship of England was a means and not, as with others, an end.

The haughtiness of Louis becomes insupportable. He domineers over Europe. He revokes the Edict of Nantes. James, with that folly which is characteristic of the Stuarts, goads his people into anger he cannot allay. William is invited to England to save English liberties. He does not haste. He feels the pulse of England, till he knows the hour has come. Then he gathers his troops, sets sail for Torbay, lands on the Island kingdom, and heads his columns toward London. The die is cast. The glorious revolution hastens to accomplishment.

The travesty and the pathos of the revolution of 1688 lies in this, that patriotism played so insignificant a part. Love of freedom was not so much a factor as the hatred for the saturnine James. Anomalous as the statement is, love of liberty was

inferior to love of perfidy. That so benign a revolution should have such paternity seems impossible; but is only melancholy truth. Marlborough, who owed all to his master James, was foremost in conspiring against him, hoping in change of masters to increase his gains. His spirit was the spirit of his compeers. Besides Somers, Nottingham, and possibly Montague, it is hard to name an English statesman of the reign of William III., who was a man of incorruptible honour.

All this goes to show the influence of a reign like that of Charles II. Charles died, but the blight of his reign survived him. Dishonour was to him instead of honour; and that statesmen trained in such a school should have been traitors for a coronet, is not hard to believe. When had political virtue been so low? The virtue of those men who championed the Puritan Revolution was so unimpeachable, and their character so clean, that their memory is like precious odours. They had the flavour of divine moralities. They entertained elevated conceptions of honour. But with the return of the Stuarts there was a reinstatement of depraved political codes. Those who hoped to receive honours from the king's munificence, must bring their purchase money in their hands. All England was an object of barter. The king received bribes from France—he must also receive bribes from England. Like lord, like liege. The antecedents of the revolution of 1688, England may well hope to forget—the results of it she may well pray to hold in everlasting remembrance. Corrupt governments are always a curse to both present and future. The vitiated morals of this period make solemn comment on the curse of corrupt kings.

But history is one. Unpropitious to Liberty as the times seemed, they were not more so than those which antedate the rise of the Dutch Republic. He who reads the records of that era to a certain point, will come to question whether Holland had any man save one, and whether Liberty were not a lost art. The Netherlands suffered the Inquisition to do its worst. It wore the shackles of a galling servitude, and refused to break them. Execrable cruelties seemed powerless to change them from cowards into men. That Orange could have believed in them through it all is one of the miracles of human faith. Egmont and Horn were purchased with a smile. Many another exchanged his honour as a thing of barter. Yet out of such sterile soil had risen a gigantic growth. And the Batavian Republic stood the foremost Republic in Europe and the world.

So, in the light of history, England's cause was not altogether hopeless. The very perfidy, the dishonour, the shameless treason

of men highest in the counsels of the king were made under God the ministers of constitutional liberty.

Four and a half centuries of struggle for constitutional liberty were marshalling squadrons for their last onset. This was, as we now know, a solemn and majestic moment. In the last charge is always something fathomless in its tragic interest. The pathos of that final charge of Napoleon's life-guard is fit to make men weep. All life flung into one awful hour is a spectacle before which silence is the only fitting speech. The Anglo-Saxon is now to make one more massive onset. It is the Marathon of king or constitution. From Runnymede and John to Whitehall and James, the march has been one long struggle between absoluteism and constitutional rights. The shout and tumult of battle have been incessant. It was in such a scene that William III. was called upon to be the kingly actor.

Two things are requisite that drama may be sublime: noble stage and noble actor. These two elements are met this hour. The destinies of Liberty, for which Puritans had been glad to die, were marching to triumph or to death. The battle-piece is sublime; and Orange is a fit figure to hold his place on such a scene. For such an hour he was the man of destiny. He it was who made victory achievable. His whole life seemed a preparation for this exigency of Liberty. His was that tutoring of adversity which makes men meet for any hazard. He had been schooled

> "To throw away the dearest thing he owned
> As 'twere a careless trifle,"

and at the end he might have said with Richard III.,

> "And I have set my life upon a cast,
> And I will stand the hazard of the die."

Subtraction is sometimes an easy and lucid method of finding the value of a given quantity. Heat eliminated, the world that is so fair would become a barren ice waste, flowerless as the region of the pole. Moisture subtracted, the planet would wheel to every sunrise one hot sahara with no oases to offer fountain and rest and cooling shade. The earth would be a fevered giant for whose delirium no febrifuge could avail. Use this method in determining the value of William of Orange as a factor in that revolution which gave to England a new meridian. Suppose he had not been. What could England have done? Whither could it have looked for aid? Where was there a man in Europe to whose hands parliament would have felt safe in entrusting the sceptre?

Is it not clear that but for William that gracious revolution had not been for a century or centuries? It appears plain that in any conservative estimate, to William, England must be debtor for the clear gain of at least a hundred years of constitutional government. Small wonder then that a test of fealty to the progressive party in English politics has been loyalty to the memory of their great deliverer, William of Orange. His presence and coming simplified the problem and rendered a solution possible. In this light, his value to Anglo-Saxondom and the world, is impossible to estimate.

The battles for Liberty have been won by scant populations. The few sowed, the many reaped. The population of the Netherlands in the era of the struggle for freedom from Spanish oppression, numbered three millions. That of America at the time of its revolution was the same. The census of England at the time of the Revolution was five millions. It seems beyond belief that this supreme triumph for constitutionality was won by populations only one-fourth larger than that of London of the present; but so it was. The few are the benefactors, the many the beneficiaries.

The record of events following William's landing and preceding his coronation, is briefly rehearsed. James desires to treat. William astutely accedes to the request. The king takes advice from his timorous heart and flees, is captured and returned; to the chagrin of the Prince, escapes again, destroys the writs of convocation, disbands the army, throws the great seal into the Thames, takes ship with wife and babe for France—and *finis* to the Stuarts. It is a fit termination of Stuart sovereignty; and for such self-exile there can be no return.

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## "WHATSOEVER."

BY M. BUTLER GERDS.

"WHATSOEVER!" Blessed Lord,
Am I ready for that word?
Is Thy will so dear to mine
That the whispers of Thy love—
Heard all other calls above—
Claim me, keep me wholly Thine?
Search me, teach me, hold my heart,
Draw me to Thy blessed feet;
There, in hush or service sweet,
I would live "the better part."
Help me, Christ, my Lord, to show
That I love Thee first and best.
"Whatsoever" be the test
That my stewardship shall know.
Let this year my truest be,
Filled with Christ's reality.

# CATHERINE BOOTH—THE MOTHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.*

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

## II.

THE East end of London must be regarded as the birth-place of the Salvation Army. It was not a place of influence which would be likely to gain great favour from strangers.

"To no spot in the world could the stirring vision of the Hebrew seer be more appropriately applied than to the worse than heathen pandemonium of blasphemy and ribaldry, in the midst of which the Salvation Army was born and cradled. As in days of old, the Saviour of the world preferred to give birth to His designs of mercy amid the rough, manger-like surroundings of this East-end Bethlehem, rather than in the refined West-end Jerusalem that was close at hand."

Mrs. Booth had no sympathy with the so-called sports of fashionable life, nor with the military spirit, except in moral warfare. Read how she denounces the British instinct which says, "It is a fine day, let us go and kill something":

"The regiment of well-mounted cavalry and the pack of hounds all charge at full gallop after the poor frightened little hare. It will be a great disappointment if by any means it should escape or be killed within such a short time as an hour. The sport will be excellent, in proportion to the time during which the poor thing's agony is prolonged, and the number of miles it is able to run in terror of its life. Brutality! I tell you that, in my judgment at any rate, you can find nothing in the vilest back slums more utterly, more deliberately, more savagely cruel than that; and yet this is a comparatively small thing.

"One of the greatest employments of every Christian government and community is to train thousands of men, not to fight with their fists only, in the way of inflicting a few passing sores, but with weapons capable, it may be, of killing human beings at the rate of so many per minute. It is quite a scientific taste to study how to destroy a large vessel with several hundreds of men on board instantaneously. Talk of brutality! Is there anything half as brutal as this within the whole range of savagery?"

Every person brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, was immediately set to work, and when we consider their antecedents, it is marvellous that they could accomplish what has been achieved.

* *The Life of Catherine Booth—The Mother of the Salvation Army.* By F. De L. BOOTH-TUCKER. Vol. I., octavo, pp. xxi.-457; vol. II., pp. xxi.-496. London: "International Headquarters." Toronto: William Briggs. Price $4.00.

"It was at the outset of the Christian Mission work that Mr. Booth was asked by some sceptical critic where he was going to get his preachers. 'From the public-houses and gin-palaces,' was the characteristic and never-to-be-forgotten reply. In these dark corners of moral degradation, he believed he was to find the right sort of material for opening the hitherto closed doorway to the masses. To dig up these buried talents was his God-appointed task."

Mrs. Booth was her husband's counsellor, in whose judgment he always confided. The women-soldiers of the Army could freely disclose all their thoughts to her, and like a faithful mother, she would always say the word that was needed. Then, too, her strong personality made her a powerful factor in every department of the Army work.

"She won to her aid such powerful friends as Lord and Lady Cairns, John Bright and other leading minds of the nation, and left her impress on the social legislation of the Empire, and in the enactment of juster laws for the protection of the poor and friendless, and for the suppression of vice. Her letters of impassioned earnestness to the Queen, to Lord Salisbury, to Mr. Gladstone and to others in high places, reveal her as the pleading friend of the poor and the oppressed."

The wise use of printer's ink is a powerful aid to success. The Salvation Army has clearly demonstrated this fact. Mr. Booth-Tucker writes:

"The redoubtable *War Cry*, during the next eleven years, although being the only religious or secular paper which does not deal in advertisements, achieved the phenomenal circulation of close upon a million copies a week. The newspaper history of the world does not present a parallel to so remarkable an achievement.

"This spiritual Armada, this immense flotilla of dumb, yet eloquent Salvationists, sweeps the world with its messages of 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men.' Like Joel's countless army, 'They run like mighty men; they climb upon the wall like men of war; they march everyone in his ways, and break not their ranks, neither does one trust another—the spiritual, the social, the criminal, the missionary, the musical organs having each their separate and appropriate sphere—they walk everyone in His path; and when they fall upon the sword they are not wounded; they run to and fro in the city; they run upon the wall; they climb upon the houses; they enter in at the windows like a thief,' and appear in places where the uniform of the Salvationist cannot yet be endured."

Mrs. Booth was a woman of large and loving sympathy, even with those whose theological views she could not share. Here is an extract from a letter which she wrote to Father Ignatius: "I trust that we shall meet when the fogs of time will be dispersed, and all His saints will see eye to eye. My heart burns in anticipation of that glorious oneness with all His real Israel."

There has always been more or less opposition to women preaching. This was especially felt in Scotland; but even in the very city where John Knox wrote his monstrous "Requiem of Woman," Mrs. Booth won the hearts of the people.

"Their prejudice against female ministry; their opposition to demonstrative religion; their dislike to anything approaching excitement, and their opposition to the doctrine of holiness were all forgotten, as they followed with intense eagerness every point of her argument. The boldness of the preacher, the courage with which she assumed the defensive without giving time to be attacked; her unpretentious modesty; her cogent, resistless force of logic; her perfect insight into human nature; her fearless Knox-like denunciations of evil; her intimate familiarity with the Scriptures; her alternate appeals to the reason, the emotions and the conscience; her command of language; her transparent simplicity, and her all-devouring zeal, carried them away.

"It was like a resurrection. Here was an old-fashioned Covenanter in the land of Covenanters. A spiritual Bruce, a woman-Wallace, stood before them; a champion who had come to enfranchise them from the thraldom of sin and Satan. Her skilful hands swept across their hearts, making them vibrate with spiritual melodies resembling the beautiful national airs that they so loved. They were convinced, they were fascinated, and from the opening service in that rude hall, to the last meeting that she ever held in Scotland, nowhere was Mrs. Booth followed by more affectionate and appreciative crowds."

Mr. and Mrs. Booth were ardent believers in the old-fashioned doctrine of holiness or perfect love. It will be remembered how the founder of Methodism and his helpers made this subject prominent in all their ministrations. Mr. Wesley always contended, that just in proportion as this doctrine was preached, so would the work of God prosper. Mr. and Mrs. Booth always walked by the same rule and under the same thing. There was also this peculiarity about the Mother of the Salvation Army, she invariably presented the whole truth to all classes. It was said of her fashionable hearers:

"'You will never ask such people as these to come out and kneel down here. You will only make a fool of yourself if you do.' I felt stunned for the moment, but I answered, 'Yes, I shall. I shall not make it any easier for them than for others. If they do not sufficiently realize their sins to be willing to come and kneel here and confess them, they are not likely to be of much use to the Kingdom of God,' and subsequent experience has confirmed this opinion."

The following shows the success of the Army methods in reaching the roughs and toughs of the sub-stratum of London:

"Rows of men sat smoking and spitting; others were talking and laughing aloud, while many with hats on were standing in the aisles and passages,

bandying to and fro jokes and criticisms of the coarsest character, when Miss Booth rose, and standing before the little table just behind the foot-lights, commenced to sing with such feeling and unction as it is impossible to describe :

> 'The rocks and the mountains will all flee away,
> And you will need a hiding-place that day.'

In making her concluding appeal, she called for volunteers to begin the new life of righteousness, when a big, navvy-looking man rose up in the midst of the throng in the gallery, and with sobs and groans exclaimed, 'I'll make one!' He was followed by thirty others that night."

Mr. and Mrs. Booth's success in training their family to walk in their footsteps is not the least remarkable feature in their history. They are indeed a notable family, who, like their honoured parents, have braved dangers, endured hardships, and won mighty victories for Christ. Their example in this respect should encourage Christian parents to "train up their children in the nurture and fear of the Lord." When the news reached her concerning the public appearance of her eldest daughter, she was afraid that her beloved child was a little too hasty. Her biographer writes:

"She therefore raised some objection to such early publicity, but Bramwell Booth, her son, who had been with his sister at the time, and had induced her to make the effort, looked at his mother with great solemnity and tenderness, saying, 'Mamma, dear! you will have to settle this question with God, for Katie is as surely called and inspired by Him for this particular work as yourself.' Mrs. Booth, with her characteristic humility, accepted the gentle son-like reproof, and in the spirit of fresh consecration embraced the new departure, thus paving the way to triumphs which were to bring her, in holy joy and satisfaction, a hundredfold reward."

It was a matter of rejoicing to the mother that all her children were brave soldiers, and when they were engaged in campaign work they were greatly encouraged by her soul-inspiring epistles. The first of their children to be imprisoned was their son Bramwell, who writes thus:

"Since my last report I have spent twenty-four hours in Bellevue gaol for upholding my Master's name to the perishing multitudes in the streets of Manchester. I was placed with the common felon; lived on a few ounces of bread and a little skilly; scrubbed my cell and slept on a plank, but in all my life I never felt more blessed and encouraged than while there. The prison a 'palace proved,' and while Jesus dwelt with me I could feel and sing and realize—

> 'Anywhere with Jesus, I'll follow anywhere.'

"Alarmed at the rapid decline of their trade, the publicans hired the

roughs, with unlimited supplies of liquor, to attack the Salvation Army, the mayor professing to be unable to afford them the protection of the law. Time after time the brave little band of men and women, headed by their two girl officers, faced the drink-bemaddened mob, from whom they received the most cruel treatment."

One of the daughters, now known as La Maréchale, headed a division of the Army in France. Her labours and success on the continent read like a romance. On her embarkation the mother wrote:

"The papers I read on the state of society in Paris make me shudder, and I see all the dangers to which our darling will be exposed! But oh! the joy and honour of giving her to be a saviour to those dark, sin-stricken masses! Heaven will reveal! Pray for her!"

The following extract will show that the mother did not desire that any of her children should engage in public service before being convinced that it was their duty to do so:

"I never loved you so deeply," writes Mrs. Booth; "not when you were my first baby girl, as pure and beautiful as a snow-drop; but oh, I do so want you, and all my children, to live supremely for God! I do so deeply deplore my own failure, compared with what my life might have been, that I feel as though I could die to save any of you from making a mistake."

Here are a few details of the daughter's labours in Paris:

"The boulevard without was crowded with carriages bringing ladies dressed as for the opera; gentlemen in evening dress, gold eye-glasses, glittering diamonds, accompanied by bejewelled ladies dressed in the height of fashion, filled every available seat. When the Salvationists appeared upon the platform, opera-glasses came into great requisition, and laughing comments arose from all sides; but when Miss Booth knelt to pray silently for a few minutes, in perfect wonder the audience arose and gazed at her. But after a while, as the power of God could be felt through the straight, yet tender words of the speaker, the listeners would for once forget themselves and be lost in the subject; fans would be folded, glasses forgotten, and the mask of outward seeming would drop, leaving on those faces a look of weary longing, apprehension or pain, which showed clearly that the heart beneath had not been quite deadened by the false joy and empty etiquette of the Paris world."

The sufferings endured by the soldiers of the Salvation Army, generally awakened sympathy on their behalf in many quarters. The Hon. John Bright wrote to Mrs. Booth:

"The people who mob you, would doubtless have mobbed the Apostles. Your faith and patience will prevail."

"During the twelve months, no less than 669 of the Salvation Army were, to our knowledge, knocked down, kicked or otherwise brutally

assaulted. Of these, 251 were women, and 23 children under fifteen years of age."

"In referring at this time to the Army's aggressive methods, Archbishop Tait, who had sent a subscription towards the purchase of the 'Eagle and Grecian,' remarked 'That the one impossible, intolerable thing would be to sit still and do nothing in the presence of the great call for increased activity.' Speaking on the same subject, the late Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot, said: 'The Salvation Army has taught us a higher lesson than this. Whatever may be its faults, it has, at least, recalled to us the lost ideal of the work of the Church—the universal compulsion of the souls of men.'"

In the midst of the most severe persecutions, the daughter in France spoke thus to the judge before whom she was tried: "You can punish us; you can imprison us; you can persecute us; you can chase us (as long as you are permitted); but what you cannot do is to stop this work. It is of God, and it must go on!"

The moral spell of these Hallelujah Lasses would melt the hardest heart. One poor fellow said:

"'The polis (police) could do nowt wi' me! The magistrates could do nowt wi' me! But yon little lass could do owt wi' me that she likes!' The speaker was a tall, burly ironworker in the north of England. The tears in his eyes emphasized his words. He had been a drunkard and a desperate character, but now, like the man out of whom the legion of devils had been cast, he was 'Clothed and in his right mind,' a wonder to all the town and country-side, and almost broken-hearted because the meeting that was then being held was the farewell of the young girl who had been the means of leading him to Christ. Verily it was, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit,' that so wonderful a change had been wrought. Hundreds in that same town could testify to a similar revolution in their lives."

The following are incidents of this holy war:

"No wonder that hundreds upon hundreds of the roughest class flocked like little children to the penitent form, and entered the Kingdom of Heaven through the labours of that girl of seventeen, who had dropped suddenly down into their midst, like an angel from the skies. Strange as it may seem to some, in the lowest depths of slumdom, hearts are to be found as tender and as beautiful as ever beat within the breast of womanhood. Hundreds of the greatest roughs have been converted, and all through the instrumentality of six young women, humble, simple souls, full of love and zeal. Truly God hath chosen the weak things.

"Drunkards, wife-beaters, prize-fighters, horse-racers, pigeon-flyers, cock-fighters, harlots, and, in short, the very dregs of society had been taken hold of, and in an incredibly short space of time transformed into good law-abiding men and women, who were not merely converted themselves, but in many instances were equally in earnest about the salvation of others."

With the burden of "Mothering" the whole Army on her heart, domestic cares added to the anxieties of this devoted woman:

"If it were possible to alter our mode of living," she writes, "I would be willing to go into a whitewashed cottage and live on potatoes and cabbage, in order to be at ease and independent; but that seems impracticable, at least, all but the potatoes and cabbage, and we have come almost to that. My precious husband is careworn and overwrought with his great work; the tug to get money for that is bad enough, but to have to think of self is worse than all."

It is the spirit of the Army to care for the bodies as well as the souls of men. It was no marvel, therefore, that the Social Purity movement won the sympathy of Mrs. Booth, who says:

"I am overwhelmed with shame and grief for the destruction of the daughters of my people by the very men who ought to be foremost in chivalry and virtue, and I am persuaded that, if something effectual is not done, there will be, ere long, such an exposure of their crimes as will shake the nation to its centre, and awfully loosen the restraints of both law and morality."

Her appeal to parents respecting this matter was like all that she did, characterized alike by sympathy and earnestness:

"Christian parents, save your children from this moral pestilence; oh! as you value their happiness, their chastity, their godliness in this life, and their felicity in the next, save them from acquiring a taste for drink. Christian ministers, deacons, elders, members, warn your young people that they come not within the fatal gaze of this moral Basilisk! Oh! warn them that they enter not the *outermost* circle of this eddying maelstrom of perdition, crimsoned already with the blood of myriads once as fair and pure, as virtuous and true as they are now.

"The crowning effort of the Social Purity campaign was the organizing by the General of a monster petition to the House of Commons. So overwhelming was the response to his appeal, that within the short space of seventeen days no less than 343,000 signatures were obtained. Coiled up in an immense roll, measuring in length two miles, bound together and draped with the Army colours, the petition was placed upon a large open waggon, and escorted in the direction of Westminster, to the point beyond which public demonstrations are not allowed to proceed. It was a unique and impressive spectacle, the members rising to their feet spontaneously to view the unwonted scene."

Mrs. Booth was often the subject of severe attacks of illness, which were no doubt largely induced by her earnest, self-denying labours. But even while enduring paroxysms of pain she would attend public services when others would think she was more fit for bed. She says:

"'I allowed myself to be drawn in an open perambulator at the head of

the procession last night, a gazing stock to the town! I felt a little of the meaning of Paul's glorying in the cross. Oh! what poor little shame-faced soldiers we are after all!'"

On another occasion she writes:

"'Mr. Booth arrived at 6.30, and the meeting commenced at 7.30. He begged me to try and go, if I only showed myself. He prayed and I got ready as best I could, and, half carried to the cab, I ventured. I rose to speak in the strength of the Lord, and from the moment I opened my mouth until I ceased, I never felt any pain in my knee except once or twice when I moved it. The Lord stood by me and I spoke for an hour and a quarter, with three reporters sitting in a row just in front of me. The pain came on again before I got home, and I was up all night, for I could not lie in bed."

"Mrs. Booth's nervous system had, however, received a severe shock, from which it was long before it completely recovered. The barking of a dog, the rattle of carriage wheels along the road, even the chirping of a sparrow outside the window, would render sleep impossible. 'It seems to have been my special lot,' said Mrs. Booth, during her last illness, 'to suffer. I can scarcely remember a day in my life which has been free from some kind of pain or other.'

"For several weeks Mrs. Booth was an entire invalid, being confined to her room, and suffering from chronic relapses, when for hours together she would writhe in agony on the bed or floor, and then, white and cold as marble, fall into a swoon from which it appeared that nothing could restore her."

The anniversary celebrations of the Army were always seasons of great interest. While Mrs. Booth could attend she was always present; the last which she attended was in 1888, when she could only remain a few minutes. All were afraid that before another anniversary she would be removed to the better world. She was alive, however, but could not sit up in bed. The crowd in attendance was immense. There was not even standing room. The noble woman sent what proved to be her dying message, which was heard by not less than 20,000 people:

"'My dear children and friends,—My place is empty, but my heart is with you. You are my joy and my crown. Your battles, sufferings, and victories have been the chief interest of my life these past twenty-five years. They are so still. Go forward. Live holy lives. Be true to the Army. God is your strength. Love and seek the lost; bring them to the Blood. Make the people good; inspire them with the spirit of Jesus Christ. Love one another; help your comrades in dark hours. I am dying under the Army flag; it is yours to live and fight under. God is my salvation and refuge in the storm. I send you my love and blessing.'"

Her last illness had come; through it all she was graciously sustained. Here are a few of her sayings as she was waiting at

the river's brink for the command to pass over. Her biographer says, "It seemed as if her sick bed became a Pisgah, from which, like Moses, she was able to review the past and look forward to the glorious future." To her husband and comrades in arms she said:

"'Promise me that you will be true, *true*, TRUE! That you will anchor on the throne of God, and when the rocking comes, you will be safe. Do you promise? All of you?'"

On another occasion, when she was conscious that her work was nearly done, but was still desirous to do something additional, she was heard to say:

"'Oh, yes, Lord, I will go anywhere to help poor struggling people—struggling, many of them, after God better than I have done. I would go on an errand to hell if the Lord would give me the assurance that the Devil should not keep me there.'

"As she became weaker, she exclaimed: 'The waters are rising, but so am I. I am not going under but over. Don't be concerned about your dying; only go on living well, and the dying will be all right.'"

As the end grew nearer the scene became more impressive. We again quote the following:

"With streaming eyes and faltering voices the gathered family sang again and again her favourite choruses, watching with inexpressible emotion as the loved lips moved in the effort to take part:

"'We shall walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
We shall walk through the valley in peace!
For Jesus Himself shall be our Leader—
We shall walk through the valley in peace!'

"A gleam of tenderest recognition passed over her countenance as the General bent over her. 'Pa!' she said—a term of endearment for the General. Their eyes met, the last kiss of love on earth was given, the last word spoken, 'till the day break and the shadows flee away.'"

Such is the life-story of this noble woman, who was of slender physique, of impaired health, often suffering from extreme weakness and pain, yet in labours more abundant, and training up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord a family of eight sons and daughters to lead great evangelistic movements in France, in Switzerland, in Australia, in India, in the United States, and in Canada, is one of inspiring heroism.

Her death was truly triumphant, and as devout men and loving women bore her to her burial, her mute lips still preached Jesus to the multitude; and, being dead, by her written words, by her holy example, by her consecrated life, she still speaketh.

# SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ORMISTON, D.D., LL.D.

No part of the United States of America has had a history so varied and interesting as California. Great changes have taken place, more striking and remarkable than in any other section of the Republic. The Pacific coast was first under Spanish domination, next under Mexican rule, then followed the provisional government of the United States, and now it is a State of the Union. Although discovered and visited as early as 1542, its history practically dates only from 1768, when a chain of missions was established along the coast by a company of monks, who had occasionally serious difficulties with the Indian tribes, but ultimately induced many of them to become professed Catholics. Many of the cathedrals then erected are now in ruins, some of them remain in a good state of preservation—as at San Gabriel, Santa Buena Ventura, and Santa Barbara. Gradually these missions, controlled by the priests, became very wealthy, and claimed wide leagues of land, and thousands of cattle, horses, mules, and sheep.

For a long time the Fathers were strongly opposed to immigration and discouraged it, so that only Indians, priests, soldiers and a few adventurers, constituted the entire population. The Mexican government frequently interfered with the affairs of the missions, and caused much trouble and excitement.

About fifty years ago the Californians made some attempt at self-government, and ejected the Mexican officials and soldiers. In 1846 the Americans occupied the country and the property of

*The two essays presented to our readers, one on "Southern California," and the other on "Zone Life of Ferns," were written by Dr. Ormiston and Professor Wright, respectively, the two oldest living graduates of Victoria University, they having received their diplomas together in 1848, the only one preceding them being Judge Springer, of 1845. Both these essays were read this year before the Hamilton Association, of which both in its early days were active official members. It is a coincidence that Prof. Wright had an article in the very first number of this magazine on the then startling discoveries of Livingstone and others in Africa. Both of these gentlemen have retired to the genial climate of the Golden State. Dr. Ormiston finds as much pleasure in his young and promising orange groves of one hundred acres, as Mrs. Stowe did in hers of much smaller size in Florida. He is still vigorous, for last year he was elected delegate to the General Assembly in Detroit, and every Sabbath preaches with great acceptance in the pulpits of the neighbouring cities. It will be

many of the missions was sold. The proceeds were devoted to the payment of the priests, the support of the Christianized Indians, and the maintenance of charitable objects. War was waged by the Mexicans against the United States in which the celebrated Tremont took a prominent part. As the outcome of this contest, California was ceded by Mexico to the United States in 1848.

In 1849, the discovery of gold caused great excitement all over the continent, multitudes rushed to the west, and Southern California became a sort of thoroughfare, and began to attract attention as a profitable future place of settlement. In 1850 California was admitted as a State of the Union, and for a decade or more, cattle and grapes were the only exports from the southern part of the State. The actual settlement of Southern California really began only twenty-five years ago. At that time bonds were issued to construct the first railroad in Southern California, and the foundation of Los Angeles was laid. Since that time the development of the country has been rapid and it continues to go on, though as yet only in its infancy.

*General Description.* Southern California embraces six counties. Of these Los Angeles is the largest, most populous, and attractive. Los Angeles city, the metropolis of Southern California, containing over 60,000 inhabitants, is situated on a river of the same name about twenty miles from the sea. Several ranges of mountains run nearly parallel with the coast at a distance of about thirty miles. It comprises about three million acres of land, about one-third of which may be cultivated and rendered remuneratively productive. It is not only the most populous and prosperous of the counties but has attracted widespread attention on account of its unrivalled, salubrious, and genial climate, the depth, variety, and exceeding fertility of its

conceded by our readers that his essay shows the pith, accuracy, and eloquence of his active ministry. Prof. Wright, besides revelling in the rich resources of the public library of Los Angeles, finds time to recruit his failing health by rambles on the sea-shore for shells and sea mosses, and among the mountain canyons for ferns.

We have no apprehension that any of our readers will be beguiled from their allegiance to Canada by Prof. Wright's account of the beautiful ferns of California, or by Dr. Ormiston's description of its grand scenery. For invalids it certainly does offer attractions during our frosty yet kindly winters, and many useful lives have been prolonged by a sojourn in that country. Our own conclusions after a month's visit and 2,000 miles travel in the Golden State, we have expressed as follows :—

"Before I left home I was a patriotic Canadian, proud of my country, of its resources, of its civil and religious institutions, of the promise of its future. I come back with these feelings deepened and strengthened.

soil, and its unsurpassed agricultural and mineral resources. The vast range of altitudes, soil, and other conditions make practicable and profitable the successful culture of all kinds of fruits, vegetables and grains which can be raised north of the tropics. The climate to some extent, and the productions very largely, vary within the distance of a few miles, as one recedes from the sea-shore, or ascends one or two thousand feet. The proximity of a warm sea on the one hand, and the vicinity of snow-clad mountains on the other, mitigate and modify the extremes of heat and cold, so that severe frost or oppressive heat is rarely experienced; hence the uniformity and salubrity of the climate at all seasons, and the inexhaustibility and varied productions of the soil.

*Soil and Climate.* Much has been said and written about the soil and climate of this land of sunshine and flowers. Accounts have been given that seem absolutely to contradict each other, and yet both may be in accordance with the facts as known by the writers. The locality, the season of the year, the altitude of the place designated, will seriously affect the intensity of the degrees of heat or cold. On the summit of the loftiest mountains, snow rests all the year round; on the slope, as you descend, the temperature gradually rises, till on the foot-hills it is highly agreeable, being neither hot nor cold; but go down to the valley and the heat becomes sometimes intense. Thus within the space of a few miles, one passes from a temperature of thirty degrees or less to one as high sometimes as one hundred degrees in the shade or one hundred and twelve degrees in the sun.

In the valleys, under mild warm sunshine, vegetable growth progresses every day in the year, and the yield of all kinds of crops, if the land is well irrigated, is most prolific. The winters

California may have skies of sunnier blue (though aught fairer than our summer scenes I did not behold), it may have its orange and its lemon groves, but it has also vast areas of arid desert which can only be brought into cultivation by great expense of time and toil and treasure. Its hills are for the most part treeless, verdureless and bare. I missed the bright, rich foliage of our forests, the verdure of the blessed grass clothing with beauty every field and fell; and often in the long, dry, sultry summer-tide I yearned for the veiling clouds, the sweet and blessed rain, to cool the air and renew the parched and thirsty ground. I come home more than ever convinced that no land under the sun furnishes for the average mortal happier conditions of success than our own beloved Canada; more than ever convinced that this favoured land offers to its sons and daughters a fairer heritage than is to be found on earth. Land of my birth,

> " ' Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
> My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee.' "—ED.

are as mild as the spring months of any of the States east of the Rocky Mountains, and the summers, owing to the dryness of the air and the cooling breezes daily from the ocean, notwithstanding the high temperature, peculiarly salubrious, and even highly enjoyable.

The temperature gradually varies from mountain to sea, the sun-scorched slope of the mountains, the upland mesas, the warm, dry valley, the shaded canyon with its crystal stream of water, the headlands on the sea, and the broad firm beach on which the waves of the Pacific quietly break, furnish such a variety of climatic conditions, as are adapted to the needs of every class of invalids, and afford sites for the most attractive homes for families making a temporary sojourn, or making a permanent residence.

Extending eastward from the city of Los Angeles as far as San Bernardino and Riverside is a section of country which arrests the attention of all who visit it, whether it be the tourist, bent simply on enjoyment, or the invalid in search of health and happiness; or the man of means seeking a place wherein to spend his declining years, amid peace and plenty and congenial surroundings. People who desire a delightful home with charming surroundings, with easy labour and pleasurable pursuits, can live here less expensively than almost anywhere else, the matter of household service only excepted; employment and fair wages await the willing worker. All who visit this region with the honest purpose of obtaining a livelihood, or to spend a few months of leisure in pleasant pastime, will find a hearty welcome and will not be disappointed.

*Grand Scenery.* Some time ago I beheld a scene of ineffable beauty and grandeur, such as can be witnessed in very few lands. The lofty mountains were covered with freshly fallen snow, which in the ruddy glow of the setting sun glistened and sparkled in gleaming splendour, while the valleys within the distance of a few miles were covered with orange groves, clad in green and gold, grain fields waving in rich luxuriance, and shrubs, plants, and flowers of every kind and hue carpeted the landscape with all the blended fascinating colours of the rainbow; such an extended panorama of wild rugged grandeur, enchanting beauty, and attractive loveliness is without a parallel elsewhere. The diversified and contrasted sceneries of other lands, here blend and unitedly inspire sentiments of grandeur and beauty.

The mountains of Switzerland, the villages of Italy, the hills of Scotland, with the singular aspects of the wooded parks of England are all around us. One must personally visit the varied, unsurpassed scenery of this new western world to fully comprehend

and appreciate it. Other regions lying to the south-east and north-west, are also distinguished for impressive and interesting landscapes of hill and dale, river and sea-shore, canyon and mountain passes, and desert and sunlight plains.

Owing to the vast deserts and almost impassable mountains on the north and east, this section was regarded as inaccessible until the railroads from both the north and east, overcoming immense difficulties, entered it. Now three lines of railroad connect us with the East, and others are projected and being built, furnishing every facility for travel and commerce. Cities, towns, and villages are springing up, where but recently only sheep pastures or cattle ranges were to be found. Society here is assuming form and character under very favourable conditions, and though coming from diverse sources, with some social varieties of training and practice, all will soon become acclimated and homogeneous. A large number of well educated people of both sexes, and many college-bred men, are found in almost every locality, and homes of culture and refinement abound among us.

I will close with a few remarks on the provisions made for the intellectual and religious instruction of the people. All over the state, and especially in the southern counties, numerous spacious, commodious and well-furnished school-houses have been erected; the school-house is the most striking feature in the landscape. The teachers are generally well qualified and in most cases fairly remunerated, and nearly all the children of school age attend regularly. The Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists have each a denominational college, struggling, it is true, with financial difficulties, but prospering and hopeful. Seminaries for young ladies, schools of art and design, and conservatories of music have also been opened. Thus a varied and liberal education is within reach of all who desire it.

In the northern part of the state, near San Francisco, is located the University of California, which is well equipped; and at Palo Alto, south of San Francisco, has recently been erected and established the Leland Stanford University, which, in the extent and massiveness of its buildings, the elegance of its accomodations, the attractiveness of its surroundings, in the well selected apparatus and facilities for imparting instruction in every branch of learning, classical, scientific, philosophical and literary; in the number and efficiency of its staff of professors, and in the amount of its magnificent endowments is not surpassed, if equalled, in any of the older states of the Union—all being the liberal gift of the Hon. Senator Stanford, as a memorial of his only son who was suddenly removed in the spring-time of his years. Mrs. Stanford

not only co-operates with her husband in this great work requiring the investment of millions of dollars, but also gives largely to other benevolent and philanthropic institutions. With regard to the religious conditions, aspect and prospects of this section of country, they are similar to those of all newly settled territories, owing to the fact that the people come with their predilections for the church they left behind. Church organizations are too numerous. Frequently two or three congregations are found where one would suffice for the entire population of the place. Hence the heavy demand upon the Mission Boards in the East for support.

Y.M.C.A's. and Y.P.S.C.E. are popular and active, in different spheres of work. Temperance principles control the conduct of many, but saloons in cities and towns are far too numerous. In some localities they are entirely prohibited. Sabbath desecration is, unhappily, too common, and many labour openly and avowedly on the sacred day. On the whole, however, in my judgment our people morally and religiously will compare favourably with other portions of the country similarly situated. Religious privileges and the means of grace are brought within the reach of all our people.

In conclusion I would sum up by stating that the climate is excellent, that the soil in the valleys is rich, and peculiarly fertile (except when washed away by the overflow of the rivers), that the productions are varied and most abundant; that the people, though mixed, and not a few of them came as invalids, are intelligent, sympathetic, active and aggressive; that ample provisions are made for the mental, moral, and religious education of the people, and that differing and even seemingly contradictory reports may be received and yet all be true, as to the time, place, and experience of the writer.

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## INASMUCH.

HEAVEN never takes its own returning gifts
Straight from the earth, but from the rivers lifts
In fertilizing mists the watery masses,
The sunshine dowers the wheat-blades as it passes,
Strengthens the herb and gives the fruit its hue,
Before it seeks again the sun it knew.

God takes our worship through our service free,
In ordered toil or gracious ministry;
In love's low prayers which hardly have an end,
In the forbearance shown to foe or friend.
His showers of grace brings sweet growths everywhere
Of herb, fruit, grain, for human spirits' fare.

—*Olive E. Dana.*

# THE ZONE LIFE OF FERNS.*

BY PROF. W. P. WRIGHT, M.A., S.T.D.

## *ARE THE FERNS OF CALIFORNIA TROPICAL?*

THE author desires the reader to excuse some personal items, as after a silence of fifteen years the memory gets the better of science, much in the same way as the much-maligned Irishman surpassed all his neighbours in the art of doing less work in a longer time.

The study of the Fern world when once entered upon becomes an absorbing passion, and no one is advised to enter upon its pursuit who is not willing to drink deep or taste not of this Pierian spring. Such delicate tracery, such elaborate patterns, such feathery gracefulness, such marvellous shadings of colour, such film-like beauty—and all so wonderfully planned, intricate, and perfect, as to bear the stamp of supernatural skill.

> " Yet evermore in May-time hearts are stirred,
> And spirits are roused to rapture, marvelling
> At this fair earth, where 'tis so sweet a thing
> To live and love, to think and worship, while each hour
> Speaks its word in some new crested fern
> To glorify the Spring, and angel clear
> Sings each golden-throated bird."

The number and variety of zones of flowers on this continent is much greater than that of ferns. For example, while there is a well-marked prairie zone of flowers with a vast number of compositæ and resinous plants, the ferns in that district are similar to those of the same latitude farther east.

Leading families of ferns are persistent and wide-spread over many continents. Such familiar names as Polypodium, Aspidium, Asplenium, and Adianturn occur in the lists of all climes, though with an almost infinite variety of forms.

The common Polypody, with its well-marked uncovered seed spots, and the pretty little spleenwort (*Asplenium trichomanes*), found by me in company with Mr. Charlton at Lake Medad, near Hamilton, were also sent to me by Principal Burwash from the Hartz Mountains of Germany, and by Prof. Coleman from the North Cape of Norway, and both met me with their familiar fronds

* This paper was read before the Hamilton Association, November 24th, 1892. The personal references are all to either past or present members of that Association.

when I came to the land of the setting sun. The graceful club-moss (*Selaginella rupestris*) which Mr. Alexander found in a morning ramble in the woods of Muskoka, nestling on the top of a hollow rock, is in this State the leading variety of its class.

The Lady-Fern (*Asplenium filix-fœmina*), the Shield-Fern (*Aspidium spinulosum*), the common Brake (*Pteris aquilina*), the Bladder Wort (*Cystopteris fragilis*), the Maiden-Hair (*Adiantum-pedatum*), the Polypody (*Polypodium vulgaris*), the common Rush (*Equisetum arvense*), are quite indifferent to longitude, and make their homes in all parts of the Old World and the New.

*Fern Competition.* I insert here a scrap of botanical gossip. For ferns I had always easily borne the prizes at the Toronto Exhibition; but one year the directors asked for competition for the grasses, and for six Equiseta, and for six Lycopodia. The grasses I turned over to Principal Buchan, and as he already had a full collection, his success was sure. Mr. Buchan that summer had the use of a boat on the Bay, and by rowing from inlet to inlet, we soon gathered the six rushes. But how to get the six ground-pines, that, as the American phrase is, was "a stunner." One came from Mr. Alexander, as I have already mentioned; another from the Dundas marsh, and a third from Mr. Evans, the seedsman, who kept it for Christmas decoration. But whence, oh whence, the other three? I noticed from my Botany, that this family loved a somewhat northerly, piney, and swampy district. This description suited Parry Sound, and, not to be defeated, thither I repaired with more eagerness than the Twins sought for the Golden Fleece. How for a couple of weeks I took a survey by bee-lines and rail-fence lines for a circuit of ten miles around the Sound was an astonishment to the Indians still encamped at the Bay. The botany press soon held the coveted treasures.

*Zone Life.* We have thus far spoken of the wide distribution of the plants. It is still true, that ferns gather themselves in zone families, and like Scott, persist in saying,

"This is my own, my native land."

Two sturdy Canadian plants, the pretty brown, chaffy, wood-fern (*Woodsia hyperborea*) sent me from Upper Quebec, by D. A. P. Watt, of Montreal, and the little leathery Moonwort (*Botrychium lunaria*) given me by Prof. Macoun, after one of his British Columbia trips, are persistent British subjects, showing no tendency to annexation. Another Moonwort (*Botrychium ternatum*) found by the caretaker, probably twenty years ago, as he took a

moonlight walk through the grove above the Hamilton reservoir, has had a Stanleyan penchant for travelling, inasmuch as Mr. Hyslop, the merchant, nursed some living specimens in his cabin crossing the Atlantic for Glasgow Botanical Gardens, and myself afterwards some for Kew Gardens, London, and in both cases the little Hamilton plant was honoured in the next annual reports. I fear that this and the Club-Moss (*Lycopodium lucidulum*), like other aborigines, have disappeared from near Hamilton. If not, the zealous botanists of your efficient and now time-honoured association will correct the error, as I see by the annual report they have added many unreported plants to the excellent lists of Principal Buchan and Judge Logie.

*California Botany.* The leading ferns of Canada are much the same as those of the Eastern and Western States, but as soon as the Rocky Mountains are reached, new types appear. Especially worthy of note is the fact, that in Central California are found four ferns of the order of Adiantum, Phegopteris, Blechnum, and Aspidium, which are unknown on the Atlantic, but are common in England, thus showing the climatic conditions of the two western shores of the continents are much alike. The "Poppies in the corn" also are familiar here as in the fields of France. The marine Algae likewise have many analogues in Britain.

*Are the Ferns of Southern California Tropical?* I come to the leading topic of this paper, "Are the Ferns of Southern California Tropical?" The distinctive mark of hot climate ferns is the presence of an extra growth on the under side of the leaves, consisting first of gold powder, second of silver powder, third of cotton, fourth of scales—the latter two being of a rich brown colour. They add more beauty to the plants even than the almost endless variety of seeding, and hence they may be called the ornamented ferns. They grow uniformly in the recesses of the mountains, and in this climate have no moisture from rain for six months of the year. The explanation given for the extra covering is, that they are thus effectually protected against both heat and drouth.

The three families, that constitute the ornamented ferns, are Gymnogramme, Cheilanthes, and Notholæna, differing from each other slightly in the seeding and the place of indusium. In my albums of the ferns of the Pacific States, there are two Gymnogramme, nine Cheilanthes, and seventeen Notholæna, but in the Atlantic States virtually none. This is a very large percentage, and seems to prove the district to be a true tropic. None of these gaily apparelled plants are to be found in England and France,

in the Sandwich Islands, or even in Japan and China. But in a line farther south they are abundant; in Mexico, in the West Indies, and in New Zealand. It must be noted that the gold and cotton ferns prevail only in the two southernmost countries of California, viz., Los Angeles and San Diego. On leaving the Rocky Mountains these ornamented ferns take an abrupt farewell, passing by even the Southern States, including Florida (which is an orange and lemon State like ours), and only reappearing in the genial clime of the West Indies. Doubtless the reason of their neglecting Florida is that they only flourish at high altitude. The pretty transparent fern (*Trichomanes*), a denizen of all warm islands, is not found in California, as it is not moist enough.

*Lessons from Ferns.* Such are the striking compensations of vegetable life, that these richly-adorned plants do not contribute to the already exuberant variety of some tropical valley, but hie away to solitary and desolate crags, seldom visited by the adventurous foot of man. Similar are the contrasts of human life, the richest happiness often taking root in the hardest circumstances of privation and toil.

The next State to California is Arizona, once considered a part of the Great Central Desert, since called into being by its mines; and, bleak as it is, it shelters among the stones of its rocky peaks many splendid ornamental ferns. Nestling in the kindly shade of some overhanging rock, they seem to bid defiance to all outward foes. Whether greeted by smiles or frowns, they wave their gay plumes in these sun-parched solitudes.

But they have their purpose. In the homely phrase of Mary Howitt:

> "Our outward life requires them not—
> Then wherefore had they birth?
> To minister delight to man,
> To beautify the earth."

They form one of those rare unions of delicacy and hardihood which, in the world of wild plants, nature refuses to bring forth, except from the crannies and crevices of storm-beaten rocks.

Who shall say that the richest manhood does not grow in the most unlikely soil?

The gentle zephyr breathes upon these rock-grown ferns, and sings their sweet lullaby; the northern cyclone swings, but does not break their elastic stems; the six-months' sun does not wither, for the golden powder or the inwoven silk interpose their protecting shield; their home is the battle-field of black roaring tempests; the red lightnings play among their roots; not far

from them, in the wind-shattered top of a bleak pine, the eagle builds its nest; the furious blasts which wreck the tender fruit-trees in the valley far below only lull to sleep their hardy fronds; the gentle patter of the rain fails for many a weary month—yet, it spite of their desolate and storm-swept home, in due time, with unswerving obedience to the laws of their great Architect, they unfold their beauties from within, and put forth their perfect leaves, and show their graceful forms and brilliant colours that surpass all human skill.

*Lavish Prodigality of Nature.* The lavish prodigality of nature is shown in many parts of the earth's surface. In many briny subterranean lakes hidden beneath volcanic mountains; in warm and hot mineral springs; in the wide expanse and depths of the ocean; in vast Brazilian forests and Indian jungles; in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and where is perpetual snow, are worlds and worlds of life pulsating with marvel and beauty, but giving lessons only of the exuberance of Creative Power.

*Other Branches of Natural History.* In confirmation of the theory of this paper, reference may be made to other branches of natural history. In the line of study taken by Mr. McIlwraith, I may state that the Mocking-bird sings as sweetly here, and the Golden Oriole shows as bright colours as in any southern State. The long-hanging nest of the latter I once found attached to the swinging bough of a peach-tree. But the prettiest nest of pure white cotton, with its tiny eggs, was that of the California Canary bird, which is well mated in size with the gay-plumaged Humming-birds of every hue.

In the pursuit chosen by Mr. Moffat and Mr. Charlton, it may be noted that the Orange butterfly unfolds its gorgeous wings to every passing breeze. As to the Polypoids, favoured by Mr. Witton and Dr. Mullin, I have found them by myriads in the sheltered bays of the sometimes Pacific Ocean. The excellent list of Molluscs given in one of your reports by Mr. A. W. Hanham, reminds me of the many hours spent in gathering the pearly beauties, and in observing that they uniformly bear the brilliant colours of a southern clime.

*General Botany.* A few words in conclusion as to the general botany of California. It is a mistake to give exclusive attention to its noble massive growths, thereby giving the impression of a prevalent coarseness, rather than of compactness, grace, and delicacy. It is true that the giant redwoods will supply the lumber of the East long after the pineries of Canada, Michigan, and the Southern States have been exhausted. Who would not

appreciate a slice of the 121-pound watermelon now on exhibition in Los Angeles, or the 50-pound muskmelon, or desire to take a share in chestnuts 5 inches in circumference?

The following tropical products of California are now on exhibition at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles: Peach 12 inches around, onion 15 inches, corn-stalk 20 feet high, bunch of grapes 6 pounds, potato 3 pounds, beet 15 pounds, squash 225 pounds. I do not vouch for the report that a whole family drives in a buggy through a pumpkin, as they do through a tree in the Mariposa Grove.

But in reality there is an extraordinary beauty, delicacy and firmness about the growths of the Pacific Coast. The manzanita wood rivals the vegetable ivory in its iron-like hardness, and like it is carved into many graceful forms. No district on the continent can show the matchless beauty and variety of roses, callas, chrysanthemums, etc., in the Annual Flower Festivals, held not in "the leafy month of June," but in the still balmier and leafier month of blustery April.

I leave these theories and generalizations in the hands of the indulgent critics of your excellent Society, trusting that my views may not be found like those of Hudibras,

> "To have no possible foundation,
> But merely in the imagination."

BOYLE HEIGHTS, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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## THE NEW ST. CATHARINE.*

BY MRS. KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.

FROM far, quaint, monkish days a legend comes
Of the sweet saint whose early life was given
So wholly to the Lord in thought and deed,
She walked the earth long years the bride of heaven.

Her gentle heart went out in tenderest love
For all the suffering poor, in every place;
No lot so mean, no soul so steeped in sin
It shared not in that wondrous pitying grace.

Her bird-soul sang rare songs of joy and peace,
E'en though dark shadows lowered o'er her path;

* This beautiful poem, by Mrs. Stevenson, depicts very truly the noble characteristics of the late Mrs. Catherine Booth.—ED.

And God so honoured His obedient child,
He changed to roses, loaves, to save her from man's wrath.

The sweet saints lived not all in days of old,
God always has some witnesses below;
Calm souls who walk the earth in spotless white,
Who share and suffer in each human woe.

Rare souls who choose the right, and that alone,
Who dare be true when others flinch and fall;
Who count but loss all things of earthly joy,
Who list each moment for the heavenly call.

Lives which are benedictions, sweet and still,
And peaceful as the mirror of God's thought;
Aye, but the peace is born of conflict still,
And deep scars tell of weary battles fought.

The saints are militant on earth to-day,
Fighting against the myriad hosts of sin;
Fighting in word and deed, in thought and prayer,
Striving alone the world to Christ to win.

Such was our own St. Catherine's great life;
Our saint! Aye, more and greater is her name!
*Mother* she is to countless striving souls;
Mother we hail her in immortal fame.

The cross she bore is changed now for the crown;
The weary path has led to radiant day;
But still we know the bliss her heaven holds
Is the same bliss which filled her soul alway.

Heaven has no spring of which she did not drink,
E'en while she walked this earth—the Lamb's own bride!
'Tis but the culmination of life's joy
Which fills her now in heaven's glad morningtide.

And we, in looking on that calm, pure face;
In thinking of the life so bravely grand,
Find that, not less than to His saint of old,
God turned to roses whate'er left her hand.

Their perfume fills our very souls to-day;
The deeds she did, the thoughts she thought still live.
They nerve our hands; they strengthen for the fray;
They teach us each how we our lives may give.

We give thee joy, white-robed and radiant now;
We joy ourselves, e'en as we mourn thy loss;
And once again we pledge with thee our vows,
The whole round world to bring to Jesus' cross.

# THE LIFE CRUISE OF CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

## CHAPTER IX.—SEAWORTHY.

"All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

. . . . . .

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time."

"THE line of march," as Kate called it, began at Captain Adams' house. The captain, in his wheeled chair, and Lucy, with baby Annie in her arms, and her other six children around her, were in the doorway to bid good-bye to her sisters.

Out of her untidy home came Mary Sawyer, declaring to her neighbours, that "after what had happened to the *Seabird*, she felt clear satisfied that these of the *White Eagle* would never see home again."

"I'm just of a different mind," said the woman she addressed. "God's providence is over good daughters and those who do their duty. There's a blessing in store for Bess Adams, though these are dark days."

At Master Hastings' out came the Dane, and, giving his arm to Bess, walked with her in silence; for neither of them had courage to speak of Rolf.

Beside the store was the Jenkins' home, and there was young Hall taking leave of his white-haired mother and little sister, who came out of their door to wish Bess and Kate "God speed you."

On the piazza of the store sat Tom Epp, Jerry, and Luke, and they, lifting their hats at the sight of their captain and her company, speedily fell in at the rear.

In a few rods' further progress John Porter was found ready, standing at his gate with his fat, merry-faced wife, who had seen him depart on a score of voyages, and was always quite confident of seeing him safe home.

"It do look 'odd," said Mrs. Porter to her husband, "to see a young woman going captain of a ship, and you the first officer. But howsumd'ever, a mate's berth aboard the *White Eagle* is better than what you had on the *Ariel;* and they do say there ain't a body on these coasts knows more about sailing a ship than 'Bess Adams. I warrant you she was always in mischief, and plucky enough, as a child; and Tom Epp says there was never a ship afloat better handled than the *Seabird* while Bess was getting her off the reef. It was all along of the first officer being tipsy that

happened, and Captain Adams lost his legs, and Rolf, so you may say, his life. I'm glad you take to the new notions of temperance, John; for my part, I ask no better drink than tea or coffee."

Mistress Porter, a noted talker, might have gone on indefinitely with her remarks, but here came up the party for Portsmouth, and carried off her John.

And now they came to the tavern, the "Blue Mackerel," quite forlorn and ruinous in its appearance; and Sawyer, sitting drinking in the porch, assayed to rise and give them a parting cheer, but, being top-heavy with gin, rolled over upon the floor. Aunt Kezzy, in her bar, hearing the sound of passers-by, came out hastily, and, walking over the prostrate body of her latest victim, cried out: "Good-bye and good-luck. So, Bess, you're to sail a cold-water ship, I hear, and be the captain of a temperance crew, and have a plenty of psalm-singing on board, as your father had before you! Good-bye! I won't drink your health, because you won't drink mine; but when you find out that folk can't do hard, honest work without a drop of hot rum to strengthen 'em, you just remember Aunt Kezzy told you so long ago."

"And, Aunt Kezzy," said Tom, stopping before her, "you just remember what I tell you: that rum-sellers and rum-drinkers are coming to a terrible destruction together."

"Poor Aunt Kezzy!" said Kate. "She told the minister she must keep selling rum to Jim Wren and such as he, that she might lay up money to be respectable and independent in her old age. But just see what a disreputable old age she has reached by that very course."

"It wasn't for Cain alone that the voice of his brother's blood cried to God from the ground; there's brother's blood crying out against many a rum-seller. I don't think the Lord will pass by the voice of such ruin as my poor old man and Jim Wren came to," said Tom Epp, shaking his head. "I don't want you to think I hold spite against Aunt Kezzy. I hope I'd do my Christian duty by her any minute I saw her have need; but it's Scripter, 'Woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.'"

Just beyond the tavern the party overtook the waggons that carried their sea-chests to the stage-office. The next day found them in Portsmouth, and the agent in charge of the *White Eagle* having well performed his duty, she was in ten days ready to put to sea, her cargo well stored, and just such a crew shipped as Bess had desired—staunch and temperate and religious men all of them, fifteen besides the officers and coxwain. Of these eight had previously sailed with Captain Adams and his daughter. The captains of the other ships lying in port laughingly declared that the owners of the *White Eagle* had taken the sixteen best sailors in that region for their ship; but there was not one who had not heard with a sailor's hearty sympathy the stories of the *Seabird* and the *White Eagle*, and did not feel that Captain Bess Adams was welcome to the best that could be had. A gallant sight was the *White Eagle* putting out to sea at three o'clock on the afternoon of the first of September. With the Union-jack and the

starry flag floating bravely aloft, the snowy new sails filled with a favouring wind, the handsome ship, painted white with blue lines above the water's edge, put out from port, followed by the little boat that was to bring back the pilot. Every sailor was on deck in his best. On the quarter-deck stood Captain Bess in a dark-blue flannel frock with silver bell buttons, and beside her stood the pilot and the Dane; and as the *White Eagle* got fairly under way, the crews of the other ships lying in the harbour gave a ringing cheer.

It might have seemed that Bess commenced her new life under very happy auspices; but heavy on her heart lay the thought that, but for those great sorrows at Lucky Cove, she would never have been captain of the *White Eagle*. It was these sorrows and this weight of care that set her apart from all other women in her work and her ways. And yet she had all her life long been in the training most favourable to the brave endurance of just these sorrows.

At four o'clock the pilot and the Dane left the ship; at five Tom Epp piped the crew forward to prayers. The big Bible, the minister's parting gift, lay on the capstan. The men ranged themselves in front and lifted their caps. Kate, John Porter, the first officer, and Hall Jenkins, the second, stood together by Bess. "Friends," said Captain Bess Adams, "we are of those children of the Heavenly Father whom He has ordained to see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. We make our dwelling-place in those waters which He holds in the hollow of His hand. And now we have come together to entreat the Lord to preserve our going out and our coming in, from this time forth, even for evermore." After these words Bess opened her Bible, and read from the Psalms, "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help." The reading concluded, she nodded to John Porter, and the first officer straightway, with fear and trembling, but with great heartiness, made the first public prayer he had ever offered. And thus began the first cruise of the *White Eagle*.

The supper was presently served for the officers in the cabin, and Bess strove to make the meal pass cheerfully. That evening, as Kate walked the deck with her sister as she kept her watch, she said, "I'm very glad, Bess, to see you once more eating your meals heartily and keeping your courage up."

"Look you, Kate," replied Bess, "I eat, and keep my courage up, because I have a crippled father with a wife and seven children to provide for." So saying, she walked to the after-part of the deck, and stood for some minutes looking out over the long, shiny track the vessel was cutting in the moonlit waters.

Kate, with a sigh, watching the tall, handsome figure, with the short locks, sprinkled with premature gray, which clustered under the snug compromise between a cap and a bonnet which Kate had carefully fashioned of blue flannel and trimmed with silver cord.

"I will never speak to her of her troubles again," said Kate. "She is one of those natures who prefer to keep their heart-griefs to themselves, and to be taken as they choose to seem on the sur-

face. My poor Bess! and what would the father and the wife and the seven children do without her?"

The *White Eagle* was bound for Quebec, touching at various northerly ports on her way. The days were becoming short and the weather cold; but the fall was a remarkably fine one, and the few hard blows which the *White Eagle* encountered only served to show her excellent qualities, and did her no damage. They were, indeed, a positive advantage to Bess, for the sailors learned that their new captain was no novice in handling a ship; and good management, firm discipline, and excellent order on the *White Eagle* soon extended among all the crew the enthusiasm which Tom Epp felt for Bess.

Absolute neatness Bess demanded in all parts of her ship and from all persons on board. The rations were of fair quality and well cooked, and good health was the result of good care.

The captain of a sailing-vessel is also its doctor. He has his box of simple remedies, which he prescribes, with more or less discretion, as it may be, to those who are ill.

But one man was sick on this voyage, and Bess, having gone down to the forecastle to see him, not only ordered his medicine, but gave such sound practical directions to the seaman acting as nurse, and to the cook, that the poor fellow felt an instantaneous increase of comfort, and progressed to speedy recovery; thereafter he vied with the coxswain in his devotion to the "captain."

The tenth day of November saw the *White Eagle* returning to port "all well." As the ship neared the harbour, one heart, and that one apparently the most calmly engrossed in the duties of the hour, was in a tumult of excitement, torn with mingled hope and dread. The hope died full soon. In the small boat approaching them there sat beside the pilot a herculean form, with white locks flowing over his unbent shoulders—the Dane—and he had a broad crape band on his hat, and crape knotted above his elbow. The two climbed the ship's side. Bess signed the pilot toward John Porter, placed her hand silently in the Dane's grasp, and then, going swiftly down to her cabin, was not to be seen for an hour.

The anchor had been dropped, and the *White Eagle* lay at the pier when Bess returned upon deck. She gave a few orders to the first officer, and, putting her arm in that of Master Hastings, she said, "We will go up to your place."

The little hotel where the Master always stopped lay at the head of the pier, and as he and Bess went thither, followed by Kate, the captains and men upon the pier took off their hats, and so stood until the three had passed. It was the tribute offered by honest hearts to their great loss.

Not a word had been spoken when Bess entered the old man's room, and, sitting by the window, fixed her eyes on the busy street below. The Dane paced up and down, at a loss for words to break this silence. At last he said: "You'll come home with me for a little, Bess? Porter can see to the ship, and your father looks for you."

"I can't go home," said Bess in a hard tone. "There is no time. My father will understand it. The season is getting late and there will soon be ice in these waters. If I get more men at work, we can hurry out this cargo, and get the lading of salt fish in, and be off for Savannah. If we write at once, we can get a cargo there for New Orleans, and so turn the winter to good account. My father's share won't support all his family, unless the *White Eagle's* time is turned to the very best account."

"Don't speak of your father's share so, Bess," said the Master in a pained tone. "What is mine is his—is yours. In the *White Eagle* we share as each one needs, not less."

"Even then," said Bess in a gentler tone, "there are thirteen for the *White Eagle* to support, and she must work right well to do it."

"So be it," said the Dane; "you shall not go home. I will stay here and help push matters forward, and get you off to Savannah as soon as may be. Hall and Kate can run down to the Cove. But, Bess, your thoughts and your heart are not now with what you are forcing yourself to dwell upon. I understand you by myself, my daughter. We have lost Rolf, but you and I shall never be less to each other than if he had lived."

He laid his hand on her shoulder. Bess put up her hand and clasped it, but still looked into the street, and did not answer.

"My daughter," continued the old man, "when I lost his mother, I could never bring myself to speak of her, even to her son, for years. Not until I found in Christ a sanctifier of my sorrow could I break down that wall of ice which I had built about my heart and its great trouble. But affliction, Bess, springeth not out of the ground. Our blessings are from heaven, and equally so are our troubles, which come to bring us nigher to our God. You see me, Bess. I stand an old man on an alien soil, without one relative remaining to me in all the world. My daughter, be of good courage, and endure unto the end. I think our minister expected that you would not come home, for he sent a word to you. It is this: 'But though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies. For He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.'"

It is well for us when sorrows teach us wisdom and tender sympathy, as they had taught Master Hastings.

The Dane returned to the *White Eagle* to remain with Bess until the ship sailed for Savannah, and Kate and the second mate went for a short visit to the Cove.

In three weeks' time, just as the winter was setting in, the *White Eagle* turned towards the south, and the aged Master went back toward his home, where the minister and old Christine were waiting to cheer him.

The *White Eagle* passed Cape Hatteras in a furious gale, but entered the broad Savannah River without loss of spar or rope. The business in the great port of Georgia being satisfactorily concluded, the ship set sail for New Orleans, the region of storms seemingly left, and favouring breezes and sunny seas beguiling them on their way.

Doubtless during this voyage Captain Bess had many a hard hand-to-hand conflict with despondency. The trip was filled with sad anniversaries of the wreck of the *Seabird* and its doleful consequences. But it was her part to *conquer* trouble, and, whatever were her secret thoughts, she showed a calm face to her crew, and attended diligently to her business. The order and cleanliness of a man-of-war prevailed on the *White Eagle*. Sabbaths in port were opportunities of church-going for officers and men, as in turn they could be spared. No man from the *White Eagle* fell a prey to the sharks which wait on shore for sailors who have escaped the milder and more reasonable sharks of the sea. Port was never left on the Sabbath, no matter how favourable were wind and tide; but John Porter was wont to say, that if ever Captain Bess Adams did crowd sail dangerously, it was when nearing port on Saturday night, and desiring to have all quiet for the Sabbath morning.

Kate's last purchase ashore was invariably fresh reading-matter —books, papers, magazines, all of which were freely scattered among all who wished to read.

Pursuing these ways, the *White Eagle* won golden opinions wherever she went.

Instead of returning from New Orleans direct to Portsmouth, an advantageous voyage was made to Cuba, and thence to New York, and it happened to be in August, after a year of absence, that Bess Adams revisited Lucky Cove. Tom Epp and Kate were with her, and just outside of the village she met Mrs. Porter going to spend the time that the ship was in harbour with her John.

"Well, Bess," said Mrs. Porter—and the words fell oddly on Bess' ears, she had been called "captain" so long—"I'm going to have a real holiday. I haven't been to Portsmouth for twenty-two years—not since I was married. And so my John writes me that the temperance ship is having fine luck, and is an A No. 1. I told Aunt Kezzy so this morning, but she could not believe me."

"And how are all at home?" asked Bess.

"Dear me, they're uncommon smart. I *did* think, when your father came home without his legs, that your house would be like a funeral forever after, seeing as you may say, that there was a man in it about half buried; but bless me if I don't think it's the liveliest place in the Cove."

Mrs. Porter went her way; and next appeared a sight that brought tears to Bess Adams' eyes, it so recalled the past and the days of her first going to school, when she returned at evening in triumph to the village, riding on the schoolmaster's shoulder, with Rolf trotting on one side carrying her books, and Lucy stepping more soberly on the other; for there came the very same schoolmaster, albeit now verging on sixty, and on his shoulder he carried Lucy's second youngest boy, and on either side of him ran, brown, barefoot, and merry, the twin boys, Jim and Phil.

No sooner were the travellers espied than the twin boys were off with a whoop to give the news, and Kate seizing upon the little lad, who had that day made his first appearance at the school, the old teacher, who was going to Master Hastings', walked with Bess.

At home they found Lucy loading her tea-table with all the good things in her possession, and the father outside the door in his wheeled chair, with Annie in his arms and all the boys about him.

It was here that Bess began to reap the reward of her labours. Here was this large family kept from fear of poverty by her exertions; Lucy contented and busy, the seven children tidy and well fed, and the father encouraged and consoled in his helplessness by the provision that was made for his family. The home itself was improving. Some years before the garret had been divided into two rooms, whitewashed, and provided with a round window in each gable, to furnish sleeping-rooms for the children. Now a long porch ran before the whole front of the house, and, in spite of the sea air, Lucy had contrived to cover it with morning-glories. It had seemed that a porch would be so pleasant and useful to Captain Adams in his chair that the minister had planned it, Master Hastings had given the lumber, and Lucy had paid the two workmen, who built it during their leisure hours, by doing sewing for them. Indeed, the piazza was a very happy idea, and Captain Adams had himself painted the benches white and blue.

Master Hastings came over shortly to see his "daughter," and before long the minister followed him. The evening passed pleasantly, but in that primitive place no one thought of sitting up later than nine o'clock. Bess turned to her father, by whose chair she was seated. "Good-night, father. I'm going home with my father Hastings."

"O Bess!" said Lucy, coming to her, "you're not going away?"

"There's more room for me over at Master Hastings'," said Bess.

"Why," said Lucy, ready to cry, "as if there were not room here for you, when you keep us all together in comfort."

"It is not for want of room," said Bess; "but I'll be over immediately after breakfast. He has only Christine with him."

"Say no more," said her father to Lucy. "It is all right for her to go." And so Bess went home with Rolf's father, and, ever after, his house was her home at Lucky Cove.

Bess did not fail to see that while Lucy was doing her best to keep her children in order, there was one wilful spirit which continually exceeded her control. The lads had duties according to their age; drift-wood to find and break up for kindling, wood to cut, the yard to keep in order, a front border or two of hardy flowers, marigolds, poppies, ribbon-grass, and hollyhocks, to dress and weed; but somehow one pair of hands seemed usually to escape this kind of work. Master Jim had a wonderful faculty for being out of the way when he was wanted, and for having his tasks made up by other people. He was not particularly idle. He was fond of boats and of fishing, and often brought home eggs, fish, and lobsters, trophies of his expeditions on sea or shore. But he wished to direct his own tasks and his own times. The schoolmaster made known to Bess that this youth had been guilty of thrice playing truant—an enormity hitherto quite unknown at the "Corners." He was quick-witted, yet given to neglecting his

task. And, worst of all, Bess herself twice caught him lingering in Aunt Kezzy's dominions. The first time he was only hanging about the gate, laughing at the fooleries of drunken Sawyer and the tirades of Aunt Kezzy. But the second time Bess came upon him sitting on the time-worn bench in the sun, with his head resting against the wall, exactly as his grandfather had so often sat. The little fellow was listening entranced to Aunt Kezzy's gossip, and sucking a lump of moist sugar which she had flavoured with gin for him, and eyeing the scientific manner in which Sawyer disposed of a mug of hot toddy.

Rolf's warning flashed upon Bess.

"If he ain't the very moral of his grandfather!" said the voice of Tom Epp just behind her.

Bess was too much enraged to speak to any one. She marched to the culprit, took him by the shoulder, and, holding him thus, conducted him out of the tavern limits. Master Jim began to whimper, considering that he might be about to get a whipping from the chief authority of the family; but Bess, without a word of explanation, walked him outside the village, and up the headland, nor let him go until she had stood him between two sunken, nettle-grown graves in the little burial-ground.

"What are these?" demanded Bess.

"They're graves," replied Jim in a subdued tone, as if considering that he might be at once consigned to one.

"Look you," said Bess, "did you never think that for all of us who do not die at sea a grave must some day be dug? Do you remember that the time will come when people are digging a grave for you and covering you up in it? *Then* it will be too late to repent of evil or to undo any bad deeds that you may have done. Do you see this grave on the left? That man broke his wife's heart, and she would have been left to starve, only for the care of a good son; this man, in rain or snow or heat, lay in the roads like a log, until he was carried home by that son—a dirty, ragged, idiotic object he lived, loathed by every one, and died without one thought of God or hope of heaven. What was the reason of all this? The man was a drunkard. *He* loved to sit at the 'Blue Mackerel,' talking with Aunt Kezzy and drinking gin; and the gin brought him to the miserable state I have told you. Do you see this other grave? My first recollection of anything, is of seeing this man sit just as you did to-day outside the 'Blue Mackerel.' *He* too broke his wife's heart; he too was beggarly and sick and miserable. He had been a captain, and one of the first men in the village, and he went down to be a miserable wreck, and, in awful agony, died drunk. Will you, a little boy, with all the world to be good and happy in, choose the way of the sinner and the seat of the scorner, and make up for yourself such a history as these men did? You are beginning it where I found you to-day."

"No, no, Bess," sobbed Jim, "I won't do so. I'll be a good boy and go to sea with you. I'll promise not to go to the 'Mackerel' again."

Bess put very little faith in his promises; but she talked very earnestly to him of his faults and the help whereby he must try to improve

*Nor did she leave the matter with him alone. She put his case* in the hands of the schoolmaster, the minister, and Master Hastings, urging them to look after the boy, and pointed out to Lucy his careless, shiftless habits and his penchant for the "Blue Mackerel."

"He is now nearly ten," said Bess, "and in about two years I will take him on the ship, if he wishes to be a sailor; but habits of idleness and insubordination will make him quite as unhappy on ship as on shore, and if he has a taste for liquor he will meet temptation and fall a prey to it in every port where the ship touches. Besides, there is the danger of his example to his brothers. What would you do, Lucy, if you had a drunkard among these six boys? Watch him well."

"Ah! Bess," said Lucy, "that would be the worst trouble that has ever come to me—worse than sickness or death, because there would be *sin* in it, and it is the sin that makes troubles hardest to bear; and hard as it was about my poor father, this would be harder yet."

"Exactly," said Bess, "because we are responsible for our children, and we are not responsible for our parents. This boy's existence and early training have depended on you; and if he goes astray, your grief will not only rise out of your love, but out of bitter regret for what might have been done better."

But Jim made Bess many promises of amendment before she returned to the *White Eagle*.

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## MY HOME.

BY THE REV. W. A. QUAYLE, D.D.

He told it me, the blessèd Christ of God,
The while Love's paschal sobbed itself away,
And earth's dark night did melt into the gray
Of that illustrious morning. I can plod
Life's way in hopelessness no more. The rod
Heaven holds will lead me weary to the day
Whose light pales not to evening, where we stray
Like children spent with joy. Not now a clod,
But prince and son for whom this dwelling rare
Was fashioned. Winds like laughter stray. The streams
Are golden with delight. The shades are peace,
And bloom with mercy. High God's hills and fair.
My home! The beauty of a poet's dream
Is naught. It pales before this blest increase.

BALDWIN, KANSAS.

# THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

## CHAPTER IX.—ESAU.

It was the middle of February before Harry could leave Sandal-Side. He had remained there, however, only out of that deference to public opinion which no one likes to offend; and it had been a most melancholy and anxious delay. He was not allowed to enter the squire's room, and indeed he shrank from the ordeal. His mother and Charlotte treated him with a reserve he felt to be almost dislike. He had been so accustomed to consider mother-love sufficient to cover all faults, that he forgot there was a stronger tie; forgot that to the tender wife the husband of her youth—her lover, friend, companion—is far nearer and dearer than the tie that binds her to sons and daughters.

Also, he did not care to give any consideration to the fact, that both his mother and Charlotte resented the kind of daughter and sister he had forced upon them. So there was little sympathy with him at Seat-Sandal, and he fancied that all the gentlemen of the neighbourhood treated him with perceptible coolness of manner. Perhaps they did. There are social intuitions, mysterious in their origin, and yet hitting singularly near the truth. Before circumstances permitted him to leave Sandal-Side, he had begun to hate the Seat and the neighbourhood, and everything pertaining to it, with all his heart.

The only place of refuge he had found had been Up-Hill. The day after the catastrophe he fought his way there, and with passionate tears and complaints told Ducie the terrible story. Ducie had some memories of her own wilful marriage, which made her tolerant with Harry. She had also been accused of causing her mother's death; and though she knew herself to be innocent, she had suffered by the accusation. She understood Harry's trouble as few others could have done; and though a good deal of his evident misery was on account of his separation from Beatrice, Ducie did not suspect this, and really believed the young man to be breaking his heart over the results of his rash communication.

He was agreeably surprised, also, to find that Stephen treated him with a consideration he had never done when he was a dashing officer, with all his own small world at his feet. For when any man was in trouble, Steve Latrigg was sure to take that man's part. He did not ask too particularly into the trouble. He had a way of saying to Ducie, "There will be faults on both sides. If two stones knock against each other until they strike fire, you may be sure both of them have been hard, mother. Anyway, Harry is in trouble, and there is none but us to stand up for him."

But in spite of Steve's constant friendship, and Ducie's never-

failing sympathy, Harry had a bad six weeks. There were days during them when he stood in the shadow of death, with almost the horror of parricide in his heart. Long, lonely days, empty of everything but anxiety and weariness. Long, stormy days, when he had not even the relief of a walk to Up-Hill. Days in which strangers slighted him. Days in which his mother and Charlotte could not even bear to see him. Days in which he fancied the servants disliked and neglected him. He was almost happy one afternoon when Stephen met him on the hillside, and said, "The squire is much better. The doctors think he is in no immediate danger. You might go to your wife, Harry, I should say."

"I am glad, indeed, to hear the squire is out of danger. And I long to go to my sick wife. I get little credit for staying here. I really believe, Steve, that people accuse me of waiting to step into father's shoes. And yet if I go away they will say things just as cruel and untrue."

But he went away before day-dawn next morning. Charlotte came down-stairs, and served his coffee; but Mrs. Sandal was watching the squire, who had fallen into a deep sleep. Charlotte wept much, and said little; and Harry felt at that hour as if he were being very badly treated. He could scarcely swallow; and the intense silence of the house made every slight noise, every low word, so distinct and remarkable, that he felt the constraint to be really painful.

"Well," he said, rising in haste. "I may as well go without a kind word. I am not to have one apparently."

"Who is here to speak it? Can father? or mother? or I? But you have that woman."

"Good-bye, Charley."

She bit her lips, and wrung her hands; and moaning like some wounded creature, lifted her face, and kissed him.

"Good-bye. Fare you well, poor Harry."

A little purse was in his hand when she took her hand away; a netted silk one that he had watched the making of, and there was the glimmer of gold pieces through it. With a blush he put it in his pocket, for he was sorely pressed for money; and the small gift was a great one to him. And it almost broke his heart. He felt that it was all she could give him,—a little gold for all the sweet love that had once been his.

His horse was standing ready saddled. Ostler Bill opened the yard-gate, and lifted the lantern above his head, and watched him ride slowly away down the lane. When he had gone far enough to drown the clatter of the hoofs he put the creature to his mettle, and Bill waved the lantern as a farewell.

When Harry reached Ambleside it was quite light, and he went to the Salutation Inn, and ordered his breakfast. He had been a favourite with the landlady all his life long, and she attended to his comfort with many kindly inquiries and many good wishes. "And what do you think now, Capt. Sandal? Here has been a man from Up-Hill with a letter for you."

"Is he gone?"

"That he is. He would not wait, even for a bite of good victuals. Here it is, and Mr. Latrigg's writing on it, or I wasn't christened Hannah Stavely."

Harry opened it a little anxiously; but his heart lightened as he read,—

DEAR HARRY,—If you show the enclosed slip of paper to your old friend Hannah Stavely, she will give you a hundred pounds for it. That is but a little bit of the kindness in mother's heart and mine for you. At Seat-Sandal I will speak up for you always, and I will send you a true word as to how all gets on there. God bless the squire, and bring you and him together again!

Your friend and brother,
STEPHEN LATRIGG.

And so Harry went on his way with a lighter heart. Indeed, he was not inclined at any time to share sorrow out of which he had escaped. Every mile which he put between himself and Sandal-Side gave back to him something of his old gay manner. And so to Italy and to his wife he sped as fast as money and steam could carry him. And on the journey he did his very best to put out of his memory the large, lonely, gray "Seat" with its solemn, mysterious chamber of suffering, and its wraiths and memories and fearful fighting away of death.

But on the whole, the hope which Stephen had given him of the squire's final recovery was a too flattering one. There was, perhaps, no immediate danger of death, but there was still less prospect of entire recovery. He had begun to remember a little, to speak a word or two, to use his hands in the weak, uncertain way of a young child; but in the main he lay like a giant bound by invisible and invincible bonds; speechless, motionless, seeking through his large, pathetic eyes the help and comfort of those who bent over him. He had quite lost the fine, firm contour of his face, his ruddy colour was all gone; indeed, the country expression of "face of clay," best of all words described the colourless, still countenance amid the white pillows in the darkened room.

As the spring came on he gained strength and intelligence, and one lovely day his men lifted him to a couch by the window. The lattices were flung wide open, that he might see the trees tossing about their young leaves, and the grass like grass in paradise, and hear the bees humming among the apple-blooms, and the sheep bleating on the fells. The earth was full of the beauty and tranquillity of God. The squire looked long at the familiar sights; looked till his lips trembled, and the tears rolled heavily down his gray face. And then he realized all that he had suffered, he remembered the hand that had dealt him the blow. And while Mrs. Sandal was kissing away his tears, and speaking words of hope and love, a letter came from Sophia.

Julius had been lying in the shade, drinking iced coffee, when Charlotte's letter detailing the sad news of her father's illness arrived. But as Sophia read, he sat upright, and a look of speculation came into his eyes. "There is no use weeping, my dear," he said languidly, "that will do neither your father nor me any

good. Let us go to Sandal. Charlotte and mother must be worn out, and we can be useful at such a time. I think, indeed, our proper place is there. The affairs of the 'walks' and the farms must be attended to, and what will they do on quarter-day? Of course Harry will not remain there. It would be unkind, wrong, and in exceedingly bad taste."

"Poor, dear father! And oh, Julius, what a disgrace to the family! A singer! How could Harry behave so shamefully to us all?"

"Harry never cared for any mortal but himself. How disgracefully he behaved about our marriage! for this same woman's sake, I have no doubt. You must remember that I disapproved of Harry from the very first. He ought to be put out of decent society. You and I ought to be at Seat-Sandal now. Charlotte will be pushing that Stephen Latrigg into the Sandal affairs, and you know what I think of Stephen Latrigg. He is to be feared, too, for he has capabilities, and Charlotte to back him; and Charlotte was always underhand, Sophia. You would not see it, but she was. Order your trunks to be packed at once,—don't forget the rubies my mother promised you,—and I will have a conversation with the judge."

Judge Thomas Sandal was by no means a bad fellow. He had left Sandal-Side under a sense of great injustice, but he had done well to himself; and those who had done him wrong had disappeared into the cloud of death. He had forgotten all his grievances, he had even forgotten the inflicters of them. He had now a kindly feeling towards Sandal, and was a little proud of having sprung from such a grand old race. Therefore, when Julius told him what had happened, and frankly said he thought he could buy from Harry Sandal all his rights of succession to the estate, Judge Thomas Sandal saw nothing unjust in the affair.

The law of primogeniture had always appeared to him a most unjust and foolish law. In his own youth it had been source of burning anger and dispute. He had always declared it was a shame to give Launcelot everything, and William and himself scarce a crumb off the family loaf. To his eldest brother, as his eldest brother, he had declined to give "honour and obedience." "William is a far finer fellow," he said one day to his mother; "far more worthy to follow father than Launcie is. If there is any particular merit in keeping up the old seat and name, for goodness' sake let father choose the best of us to do it!" For such revolutionary and disrespectful sentiments he had been frequently in disgrace; and the end of the disputing had been his own expatriation, and the founding of a family of East-Indian Sandals.

He heard Julius with approval. "I think you have a very good plan," he said. "Harry Sandal, with his play-singing wife, would have a very bad time of it among the Dalesmen. He knows it. He will have no desire to test the feeling. I am sure he will be glad to have a sum of ready money in lieu of such an uncomfortable right. As for the Latriggs, my mother always detested them.

Sophia and you are both Sandals; certainly, your claim would be before that of a Charlotte Latrigg."

"Harry, too, is one of those men who are always poor, always wanting money. I dare say I can buy his succession for a song."

"No, no. Give him a fair price. I never thought much of Jacob buying poor Esau out for a mess of pottage. It was a mean trick. I will put ten thousand pounds at Bunder's in Threadneedle Street, London, for you. Draw it all if you find it just and necessary. The rental ought to determine the value. I want you to have Seat-Sandal, but I do not want you to steal it. However, my brother William may not die for many a year yet; those Dale squires are a century-living race."

In accordance with these plans and intentions, Sophia wrote. Her letter was, therefore, one of great and general sympathy; in fact, a very clever letter indeed. It completely deceived everyone. The squire was told that Sophia and Julius were coming, and his face brightened a little. Mrs. Sandal and Charlotte forgot all but their need of some help and comfort which was family help and comfort, free of ceremony, and springing from the same love, hopes, and interests.

Stephen, however, foresaw trouble. "Julius will get the squire under his finger," he said to Charlotte. "He will make himself indispensable about the estate. As for Sophia, she could always work mother to her own purposes. Mother obeyed her will, even while she resented and disapproved her authority. So, Charlotte, I shall begin at once to build Latrigg Hall. I know it will be needed. The plan is drawn, the site is chosen; and next Monday ground shall be broken for the foundation."

"There is no harm in building your house, Steve. If father should die, mother and I would be here upon Harry's sufferance. He might leave the place in our care, he might bring his wife to it any day."

"And how could you live with her?"

"It would be impossible. I should feel as if I were living with my father's—with the one who really gave father the death-blow."

So when Julius and Sophia arrived at Seat-Sandal, the walls of Latrigg Hall were rising above the green sod. A most beautiful site had been chosen for it,—the lowest spur on the western side of the fell; a charming plateau facing the sea, shaded with great oaks, and sloping down into a little dale of lovely beauty. The plan showed a fine central building, with lower wings on each side. The wide porches, deep windows, and small stone balconies gave a picturesque irregularity to the general effect. This home had been the dream of Stephen's manhood, and Ducie also had urged him to its speedy realization; for she knew that it was the first step towards securing for himself that recognition among the country gentry which his wealth and his old family entitled him to. Not that there was any intention of abandoning Up-Hill. Both would have thought such a movement a voluntary insult to the family wraiths,—one sure to bring upon them disaster of every kind. Up-Hill was to be Ducie's residence as long as she lived;

it was to be always the home of the family in the hot months, and thus retain its right as an integral portion of the Latriggs' hearth.

"I have seen the plan of Latrigg Hall," said Julius one day to Sophia. "An absurdly fine building for a man of Stephen's birth. What will he do with it? It will require as large an income as Seat-Sandal to support it."

"Stephen is rich. His grandfather left him a great deal of money. Ducie will add considerably to the sum, and Stephen seems to have the faculty of getting it. My mother says he is managing three 'walks,' and all of them are doing well."

"Nevertheless. I do not like him. 'In-law' kinsmen and kinswomen are generably detestable. Look at my brothers-in-law, Mr. Harry Sandal and Mr. Stephen Latrigg; and my sisters-in-law, Mrs. Harry Sandal and Miss Charlotte Sandal; a pretty undesirable quartette, I think."

"And look at mine. For sisters-in-law, Mahal and Judith Sandal; for brothers-in-law, William and Tom Sandal; a pretty undesirable quartette, I think."

Julius did not relish the retort; for he replied stiffly, "If so, they are at least at the other end of the world, and not likely to trouble you. That is surely something in their favour."

The first movement of the Julius Sandals in Seat-Sandal had been a clever one. "I want you to let us have the east rooms, dear mother," said Sophia, on their arrival; "Julius does feel the need of the morning sun so much." And though other rooms had been prepared, the request was readily granted, and without any suspicion of the motive which had dictated it. And yet they had made a very prudent calculation. Occupying the east rooms gave them a certain prominence and standing in the house, for only guests of importance were assigned to them; and the servants, who are people of wise perceptions generally, took their tone from the circumstance.

Not one remembered that the Julius Sandals had themselves considerably increased the work of the house; and that Mrs. Julius alone could find quite sufficient employment for one maid. Since her advent, Charlotte's room had been somewhat neglected for the fine guest-chambers; but it was upon Charlotte all the blame of over-work and weariness was laid. Insensibly the thought had its effect. She began to feel that for some reason or other she was out of favour; that her few wants were carelessly attended to, and that Mrs. Julius influenced the house as completely as she had done when she was Miss Sandal.

She soon discovered, also, that repining was useless. Her mother begged for peace at any cost. "Put up with it," she said, "for a little while, Charlotte. I cannot bear quarrelling. O Charlotte, put up with things, my dear. There is only you to help me."

Charlotte could not resist such appeals. She knew she was really the hand to which all other hands in the house looked, the heart on which her father and mother leaned their weary hearts; still, she could not but resent many an unkind position, which Sophia's clever tactics compelled her to take.

As the season advanced, Julius took precisely the same position which Stephen had foretold he would take. At first he deferred entirely to the squire; he received his orders, and then saw them carried out. Very soon he forgot to name the squire in the matter. He held consultations with the head man, and talked with him about the mowing and harvesting, and the sale of lambs and fleeces. The master's room was opened, and Julius sat at the table to receive tenants and labourers. In the squire's chair it was easy to feel that he was himself squire of Sandal-Side and Torver.

Mowing-time and shearing-time and reaping-time came and went, but the gay pastoral festivals brought none of their old-time pleasure. The men in the fields did not like Julius in the squire's place, and they took no pains to hide the fact. Then he came home with complaints. "They were idle. They were disrespectful. The crops had fallen short." He could not understand it; and when he had expressed some dissatisfaction on the matter, the head man had told him to take his grumbling elsewhere. "An insolent race, these statesmen and Dale shepherds," he added; "if one of them owns ten acres, he thinks himself as good as if he owns a thousand."

"All well-born men, Julius, all of them."

"Well, for all that, they make poor servants."

"There's men that want Indian ryots or negro slaves to do their turn. I want free men at Sandal-Side as long as I am squire of that name."

"They missed you sorely in the fields, father," said Charlotte. "It was not shearing-time, nor hay-time, nor harvest-time to any one in Sandal this year. But you will stand in your meadows again—God grant it!—next summer. And then how the men will work! And what shouting there will be at the sight of you! And what a harvest-home we shall have!"

And he caught her enthusiasm, and stood up to try his feet, and felt sure that he walked stronger and would soon be down-stairs once more. And Julius, whose eyes love did not blind, felt a little scorn for those who could not see such evident decay and dissolution. "It is really criminal," he said to Sophia, "to encourage hopes so palpably false." For Julius, like all selfish persons, could perceive only one side of a question, the side that touched his own side. It never entered his mind that the squire was trying to cheer and encourage his wife and daughter, and was privately quite aware of his own condition. Sandal had not told him that he had received "the token," the secret message which every soul receives when the King desires his presence. He had never heard those solemn conversations which followed the reading of "The Evening Service," when the rector knelt by the side of his old friend, and they two talked with Death as with a companion. So, though Julius meddled much with Sandal affairs, there was a life there into which he never entered.

One evening in October, Charlotte was walking with Stephen. They had been to look at the new building, for every inch of progress was a matter of interest to them. As they stood, Julius

advanced from an opposite direction. He took a letter from his pocket, which he had evidently been to the mail to secure, for Charlotte watched him break the seal as he approached; and when he suddenly raised his head, and saw her look of amazement, he made a little bravado of the affair, and said, with an air of frankness, "It is a letter from Harry. I thought it was best for his letters not to come to the house. The mail-bag might be taken to the squire's room, and who knows what would happen if he should see one of these?' and he tapped the letter significantly with his long, pointed forefinger.

"You should not have made such an arrangement as that, Julius, without speaking to mother. It was cruel to Harry. Why should the villagers think that the sight of a letter from him would be so dreadful to his own people?"

"I did it for the best, Charlotte. Of course, you will misjudge me." And with very scant courtesy they parted.

"What can it mean, Steve, Julius and Harry in correspondence? I don't know what to think of such a thing. Harry has only written once to me since he went away. There is something wrong in all this secrecy, you may depend upon it."

"I would not be suspicious, Charlotte. Harry is affectionate and trusting. Julius has written him letters full of sympathy and friendship; and the poor fellow, cut off from home and kindred, has been only too glad to answer. Perhaps we should have written also"

"But why did Julius take that trouble? Julius always has a motive for what he does. I mean a selfish motive. Has Harry written to you?"

"Only a few lines the day he left. I have heard nothing since."

The circumstance troubled Charlotte far beyond its apparent importance. She could conceive of no possible reason for Julius interfering in Harry's life, and she had the feeling of a person facing a danger in the dark. Julius was also annoyed at her discovery. "It precipitates matters," he said to Sophia, "and is apparently an unlucky chance. But chance is destiny, and this last letter of Harry's indicates that all things are very nearly ready for me. As for your sister, Charlotte Sandal, I think she is the most interfering person I ever knew."

The next evening Julius announced his intention of going abroad at once. "But I shall leave Sophia to be a little society for mother, and I shall not delay an hour beyond the time necessary for travel and business." He spoke with an air of conscious self-denial; and as Charlotte did not express any gratitude he continued, "Not that we expect any thanks, Sophia and I, but fortunately we find duty is its own reward."

"Are you going to see Harry?"

"I may do such a thing."

"Is he sick?"

"No."

"I hope he will not get sick while you are there." And then some passionate impulse took possession of her; her face glowed

like a flame, and her eyes scintillated like sparks. "If anything happens Harry while you are with him, by each separate Sandal that ever lived, you shall account for it!"

"Oh, you know, Sophia dear, this is too much! Leave the table, my love. Your sister must be"—and he tapped his forehead; while Sophia, with a look of annihilating scorn, drew her drapery tight around her, and withdrew.

"What did I say? What do I think? What terror is in my heart? Oh, Harry, Harry, Harry!"

She buried her face in her hands, and sat lost in woeful thought,—sat so long that Phœbe, the table-maid, felt her delay to be unkind and aggravating; especially when one of the chamber-maids came down for her supper, and informed the rulers of the servants' hall that "Mrs. Julius was crying up-stairs about Miss Charlotte falling out with her husband."

"Mercy on us! What doings we have to bide with!" and Ann shook her check apron, and sat down with an air of nearly exhausted patience.

In the east rooms the criticism was still more severe. Julius railed for an hour ere he finally decided that he never saw a more suspicious, unladylike, uncharitable, unchristianlike girl than Charlotte Sandal! "I am glad to get away from her a little while," he cried; "how can she be your sister, Sophia?"

He went without delay straight to the small Italian village in which Harry had made his home. Harry's letters had prepared him for trouble and poverty, but he had little idea of the real condition of the heir of Sandal-Side. A few bare rooms in some dilapidated palace, grim with faded magnificence, comfortless and and dull, was the kind of place he expected. He found him in a small cottage surrounded by a barren, sandy patch of ground overgrown with neglected vines and vagabond weeds. The interior was hot and untidy. On a couch a woman in the firm grip of consumption was lying; an emaciated, feverish woman, fretful with acute suffering. A little child, wan and waxy-looking, and apparently as ill as its mother, wailed in a cot by her side. Signor Lanza was smoking under a fig-tree in the neglected acre, which had been a vineyard or a garden. Harry had gone into the village for some necessity; and when he returned Julius felt a shock and a pang of regret for the dashing young soldier squire that he had known as Harry Sandal.

He kissed his wife with passionate love and sorrow, and then turned to Julius with that mute look of inquiry which few find themselves able to resist.

"He is alive yet,—much better, he says; and Charlotte thinks he may be in the fields again next season."

"Thank God! My poor Beatrice and her baby! You see what is coming to them?"

"Yes."

"And I am so poor I cannot get her the change of air, the luxuries, the medicines, which would at least prolong life, and make death easy."

"Go back with me to Sandal-Side, and see the squire: he may listen to you now."

"Never more! It was cruel of father to take my marriage in such a way. He turned my life's joy into a crime, cursed every hour that was left me."

"People used to be so intense—'a few strong feelings,' as Mr. Wordsworth says—too strong for ordinary life. We really can't afford to love and hate and suffer in such a teetotal way now; but the squire came from the Middle Ages. This is a dreadfully hot place, Harry."

"Yes, it is. We were very much deceived in it. I bought it; and we dreamed of vineyards and milk and wine, and a long, happy, simple life together. Nothing has prospered with us. We were swindled in the house and land. The signor knows nothing about vines. He was born here, and wanted to come back and be a great man." And as he spoke he laughed hysterically, and took Julius into an inner room. "I don't want Beatrice to hear that I am out of money. She does not know that I am destitute. That sorrow, at least, I have kept from her."

"Harry, I am going to make you a proposal. I want to be kind and just to you. I want to put you beyond the need of anyone's help. Answer me one question truly. If your father dies, what will you do?"

"You said he was getting better. For God's sake, do not speak of his death."

"I am supposing a case. You would then be squire of Sandal-Side. Would you return there with Beatrice?"

"Ah, no! I know what those Dalesmen are. My father's feelings were only their feelings intensified by his relation to me. They would look upon me as my father's murderer, and Beatrice as an accessory to the deed."

"Still you would be squire of Sandal-Side."

"Mother would have to take my place, or Charlotte. I have thought of that. I could not bear to sit in father's chair, and go up and down the house. I should see him always. I should hear continually that awful cry with which he fell. It fills, even here, all the spaces of my memory and my dreams. I cannot go back to Sandal-Side. Nothing could take me back, not even my mother."

"Then listen! I am the heir failing you."

"No, no: there is my son Michael."

Julius was stunned for a moment. "Oh, yes! The child is a boy, then?"

"It is a boy. What were you going to say?"

"I was going to ask you to sell your rights to me for ten thousand pounds. It would be better for you to have a sum like that in your hand at once, than to trust to dribbling remittances sent now and then by women in charge, You could invest that sum to noble purpose in America, become a citizen of the country, and found an American line, as my father has founded an Indian one."

"The poor little chap makes no difference. He is only born to die. And I think your offer is a good one. I am so worn out, and things are really desperate with me. I never can go back to England. I am sick to death of Florence. There are places where Beatrice might even yet recover. Yes, for her sake, I will sell you my inheritance. Can I have the money soon?"

"This hour. I had the proper paper drawn up before I came here. Read it over carefully. See if you think it fair and honourable. If you do, sign your name; and I will give you a cheque you can cash here in Florence. Then it will be your own fault if Beatrice wants change of air, luxuries, and medicine."

He laid the paper on the table, and Harry sat down and pretended to read it. But he did not understand anything of the jargon. The words danced up and down. He could only see "Beatrice," "freedom from care," "power to get away from Florence," and the final thought, the one which removed his last scruple, "Lanza can have the cottage, and I shall be clear of him forever."

Without a word he went for pen and ink, and wrote his name boldly to the deed of relinquishment. Then Julius handed him a cheque for ten thousand pounds, and went with him to the bank in order to facilitate the transfer of the sum to Harry's credit. On the street, in the hot sunshine, they stood a few minutes.

"You are quite satisfied, Harry?"

"You have saved me from despair. Perhaps you have saved Beatrice. I am grateful to you."

"Have I done justly and honourably by you?"

"I believe you have."

"Then good-bye. I must hasten home. Sophia will be anxious, and one never knows what may happen."

"Julius, one moment. Tell my mother to pray for me. And the same word to Charlotte. Poor Charley! Sophia"—

"Sophia pities you very much, Harry. Sophia feels as I do. We don't expect people to cut their lives on a fifteenth-century pattern."

Then Harry lifted his hat, and walked away, with a shadow still of his old military, up-head manner. And Julius looked after him with contempt, and thought, "What a poor fellow he is! Not a word for himself, or a plea for that wretched little heir in his cradle. There are some miserable kinds of men in this world. I thank God I am not one of them!"

And the wretched Esau, with the ten thousand pounds in his pocket? Ah, God only knew his agony, his shame, his longing, and despair! He felt like an outcast. Yes, even when he clasped Beatrice in his arms, with promises of unstinted comforts; when she kissed him, with tender words and tears of joy,—he felt like an outcast.

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We call our sorrows Destiny, but ought
Rather to name our high successes so.
—*Lowell.*

## THE NORMAN MINSTER.

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

"ONE of the noblest of the monuments which the Norman race has left in Northern Europe is the minster reared by William, the greatest of the Norman name, to be the sleeping-place of his dust. Over the central portal of that ancient church, boldly carved within its arch, to meet the eye of every entering worshipper, is a cross. Upon the four limbs of the cross you read four Latin words, reading inwards to the centre, and each of them terminating in the letter which forms a cross. The words are Lux, Pax, Lex, and Rex."—*Rev. J. Oswald Dykes.*

Here let us pause uncovered, reverent,
Before the portal of this time-worn pile,
And in our chastened hearts commune awhile,
On life that seems a fitful evening spent.

Within this church, in some dark, silent spot,
A meagre dust-heap—just a trivial thing
We'll look upon, and so we'll face a King,
Once the proud Norman, now how less than nought!

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust again!
The greatest of his race but yesterday,
He lived, and reigned, and ruled, and passed away,
And this poor ash-heap doth alone remain!

Gone? Vanished? All but this unkingly dust
A little child could hold in one small palm?
Nay! Mark his spirit, living, radiant, calm,
Above the portal. Read ye there his trust!

See there the Cross, carved boldly in the stone,
To tell the faith of him who once was king;
In this a royal defiance he doth fling
At death and dust,—he sleeps, but is not gone.

The King will wake again! Golgotha's cross
Will tower, he knows, unshaken and sublime,
When this poor planet, at the end of time,
Herself is ashes and her treasures dross!

*Lux*—Christ is Light—the minster holds no gloom;
*Pax*—Christ hath said of old, "I give thee Peace;"
*Lex*—Christ hath kept the Law; its terrors cease;
*Rex*—Christ is King, triumphant o'er the tomb.

Sleep on, O Norman, in thy sepulchre;
We read the sculptured legend o'er the door,
And trust to sleep ourselves, when life is o'er,
Beneath the symbol thou hast graven there.

TORONTO, ONT.

# OUR NEW GOVERNOR.

JOHN CAMPBELL HAMILTON GORDON.
EARL OF ABERDEEN.

THE announcement is made by cable that a new Governor-General of Canada has been appointed. Lord Stanley, who now holds the position, succeeds to the title and estates of his brother, the Earl of Derby, who died recently, and it is necessary that he should return home to attend to his family duties.

Mr. Gladstone has selected as his successor in the high office, John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, whose portrait appears on this page. The Earl is forty-six years of age, and has for several years held a distinguished position in religious and philanthropic as well as in political circles. He succeeded to the Earldom in 1870, on the death of his elder brother. He was at that time a Conservative in politics, but in 1878 he disapproved of the action of Lord Beaconsfield in espousing the cause of Turkey and risking war with Russia. He with several other prominent statesmen severed his connection with the party and subsequently joined the Liberal party. He has given his attention, both in and out of Parliament, less to party measures than to social subjects. When a Royal Commission was appointed to collect evidence and suggest legislation for the prevention of railroad accidents, Lord Aberdeen was made chairman of it, and he also did efficient work as a member of the committee on Intemperance. He was also appointed High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and held the office for four years.

He came, however, most prominently before the public as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a thankless office, which usually covers its occupant with opprobrium. Lord Aberdeen, however, was an exception to the rule; he and his wife were cordially liked by the Irish, and when he quitted office at the downfall of the Gladstone administration, they loaded him with their testimonies of affection. No greater proof of a man's tact and geniality could be produced. During the Conservative supremacy, the Earl has of course been out of office, but he has led a busy life in connection with the many religious and philanthropic societies with which he is associated. He has been much concerned at the privations and hardships of the unemployed in London, and when Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, organized his scheme of relief, Lord Aberdeen gave him five thousand dollars towards the expenses.

Canada is to be congratulated on having at the head of her government a man so worthy and so sympathetic with all efforts for the benefit of the people. That qualification is set down in the Bible as of greater value than statesmanship. (Prov. 31: 9.)—*New York Christian Herald.*

# CURRENT READINGS.

## *THE LONDON MAY MEETINGS.*

A RECENT issue of the *Methodist Times* says:—We are now in the midst of a series of meetings that have absolutely no parallel in any previous period of human history. For weeks some of the principal public halls in London are being crowded morning, afternoon, and night with representative annual gatherings of the various Christian and philanthropic societies which are the chief glory of modern England. The present generation is so familiar with the annual recurrence of these "May Meetings" that no one seems to realize that such gatherings have never been held before; and that they represent a development of philanthropy more vast and more varied than has ever previously been witnessed on earth, and which has no parallel even to-day in any other country. Home Missionary organizations seeking to reach every class of the community and every period of life from childhood to old age, Foreign Missionary gatherings representing efforts to evangelize every people under heaven, the Bible Society, vast Tract Societies, Temperance organizations of all sorts, medical and philanthropic societies to comfort the lonely, protect the friendless, welcome the stranger, and relieve the sick, asylums for every phase of mental and physical disease—in a word, institutions intended to promote the welfare of men in every conceivable direction pass before us in an endless procession, which is positively bewildering by its vastness, its variety, and its multitudinousness. They are the last and the greatest outcome of the genius of Christianity. These great gatherings were created by the evangelical revival of the last century, and they have assumed their present shape in consequence of the great modern development of the public platform as a mighty channel for the diffusion of information and the creation of public opinion.

When we contemplate these extraordinary gatherings, and remember that they raise millions of pounds and devote thousands of lives in all parts of the world to the service of mankind, it becomes actually comic to realize that even in London there are some men so purblind, so absolutely out of touch with human life as to ask: "Is Christianity played out?" There is no more striking evidence of the extent to which in the past ordinary journalism and literature have been divorced from all that is best and noblest in human life than the fact that so many pressmen even to-day have no conception of the importance of these stirring celebrations of Christian philanthropy. An absolutely insignificant gathering of half a dozen atheists in an obscure pothouse will secure a paragraph in every newspaper, provided they talk nonsense sufficiently violent. But many of these vast gatherings pass absolutely unnoticed even to-day in a press which professes to be the reflection of human life. Races, at which fools and scoundrels co-operate to demoralize and ruin one another, are described in the largest print in endless columns, but the great philanthropies which are sweetening life, raising the standard of human comfort, and inspiring the very children of despair are unnoticed or relegated to small print in obscure corners. If the institutions and societies represented by the May Meetings disappeared from modern life, there is not a household in the land that would not be impoverished and darkened. There are certain literary and scientific infidels who are very fond of writing in denunciation of Christianity and Christians; but not one of them has so much as lifted up his little finger to make the world better than he found it. For all their attacks upon Christianity they are very handsomely paid. Suppose these critics of Christianity for once, by way of a pleasant

novelty, instituted a May Meeting of their own, and informed the human race of one single charity that owes its existence or its prosperity to them?

Can anyone inform us of a solitary enterprise for promoting the happiness of mankind which has not been originated, and which is not now maintained by Christians? The eloquent army of agnostics talk a great deal and emit beautiful sentiments. What have they ever done? Who is happier, who is wiser, who is better as the result of self-sacrifice on their part? Christians have their weaknesses and shortcomings, as we are always ready to allow, but they bear the whole burden of modern philanthropy. If they withdrew their sympathy, there is not a single charity in the land which would not be bankrupt in three months. They alone give on a gigantic scale unpaid and enthusiastic toil in the service of mankind. There are, of course, individual and exceptional cases of men and women who are unavowed and unconscious Christians. But, speaking broadly and generally, nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the philanthropic fecundity of the Christian religion and the philanthropic sterility of agnosticism. Nothing that has ever happened in the long history of England is comparable with the glory and blessedness of the May Meetings. When all our hideous wars, our oppressions, and our banal controversies are happily forgotten, our children and the entire human race will glory in the May Meetings, which represent the highest level of goodness and kindness that man has yet reached.

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# Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The circuit returns show an increase of 2,780 full members, of 4,476 on trial, and 2,512 juniors. The total number of full members is 427,739, in addition to which there are 30,016 on trial, and 67,611 in junior society classes. Nobody considers this increase satisfactory, yet it is enough to prevent inscribing "Ichabod" on the temples.

Methodism in Scotland makes steady progress. Ten years ago there were 25 circuits, with a membership, exclusive of those on trial, of 4,083; there are now, including the Edinburgh Mission, 28 circuits, with 5,357 members.

Mr. Josiah Nix, of the "Forward Movement" in London, Eng., issued his annual call for 100 men to volunteer to assist him in his Epsom Races Campaign. A goodly number responded in time for action.

Statistics have been published proving that while Home Methodism has increased something less than 8 per cent. since 1882, Indian Methodism has increased a little over 140 per cent. In other words, the growth in India has been going on nearly eighteen times faster than the growth in England.

Methodism is making steady progress in Wales. The grand total, including English and Welsh, with those on trial, etc., is 41,960, and shows a net increase of 882—the largest for some years. The meeting of the Conference is to be held in the Welsh metropolis for the first time, and awakens great enthusiasm.

The oldest Methodist Church building in the world is said to be at Mount Orfano, Italy. The pastor of the Roman Catholic Church was converted under the preaching of a Wesleyan missionary, and about a

year ago the old parish church was transferred to the new Society. The church is said to date back to the year 815.

Much like our folks. The *English Churchman* says: "There are hundreds of clergymen who are in a perpetual state of worry, anxiety and distress, owing to the difficulty they have in trying to meet needful parochial necessities. Their own livings are poor in value, and they have not the funds to carry on the needful machinery of the parish. We know of one case where the vicar's wife pulls the bell, plays the organ and washes the flags. Another case has been revealed in connection with a clerical bankrupt. He and his wife had to do the church cleaning. His bankruptcy was due to certain expenses for his church which he had incurred. It was for his church that he was arrested—not for private debts."

Speaking at the opening of a Workmen's Institute, at Glusburn, Mr. Isaac Holden, M.P., told how, when he was beginning life, he and his mother lived on four shillings and seven pence a week, and that this was the way for a poor man to become a capitalist. Every man, he added, who spent less than he got was a capitalist, and that institution in which they were met owed its birth to a good-hearted, benevolent and patriotic capitalist.

The use of tobacco and beer drinking has produced a demoralizing and evil effect among the natives in Kaffir land. It has become an almost universal opinion that Church officials should abstain from both these evils. It is gratifying that 30,000 native members of Methodism in Kaffrarian churches are all abstainers. It must have been a grand sight where, at many of the stations, the old clay beer mugs were brought out and piled up in pyramid form and the boys broke them to shivers by "pelting them with stones."

The Mission on the New Britain District is the latest triumph of Methodism in Australasia. It was begun 16 years ago, by the Rev. Geo. Brown, and now there are 2 European and 2 native ministers; 41 churches have been built, in which 6,000 people regularly worship. There are 900 Church members, 1,300 Sunday-school children, and 45 of the converts are local preachers. These poor people contributed last year $750 to send the Gospel abroad.

Another Mission was recently formed at New Guinea. Mr. Brown also was the founder. In the centenary year of Mr. Wesley's death, a noble band of men and women marched forward to this portion of John Wesley's parish, which was the largest ever sent forth at one time. There were 4 European ministers, one from each of the Annual Conferences, and 30 teachers hailing from Fiji, Samoa, Tonga and New Britain, and their wives. There were also a layman and a carpenter, so that the number was nearly 70. On their arrival at their destiny, they soon found evidence of cannibalism, for in one house there were 22 human skulls hanging from the ridgepole. The moral state of the people is fearfully degrading. Licentiousness and cruelty abound. The missionaries believe that a great and effectual door has thus been opened unto them.

### Primitive Methodism.

The May meetings in London were more than ordinarily interesting. Cheap excursions were made by railway from all parts of the provinces to London, so that hundreds of Primitives attended the Metropolitan meetings. This being the jubilee year of the Missionary Society, greater interest was felt in the meetings. The Missionary Breakfast was held in John Wesley's chapel, City Road.

The Friendly Society Superannuation Fund has an invested capital of $179,282. Last year $27,440 was paid to annuitants, widows and orphans, besides $1,245 for funerals. The working expenses were less than $500.

The Orphan Home has had a successful year. There are now 46 inmates, which number could be largely increased if the funds would allow.

### Bible Christian.

The annual meeting held in London was the most successful which the Society has held. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes was one of the speakers. He spoke strongly in favour of Methodist Union, and argued that for want of this Methodism in England did not prosper as it should.

The feeling in favour of Methodist Union is increasing, both in New Zealand and Australasia.

### Methodist New Connexion.

The annual District Meetings have been held. There is a slight increase of membership in nearly every instance. Total, 279. There seems to be a growing feeling of opposition against the removal of the Book Room from London.

### Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. John W. Butler, who is at the head of the missionary work in Mexico, recently stated that 25 years ago there was not a Bible in that country; to-day there are 417 churches, nearly 100 of which are Methodist.

The Plan of Episcopal Visitation has been published. Bishop Vincent has gone to Europe, where he will hold eight conferences; Bishop Foster has gone to Japan, China and Korea, where he will hold five conferences; Bishop Newman is visiting the South American Missions, and during August, September and October, fifty-seven conferences will be held in the United States. Bishop Foster will be accompanied by Missionary Secretary Leonard, and a band of missionary labourers who have been assigned to various fields.

The total membership throughout the Church is about 2,500,000. The number of conversions reported for the present year is about 300,000.

The grand Epworth Memorial Church, at Cincinnati, has been dedicated. Bishop Warren, Dr. Payne and our Dr. Potts preached on the occasion. Over $77,000 was raised — more than enough to pay all the indebtedness.

Joseph S. Spinner has bequeathed $1,000,000 to the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and an equal sum to the Seaman's Friend Society.

### The Methodist Church.

Rev. Dr. Young's letters, printed weekly in the *Christian Guardian*, are among the most interesting communications in the official organ of Canadian Methodism. Dr. Young's letters alone should secure a large increase of subscribers to that valuable organ of the Church. His labours and dangers in connection with the early days of the Mission in Manitoba are of great interest.

We are glad to read of the corner-stone services at Kent Bridge, on the Queen's Birthday. Methodism has existed there about 90 years, and now a commodious church, to cost $5,000, is to be erected. Four stones were laid on the occasion by Mr. Amasa Wood, Mrs. Thomas McCormick, Dr. Fraser and Miss Arnold.

Several ministers and medical men have volunteered their services for China. Friends in Winnipeg volunteer to defray the cost of a married missionary in the celestial Empire, and Montreal College agrees to furnish the travelling expenses of a missionary to that foreign field.

Dr. Avison, who has been Editor-in-Chief of the *Canadian College Missionary*, has been accepted by the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to labour in Korea. A farewell meeting was held in Sherbourne Street Church, bidding him God-speed.

The new building for Wesley College, Winnipeg, will shortly be erected, as the greater part of the amount requisite has been provided.

General Superintendent Carman cannot attend all the Conferences of the Church. At the close of the Transfer Committee meeting, he left Toronto by midnight. He was accompanied by Principal Burwash. They arrived at Winnipeg in time to preach on the following Sabbath. After attending to various duties, the Doctor pushed westward to

British Columbia, where he will spend a few weeks, then return to Manitoba in time for Conference, after which he will proceed eastward by the C. P. R. to New Brunswick and hold the Conference.

Rev. J. W. Saunby, B.A., from Japan, is enjoying a brief furlough in Canada. His services at missionary meetings are highly advantageous. The labours of returned missionaries tend greatly to augment the missionary contributions of the Church, which, in view of the numerous openings, should be largely increased.

### Recent Deaths.

Rev. David Savage, of Niagara Conference, has been called from the church militant. His departure took place May 23rd. He was a man greatly beloved. His ministerial career began in the Methodist New Connexion in 1850. He was Chairman of Districts and President of Conference and for some years was editor of the *Evangelical Witness*. At the time of the Union of 1874, he was appointed assistant editor of the *Christian Guardian*, but in 1876 returned to the active work. For the last few years Mr. Savage was devoted wholly to evangelistic work, having a number of assistants who were known as the "Savage Band." Much good resulted from their labours. Bro. Savage gave forty-three years of his life to the service of the Church with blessed results, and now he rests from his labours and his works follow him. A fuller memorial will shortly appear in these pages.

## Book Notices.

*The Place of Christ in Modern Theology.* By A. M. Fairbairn, M.A., D.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxiv.–566. Price $4.20.

Principal Fairbairn has long since obtained the well-earned reputation of speaking with authority as the recognized leader of Non-conformist thought and life in the Old World. His previous volumes on "The City of God," and "Studies in the Life of Christ," have commanded universal respect, and the value of this large and important work has been demonstrated by its reaching in a very short time its second edition. It is an admirable example of the combination of the critical and constructive faculties in theology; indeed, our author asserts that the criticism which does not end in construction is without any scientific character or function. The volume is one well deserving thorough and systematic study. It deals with the profoundest problems of the universe in loving fealty to the Redeemer of men.

"For the Christian theologian," says our author, "the most significant and assured result of the critical process is that he can now stand face to face with the historical Christ and conceive God as he conceived Him." The theology of this book is distinctly Christo-centric. "Only," says our author, "where the sun is the centre, can our planetary beliefs and Churches fall into a system which is but made the more complete by various degrees of distances and differences of orbit."

The book is divided about equally into two parts. The first is occupied with historical criticism, and the second with theological discussion. The opening words of the volume indicate the point of view of the author: "The most distinctive and determinative element in modern theology is what we may term a new feeling for Christ. By this feeling, its specific character is at once defined and expressed. But we feel Him more in our theology,

because we know Him better in history. His historical reality and significance have broken upon us with something of the surprise of a discovery, and He has, as it were, become to us a new and more actual being. It is certainly not too much to say, He is to-day more studied and better known as He was and as He lived than at any period between now and the first age of the Church."

This volume has attracted very great attention in Great Britain, and is the subject of a review of ten closely printed pages in *The Review of the Churches*. The author of this review speaks of Principal Fairbairn as the greatest theologian of the English-speaking race, and describes the book as one of epoch-making originality and power. He says: "To call this book 'the book of the month' is almost an impertinence. It is a book of the age. In it, Dr. Fairbairn has laid his generation under lasting obligation. No preacher or layman who claims to think thoughtfully about his faith can well afford to be without it. Ere long we hope its leading ideas will be found to have entered, as it were, into the very blood of the English-speaking race."

A very charming feature of the work is its silver-wedding dedication in the following terms: "This book is dedicated to my wife, whose quiet helpfulness and fair companionship have made the twenty-five years of our wedded life years of happy labour and gracious peace."

*Outlines of the History of Dogma.* By DR. ADOLPH HARNACK, Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin; translated by Professor EDWIN KNOX MITCHELL, M.A., of Hartford Theological Seminary. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Cloth, large 12mo. Pp. 578. Price $2.50.

For years Dr. Harnack has stood in the front rank of Church historians, his works, some of them, being accepted as standard text-books in many theological seminaries. His latest work, the "History of Dogma," maintains the same high standard of his former works, and is admirably adapted not only for a text-book for students, but for a popular and comprehensive history of the creeds of Christendom. Dr. Harnack begins with the first apostolic declarations concerning Christ, traces carefully the results of contact with the Hellenic schools of thought, notes the effect upon Christian doctrine of the political changes during the ages, and conveys a clear understanding of the great historical controversies down to the days of Luther, out of which were gradually evolved the various creeds and formulas that give character to the different sects of to-day. The author says: "The history of dogma testifies to the unity and continuity of the Christian faith in the progress of its history, in so far as it proves that certain fundamental ideas of the Gospel have never been lost, and have defied all attacks." Marginal index notes and table of contents furnish full ample facilities for ready reference.

*Campaign Echoes.* The Autobiography of MRS. LETITIA YOUMANS, the pioneer of the White Ribbon movement in Canada. Written by request of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Ontario. Introduction by MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD. Endorsed by Lady Henry Somerset. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Pp. xvi.–311. Price $1.00.

Thousands of earnest temperance workers throughout Canada, we doubt not, will welcome with pleasure this well-written sketch of her life and work for God and home and native land by Mrs. Letitia Youmans. She has been one of the most devoted and successful of the world's labourers in temperance reform, the mother of the W.C.T.U. movement in Canada, and one of its most ardent promoters in the Old World and the New.

This well-written narrative describes pioneer experiences in Canada more than half a century ago. The school days, rural life and Sunday-

school work of the author, her consecration to temperance work, campaign incidents in the Duncan Act, and crusade movement against the liquor traffic throughout Canada and the neighbouring Republic, as well as in Great Britain, are graphically described. The book is as interesting as a novel, abounds in thrilling incident, cogent argument and tragic illustration of the evils of intemperance.

Mrs. Youmans' stirring addresses "Haman's Licence" and "Building the Walls," which Miss Willard pronounces among the most forcible appeals ever uttered for prohibitory law, are here given. This narrative has been dictated from a couch of pain, but no glimpse of repining or complaint appears in its pages.

Every member of the W.C.T.U., and every temperance worker, should possess this book, and by its purchase contribute to the comfortable maintenance of the author, now that she is unable to be self-supporting by any other means. Miss Willard pays the following tribute to this Canadian mother in Israel: "All honour to brave Letitia Youmans, and may 'the ripe, round, mellow years' of her life's benignant afternoon be crowded full of trophies for the Master whom she loves; for although she now lies on a bed of pain, having been prostrated by that most agonizing disease, inflammatory rheumatism, in August, 1889, our Canadian Great-heart, with her blithe and sunny spirit, still illustrates that wonderful saying of holy writ, 'The Lord hath not given me a spirit of fear, but of power, and of life, and of a sound mind.'"

*Primary Convictions.* By WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. xvi.–322.

Bishop Pierson's "Lectures on the Creed" have long held a foremost place as a defence of the faith that is in us. Side by side with this must be placed this recent volume of sermons delivered before the president, faculty and students of Columbia College, New York. The great fundamental truths of Christianity are here strongly and clearly set forth and vindicated. The author is a man of profound learning and of great candour and ability. We do not see how even the most skeptically inclined could read these lectures without being convinced of the divine origin of our holy religion and of the authenticity and indubitable veracity of God's revelation of Himself to man. The lecture on the crowning miracle, the Resurrection of Jesus, is one of the noblest of the series. Beside the literary merit and intellectual grasp of these sermons, we commend the devout and reverent spirit and religious fervour. They will be for Sunday-school teachers and Bible students a good preparation for the series of international lessons for 1894 on the Life of Christ.

*Barnabas, or The Great Renunciation.* By G. BUCHANAN RYLEY. London: Religious Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is an exceedingly interesting and instructive book on the life and character of the "Son of Consolation." Special emphasis is laid upon his great renunciation of his goods to feed the poor, an embodiment of the ideal Christian communion. The volume discusses from the Christian standpoint some of the burning questions of the day, such as, "The Rights of Property," and "The Christian Discharge of Social Responsibilities." It is written with marked ability and with full knowledge of the conditions and environment of the early Church. It will be a helpful aid to the inductive study of the New Testament. It is curious to notice that the glamour of Venus Aphrodite has left its witchery and curse on the Island of Cyprus, a remnant of which lasts to this day in the worship of the mother of Jesus, under the name Aphroditissa.