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METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW

EDITED BY
W. H. WITHROW, D. D.

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SEPTEMBER, 1897.

No. 3.

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BRIDGE AND CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

THE APPIAN WAY, AND FOOTPRINTS OF ST. PAUL.

BY THE EDITOR.



A ROMAN SHEPHERD.

II.

Proceeding through the vast suburbs, beneath the frowning arch of the Capuan Gate, with the dripping aqueduct above it, mentioned by Juvenal, through the narrow streets, the little group of soldiers and clanking, manacled prisoners reach the golden milestone in the Forum—the very heart of Rome. On every side rise stupendous temples, palaces and villas, arches and colonnades. Now only shattered shafts and crumbling capitals of their ruins remain. The chained apostle was probably first conveyed to the barracks of the

Praetorean Guard, but was afterwards permitted to dwell in his own hired house "with the soldier that kept him"—probably in the crowded Jewish quarter by the side of the Tiber.

But though bound day and night to his armed guard, the Word of God was not bound, and for two whole years Paul "dwelt in his own house, and received all that came unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him," and even in Caesar's household converts were made. To this period we owe the Epistles to the Philippians, the Ephesians, to Philemon, to the Colossians, and probably also that to the Hebrews—what a precious legacy to the Church for all time to come from the hired house of a prisoner in the crowded Ghetto of Rome.

Here the narrative of Luke fails us. It is only from hints in the Epistles, and in secular writings, that we infer the apostle's subsequent history. In A.D. 61, there is reason to believe, he was arraigned before the cruel monster Nero—the "little hook-nosed Jew,"* as the scoffing Lucian calls

* He elsewhere speaks of him as "the bald-headed and long-nosed Galilean, who mounted through the air into the third heaven."—See Withrow's "Catacombs," p. 337.—*Note.*

him, before the master of the world. But, how we know not, God delivers him "out of the mouth of the lion," and Paul once more is free. With an impassioned zeal—though aged and infirm—he visits his beloved churches in Colosse, Laodicea and Ephesus. Then turning his eyes to the far west, where he had long

Here he was probably again arrested and sent prisoner to Rome. But now no indulgence was granted. He was thrust, says tradition, into the lowermost dungeon of the Mammertine prison. No wonder Paul, in its damp dungeon, longed for the warm winter cloak as well as for the parchments which he had left at Troas.



THE ARCH OF TITUS.

desired to preach the Gospel, he is said, by early tradition, to have visited Spain, and, it is even contended, reached Britain and traversed the streets of the ancient Londinium—the modern London. The tradition, however, has no trustworthy foundation.

In A.D. 66, we find him again in Ephesus, thence by way of Crete he proceeds to Nicopolis.

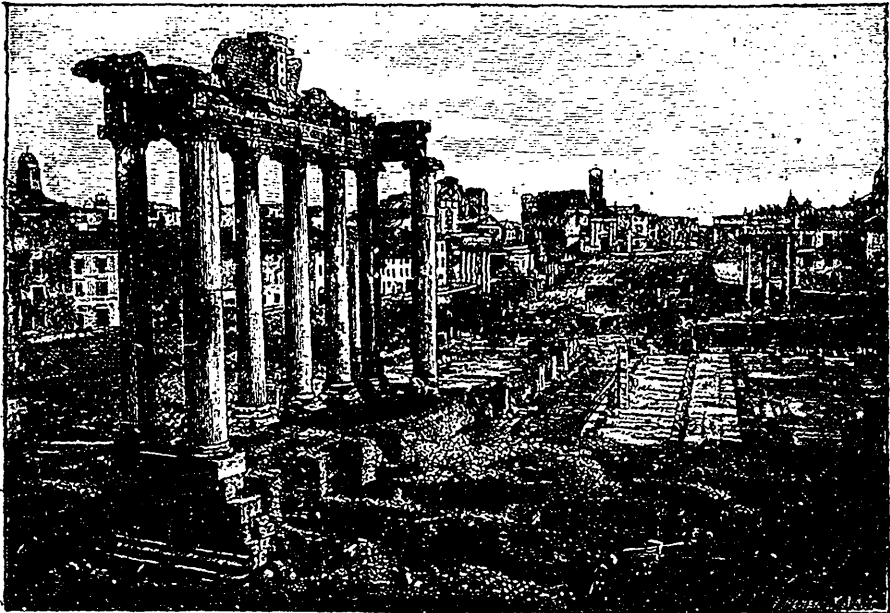
There he wrote his last epistle—the second to Timothy. His trial took place probably in one of the vast halls of the Forum, whose outlines may still be traced. The venerable apostle, bending beneath the weight of eight-and-sixty years of toil and travel, stands again before the bar of Nero. Though all men forsake him, the Lord stands by him and comforts

him. He is ready to be offered up. He has fought the fight, and kept the faith; the crown of righteousness gleams bright in view.

Brief is the trial and prompt the condemnation and execution. He is hurried without the gate, and as his head is smitten from his body his glorified spirit joins the noble army of martyrs and goodly fellowship of the apostles.

grave brother, robed in a coarse serge gown, told in a low, sad voice the story of the fading frescoes and crumbling mosaics.

The chief interest centres in the Church of the Three Fountains. It takes its name from the legend, that when the apostle's head was smitten off by the sword of the executioner, it made three bounds upon the ground, and that at each



RUINS OF TEMPLE OF SATURN, AND FORUM, ROME.

It was on a beautiful spring day that I drove out to the reputed scene of the martyrdom of St. Paul. About three miles from the Ostian Gate, on a level spot begirt with low, rounded hills, is the ancient abbey of the Three Fountains. Once a rich and famous monastery with a numerous fraternity of monks, the deadly malaria has compelled its almost utter abandonment. Only a few pale Trappists now occupy the cells and observe the austere ritual of their order. A tall,

place where the severed head touched the earth, a miraculous fountain burst forth. In confirmation of this legend, there are shown within the church three wells, surrounded with beautiful white marble enclosures. With a long-handled ladle, the monk dipped into one of the wells, and with a courteous bow, offered me a draught of the sacred water. It was pure and limpid, but I am afraid that my lack of faith prevented my deriving from it the spiritual benefit which it is sup-



IN THE GHETTO OR JEWS' QUARTER IN ROME.

posed to convey. In proof of the truth of the tradition, it is asserted that the first of these fountains is warm, the second tepid, the third cold; but I did not care to try the patience of my courteous guide by an exhibition of heretic doubt.

Over each of the fountains is a marble altar decorated with a bas-relief of the head of the apostle. The first is full of life, with a rapt expression of victorious martyrdom. In the second, the shadows

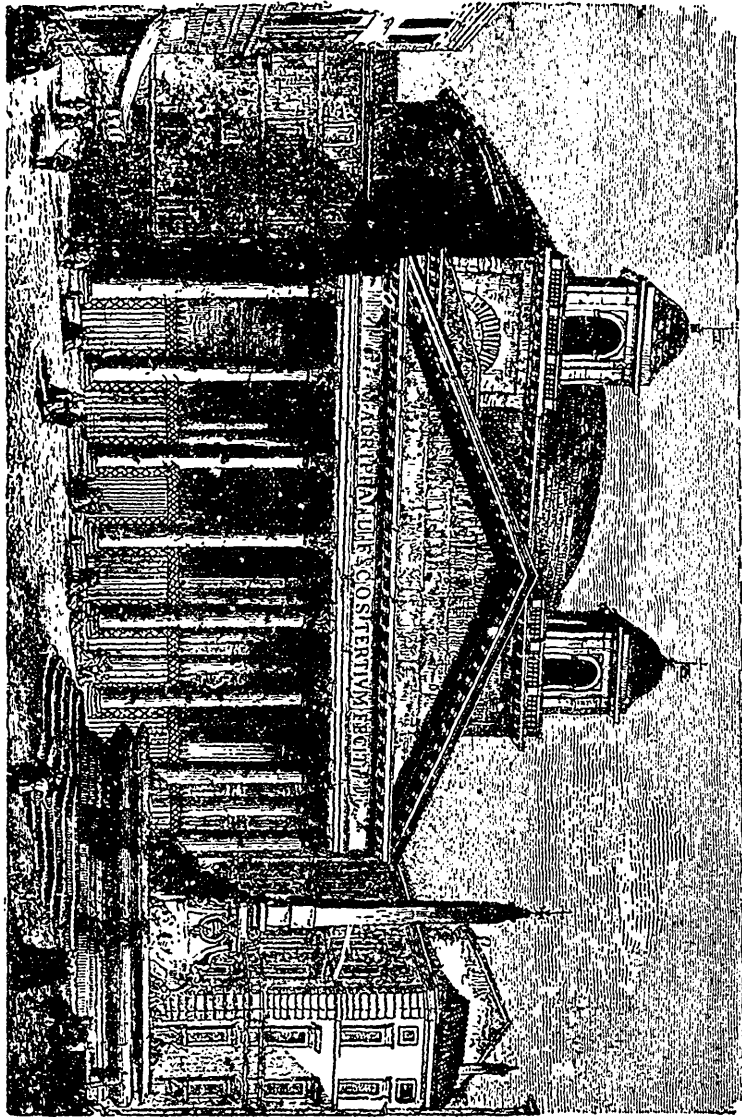
of death already cover the noble features. In the third, the face is stricken with the icy rigours of the tomb. Despite the puerile tradition, one cannot but feel the spell of hallowed association rest upon his soul at the thought that in all probability he is near the spot where the hero-soul looked its last on earth, and through the swift pang of martyrdom went home in triumph to the skies.

Along this very Appian Way,

according to an ancient tradition, the body of St. Paul was stealthily conveyed by night and deposited in an adjacent catacomb. In the

from the lowly Galilean fisherman, beside whose body, it is further alleged, rest the remains of the tent-maker of Tarsus.

EXTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON AS IT IS AT PRESENT.

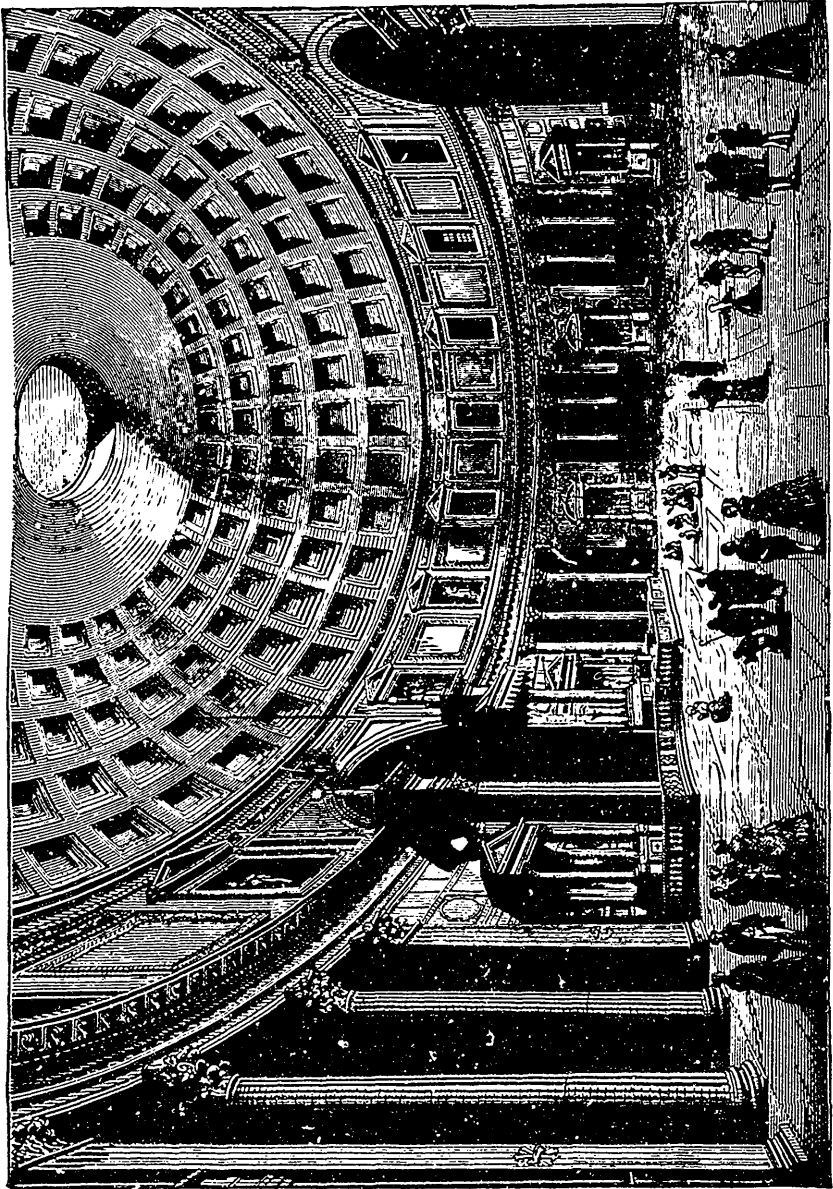


crypts of St. Paul's Without the Walls, it is alleged that it lay till removed to the marble tomb beneath the dome of the stately church in Christendom—named

There are few relics still existing of the Rome of St. Paul's day. The majestic Colosseum—stern monument of Rome's Christless creed, was completed by Titus,

sixteen years after the great apostle's martyrdom. The little temple of Vesta, which still stands

known by its pagan name of "the Pantheon." It is the only building of ancient Rome which still re-



INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON.

near the Tiber, he must often have seen.

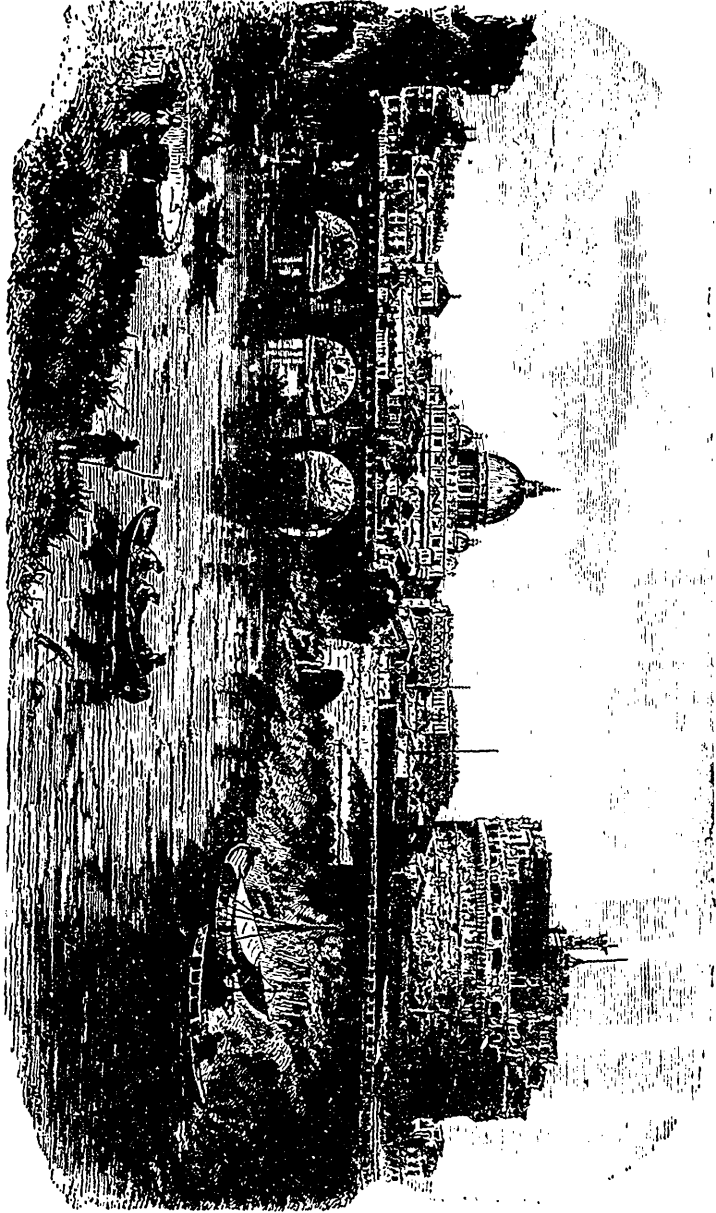
One of the most impressive churches of Rome is that still best

tains its roof and walls intact, and is almost unchanged from its aspect as seen by St. Paul. It is almost as perfect to-day as when

it was erected over nineteen hundred years ago. Its external appearance is well shown in the cut.

1640, after whom they are named "Ass's ears." As one enters the door, and the great dome—the

ST. PETER, THE VATICAN, TOMB OF HADRIAN, BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO, AND TIBER.



The odious little campaniles which destroy the majestic effect of the facade are the addition of Bernini,

largest in the world—spreads its vault above his head. he feels the sublimity of the grand old pile.

The effect is still further enhanced by the broad opening, twenty-eight feet across, in the centre of the vault, through which pours down a flood of bright Italian sunlight on the shrines and altars and worshippers beneath. Here, where the incense arose of old at the altars of the pagan gods, it still ascends at the shrines of the papal saints, amid surroundings of gorgeous pageantry surpassing even



NERO, FROM BUST IN BRITISH MUSEUM.

that of the priests and augurs of ancient Rome. A small, plain slab in the wall marks the tomb of Raphael, and a more sumptuous monument that of King Victor Immanuel.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all Gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blessed by
time,
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and
man plods

His way through thorns to ashes—glorious
dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and ty-
rants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon! pride of Rome.

The Arch of Titus was not in existence when Paul entered Rome, but that of Drusus, erected about 9 B.C., similar in structure, was, and beneath it he passed in his entrance to the city. The Arch of Titus was erected to commemorate the victory of that emperor over the Jews, resulting in the fall of Jerusalem, A.D. 70. On the inner face of the portal are striking bas-reliefs, showing the triumphal procession of Titus and the seven-branched golden candlestick and other trophies from the temple of Jerusalem borne in that procession. The candlestick itself is said to have been thrown into the Tiber by Alaric, and may possibly be some time dredged up from its depths.

To this day, it is said, the Jews of Rome refuse to pass beneath this monument of their national degradation. A drive through the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, reveals the squalor and degradation in which these long-suffering and bitterly persecuted people still dwell.

Few things in Rome bring up more vividly the recollections of the storied past than the walk along the banks of the Tiber, the "Flavus Tiberis" of our school-boy days. Through the city it steals its way between lordly palaces or beneath the crowded and towering piles of Trastevere and the Ghetto—its tawny current turbid with the sand of the Campagna which it sweeps down to the sea.

Of the many bridges by which it is bestridden, the most interesting is that of St. Angelo, the Aelian bridge of ancient Rome. On either side are majestic figures of angels, so that, as Clement IX. ex-

pressed it, "an avenue of the heavenly host should welcome the pilgrim host to the shrine of the great apostle." Here, as St. Gregory, during a fatal pestilence, passed over at the head of a penitential procession, chanting solemn litanies, he saw, or feigned that he saw, the avenging angel alight on the Mausoleum of Hadrian and

during the sack of Rome by the ferocious mercenaries of the Constable of Bourbon, while the Tiber beneath ran red with blood.

But above all the memories of pomp and power, of guilt and pride, of pagan triumph and Christian martyrdom, abides forever that of the lowly tent-maker and sublime apostle. His chief distinction was pre-eminence in toil, in blessed service for the Master whom he loved:—"In labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.

Intrepid and blessed martyr! When the Colosseum shall have crumbled into dust, when the memories of the Caesars shall be forgotten, his letters to the churches, the sacred influence of his saintly life and heroic death, shall go down the ages, cheering, sustaining, and inspiring countless generations in every land, who through his word have become, like him, disciples and followers of the Lord whom he served so long and so well.



PETER AND PAUL.

The original of these portraits was copied from the bottom of a glass cup, found in St. Sebastian Catacombs at Rome, about the fourth century.

sheath his sword in token that the plague was stayed. And there the majestic figure of St. Michael stands in bronze to-day, as if the tutelary guardian of Rome. On this very bridge, too, took place the fierce hand-to-hand conflict

O WIND!

BY JEAN PERCIVAL.

Blow sweet o'er the land, soft wind,
Laden with flower-breath to me,
Till with up-turned eyes
To the bending skies

I fancy God breathes in my face, and tries
To make me know it is He.

Blow, blow through my mind, God's wind,
Sun-lighted and warmed and free
Till the darkness flies

Merrickville, Ont.

And the cold mists rise,
Till the air is pure and the evil dies,
And He can think in me.

Blow soft on my heart, O wind,
With His sunshine lighting thee,
Till the warm love-light
Speeds the thought winged-white,
To illumine a bit of the sad world-night
For His loveless ones to see.

AN ARTIST OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.*

J. W. BENGOUGH, CANADIAN CARICATURIST AND HUMOROUS POET.

BY THE EDITOR.



J. W. BENGOUGH.

Among the keenest weapons with which the panoply of folly, and even of vice, can be pierced are the shafts of satire. Often where argument and logical demonstration have no effect, the barbed and polished arrows of ridicule find entrance between the joints of the armour. Hence the striking moral effect of caricature in art. Unfortunately, your professional caricaturist has often turned his weapons on that which should be sacred. Great moral questions, like temperance, Sabbath-keeping, social reform, have been made the butt of ridicule. the targets for the shafts of scorn. But enlisted in the cause of right and righteousness, the gift of humour is a potent ally of the great moral reform of any age.

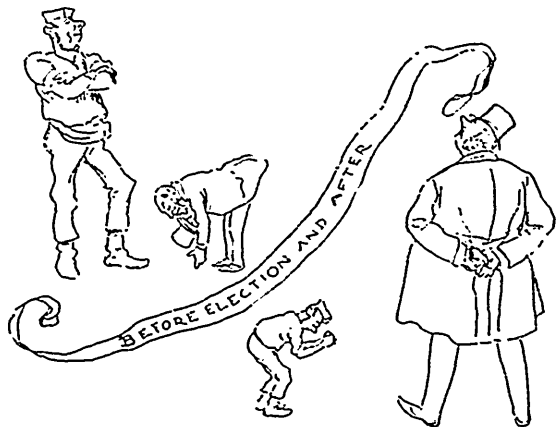
* A part of this sketch appeared in *The Golden Rule*, Boston.

A notable example of this is the work of Mr. J. W. Bengough (pronounced Bengoff), of Toronto. The chief praise we can give this versatile artist is that he is always on the right side of every moral question. He uses his crayon as Saint George used his spear—to transfix the dragon, Vice. Like the old knights errant, with lance in rest, "he rides abroad redressing human wrong." Like Sir Galahad,

"His strength is as the strength of ten,
Because his heart is pure."

He is no Don Quixote tilting at windmills, but at the very solid facts of an entrenched liquor traffic, at commercial greed trampling on the rights of the poor, at the unhallowed lust of pleasure invading the sanctity of God's holy day.

Mr. Bengough is a Canadian, was born in Toronto, but removed at an early age to Whitby, and



was brought up there, with no special academic advantages or artistic training. His best education was received in that modern



THE ASS AND THE TRAP—A PROHIBITION FABLE.*

university, the printing-office, where the stirring intelligence from the world stimulates the mental activities into strongest development.

We are proud of Bengough in Canada. He has many thousands of friends and not a single enemy. Even the politicians at whom he has been poking fun for a score of years rather enjoy the process. His humour is so genial that it tickles rather than irritates. The late Sir John A. Macdonald, for thirty years the leading public character in Canada, had a face and figure that lent themselves happily to the caricaturist's gentle art. We suppose that Mr. Ben-

gough, in his weekly paper, Grip, which is the political history of Canada for many years, has sketched him hundreds of times. Grip, by the way, is a sedate and a very wise-looking raven, under whose guise Mr. Bengough uttered his sage remarks. When it was rumoured that Sir John was about to retire from public life, Grip is depicted as rushing up to him impetuously, and declaring: "Sir John! you must never do this. Why, my occupation will be gone." The veteran Premier was known to laugh uproariously over Grip's clever skits.

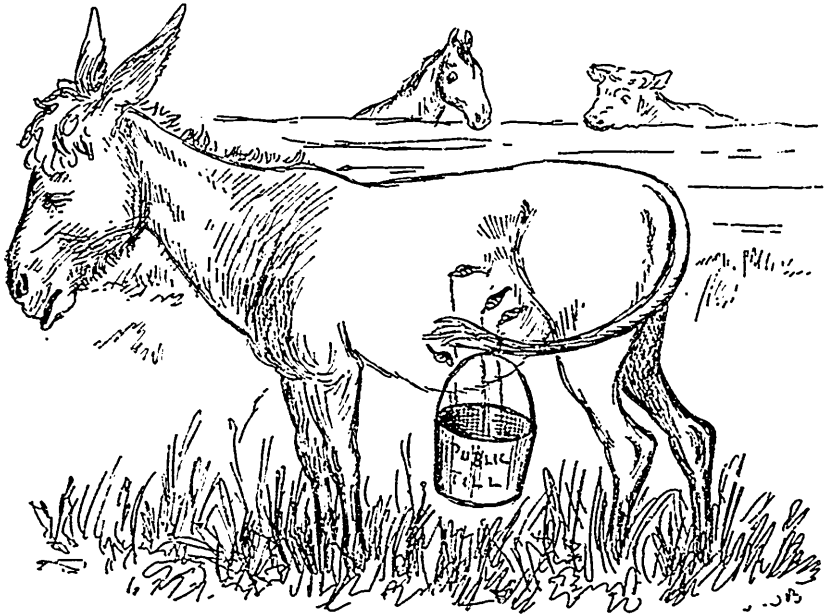
Another favourite subject is Sir Oliver Mowat, for nearly a quarter of a century the Premier of Ontario, a longer period than any statesman in the empire has held such an office. He has rather a

* From "The Prohibition Æsop, a Book of Fables," by J. W. Bengough, published by the Royal Templar Book and Publishing House, Hamilton, Ontario.

"pudgy" figure, with a Scottish profile, is a good Presbyterian elder, whom all men love and honour, a sturdy friend of the Christian Endeavour Society, and has been knighted by the Queen. Mr. Bengough's pictures of the elder in mediaeval armour, with towering casque and plumes, and owl-like spectacles, are exceedingly funny. Neither political party could get mad at Bengough, as editor of Grip, because he sent his

pity for the wronged, and brings the fount of tears near to that of laughter. His "Prohibition Aesop," written for The Templar, our leading temperance paper, is a clever imitation of the wise old Greek moralist. The fables are applied to the conditions of modern society with quaint illustrative pictures.

The following are examples of the quaint wit and wisdom of this modern Aesop :



THE ASS AND THE LEECHES.—A PROHIBITION FABLE.*

wit-tipped arrows indiscriminately into each camp.

Mr. Bengough's favourite antagonist, however, is that sin against God and crime against man, the organized liquor traffic. To this he is unmerciful. In some of his temperance cartoons his scorn of wrong mingles with his

The Poultry once brought a Petition to the King of the Barnyard, praying for Protection against the Fox. The Case was referred to the King's Learned Counsellor, the Donkey, who set about devising a means of restraining the Fox. In due time he produced a Trap of his own invention, which he brought in triumph to Chanticleer. "But are you certain it will catch the Fox?" asked the King. "Sire," replied the Donkey, "I have not merely my own opinion of its merits, but the Fox, who has carefully examined it and seen it work, is greatly in favour of it as well." "In that case," replied King Shanghai, "it won't do. Whatever suits

* From "The Prohibition Aesop, a Book of Fables," by J. W. Bengough, published by the Royal Templar Book and Publishing House, Hamilton, Ontario.

the Fox is a good thing for the Poultry to avoid."

MORAL.—It is a good thing to find out what your Enemy wants you to do, and then do the Opposite.

THE ASS AND THE LEECHES.

An Ass had his Abode in a Marshy Meadow where there were many Leeches. He was greatly annoyed by these Creatures, who were Impudent and Aggressive, and fastened themselves to his Body that they might live by Sucking his Blood. In his distress, the Ass took counsel with the Horse and the Ox, who advised him to Exterminate the Leeches by a Simple Plan which they explained, but he would not listen to them. He said he was afraid Prohibition would not Prohibit. At last when his Sufferings had become unbearable, a bright Idea occurred to the Ass. "Since I cannot prevail upon the Leeches to desist by wagging my Ears and switching my Tail," said he, "I will adopt the License System. I will permit them to suck on condition that they render up to me a portion of the Blood." And when the Horse and the Ox saw this plan in operation, they declared that they never heard of anything quite so silly outside of Human Society!

MORAL.—The Licensing of the Liquor Traffic, as a Temperance measure, is the height of folly.

Mr. Bengough is not a mere caricaturist. He is a very accomplished writer in prose and verse. His dialect sketches, especially Irish and Scotch, are very clever. He has just brought out a "Primer for Politicians," in easy words of one syllable, with very primer-like pictures. It advocates the single-tax theory, of which he is an ardent apostle.

But Mr. Bengough is not merely a humourist. His serious poems, especially his elegiac verses on the distinguished Canadians who have passed away, are of a dignified and elevated character.

Mr. Bengough is also a great platform favourite. His "chalk-talks" and quaint pictures and quainter comment, his quips and cranks, his wit and wisdom, hold his auditors as with a spell.

Our prominent clergy are favourite subjects of his pencil. He pokes his genial fun at them, but they all recognize him as their best ally in moral reform. He is a great friend of the Salvation Army. Some of his best pictures and poems have expressed his sympathy with the "Hallelujah lassies" and the work of The War Cry brigade. He has illustrated several books by Canadian authors, and has published some of his own; the most characteristic of these in his "Motley,"* varying from grave to gay, and from lively to severe.



From this book we make some highly abridged quotations showing Mr. Bengough's characteristic manner of dealing with moral questions. The following poem, with some others, appeared first in the pages of this Magazine :

THE "WAR CRY."

In the elegant rotunda of the fine up-town hotel

(The favourite lounge of tourist, commercial man and swell),

In little knots and circles, in coteries and sets.

The idlers chatted gaily and enjoyed their cigarettes.

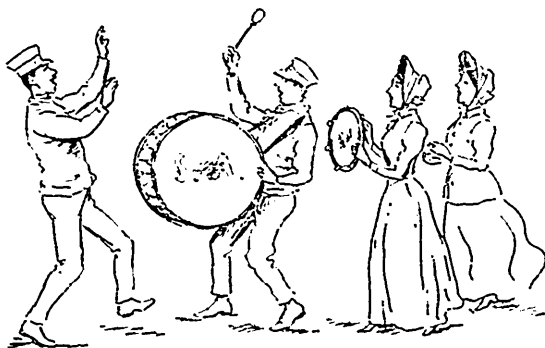
* From this volume most of the accompanying illustrations are taken.

The drummer from Kentucky (in the wine
and liquor trade)
His stock of bran-new stories to a genial
group displayed,
And bursts of merry laughter acclaimed
each happy hit,
Like thunder-peals responding to the
lightning flash of wit.



Within the vaulted
entry and across
the polished tiles
To'rds the group of
flippant gossips,
und' 're of rakish
smiles,
Came a pair of mild-
faced maidens,
clad in modest
navy blue,
With scoop-bonnets
of the Army and
the badge of crim-
son hue ;

And with gentle step approaching, as the
loungers stood at ease,
Spake in accents low and winning, "Will
you buy a *War Cry*, please?"
Offering a sample paper from the bundle
that each bore,
"Will you please to buy a copy?—it will
tell you of the war."



"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the drum-
mer, with an air of mock alarm,
Putting on his gold-rimmed *pince-nez*—
"A *War Cry*, little marm?
Why, I thought the war was over and
ended long ere this—
Been another Indian slaughter? or what's
the matter, miss?"

"No," she said in earnest, quav'ring tones,
and tears were in her voice,
"The war is not yet ended, nor the time
come to rejoice ;

With dead and dying comrades the
trenches yet are filled,
And the field is strewn with victims—but
not by Indians killed.

"'Tis sinful human passion, the lust and
greed of gold,
That slaughters these our brothers to-day
in hosts untold—
That slays them, not with bullets, but
with ardent spirits fell,
With wine, and beer, and whiskey, the
artillery of hell.

"Oh, sir! are *you* a helper in this awful
work of woe?
Do eyes of murdered babies glare icily at
you?
Do ghosts of famished mothers and wraiths
of ruined sons
Cry from the tombs for vengeance on you,
who man the guns?"

"Think you 'tis any pleasure that we,
two puny girls,
Should go where laughter greets us or
the lip of scorner curls?
Nay; but our Master's colours we dare
to hold aloft,
And bear, as once He bore for us the
taunts of those who scoffed.

"'Tis for your souls we la-
bour; we do not prize your
gold;
But oh, don't slight our Mas-
ter, His love can ne'er be
told.
You do not mean to be un-
kind, your hearts are not
all bad,
But your thoughtless mirth
makes sadder our souls al-
ready sad!"

No man in all that circle now
wore a leering smile,
But moistened eyes were
fixed upon that face so free
of guile;
And when the lass ceased speaking the
jester, ill at ease,
Said huskily, "God bless you! Sell me
a *War Cry*, please."

Mr. Bengough is a lay preacher
as truly as any of our "locals"
who occupy the sacred desk. His
New Year's message to young
men, given in the Horticultural
Pavilion, Toronto, was one of

thrilling power. But we think the following poem illustrates the very essence of the Gospel as fully as anything that he ever wrote :

MADE WHOLE.



In his study, on a Monday, sat the pastor good and grave, Meditating on the Gospel, and the world Christ came to save, When his reverie was broken by the doorbell's sudden din, And his wife, a gentle matron, with a nervous step came in— And said "A man to see you; he wouldn't give his name; Suspicious-looking person, with a furtive air of shame. Do you think you'd better see him?" Why, of course, my timid dear," Cried the pastor, quickly rising—"there is surely naught to fear." With a sympathetic interest, as in frank, unstudied way He said, "You wished to see me? Very good. Be seated, pray."

"I'm a wretched man—a convict, fresh from prison—ah, you start; And the brand upon my forehead marks me as a thing apart.



God knows, sir, I would fain redeem the dark and guilty past, And I've tried to get a foothold, but I've given it up at last— Or I will when you have told me, like all o'er honest men, That a wretch once mark'd a convict must a convict still remain. In your sermon—I was present—I just happened up that way— I heard you say that Jesus held out a helping hand To save the lowest sinner and the vilest in the land; And so I thought I'd come, sir, and ask if that is true, For it's not like what I meet with—it's not what most folks do. It may be I was dreaming—my head is often light— And perhaps it's just a fancy I heard all this last night;

So I thought I'd call and ask you if it is really so, Before I—but, no matter—that is, before I go."

"Before you do self-murder, and end it all, you'd say? Nay, nay, my hapless brother, put that black thought away!



"Tis true—but any words of mine are weak to say how true— That Jesus, the compassionate, holds out His hand to you; And at this very moment He's whispered in my ear—" And here the pastor grasped the stranger's hand with hearty cheer— "Where I can get you steady work, which I'll be glad to do— So put yourself at ease, my man, and do not look so blue. See, here's my little wifey—ah, wife, I'm glad you've come, Shake hands with—never mind the name—he's welcome to our home."

At which the timid matron did as she was bid and smiled.

And then into the room there burst a golden-headed child.

"Our Dolly," said the pastor, as the little, romping miss

stood all abashed—

"Come, darling, won't you give my friend a kiss?"

And to that friend's embarrassment, in innocent embrace,

She hugged him round the neck and kissed his pale and haggard face;

And nestled in his bosom and, as his head bent o'er,

She whispered to him gently, "What is oo cwyng for?"

And when he rose his cheeks were wet, and sobbing shook his frame,

But from his eyes there seemed to glow a new and holy flame;

And in a broken voice he said, "Brother, you've saved my soul;

I've touched Christ's garment through your love, and it has made me whole."





We have spoken of Mr. Bengough as a preacher of temperance. The following is an illustration of his scorn of wrong, and pity of the wronged :

THE OPEN GATES OF HELL.*

Through the city's silent streets,
Past the haunts of sin and sorrow,
Hear his echoing, hunted steps,
Hastening to the glad to-morrow,
Thinking of his babies sleeping,
Praying for his good wife weeping ;
Past the churches tall and still,
Past the mansions on the hill—
On he flies—God speed him well,
Flying from the gates of hell? . .

*The *New York Voice* contained the story of a man who left his home and family to start for a Prohibition State, to get away from the temptations of the saloons. He had prayed over the matter, and discussed it with his wife, and deliberately came to the conclusion that there was no other way of escape for himself. He could not bear to bid his babies good-bye, for fear it might weaken his resolution, but told his wife to tell them that he had gone to get another home for them. He did not dare to wait till the morning to take the train, as in that case he would have to pass by the open saloons and so he walked nine miles in the dark of night to begin his journey before the saloons should be open. He told his wife that the saloons were like the open gates of hell to him, and when he was near them it seemed as though all the hosts of the devil were after him to get him in.

Christian man, with pitying thought,
Use that ballot in your hand !
Here's the battle to be fought—
Church of Christ arise and stand !
Shield the million babies sleeping,
Succour all the poor wives weeping ;
Break these chains that bind our brothers,
Dry the tears of pale-faced mothers,
Rise and crush this demon fell,
Shut up all the gates of hell !

The following is a good example of the biting satire on the rum traffic :

THE RUMMY'S APPEAL TO THE LADIES.*

Let up on this thing, ladies ; we ain't doin' no great harm—
We've got a legal license for to keep the public warm ;
And we do our biz respectable as any other shop,
Then, why this female raidin' for to try and bust us up ?

If we were whiskey merchants in the wholesale line of trade,
Or owners of the 'stablishments where the liquid stuff is made,



* Apropos of the movement in Ohio, in which saloons were invaded by bands of women who held prayer-meetings in the bar-rooms. Out of this movement sprang the now world-wide W. C. T. U. organization.

You'd never band together our evil work
to stay,
By preying on our custom till you prayed
it all away.

We ain't the only sort of chaps that nurses
guilt and grief,
That makes the ragged wanton, the murder-
er and the thief ;
You ought to rip the whole thing up—
maker, seller, buyer,
And the man that tipples moderate—he's
the cove that stirs the fire.

Then draw it mild on our saloons—it's
nothing more than fair
That bosses of distilleries should get a
decent share ;
And in your kind petitions, that knock
us out of time,
Remember genteel people, our helpers in
the crime !

Mr. Bengough's sympathy with
the lowly and unfortunate, and espe-
cially with the wide-awake little
street Arabs, whom some peo-
ple contemptuously call " gutter
snipes," is shown in the following
poem :

ON THE CORNER.



" Mornin' World! Globe, Mail an'
Empire !

Get a paper—here y' are !"
Piped the urchins on the corner,
As they stormed the trolley car ;
Sturdy, eager, pushing merchants,
Each one with an anxious " phiz "
That bespoke the down-town maxim,
" Self for self, and biz is biz !"

" Paper, sir ! " a dozen voices,
In a dozen different keys,
Yelled the words, and I, surrounded,
Stood uneasily at ease.
" Yes," said I, " I guess I'll take one
From this boy—he asked me first,"
And I motioned to a gamin
Who a heap of dailies nursed.

Dirty-faced and towzle-headed
Was the lad, with ragged clothes,
Used to Want's grim rough-and-tumble
And Misfortune's cruel blows ;
But he instantly grew handsome,
And his whispered order came—
" Buy it from this boy here, mister,
He is little, and he's lame ! "

And the brave, unselfish fellow
Pointed to a " Tiny Tim,"
Hobbling on a pair of crutches—
" That's it, mister, buy from him ! "
Dirty-faced and towzle-headed,
Clothing ragged, thin and old.
Yes ! but in that little bosom
Christ-like spirit, heart of gold !

With too many caricature artists
and humorous poets the Holy
Scriptures and the most treasured
and sacred associations of the
Christian faith are considered fair
game for scoff and scorn. Every

point that can be made
by the so-called Higher
Criticism, which
they are as often as
incapable of appreci-
ating as a schoolboy
is of understanding
Newton's Principia, is
made the occasion of
rabid attack upon the
Word of God. Not
so with Mr. Bengough.
The following are his
sentiments on the so-
called Higher Criti-
cism :

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

I saw a Higher Critic, looking scholarly
and cool,
As he stood beside the portals of the new
Negation School ;
And as I passed he stopped me by a mo-
tion of his hand,

Saying, "Pray don't look so much at ease
—you do not understand.

"You quite believe that Moses wrote the
Jewish Pentateuch,
And you find no great discrepancies in
Matthew, Mark, or Luke;
Hebrews you deem the work of Paul;
nay, you are so far gone,
You do not even doubt the authenticity
of John!

"Such simple faith is touching, yet 'tis
also very sad,
When modern doubts and theories are so
cheaply to be had;
And I feel a sense of duty impelling me
to state
That Genesis is clearly of a post-exilic
date.

"The story of Creation, of the Flood, and
of the Fall,
Are obviously poems, as is also Abram's
call.
Indeed, as to the latter, he's not literally
real—
Abram's but a noun of multitude—a He-
brew race-ideal.

"The book of Job, for instance, is, we
know, anonymous,
And the Patriarchs are heroes we may
call eponymous;
The law is post-Mosaic, which explains
the question vexed
Of the gross anachronism of the Middle-
Hebrew text.

"In Exodus an Eloist and a Jehovist we
we see—
Two distinct and separate authors, as the
critics all agree;
While a third did the compiling—these
three seem fairly clear—
But there yet are several counties, so to
speak, from which to hear.

"I will not detain you longer, my friend,
except to say
These are tentative suggestions, thrown
out in casual way.
You are on your way to worship with
your Book; you may be right,
For though not, of course, the Word of
God, yet it affords some light.

"Pray, don't let me disturb your faith—
that is not my intent;
To hint at some Hypotheses was really
all I meant."

"Don't be afraid for me, good Higher
Critic," I replied,

"My faith does not depend on what your
grammars may decide.

"My dear old mother, dead and gone,
was a Higher Critic too,
This book was hers—she loved it, and she
knew it through and through.
She told me 'twas from God direct, and
she'd no doubt at all
The Patriarchs had really lived, as well
as John and Paul.

"She told me how the world was made,
and all about the Flood,
And how the Israelites were saved by the
sprinkling of the blood.
She wasn't very learned, she didn't know
much Greek,
And of 'tentative suggestions' I never
heard her speak.

"But she was a Higher Critic of the very
highest kind—
She searched the Scriptures daily the
pearl of price to find;
She caught their inner spirit—which some
Higher Critics miss—
And Christ was formed within her, and
filled her soul with bliss.

"I have no quarrel with learning—wise
doctors have their place—
But the scalpel of the scholar cannot
dissect God's grace.
Adieu, sir, I must hasten; heaven bless
all critics true,
But with the Rock on which I build their
task has nought to do."

Of course, the dude and his
tribe are very fair game for both
pen and pencil, and no one ob-
jects to Mr. Bengough's con-
temptuous treatment of those men-
tal imbeciles and moral parasites.
But he appreciates the fact that a
man may wear good clothes and
be no fool for all that. The blend-
ing of the humorous and pathetic
in the following poem is another
illustration that the founts of
laughter and of tears lie side by
side:

"It was a sultry day in August—80
something in the shade," when every-
body in the railway car was hot and tired.
Among the passengers was a worn-out
looking woman, with despairing, sunken
eyes, with a poor sick baby in her lap, of
whom no person took note. At a stop-
ping place there entered a full-fledged,
living dude.

A tall and fair young man he was, with a
very natty coat,

And a collar stiff and high enough to cut
his dainty throat ;
And cuffs down to his knuckles, and trow-
sers good and wide,
And gaiters on his boot-tops, and necktie
neatly tied.

But in a little while, though *his* critic
sized him up about as follows, he soon
had occasion to revise his estimate.

. . . —Certainly he hadn't any
brains ;
And as for heart and character, it needed
little pains
To come to the conclusion he didn't know
their meaning.
Thus ran my mental summary—
When I observed him leaning
Across the aisle where sat the tired, des-
pairing-looking woman,
And in his eye, beneath the glass, I saw
a glance most human ;
And then he gently rose and said,
"Madam, I see you're weary,
Let me take baby, won't you?" His voice
was sweet and cheery,
And his manner was so winning that the
mother looked her blessing,
And he took the sick child from her with
a movement most caressing.
"You have travelled quite a distance?"
"Yes, from Omaha," she said ;
"My husband—" but he stopped her, for
the story he had read
In the small pathetic bit of crape she
fondled in her hand,
And her voice so choked and husky.
"Yes," he said, "I understand ;
And you can't afford to travel in the
sleeper. Going far?"
"I'm going to Quebec, sir, where all my
people are."
He heard with tender sympathy, then
said, "Now, take a rest ;
"I'll nurse the baby for you, and I'll do
my very best."
The woman looked her thanks, and then,
done out for want of sleep,
She dropped into unconsciousness, while
he with pity deep
Moved to his seat across the aisle and held
the fevered child,
While I—I felt rebuked, ashamed—and
no onlooker smiled.
But presently a lady rose and came and
asked the Dude
To let her take the baby. "I feel," said
she, "I should
Have offered long ago ; but now, pray let
me share the duty.
Poor little thing ! she's fast asleep ; poor
wasted little beauty !"

And having given up his charge, the Dude
addressed us all—
"My friends," said he, "this is a case
that seems for help to call.
The sleeper is the place for this poor
woman—can you doubt it ?
Then may I ask respectfully, What'll you
do about it ?"



"Do !" cried the fat man, springing up ;
"We'll take up a collection ;
That is, I guess, the proper thing to do
in this connection ;
And as I wear a good-sized hat I'll pass
it round myself,
And give you everyone a chance to spare
a little pelf."
So saying, up the aisle he rolled, turning
to right and left,
And bringing to the Dude a hat of for-
midable heft,
Half-full of silver dollars, halves and
quarters, bills and dimes
(Notwithstanding that the country was
suffering from hard times).
And when the woman woke, the Dude,
to her tear-told delight,



Made her the presentation, and then in
form polite
Escorted her and baby to the sleeper in
the rear,
While I and several others aboard that
stuffy car

Sat and revised our verdict about that
 swell young man,
 And this is how, I reckon, our final judg-
 ment ran :
 'Tis never safe to judge alone by outward
 dress and style ;
 A man may have a noble heart tho' his
 clothes are poor and vile.
 And, on the other hand, 'twould seem
 this incident made good,
 A man may be a Christian tho' he dresses
 like a Dude !

Mr. Bengough's keen discrim-
 ination of character, and broad and
 genial sympathies have inspired a
 number of memorial verses to dis-
 tinguished Canadians, and others.
 We quote the following to the
 Rev. Dr. Stafford :

REV. E. A. STAFFORD, D.D.*



A little span of half a
 hundred years
 He walked the earth ;
 yet so benign that
 walk,
 He still will live when
 half a hundred more
 Have come and gone.

Not that his fame was known in many
 lands,
 To be re-echoed from the trump of Time,
 But that within the sphere in which he
 moved,
 The narrower bounds of this, his native
 land,
 We know his worth, and will not let him
 die.
 From sire to son that noble memory—
 A Sabbath sunlight round the tall, lithe
 form,
 Which shined a soul wide as the human
 race,
 That looked abroad with sad and gentle
 eyes,
 Anon with humour kindling, yet which
 flashed
 The lightning of a righteous wrath at
 times ;
 And spoke through lips that wore a genial
 smile,
 The homely phrase that sent an old, old
 truth
 U'pon its errand looking almost new ;

* Dr. Stafford was a distinguished minister
 of the Methodist Church. He was born in
 1839, and died while pastor of the Centenary
 Church, Hamilton, in 1891.

And hid itself beneath the unschooled
 pose,
 The nervous attitude, the quaint, slow
 voice,
 That seldom rose to real eloquence,
 Unless real eloquence is simple speech,
 That holds the mind and captivates the
 heart—
 That noble memory from sire to son
 Will surely pass, to bless and to inspire.
 Bereaved Methodism kneels and weeps
 At Stafford's tomb, but not in solitude :
 Beside her all the sister Churches bend ;
 Creeds count for nought ; this plain dead
 preacher here
 Was great enough to love and reverence
 each,
 And so is mourned by all.

Mr. Bengough is a great ad-
 mirer of England's Grand Old Man,
 and has often portrayed him as a
 sturdy tree-feller who had laid his
 axe at the root of many a wrong,
 as a great statesman towering aloft
 amid a throng of mere politicians.
 The following poem on Mr. Glad-
 stone reading the Scripture Les-
 sons at Hawarden Church is a fine
 specimen of Mr. Bengough's musi-
 cal verse, and of his appreciation
 of moral greatness :

GLADSTONE READING THE LESSONS AT
 HAWARDEN CHURCH.

The sunlight glorifies the English fields ;
 The bees seem drugged with summer hap-
 piness ;
 The butterflies, ecstatic, flirt and dance
 To the sweet rhythm of the Sabbath
 chimes,
 And larks unseen assail the listening
 clouds
 With morning melody.

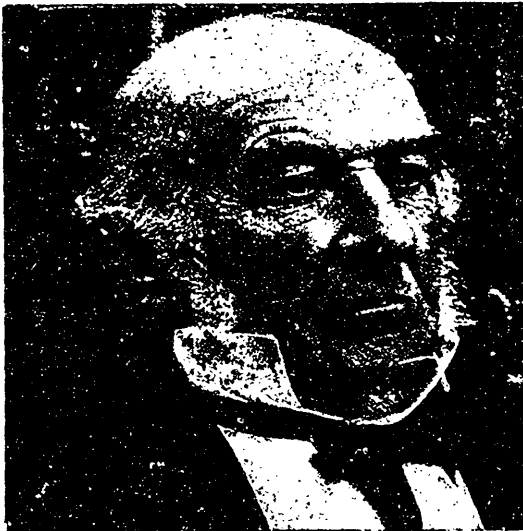
The village gentry and the rustic folk,
 Old men in smock-frocks, maidens fresh
 abloom,
 Lads, bright of eye, constrained in Sun-
 day dress,
 Staid matrons, portly squires,
 The rich, the poor, the humble and the
 proud,
 Now gather in the quaint old Hawarden
 church,
 And on their heads, just and unjust alike,
 The mellow light, through multicoloured
 panes,
 Falls like a benediction.

And now a man has risen in the midst,
Who reads the gospel lesson for the day,
Then reverently bows in silent prayer ;
And not the ploughman in yon farthest
pew

Is more unconscious than this worshipper :
A venerable man, whose frosted locks
Are scant with more than eighty stren-
uous years,

Yet whose eye glances with the joy of life ;
Whose form is straight and lithe as happy
youth's,

Whose voice has none of age's broken
notes,
But in its wondrous utterance gives new
grace
To the divine evangel.



A layman this, wearing no churchly garb,
And consecrated by no priestly hands,
But Priest withal, in truer, wider sense—
Archbishop of all English-speaking men.

The voice, but now so gentle in this task,
Is that which with a lightning eloquence
Struck dead the tyranny of Turkish rule,
And woke Italian freedom ;
The form, now in devotion bent, the same
That stands erect betokening Ireland's
hope ;

That grey head resting o'er the open book
Tops the great world,
Like snowy summit of some master peak
Which soars above its fellows of the Alps
And stands alone in grandeur.
Distant yet near, for this imperial man
Towers not above us in the pride of caste,
But of ourselves—the people's champion

He's throned supreme in eminence of love ;
Ennobled by no title but his name,
We hail him, GLADSTONE, homespun gen-
tleman,
The Peer of all our hearts !

In the following poem, without
fear or favour, Mr. Bengough ar-
raigns the liquor traffic as the
direst curse of our land :

THE CURSE.

What means this splendid *fête*—this gen-
eral celebration ?

Some extra civic function ? Some hero's
natal day ?

Some noble deed achieved by a leader of
the nation ?

Some triumph of the Church,
or the cause of education ?

Some national deliverance
from threatened danger ?

Nay !

The millionaire distiller of the
town is celebrating¹

The enlargement of his busi-
ness by a new and costly
block ;

All this glittering display, all
this public jubilating,

He has planned and carried
out as a method of creat-
ing

A boom for his "Fine Whis-
key"—it will make the
country talk.

Now the hero is alone 'midst
the rows of empty benches ;

The guests have gone ; the
flowers now are drooping
as in sleep ;

The lights are burning low, and in the
perfumed trenches

Of the banquet hall he stands—then sud-
denly he blanches,

Affrighted by a wailing cry—a groan
prolonged and deep.

He trembles and turns pale, horror all his
senses seizing,

He stands as one transfixed—he can
neither look nor linger—

Again he hears the cry, wild and long
and agonizing,

As of some lost human soul from the deep
foundations rising,

While from out the shadows seems to
point a grim and ghastly finger.

He knows it is the curse of heaven that
rests forever

Upon the whiskey trade, in palace or
 in slum,
 And the groans that smite him now will
 be silenced never, never,
 In that temple he has built, for by no
 polite endeavour
 Can the perfume of fair lilies subdue
 the stench of rum!

It will be seen that Mr. Bengough is a remarkably versatile man, but the full variety of his accomplishments has not yet been described. We are informed on the testimony of an excellent judge that he writes exceedingly good sermons, and we have read some admirable metrical versions of the Psalms from his pen.

His latest exhibition of his versatility is a lecture to the clergy entitled, "The Preacher Preached To." This was given, we believe, to an exclusively clerical audience at Knox College, and we wish that every preacher in Canada could hear it. Our genial critic did not spare the foibles of the cloth, and we are not sure but that more than one of his hearers had to wince. Yet it was all done so good-naturedly and there was such a basis of common-sense for

his criticism, that every one had to join in the laugh, even at his own expense.

We regret that we have not room for the passages we had marked for quotation. We trust that this racy counsel of the pew to the pulpit will soon appear in print. Mr. Bengough has a lot of material in prose and verse, humorous and grave, in dialect and in classical form, that we hope will be before long put within the reach of the discerning public, who eagerly read everything which proceeds from the accomplished and versatile pen of our distinguished Canadian author-artist.

The humorous sketches of no other artist have been so largely reproduced in *The Review of Reviews*, and art journals of Great Britain and the United States, as his. The volumes of *Grip* are illustrated history of Canada during some of its most critical periods. The extraordinary fertility of the man in producing almost every day a cartoon catching the very spirit of the times is the most remarkable feature of his art.

THE GREAT SCULPTURE.

'Tis the Master who holds the mallet,
 And day by day
 He is clipping whatever environs
 The form away,
 Which under his skilful cutting
 He means shall be
 Wrought silently out to beauty
 Of such degree
 Of faultless and full perfection
 That angel eyes
 Shall look on the finished labour
 With new surprise,
 That even his boundless patience
 Could grave his own
 Features upon such fractured
 And stubborn stone.

With tools of thy choosing, Master,
 We pray Thee, then,
 Strike just as Thou wilt; as often,
 And where, and when
 The vehement stroke is needed.
 We will not mind,
 If only Thy chipping chisel
 Shall leave behind
 Such marks of thy wondrous working
 And loving skill,
 Clear carven on aspect, stature,
 And face, as will,
 When discipline's ends are over,
 Have all sufficed
 To mould us into the likeness
 And form of Christ.

—Margaret J. Preston.

THE INDIAN FAMINE AND INDIAN MISSIONS.



EVENING PRAYER ON THE GANGES.

I.

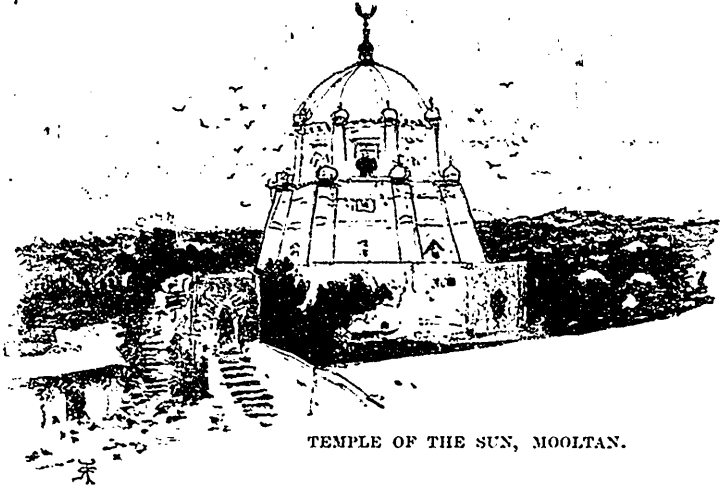
On this subject, the Rev. J. T. Gracey, D.D., who laboured for many years as a missionary in India, writes cogently as follows :

A good deal of criticism is expressed in Great Britain against the Viceroy of India for giving out that the Government was able to cope with the famine in that country, at the same time when missionaries were writing home appeals for thousands on thousands of starving people, absolutely unrelieved from any source. That the Indian Government has done a vast deal is conceded; and it must be borne in mind that the Viceroy has to govern one-fifth of the human family now on the globe, and find time for breakfast; this, too, in a paternal government, where the responsibility is

unshared and far heavier than in a fully civilized land.

It is the very vastness of the problem that paralyzes. At best India has a population 50 per cent. greater than that of the United States, which is always in a state of semi-starvation, having but one meal a day, and forty millions of whom always go to bed hungry. Dearth under these conditions means death. The Viceroy of India telegraphed to London that seventy-two millions must die, because the price of maintenance has gone up from one cent to three cents a day per capita, unless gigantic relief measures could speedily be organized.

Ninety per cent. of the people of India are connected with agriculture, and any limitation there means starvation and death. The Indian Government instituted measures for artificial water supply



TEMPLE OF THE SUN, MOOLTAN.

that are simply gigantic. It spent fifteen million dollars to construct irrigating canals from the Ganges to distribute water over twelve millions of acres, or one-third of the northwest provinces and Oudh. It provided waterways for artificial irrigation of more than one-fourth of the twenty millions cultivated

acres of the Punjab. On other waterways it has spent twenty million dollars to convey water to twenty million other acres in Central India and Bengal. A hundred thousand tanks in Southern India, one forty miles in circumference, witness to the precautions against failure of rainfall, and the



INDIAN RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

The double roof is to keep out the heat.

distribution of the precipitation to agriculturists. When the famine was "imminent" and actual, an enormous system of public works was projected, and a million people set to work, at diminished wages, possibly enough to keep most of them alive, but leaving their families unprovided for, and the weaker men to starve.

human providence has been unequal to an emergency covering a far more extensive area than has ever before been blasted with want. The Government felt its inadequacy to add to existing efforts the organization of a national scheme of benevolent distribution of help, which would give any promise of security from waste and robbery, and ultimate pauperization of millions of people.

There was but one agency that could come to its aid, and that but partially—the missionaries. They have proved themselves great organizers of relief corps, in all past famines, where they were in any considerable force. They might have saved tens of thousands of lives, had the Lord Mayor's Mansion House Fund been opened earlier, and they called to the Government aid. Voluntary effort has been a necessity. Missionaries have felt the pressure of famine prices on their own limited stipends and appropriations for their regular work. But they have everywhere courageously wrought to relieve those about them. The presence of these gaunt skeletons, the pitiful wail for bread, the moans of the dying, the helpless children tendered them whom they dared not accept—all this makes a terribly depressing atmosphere in which to keep life in themselves, and yet they have asked—not to be relieved—but for a few extra dol-



ONE-TREE HILL.

This solitary palm is a land-mark for many miles.

The world can scarcely furnish another example of such magnificent plans for feeding so many millions of people by any despotic government. Besides, it constructed a great network of railroads, to carry relief to these districts in the event of famine.

And yet—and yet, this mighty



GUN ROCK.

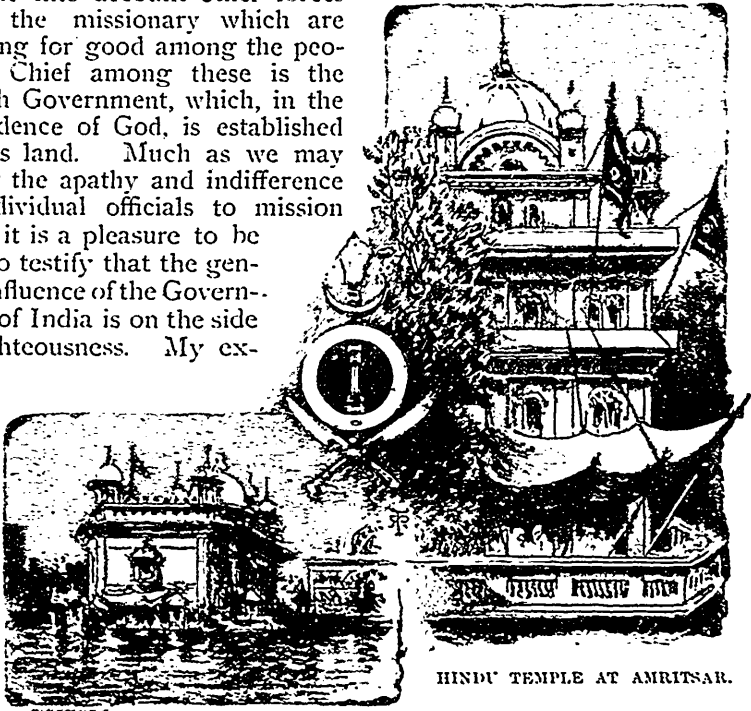
At certain points of view a rock bears a remarkable resemblance to a mounted cannon.

lars to allow them to take a few hundred more orphans by famine.

On results of mission work in India, the Rev. J. H. Wyckoff spoke as follows at a missionary conference at Kodaikanal :

In estimating the results of mission work in India, it is only fair to take into account other forces than the missionary which are working for good among the people. Chief among these is the British Government, which, in the Providence of God, is established in this land. Much as we may regret the apathy and indifference of individual officials to mission work, it is a pleasure to be able to testify that the general influence of the Government of India is on the side of righteousness. My ex-

their greater regard for the truth, the increased spirit of manliness and self-respect, their kindlier treatment of women—are not necessarily the result of mission work, but are largely due to the influence, unconscious though it may be, of the Englishman in



HINDU TEMPLE AT AMRITSAR.

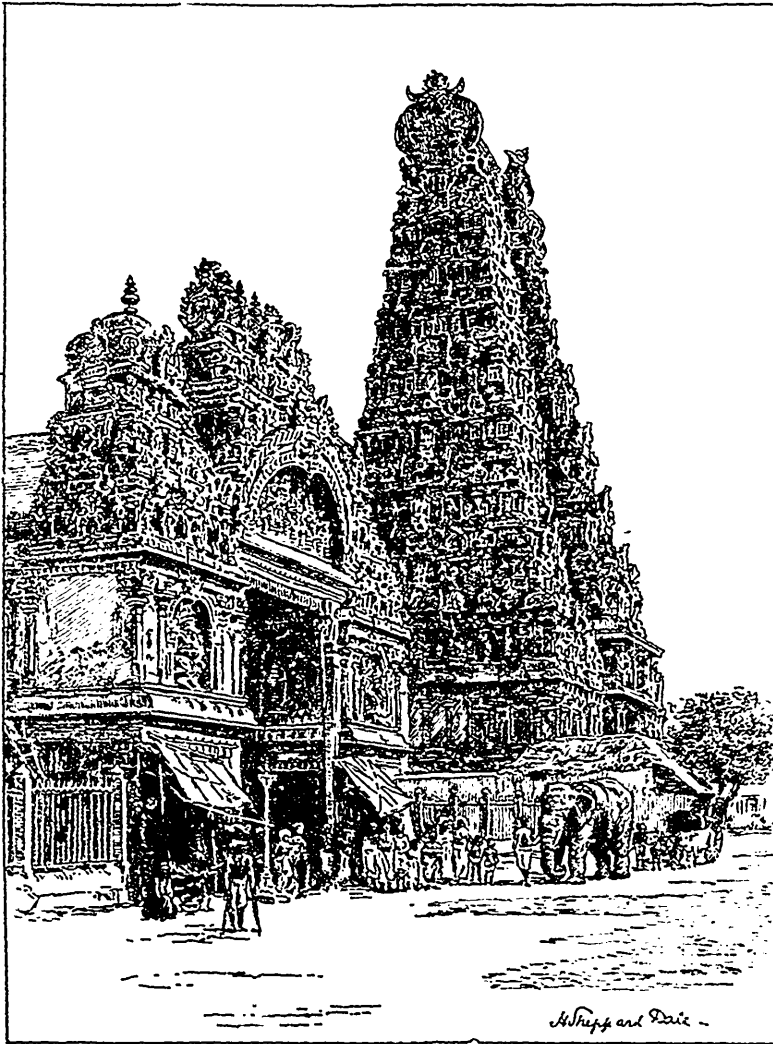
perience among natives of all classes leads me unhesitatingly to affirm that the rulers of India stand, in the eyes of the people, as the embodiment of integrity, justice, and truth. Nor could it be otherwise, when we remember that the Government of India is, to a large extent, the expression and the reflection of the people of England.

Now, here is an essential factor to be noted in measuring the progress of Christianity in India. The higher moral standard that has been adopted by many Hindus,

India, in whom these characteristics are peculiarly exhibited.

The first result of mission work in India that I shall mention is the amelioration of the condition of the unfortunate and social outcast classes. The Commissioner of the Census of 1891 for the State of Travancore, Mr. Nagam Iyer, a Brahman gentleman, in his report, says :

“By the unceasing efforts and self-denying labours of the Christian missionaries in the country, the large community of native Christians are rapidly advancing in their moral, intellectual, and ma-



INDIAN TEMPLE, MADURA.

terial condition. The heroism of raising the low from the slough of degradation and debasement is an element of civilization unknown to ancient India. The Brahman community of Southern India is not doing to the lower classes what the casteless Britisher is doing for them. The credit of this philanthropy, of going to the homes of the low, the distressed,

and the dirty—putting the shoulder to the wheel of depraved humanity, belongs to the Englishman. I do not think the Brahmans, or even the high-caste non-Brahmans can claim the credit. It is a glory reserved for this century of human progress—the epoch of the happy commingling of the civilization of the West with that of the East.”

This is from a Brahman, in a State paper, not submitted, please note, to the English Government, but to a native prince.

The other testimony is with regard to educational work for women, from the correspondent of Hindu, Madura. He says :

“ It is now becoming the fashion among our educated people to cry down the work of Christian mis-

single Hindu girls' school in the whole town ”

God forbid that we should abuse the Hindus, whom we love as our own brothers. Many of them are better than their religion. Their love for their homes and their friends; their patience and meekness under trial; their courtesy and respect to superiors and strangers; their high intellectual endowments;—these are in them quali-



BUDDHIST PRIEST, CEYLON.

sionaries, and even to vilify them. But an ounce of solid work is worth a pound of windy oratory. Judged by this principle the missionary must be esteemed

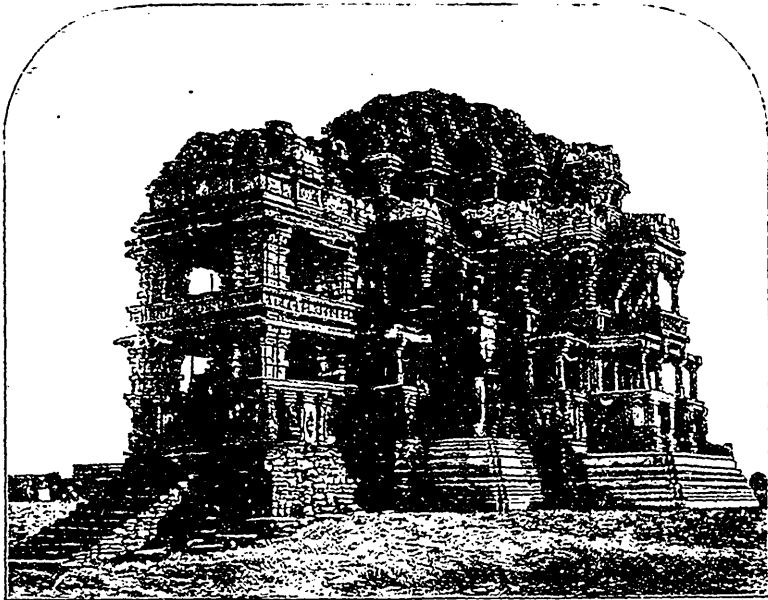
to be one of the greatest benefactors of our country. While the educated Indian has not yet got beyond the talking stage in the matter of female education, the Christian missionary has honey-combed the country with girls' schools. He has also recently begun to establish institutions to train women teachers. What has the Hindu community to show in return? There is not even a

ties to be admired; but their religion is their destruction, and until this is changed, there is no hope for the Hindu. Hence we missionaries are here to propagate a higher and holier religion, which, as it has done so much for our own land, can do the same for India. And what has been the result of the steady preaching of the truth? Why, a moral and religious revolution is taking place

in the thought of the people; the Hindus are awakening from the sleep of ages; caste is relaxing; superstitious customs that have been more powerful than law are disappearing. Christian ideas on all subjects are spreading, the native mind is being formed on a new model. The fact is, that most of the educated Hindus to-day are not pantheists but theists, believing both in a personal God and in the moral responsibility of the soul to God. No phrases are

“ Since the time of Chundersen, the feeling towards Christ has entirely changed in Bengal. Formerly people would curse His name, but now there is scarcely a high-class family in Bengal that had not a picture of Christ in their homes. Hindus could not but receive Christ and His Spirit, and that spirit is changing Hinduism. Christian ideas and sentiments pervading the thought of the country.”

The other is from an orthodox



RUINED TEMPLE AT GWALIOR.

more in the mouths of Hindus to-day than the “ Fatherhood of God ” and the “ Brotherhood of Man,” but where did these conceptions come from but Christianity ?

And then see how Christ is extolled. It is true, His Divinity may not be acknowledged, but there has been a wonderful change in the sentiment of the Hindus regarding Him. Listen to two statements from Hindus, the first from a distinguished professor in Bengal. He says :

Hindu paper, and would not have been allowed a few years ago in an organ conducted by Hindus :

“ As a Hindu and a Brahman who is deeply impressed with the extraordinary spiritual progress made by the ancient Hindus, I would pay my humble tribute to the helpful, simple, and deeply touching nature of the teaching of the loving and ever lovable Jesus, beautifully illustrated in His crucified life. His short existence on the earth looks like the most con-

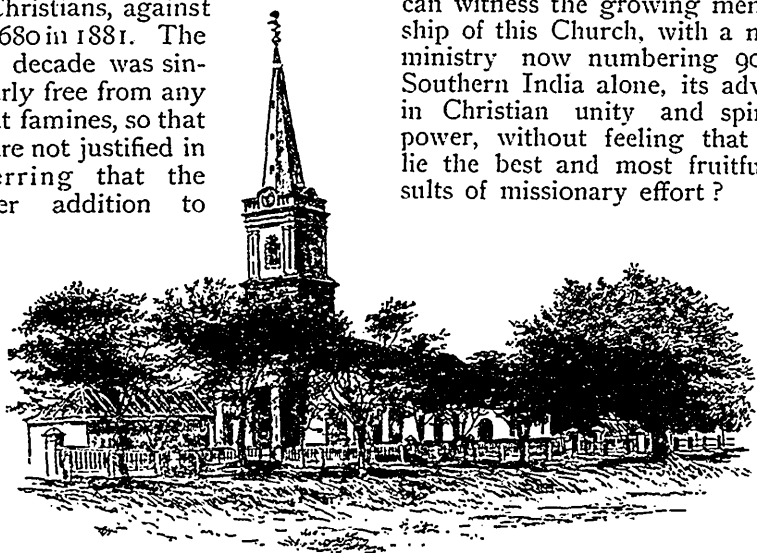
densed epitome of universal love, purity, and sacrifice. To an unbigoted and pious Hindu, the picture of Jesus on the Cross, His drooping head, His parched lips, His gaping wounds, His uplifted eyes, His serene expression of complete resignation, forgiveness and love, presents the sublimest and most thrilling object lesson ever offered to sinful and suffering humanity."

But I must pass on to notice the result of mission work in the matter of actual conversions. Fortunately we have a Government Census Report, and need not accept the testimony of missionaries on this point. Although the progress of Christianity cannot be measured by numbers, yet we have no cause to shrink from comparison of actual results in India with that of any other age. What does the census of 1891 reveal? I give the figures for South India only. The census shows that 865,528 persons were returned as Christians, against 699,680 in 1881. The past decade was singularly free from any great famines, so that we are not justified in inferring that the larger addition to

the Christian population consists of famine or rice Christians. We may safely take it for granted, therefore, that the Christian community is having an addition of 50,000 souls by conversion each ten years.

There are more Christians to-day in South India alone, than there were in the Roman Empire at the end of the first century. Two hundred and seventy years after the death of Christ, heathenism was so strong in the Roman Empire as to carry on a bitter persecution under the Emperor Diocletian. If it took 300 years for the Christianity of the early Church to overcome the waning paganism of Europe, are we to be discouraged because, in a much less time, a greater paganism than Greece and Rome ever saw, has not been entirely overthrown?

The Church of the Living God has been established among the people of India, and His Spirit is moving in their hearts. Who can witness the growing membership of this Church, with a native ministry now numbering 900 in Southern India alone, its advance in Christian unity and spiritual power, without feeling that here lie the best and most fruitful results of missionary effort?



MISSION CHURCH, TINNEVELLI.

"If little labour, little are our gains:
Man's fortunes are according to his pains."

TREATY MAKING.

BY THE REV. JOHN SEMMENS,

Principal of the Industrial School, Brandon, Manitoba.

The relation of the Dominion of Canada to the Indians of the Northwest is a subject of vital importance, and it may not be out of place for us briefly to refer to but one link in the chain which unites, let us hope forever, the red race with the white.

Ever since September, 1850, when the Hon. W. B. Robinson, in the name of the late Province of Canada, treated with the 3,400 Chippewas of Lakes Huron and Superior, agreeing to give them four thousand pounds sterling and one thousand pounds annuity for each year thereafter, there had been a strong desire voiced from all parts of this country that duly authorized agents be sent to conclude alliances with the several tribes. This the authorities at the helm of affairs have endeavoured to do, allowing themselves to be guided by circumstances which were the most pressing, and keeping before them the interests of settlers, lumbermen, traders, miners, prospectors and navigators.

It was in the fall of 1870 that Wemyss M. Simpson and Robert Pether, acting in conjunction with the Hon. A. G. Archibald, then Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, effected an alliance with the Indians of Manitoba at Lower Fort Garry, twenty miles north of Winnipeg City. This had the effect of allaying the uneasiness consequent upon the large influx of immigrants from the older settled districts east of the great lakes, and it secured to the Government the lands fit for settlement, the minerals likely to be of untold value and the timber limits which were

sure to be of use to millers and manufacturers. In this Manitoba Treaty were included a number of Swampy Crees, who at one time had lived much farther to the north, but for some reason had become separated from their own people, finally taking up their abode near the mouth of the Red River.

These Swampys were the boatmen of the Hudson's Bay Company, and were frequently called to transfer freight from Lower Fort Garry on the Red River to York Factory on the Hudson's Bay, touching on their way at that important distributing centre called Norway House. Naturally enough they carried out the news of presents, money and promises which meant more than money to their countrymen residing at points which they would touch while on their voyage. This had the effect of awakening a wide-spread interest which stirred the hopes of the dwellers on the coast line of Lake Winnipeg and along the Nelson River. All sorts of requirements were cut and dried for presentation to the Commissioners when they should arrive. The wildest of fancies were indulged in. Councils met, discussed matters and adjourned in confusion. Every one had the very best plan of procedure to recommend. One would have schools, teachers and gratuities to sick and poor. Another would have pork, flour and whiskey. Still another would have the Government appoint an agent to live with the tribe, teaching them the white man's ways and pay them as they had need out of the annuity fund. It was evident that they

wanted very much, and it was equally evident that they could not specify exactly what they did want.

A new but ever increasing value was placed upon the lands traversed by the tribes, inasmuch as they were to be a passport to the favour of the chiefs who were sure to come ere long with proposals of purchase. Some even went so far as to calculate what they would do with the \$5 a head which they expected to receive. There was "Chon" and "Cheemes" and "Pouly" and "Marriah" and "mamma" and "papa"; six, that was six times five, thirty dollars. To men who had never seen money in their lives that seemed a great fortune.

Time dragged heavily on their hands as they waited for the longed-for day. Months were as years and years were like ages.

It was about mid-summer of 1875 that word reached Norway House to the effect that the Treaty Commissioners would come out in the early fall. Then there was a commotion indeed. Boatmen could not be hired for the long trips. Distant hunters were recalled by special messengers. Men divided their time between smoking, eating and discussing the probabilities. Becoming restless at the Mission, the majority of the people went down to the shores of the Great Lake and there waited with oft strained eyes for the appearance of the steamer.

Roderick Ross, Esq., a chief factor in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, surveyed a channel from the old or abandoned fort at the outlet of Lake Winnipeg to the present headquarters of his district, twenty-four miles farther north across what is known as Great Play Green Lake. When this was clear everything was pronounced to be in readiness for the long expected arrival.

"It comes." "It comes," were

the words many times over repeated, each time with increasing certainty and special emphasis. The forenoon was far advanced and it was difficult to look far southward along the smooth waters on that bright summer day, but the eager eyes had sighted smoke where no island was known to be.

"Steam-boat," shouted the children.

"Sure enough," said the dignified factor; "there she is."

The tents were forsaken; even the dogs went down to the shore to catch a glimpse of something interesting.

Meantime, while excitement ran at fever heat, the old steamer Colville, well known as the Company's steamer plying between Lower Fort Garry and Norway House came into fuller view, and by eleven o'clock of the 23rd of September she had reached the old fort.

Roderick Ross went on board and became the pilot of the first boat that ever descended the Nelson River, and though once or twice it was said she touched something harder than water, he successfully guided her way through countless shoals and islets to his own fort, and many were the compliments showered upon him while she was being safely moored to the new wharf which he had built for her accommodation.

The speed across such a lake was necessarily small, so much so that when the boat was moored at the landing, many canoe loads of Indians who had seen her in the distance from the lake side were already present to greet the arrival of the distinguished strangers and the strange craft which brought them, in a noisy but irregular salute of fir-arms.

There was very little sleep for the excited villagers that night.

On the one side of the river were the Pagan Swampys from Cross Lake and on the other the Christians of Rossville. On the one side heathen practices were observed; on the other religious services were conducted. The camp fires burned brightly the whole night through; the teapots were not allowed to cool. Pipes were smoked out between times, replenished and burned out again. The hum of conversation was increasing as in the small hours of the morning the gray light appeared in the east.

A council was summoned at break of day in the large warehouse. Preliminaries were arranged and resolutions made never to give in on certain points which might be discussed, and to claim all that it was possible to claim within the bounds of reason.

The pow-wow was held in a large building placed at the disposal of the party by the Factor. The chiefs of the bands were elected in a most business-like manner and the councillors were nominated after a little consultation. Then, when organization was completed, the discussion began.

The Hon. Alexander Morris, in a speech of considerable length, because spoken through an interpreter, declared the object of his mission. The question of reserves was the only one requiring very much discussion. The Pagans wanted to remain at Cross Lake. Some of the Christians wanted to go south to Grassy Narrows, but because the Icelandic people had already settled there they accepted the alternative of going to Fisher River. The Treaty was then signed, the medals and uniforms distributed and payment began, lasting until midday of the 25th.

The Commissioners recognized the quick perceptions and the en-

lightened judgment of the Norway House Indians as excelling anything they had yet observed. At the North-west Angle three days were taken up with useless talk. Before the Qu'Appelle Treaty could be ratified six days of discussion passed, but here three hours did all the work. The fact is the people had been so schooled in patriotism and in consideration for the rights of others and had reaped such mental advantage from the Mission and the Fort, that they meant what they said and accepted other people's words at their face value. Hence, where bitter misunderstandings might have been entertained, delaying proceedings and annoying the agents, there was nothing but cordial agreement and hearty acceptance, followed by a vote of thanks to the Queen and her officers for their kindness to the Indian people.

Following the payments and the departure of the white chiefs came the expenditures of a people unused to handling money and unacquainted with its value. Women with soiled and tattered garments struggled along under the latest fashion in hats. Men with new cloth coats, roped in their anatomy with tinsel strings ornamented with gaudy tassels. Boys strutted around in coats big enough for their fathers; and girls whose hair had never known a comb were tricked out in ribbons of every hue. All appeared to enjoy themselves immensely, and though white men shook with uncontrollable laughter at natives who had for the first time indulged in the luxury of spending money, they were at the same time delighted to observe the happiness and cordiality that prevailed on every hand, and very heartily joined in wishing them many returns of "Treaty Day."

So passed into the hands of the Government of Canada one hun-

dred thousand square miles of country, most of which is woodland of considerable value.

It must be added that similar meetings were held at Berens River and at Grand Rapids, where a like routine was observed, and these three places are the centres of the immense area covered by "Treaty No. 5."

To give this Treaty in full would require more space than we desire to occupy, and would, I fear, be too dry for the average reader, but a brief reference or two may be made.

Her Majesty agrees to lay aside 160 acres for each family of five and in proportion for larger or smaller families, said lands to be included within certain reserves, duly located and bounded, reserving in every case the free navigation of all the lakes and rivers and free access to the shores thereof.

Her Majesty also agrees to give a present of five dollars to each man, woman and child belonging to the bands acknowledging this Treaty.

Her Majesty further agrees to maintain schools for instruction in such reserves as her Government shall deem worthy of them; judgment to be based upon the expressed desire of the Indians and the number of available children.

It is further stipulated that until otherwise determined by her Majesty's Government of the Dominion of Canada no intoxicating liquor shall be allowed to be introduced or sold, and all laws existing or to be enacted for the purpose of saving her Indian subjects from the curse of drunkenness shall be strictly enforced.

It is further agreed between her Majesty and the Indians of this Treaty that \$500 shall be spent yearly in the purchase of ammunition and twine to be distributed by

the Indian agent, and that a place or places of meeting shall be indicated yearly to all Indians within the Treaty, where the agent will pay to each Indian present the sum of \$5 per head.

Two hoes are to be given to each family cultivating land, and also one spade.

One plough is promised to every five families; five harrows to every twenty families; one scythe to every family and also one axe.

Each band is to receive one cross-cut saw, one hand saw and one pit saw, the necessary files, one grind-stone and one auger.

Each chief receives a chest of ordinary carpenter's tools.

Enough of wheat, barley, potatoes and oats to sow the land actually broken, is promised to all reserves.

Every band receives one bull, one yoke of oxen and four cows, all for their encouragement in the practice of agriculture.

The Indians on their part solemnly engage to abide by the Treaty; to keep the laws of the land; to refrain from interferences with or molestation of any of her Majesty's subjects; to behave themselves generally and to be loyal to the great Mother across the seas.

This Treaty, after being duly read, explained and accepted, was signed by the Lieutenant-Governor, chiefs, and councillors.

Promises are easier made than kept, but we have confidence enough in the officers of the Crown to believe these new wards of the Government will be treated with all consideration and kindness. Let Canada's record be sustained. Let there be no unseemly wrangling between Church and State. Both the religious and the civil elements are necessary to the growth of the truest liberty.

ZINZENDORF AND THE WESLEYS.

BY THE REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M.

In the spring of the year 1719, two young men visiting the famous picture gallery of Dusseldorf, in Westphalia, stood entranced before a beautiful and expressive *Ecce Homo*. Above it were traced the words,

“ I suffered this for thee :
What hast thou done for Me.”

They were the youthful Count Zinzendorf and his half-brother. Upon the already deeply pious mind of Zinzendorf, this painting, with the accompanying words, made a deep impression. But in order to bring our story up to this point, it will be necessary to go back a little.

Few men have made a deeper religious impression upon the age in which they lived than Count Zinzendorf, and to him and the Moravians, Methodism owes a lasting debt of gratitude.

It is the custom in these days to attribute everything to heredity. Zinzendorf came of good stock. His ancestors can be traced back to the eleventh century, and one of them took part in the Third Crusade, and fought under the walls of Ptolemais, and another, his grandfather, in order to enjoy liberty of conscience, went into voluntary exile.

Like the mother of the Wesleys, the mother of Zinzendorf was a very remarkable woman. She had received a wide and varied education, understanding Greek, Latin, and several living languages. Besides this, she was familiar with theology, poetry, and polite literature. Her spiritual, like her mental faculties, were of a high order, and in every respect she was a brilliant and talented woman.

Unlike, however, the mother of the Wesleys, she had very little to do with the training of her illustrious son. She married a second time, and went with her husband, Ger Natzmer, to live in Berlin, leaving the education and rearing of her son in the care of her mother, the Baroness Gersdorf. Like her daughter, the Baroness was both a talented and a pious woman. She was upon intimate terms with the leaders of pietism, and corresponded with several of them. Among frequent visitors to the house were Spener, Franke, Anton, and Carstein. It is said that Spener one day laid his hands upon the head of the boy Zinzendorf and especially consecrated him to the service of God.

Few incidents of his boyhood have come down to us. There is one, however, that shows his tenderness of heart and courage, while as yet a mere lad.

One day, while playing on the bank of a deep river, he saw a dove that, by some means, had fallen into the water, and was unable to escape. Hastily seizing a tub, that had been left upon the river's bank, the boy jumped into it, and with a stick paddled out to where the fluttering and frightened bird was, and rescued it. When asked by his mother if he had not been afraid, he replied, “ Yes, I was rather; but I could not bear that it should die so. You know, mother, its little ones might have been watching for it to come home.”

As a child he was delicate, but of strong will and ardent temperament. He says of himself, “ My genius was simple, but natural; I had a good memory, a spirit rather

quick than phlegmatic, a mind calm enough to balance the reasons for and against the matter, a naive intention that would have prospered if reflection had been less scrupulous. An inclination to what was solid and a love for what was true modified my rhyming fantasy."

The religious faculty was developed early, and when only four years old, he knew all the principal points of Christian doctrine. So, like Wesley, he was thoughtful and religious from his childhood.

As he was born only three years before John Wesley, the two lads were growing up at the same time. One in the humble Epworth rectory, born neither to riches nor titles; the other, a count from the cradle, and reared in the castle of a baroness, but both destined to be great leaders in the Church of God, and to make a profound and permanent impression upon the religious life of the world.

The boy Zinzendorf had his childish battles with the adversary, and when merely in his eighth year, was tempted to doubt the existence of God. He says, "The most refined ideas of atheism rolled through my soul." But he came off victor. Speaking of this time, he says, "But my heart remained sincerely attached to the Saviour, and I thought again and again that even if it were possible that there should be another God than He, I would rather be damned with Him than be with the other in heaven."

In his tenth year he resolved to study theology, "and to have no other profession than that of preaching Jesus Christ."

His family, however, had other designs, and felt that a child so gifted should follow in the footsteps of his father, and hold office in the State. So he was sent to be educated at the Paedagogium at Halle. But God's plans cannot

be thwarted by man's devices, and although, like Wesley, he was well beyond thirty when he really began his life work, he became a flaming herald of the Cross.

Zinzendorf at Halle, like John Wesley at the Charter House, did not lie upon a bed of roses. The rude discipline of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries still prevailed, and school life was hard and harsh.

At Halle he formed the acquaintance of a few pious comrades, and they formed themselves into a sort of knighthood, reminding us of the Holy Club at Oxford. To this society they gave first the name of "Slaves of Virtue," then of "Confessors of Christ," and finally settled upon "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." The members promised to confess Christ in word and conduct, to love their neighbour, and to seek the conversion of others, both Jews and pagans. For insignia they had a medal bearing an "Ecce Homo," and a ring upon which was written in Greek, "None of us liveth to himself."

In April, 1716, Zinzendorf, so rapid had been his progress, left the Paedagogium for the university. He much preferred the university at Halle, because there he found congenial religious fellowship in the disciples of Spener, but his guardian insisted upon his going to the rival university at Wittenberg.

Despite the new atmosphere at Wittenberg, he remained more firmly attached to pietism than ever. "He gave himself to ascetic exercises, spent whole nights in prayer and meditation, and set apart a day each week for fasting and solitude." There were odd things about it, too. The Count was compelled to learn to fence, to ride, and to dance. These he describes as exercises of patience. He played chess, tennis, and bil-

liards, but never for money, unless his comrades would agree to devote the gains for the poor, or in the purchase of Bibles for gratuitous circulation. These things throw much light upon the religious life and thought of that day.

In the spring of 1719, Zinzendorf left the university, and set out upon a tour that he might complete his law studies in some foreign school, and in order to see the world. It was while upon this tour that we found him and his half-brother in the picture-gallery of Dusseldorf. Stopping at Utrecht, he spent some months at the university there, and studied law, medicine, and the English language.

Resuming his travels, he visited many foreign cities, and at length, in the fall of the same year, found himself at Paris. Exposed in that gay capital to many and varied temptations, he kept his heart pure and maintained the simplicity of his Christian faith and life. "The more I went into the world," says he, "the more closely I followed the Saviour."

During the spring of 1720, he left Paris for Oberbirg, passing the most of the summer with an aunt, the Countess Dowager of Polheim, and from there going to Castell, the home of another aunt. Here he had, reminding us of Wesley again, a little love adventure, honourable enough upon both sides, but which did not, nevertheless, eventuate in matrimony.

Attaining his majority soon after, he returned to Hengersdorf, where his larger and fuller life began. His spiritual nature developed rapidly, and his broad sympathy and Christian charity led him to see good in all the various churches, and he longed to bring Christians of all shades of doctrinal belief into a closer fellow-

ship. In breadth of charity and liberal-mindedness, both Zinzendorf and Wesley were far in advance of the age in which they lived.

But the time for him to publicly proclaim the Gospel, and thus fulfil the deep yearnings of his heart, had not yet arrived, and, in what seemed a strange providence, he spent the next five years in office, in the employ of the government of the electorate of Saxony. Truly,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;"

In one very important respect Zinzendorf was very different from Wesley. He married earlier, and he married happily. In Ermuth Dorothea, a sister of his friend, Count Reuss, whose acquaintance he had made at Ebersdorf, he found a helpmeet indeed. Soon after their marriage the Count and Countess settled at Dresden.

The time was now ripe for the real life work of Zinzendorf to begin. For this God had been slowly preparing him, as he prepared Moses by the sojourn in the land of Midian, John the Baptist by his lonely life in the wilderness, Paul by three years of seclusion in Arabia, and Wesley by his experience in the wilds of America. Zinzendorf had been prepared for his great work in quite another way. By life at two great educational centres, by foreign travel, by public and official life, he was led to see that true soul rest can be found in God alone.

It was for Zinzendorf to renew under a new form, and with a new constitution, the ancient Moravian Church. The genesis of the Unity of Moravian Brethren, as it is called, goes back to the ninth century. Its history had been one of trial and persecution. For nine long centuries its pathway had been wet with the tears of its saints and with the blood of its

martyrs. Feeling that it was vain to look for liberty of conscience in their own Moravia and Bohemia, many members of the Church of the Brethren began to turn their feet towards Western Europe.

In the person of Christian David, a humble carpenter, he who sent a Moses to Israel provided a leader for the Moravians. He was a man of tireless energy and considerable talent, for, in God's plans, there is always an adaptation of means to ends. Born and reared in the Church of Rome, the reading of God's Word had brought David to a purer faith and a living experience.

In 1722, David and Zinzendorf had met at Lusatia, and the Count heard of the persecutions of the Moravians and their intention to emigrate. The matter did not seem to make any deep impression upon Zinzendorf at the time, but when, afterward, a little band of Moravian exiles came to the Count's estate at Berthelsdorf, and, he being absent, obtained from the Baroness permission to settle and build a house, it was only another link in the chain, one end of which was fastened to the throne of God.

On the 17th of June, work was commenced upon the first cottage in the future famous town of Herrnhut. Christian David, striking his axe into a pine tree, exclaimed, "Here the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts."

In the sermon preached at the installation of Pastor Rothe by his friend, Schoefer, we find the following words, "God will kindle on these hills a light which will shine in every land. I am sure of it by faith." It has been well said, "The axe of Christian David struck the first spark." Thus began Herrnhut; another illustration

of the great truth, that we are not to despise the day of small things. The oak lies in the acorn, and great potencies for good, the seeds of a rich and glorious harvest, were in that humble beginning.

The stroke of David's axe was to be heard all round the world, and to ring on down the ages to the end of time.

Zinzendorf, upon his return to his estate with his newly made bride, gave the little company of Moravians a hearty welcome, asking the divine blessing upon the house they had built, and "on all who dwelt therein." New emigrants continued to arrive, and some persons of rare culture, and even, as Barc. Watteville, of noble birth, attached themselves to the rising community.

From this time on Zinzendorf was devoted to Herrnhut, and it became the exclusive object of his care. The new community was enlarged and thoroughly organized. Rules were drawn up, which each one signed and engaged to keep.

The whole parish was divided up into "bands," each band being composed of a few persons of the same sex. These bands frequently met for "mutual confession of faults, and for spiritual conversation and prayer." How like to the Methodist class-meeting. Without these bands, Zinzendorf often declared Herrnhut would never have become what it was.

Like the early Methodists, the Moravians were a very plain people. "Luxury was carefully banished from the toilet of the women; all finery and jewellery were proscribed; even fans and parasols were interdicted." Mourning was never worn for the dead. One of the peculiar features of the Moravian faith was a comforting, even cheerful, view of death, that robbed the last enemy of his sting

and the grave of its gloom. Death was known to them by the name, "departure," or "returning home."

The 13th of August, 1727, seems to have been the real spiritual birthday of the "New Moravian Brotherhood," and is still observed as such. It was the Pentecost of the denomination. During divine service, and especially during the communion, the Holy Ghost came upon the community in great power. "From that day," says David Nitschmann, "Herrnhut became a living Church of Jesus Christ."

Zinzendorf now devoted all his time to the preaching of the Word, and the dream of his youth was fulfilled. The Count resembled Wesley in being practical as well as spiritual, showing the greatness of his mind in attention to details. He looked after the material interests of the community, found them employment, settled their differences, and looked after the sick and the poor. Special attention was also given to the training and education of the children.

But human nature remains even in the best, and Herrnhut was not without its trials. During the absence of the Count upon a preaching tour, some differences occurred, that were only adjusted upon his return. In fact, the new brotherhood passed through a trying crisis. Other trials came. Twice the Count was banished by an intolerant government. It was during his second exile that he visited London and met Charles Wesley.

Fifteen months before the Wesleys had gone to Georgia to convert the Indians, "without," as John tells us, "being converted themselves." It was upon their outward voyage that occurred the oft-told story of the storm and the manner in which the simple faith of the Moravian passengers affected both John and Charles. When

a terrible screaming began among the English, the Germans calmly sang on. To the question afterward put to one of them by John Wesley, "Were you not afraid?" he answered, "I thank God, no." "But were not your women and children afraid?" He answered mildly, "No, our women and children are not afraid to die." No wonder that the Wesleys sought to find out the philosophy of a faith at once so simple and sublime.

Soon after their return to London, both John and Charles Wesley came into the clear light of full assurance. Both had been greatly helped by the Moravians. Not only had they been deeply impressed by the simple faith of the German peasants, but they had conversed with Spangenberg, Bohler, and Zinzendorf.

His interest in the Moravians led John Wesley, soon after he came into the long-sought light, to visit Herrnhut. Accompanied by his friend, Ingram, and six others, he set out upon the journey. At Marienborn, they saw Zinzendorf, who had there organized a brotherhood. Of the colony at Marienborn, Wesley wrote, "I continually met with what I sought for, living proofs of the power of faith, persons saved from inward as well as outward sin, by the love of God shed abroad in their hearts, and from all doubt and fear by the abiding witness of the Holy Ghost given unto them."

"He reached Herrnhut in 1728, and has given us in his journal a pretty full description of the town. It surpassed his best expectations. He wrote, "God has given me, at length, the desire of my heart. I am with a Church whose conversation is in heaven, in whom is the mind that was in Christ, and who walk as He walked."

Even their recreations, he declared, were religious. Their graveyard was "God's acre."

They followed the dead to their graves with singing, and at the funeral of a child, little children led the procession.

Wesley declares that had he not been called to other duties, he would gladly have spent his life at Herrnhut. He returned, as he came, on foot, bearing with him "lessons which were to be available in all his subsequent career." Stevens sums up four ways in which Moravianism helped the founder of Methodism.

1. It led him into true spiritual life.

2. It gave him a clear conception of those theological ideas which are essentially related to this life.

3. It gave him the idea of little societies formed within the Anglican Church.

4. It afforded him many hints which he incorporated in Methodist discipline.

Yet there were points of divergence. Wesley noticed a tendency among the Moravians toward antinomianism and quietism, and Zinzendorf could not accept what he took to be Wesley's doctrine of "sinless perfection." So the two societies parted company, and each went on to do its own work in its own way. But between the two great religious movements there has always been the deepest sympathy and mutual regard.

The remainder of Zinzendorf's life was filled with usefulness, yet clouded by embarrassments and aberrations. His lavish generosity

"He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my sea-girt
path
Carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on the days of my wilder-
ness march,
I can lean on His love for the rest.

left him, at his death, \$350,000 in debt, a debt, however, wholly contracted in the interests of the community, and which they honourably discharged, although it took them fifty years.

He was subject to persecution and severe criticism. Abuses sprang up, and excesses were indulged in, of which Zinzendorf himself was the indirect cause, and which he came to see and deeply regret.

This honoured servant of the Lord was called from labour to reward on the 9th of May, 1760. His death was in keeping with his life, a calm and beautiful sunset. The text for the day was, "He shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Zinzendorf was one of the torch-bearers of the Christian Church, one of the prophets of the Christian dispensation, a man of ardent piety, sublime faith, tireless activity, and heroic courage. Heaven was richer upon that May morning in the year 1760, when John Watteville, placing his hands upon the head of the dying Count, pronounced the priestly benediction: "The Lord bless and keep thee. The Lord mercifully with his favour look upon thee! The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace," and at the word "peace," his spirit passed away.

"So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore."

"He emptied my hands of my treasured
store,
And His covenant Love revealed;
There was not a wound in my aching heart
But the balm of His breath hath healed.
O, tender and true was the chastening sore,
In wisdom that taught and tried,
Till the soul that He sought was trusting
in Him
And nothing on earth beside!"

APPLIED CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM H. HINCKS, LL.B.

I. What may we claim for applied Christianity? It is evident that our civilization is not sufficiently Christianized for exportation.

In 1843, in addressing the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, Dr. Chalmers said: "There is a smouldering fire at the base of the social fabric which will one day burst forth to the utter destruction of society, if Christian means are not enforced to avert it."

What did Dr. Chalmers mean by Christian means? Undoubtedly he meant the applying of Christian morals to that part of the social fabric yet unchristianized. He implied that the only democracy which can exist safely is one controlled by religious authority. He evidently believed that there was no moral problem of society which the Gospel of Christ cannot solve if properly applied. Dr. Chalmers had a right to this view, since no social force has been so powerful in the past in shaping the world's history as religion, and pre-eminently the religion of Jesus Christ.

The reason that applied Christianity has been such a social force is because it has taught men to make their own personal interests and desires subservient to the well-being of society as a whole. In fact, it is only in Christ that men can be exalted socially. Apart from Him the tendency is to revert to the standpoint of the Greeks and Romans, and to despise the masses. It can never be forgotten that the immense slave populations of Rome were regarded both by philosophy and law as not entitled to the rights of humanity. The ethics of Greece

could not reach social sorrows, because they were so largely limited to the individual.

But Christian ethics are both social and individual. St. Paul is careful to tell us that "we are members one of another." The teaching of a non-religious morality will not reach the evils of society. The teaching of a non-moral political economy will not set right the economic evils of society.

The fundamental mistake of political economy is that it sets up natural law in the social and business world—a code of natural laws distinct from and contrary to Christian laws. The result has shown that this was both immoral and unscientific.

We claim that Christian morals should take the place of natural law in our political economy. That Jesus Christ must be immanent in all modern life and thought to save it. That Christ must be let into the market to govern its morals, and into the counting-house to govern its finances, before He can save us from economic anarchy. That if Christ be re-incarnated in the business habits of each succeeding age, He will solve problems as they rise, and thus Christianity will be brought to date, so that it can take notice of the recent past while it grapples with and controls the immediate future.

II. Other remedies have been tried and have failed to save society. Socialism has failed; especially the socialism of atheistic humanism. This form of Socialism reveals to disgusted Europe that the most nauseous dogmatism extant is among men who profess to have no creed.

All forms of non-Christian Socialism are too heroic. They have not realized the slow organic tendencies which in the past have characterized the development of society. Socialism thinks that great changes can be wrought rapidly and by mechanical methods. It lays its chief emphasis on organization as opposed to the inner life and impulses. What use is any organization without the vital inner impulsion.

In Germany Socialism has already passed the zenith of its power. Its leaders promised too much in the near future. The co-operative stores in Saxony—the greatest stronghold of Socialism in Germany—could not give their employees better terms than the clerks of other stores. The men in the Socialist bakeries of Hamburg were compelled recently to strike because they were worse paid and harder worked than others in the same trade. In Dresden, the employees of co-operative societies worked seventy and seventy-three hours per week for \$5.75. In Leibnitz they worked ninety hours for eleven dollars!

We find that in Germany the Socialists wish to overthrow the monarchy altogether, and substitute a social democracy. But all true democracy is based on mutual trust and good-will, while German Socialism is built on distrust, jealousy, and suspicion.

Socialism is too superficial to permanently help humanity. Its spirit is exemplified in the recent death of William Morris, the poet laureate of the Socialists, who died worth \$275,000, every dollar of which he left to his family.

Communism has failed. It has failed because it involves the starving of ideals, and the reduction of all to a dead level of mental dullness. It stands to reason that if

Communism would dilute all possessions down to a dead level it must first dilute the souls and minds of men to that level. Differences of mental ability will always exist among men.

Private philanthropy has failed because it is "irregular, spasmodic, and altogether inadequate for social reform." We tried by private philanthropy to provide education for the common people of England and failed. England has progressed more in the last forty years "through Government co-operation in educational matters than in the private philanthropy of three centuries."

III. What is the duty of the pulpit? The sunlight can only rob us of ghosts. It is the duty of the pulpit to let the Light of the World shine on the sorrows of society. It is within the scope of the pulpit to bring society into right relations with God; to apply Christianity to our industrial life so that good-will shall take the place of greed; to teach that the relations between labour and capital should be on a moral basis, and not merely on a foundation of supply and demand; to let the gentle Christ so effectually humanize industry that in no corner of Christendom can "women rot out their lives in match factories and weaving sheds;" that children shall no longer be brought up "scrofulous, rickety, useless, from want of air and proper food," without protest; that men be no longer "sweated to death in iron foundries, stoke-holes and bakeries" with the silent sanction of God's prophets; that no bureau of labour shall be able to report as in Massachusetts that thirty-two per cent. of the support of the average wage-earner's family falls on his wife and children.

It is the duty of the pulpit to teach that God will never let the human family alone till it is born

again, and its whole organization based on righteousness. There are questions in which all aspects but the moral are discussed thoroughly and faithfully by the press, on the street, and in the club-room. It remains for the pulpit to teach morality—Christian morality. Christ drew the sharpest line of cleavage between good and evil. Christ used no verbal chloroform in addressing the Pharisees.

The common people have got it into their heads that every question of commerce, industry, capital and labour has a moral side, and that through shutting our eyes to this moral side we are in trouble. The common people have got it into their heads that huge immoralities are being practised in commerce without chastisement of law or Gospel.

Christianity cannot long survive the faith of the working people. It was this class that gave the heartiest welcome to Christ, to Wesley and to Knox. Dare the pulpit be silent on the moral issues underlying the rights, privileges and obligations of citizenship? Christ has given us an absolute moral standard. Moral principles do not vary with latitude and language. Consequently, wherever and whenever the social order is not organized on a basis of morality, it should find wise opposition from our pulpits.

Almost all public and economic questions invade the domain of morals, and in doing so come within the legitimate treatment of the pulpit on the moral side. The great preachers of the Old Testament, Isaiah, Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Amos, and others, preached against the social and civil sorrows of their day, and, in fact, preached on hardly anything else. There is hardly a subject in civil and social life, or that in-

fluences man, which is not handled in the Corinthian letters of St. Paul.

As an example of practical applied Christianity, take the following from John Wesley's sermon on the "Use of Money": "We cannot consistently, with brotherly love, sell our goods below the market price; we cannot study to ruin our neighbour's trade in order to advance our own; much less can we entice away or receive any of his servants or workmen whom he has need of. None can gain by swallowing up his neighbour's substance without gaining the damnation of hell."

Of course, the pulpit should never lay aside eternal moral principles to discuss current topics and social themes. But the pulpit should apply to our social sorrows the eternal principles which can cure them. The highest interest of all classes is the aim of the pulpit. Therefore the preacher who speaks as a political or economic partizan should leave the pulpit and take the stump. For this reason the pulpit must keep out of the disputed realm of economic fads.

Wealth is not a crime. Poverty is not a virtue. When wealth is the legitimate reward of thrift and honest methods, it is praiseworthy. "The silly outcry against all wealth is itself a crime." Wilberforce was wealthy, and yet he was the foremost in his effort to emancipate British slaves. In the late civil war in the United States, and in the present war in Greece, men of wealth poured forth their riches like water at the feet of their country.

We must Christianize our wealth so that it shall broaden and culture our common humanity. We must Christianize poverty so that it shall not stay criminally poor. The pulpit must so apply Christ to modern life that the false doctrine

that labour is a commodity, and capital is theft, shall no longer dehumanize society.

Church history is on the side of applied Christianity. The applied Christianity of the first century made the church a brotherhood. The neglect to continue in that path transformed the Church from a brotherhood to an ecclesiastical despotism. During this century, the rapid return to Christ is transforming us from ecclesiastical despotism toward true brotherhood. We are getting back to Christ, and to one another.

The pulpit of this century has emphasized the Divine Fatherhood. The toilers have heard it. They see that Divine Fatherhood involves universal brotherhood. They naturally look to the Church to see this doctrine incarnated in the polity and usages of the Church of to-day. They expect to find class distinctions disappear in the Church.

A splendid example in applied Christianity has been set in the delivering this year of five lectures in the chapel of Union Theological Seminary, New York. The subjects treated were: Personal Righteousness, Social Righteousness, Commercial Righteousness, Ecclesiastical Righteousness, Civic Righteousness. This kind of practical teaching in our theological academies will produce practical and modern preaching. In the example of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, who in 1887 went all the way to Rome to defend the rights of the Knights of Labour, we have an example of Christianity brought to date; especially as we know that this visit did so much to clarify the Pope's views as to the condition of the wage-earner and organized labour.

IV. What is the duty of the Laity? To co-operate with and support the pulpit in behalf of

social righteousness. To put into practice as far as possible its teachings. It is religion in action which convinces. It is Christianity grappling with the evils besetting society and evicting them, which constitutes the Christian evidences of this century. Higher criticism is being eclipsed by the vitalizing events of a Christianity brought down to date. The layman who helps toward a political economy in accordance with the laws of mutual love is a "living epistle."

It is comforting to read in present events that we are realizing our social responsibility. But the well-to-do Englishman has a greater consciousness of social responsibility than the well-to-do American. To this is due the magnificent social advancement in Great Britain through constitutional government during the last thirty-five years. In America we must learn this lesson, being learned in England, that humanity is bound together by a thousand ties and filaments; that no man can separate his interests from that of humanity without social suicide.

Is it too much to ask the converted laity to refuse to take dividends from a business conducted on shady principles? To refuse to take dividends from corporations hard on their employees? To refuse to take dividends from corporations which buy up legislatures and crush out competition by the sheer brute force of monopoly? To refuse dividends with dirt, sweat or blood upon them?

One good man can do a good deal. It was the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury who did so much to bring about that Christian factory legislation which has changed the face of economic England. One good man has gathered within a stone's throw of Whitechapel, surrounded by some of the worst

slums of London, the largest school in the world. There three thousand five hundred children are educated by a staff of one hundred teachers. Another good man has dedicated two hundred million dollars to humanitarian purposes.

In Denver we have the laity and clergy of the church of various denominations banded together for purposes of applied or practical Christianity, and directed at present along lines of civic and municipal righteousness. In New York we have a federation of the churches to find out the real state

of the most densely populated districts, and to remedy the evils.

In the Fred Victor Mission, in this city of Toronto, we have a concrete sample of Christianity applied to the masses. We have it again in our Deaconess work. These are the droppings of the shower. May the Holy Ghost so vitalize the consciences of Christian men and enlarge their convictions of social duty that the next twenty-five years shall eclipse all the past centuries of practical Christianity.

Toronto.

MARTIN OF TOURS.



STATUE OF ST. MARTIN, PRESBURG, HUNGARY.

In the freezing cold and the blinding snow
Of a wintry eve in the long ago,
Folding his cloak o'er clanking mail,
A soldier is fighting the angry gale
Inch by inch to the camp-fire light,
Star of his longing this winter night,

All in a moment his path is barred ;
He draws his sword as he stands on guard.

But who is this with wan, white face,
And piteous hands held up for grace ?
Tenderly bending, the soldier bold
Raises a beggar faint and cold.

Famished he seems, and almost spent,
The rags that cover him worn and rent.
Crust nor coin can the soldier find ;
Never his wallet with gold is lined ;
But his soul is sad at the sight of pain ;
The sufferer's pleading is not in vain.

His mantle of fur is broad and warm,
Armour of proof against the storm.
He snatches it off without a word ;
One downward pass of his gleaming sword,
And cleft in twain at his feet it lies,
And the storm-wind howls 'neath the frown-
ing skies.

"Half for thee"—and with tender art
He gathers the cloak round the beggar's
heart—

"And half for me"; and with jocund song
In the teeth of the tempest he strides along,
Daring the worst of the sleet and snow,
That brave young spirit so long ago.

Lo ! as he slept at midnight's prime,
His tent had the glory of summer-time ;
Shining out of a wondrous light,
The Lord Christ beamed on his dazzling
sight.

"I was the beggar," the Lord Christ said,
As He stood by the soldier's lowly bed.
"Half of thy garment thou gavest Me ;
With the blessings of Heaven I dower thee,"
And Martin rose from the hallowed tryst,
Soldier and servant and knight of Christ.

THE POACHER TURNED PREACHER.*

JOHN PRESTON OF YEADON.

BY THE REV. ROBERT CADE, D.D.

I.

“ Days gone by will cum no moore,
 Soa let us mak a try
 Ti gether up what taales weh can
 O’ t’ days ’at’s long gone by.”

In nothing has English Methodism more clearly magnified its divine mission than in the rescue of the strong-brained and hardy sons of toil from the depths into which hardship and sin had drifted them and in qualifying them to become messengers of forgiveness and peace to the sinful multitudes all around them.

Yorkshire especially has been especially honoured from the outset of Methodist history for its brainy, holy and truly apostolic local preacher ministry. Retaining their strange but rich and expressive local dialect, they charmed the masses that the refined vocabulary of the schools could not reach, and won thousands to Him whom they had learned by an experimental change to love so well.

John Preston was born in Yeadon (called in the vernacular Yiddon), in the heart and time of those old-fashioned Yorkshire revivals when plain men brought fire from heaven and lived in the fervid atmosphere of the sanctification glory all their days; and when strong sinners were broken down suddenly before the Lord and rose up as by miracle into a glorious life. Preston was a poacher until grace got on his track and turned

him in the direction of trapping higher game than hares and rabbits; and when he had passed through his degrees of penitence and faith, right well did he make his calling sure.

Referring to his sinful state, he usually put it in this sentence, “ I allus went abaht wi’ a dog in a band an’ a cock in a poke.” In 1806 a great revival broke out at Yeadon. Preston had never heard a sermon which impressed him but one which he and his companion Starkey extorted from a fellow villager as a sort of spree. It was Sunday morning, and the two pals were out poaching, and came upon a well-known local preacher, called Johnny Brown. Him they laid hold of and said : “ Thah’s bahn (bound) to preach, lad, soa thah gets up into that tree an’ thah gives us a stave on it here.”

Johnny was famous for being in season and out of season, and from the tree where he stood gave them some burning warnings and appeals which touched them to the quick. Soon after that Brown again encountered Johan, who was prowling about with a huge stick. “ Johnny,” says Preston, in a threatening tone, “ thah calls thisen a Methody, doesn’t ? ” “ Ay, lad,” says Johnny, “ I is that fro’t crahn o’ mi yead ti t’ sole o’ my foit; an’ I aims to live an’ die a Methody.” “ Thah’s saved thi baacon, Johnny,” answered Johan, showing him the bludgeon, “ for if ta’d denied thi religion I’d ha’ warmed tha properly.”

Shortly after, as Johan sat drinking in the George and Dragon, these words were suddenly borne

* This narrative is little more than an abridgement from a beautiful little work of this title by the Rev. Benjamin Gregory, D.D. London: C. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

in upon his mind which he never remembered to have heard before, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish; for I work a work in your days; a work in which ye will in no wise believe, though a man

visible speaker. He tried to drink off his beer, but he trembled so violently that he could not lift the tankard to his lips. He therefore set it down upon the table and hurried out of the house, all the



"IF TA'D DENIED THI RELIGION I'D HA WARMED THA PROPERLY."

declare it unto you." Not being a Bible reader or chapel goer Preston had no idea where the passage could be found. Indeed, it seemed not to come from his own memory but from some in-

way home haunted by the bodeful tidings.

Entering the Methodist chapel at Yeadon, to which he was irresistibly drawn, to Johan's astonishment the preacher announced as

his text the very words that had scared him from the George and Dragon. The strong-nerved poacher felt himself in a stronger and sterner grip than that of any game-keeper. He roared by reason of the disquietness of his heart, and for many days and nights he wrestled with the angel until he had to ask himself—

“What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart.”

He saw at once that he must give up his poaching apparatus and game-cock, “the dearest idols he had known,” and his surrender to his Saviour was complete.

This style of conversion he ever after insisted upon in pulpit and prayer-meeting. One who was among fifty others tells how Preston laid his hand upon him when wrestling for the blessing, and saying, “Lad, thah’s summatt thah hezzett gied up yit; tell mah what it is.” Poor Booth said he had given up his boxing-gloves and all. “But there’s summatt else, lad. Ah knaws there is.” Booth then confessed that there was his song-book he had not been able to give up. “Tear it to hattoms, lad,” said Johan. Booth went home, burned his song-book, and immediately found peace.

Preston succeeded in wonderfully impressing his hearers’ minds with the necessity of absolute surrender to God in order to obtain His peace. Above the deafening din of seventy penitents kneeling together at a week-night prayer-meeting was this cry constantly and distinctly heard, “I’s’e willin’ to ’liver up all.” This was Johan’s message to all such, “The Lord won’t pardon your sins bi haulves, so you moant give ’em up bi haulves.”

II.

“He that has light within his own clear
breast,
May sit i’ the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul
thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun
Himself in his own dungeon.”
—Milton.

Preston was in his forty-eighth year before he began to preach. A strong, spare and thoughtful looking man, he is thus described, “Standing in the pulpit, the hymn-book seemed to open just in the place he wanted, and in one breath, without the slightest punctuation, he announced in the broadest Yorkshire :

“‘Let ’uth an’ ’eaven agree,
Aangels an’ men be joined.’”

“Nah, lads, let’s heh wun o’
your liveliest tunes.”

The singers without a moment’s delay pealed forth in the genuine vernacular the words that Johan had given out. The congregation caught the spirit and burst into the exultant, swinging melody.

This done in double-quick time, Johan did not “engage in prayer.” He prayed and cried aloud with a wondrous blending of seraphic reverence and of filial familiarity, and his keynote was thankfulness. “Thah’s been better to us nor all wer fears an’ a varrah de-al better nor wer desarvins.”

His text was : “For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers, but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil.” He believed in the advice of Dr. Dixon—to get into close touch with his congregation at the start; so, putting a finger of his right hand just behind his right ear and moving it perplexedly as if to coax up a recollection, he said, “Just afore I cam’ dahn t’ loin (lane) wun o’ mi

lasses ses to me, 'Feyther, they've gotten a rare grand Bible at th' Grooave; ye mun mind ye doan't maul it.' Hawiver, we's lig it by." So, taking it up with an admiring gaze, he tenderly laid it on the seat behind him.

gave a description of Jacob's sorrows.

"I often think I see Jacob like Paul Sug'en o' Hawarth, an' ware a drab coit. I often think I see the owd man stridin' aht o't parlour inti t' house, scratin' 's yead,



"THAH'S BAHN TO PREACH, LAD."

Then he began by giving Bible instances of the watchful interest with which the eyes of the Infinite Love are resting on the righteous, and the attentive quickness with which His ear is open to their prayers. With moving pathos he

an' sayin', 'All these things mak' agean meh.' T'other daah I wer bahnd (going) over Pool Brig, an' it wer i' lam'in'-time; an' it wer a fearful cawd daah, I promise ye. An' I noticed a little 'un, just lambed; an' I noticed, as it moved

t' yow (the ewe) moved, an' shoo allus kept to ti' wind side of it. Nah, lads, ye'll be out on mony a bitter cawd daah, but God'll allus keep ti t' wind side o' ye."

Then, dealing with the darker side of the picture, "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil," he took the case of Ahab, showed how the rebuking face of God was ever confronting him in his evil doing, pointed to the sullen and disappointed king when he laid him down upon his bed and turned away his face and refused to eat, and the haughty Jezebel bent over him and coaxed him to the royal banquet. Preston went on: "Shoo s'ud 'a' said tiv him as we say ti sulky lads when they reckon not to want their dinners, 'Let him be, it's t' first thing he'll tak' tull.'"

Dealing with the sins of his own time, he referred to covetousness. "Some fowk think they'll get to heaven if they nobbut gi'e an' owd coit awaah. An' if they was to get there, they'd suin get agait hackin' up t' paavements an' t' walls; for Wesleh says, 'Her walls are of jasper and gowd.'"

Then came the backbiter's turn: "Hev' yen't seen 'em? Thaah'l cum inti t' house of a mornin', when thaah owt to be at thaah wark; an' thaah'll le-an 'em up agean a table i' this uns, an' thaah'll saah, 'Hev' ye heard?' An' ye'll saah, 'Why, what's the matter nah?' An' thaah'll saah, 'Eh, but it's a pity; a soar pity!' (With a slow and solemn shake of the head). An' ye'll saah, 'Why, whativer's up?' An' thaah'll saah, 'Ah couldn't ha' thowt it! Ah's niver ha' thowt it!' An' ye'll saah, 'Cum, lad, thah mud as weel tell's.' An' thaah'll saah, 'Sich prefessions! Sich prefessions!'" (This last with a sneer of disgust and with uplifted hands of amazement). "But," (looking round upon his audience)

"I doan't mean to saah as there's ony sich i' this chapel. But, if t' caps fits ye, on wi't. I's charge ye nowt for my job."

A favourite text of his was, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." And while pointing out the way the sinner must be lifted out of the black and awful frown of the Almighty into the sunlight of His approving smile, he urged the necessity of a deep conviction of the sinner's own sense of sin. "I's a hadvocate for a reet dahn radical wakkenin'." With great earnestness he urged an immediate abandonment of all sin, especially the sin that was the hardest to give up, and of turning to the Lord with the gladsome assurance of mercy, for "Salvation is as free as flowers i' May."

Speaking to the drunkard, leaning far over the pulpit, he said: "Ah, me-an thee, poor drunkard! Where is ta?" (looking closely through the congregation as if for some particular individual), "where is ta, poor drunkard? Thaah mun quit thee way, thah mun indeed, or it'll lead thee dahn. Au've bcen i' that ro-ad nysen, an' I knaw summat abaht it. Ah, pity thee. Wha, he'd give his soul for drink! He'd drink t' tin off his muther's coffin! Oh, thou mun leave that way! Come out on it."

On one occasion, before giving out his text, he looked piteously at his hearers and said: "Ye mind, I hope I s'all hev a better time wi' this text nor I had t' last time I tackled it. T' woife wer wi' meh an' I says til her, as we walked back up t' loin, 'It didn't goah varry weel, lass, to-neet.' An' shoo says, 'Goah, mun! it mudn't well goah; thah niver gat it on its feet.'"

Having an opportunity to address a congregation largely comprised of ministers' sons at school, at the close of his discourse, look-

ing the sons of the prophets in the face, he said : " Nah, lads, this is t' last time as iver Ah shall preach ti ye, an' Ah've summat ti say ti ye; an' Ah s'ud like ye all ti stand up."

Instantly the whole hundred boys rose to their feet, and looked up at the uncultured man with a deferential gaze. So he said : " Nah, lads, ye've hed a good edycation; mind ye dusn't despise them as hesn't. An' most on ye is like to get on i' t' world, if ye behave owt like; an' when t' Lord blesses you i' your basket and

" clomb " those pulpit steps, strode down them for the last time.

Preaching on entire sanctification, he observed that Dr. Clarke had said that God would destroy the kingdom of Satan and build His own on the ruins thereof : " But I reckon He'll do nowt o' t' sooart. He'll clear awaay the varrah rubbish, and not le-ave a stick or a stoan belonging to the devil in His child or in His Church."

At times his pictures were comic in the extreme. It so happened



"WHEERE IS TA, POOR DRUNKARD."

your store, mind ye don't forget t' owd man, t' supernumer'y, your feyther."

Nor did it " mak' t' lads laugh." On the contrary, some of them who have " gotten on i' t' world," recall the exhortation with gleaming, tear-dimmed eyes.

Preston then waved his hand with respectful dignity, in token that the boys might take their seats, and after a closing hymn and prayer that God would bless the lads, one of the most genuine, God-sent preachers that ever

that the chief musician at the Grove Chapel who played the violoncello, was exceptionally long-limbed and long-faced, and sat with his fiddle resting by his side. Preston's subject was the Pharisee and Publican, and this was the description : " There stood the Pharisee wi' his faace abaht as long as a fiddle." Instantly the eyes of the whole congregation were fastened upon the elongated face of the musician.

Once, while preaching at Yeaddon, he caught sight of one of the

wildest rips of the neighbourhood, who went by the name of 'Lijah, but with nothing of the Jewish revivalist about him but his hairy face. This man had been drawn to the chapel to hear Johan preach, but, anxious to escape observation, hid himself behind a pillar before the preacher entered the pulpit. But Johan soon caught sight of him and chose for his Scripture lesson the chapter which describes the scene at Horeb, and thundered out the question, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" To which the dodging poacher, for once in his life detected as a trespasser in a Methodist chapel, exclaimed, "Well, Johan, Ah sore wanted to hear thah preich, but Ah didn't aim for thee to see mah." To which the preacher answered, "Come forrad, 'Lijah, lad, an' sum on ye mak' room for him ti sit reeght afore meh; fo', 'Lijah, lad, Ah's faahn to see thah here. It is just sich as thec as Jesus wants." The detected runagate blundered forth from his hiding-place, and took the seat that was vacated for him.

Preston made no further reference to the welcome interloper, but dwelt with the warmest tenderness on the Saviour's love for sinners, and told once more the story of his own conversion. That took the poacher and brought him to his knees. He sought and found mercy, and gave himself to God and to His Church.

Johan's sermons were remarkable for naturalness. He was a house loom weaver. Having woven his piece of cloth, he presented it for sale at the Cloth Hall. When one felt his piece of cloth, he said, "There was natur. Substance in it." So it waz with his preaching. The village wittings sometimes tried to poke him with a foolish question, such as, "How old is t' devil, Johan, thinks ta?" when the answer came, "He is of

age, ask him." Another stopped him in the road and said, with a look of earnestness, "Eh, Johan, hes ta he-ard?"

"What, lad?" said Preston, pleasantly. "Why, t' devil's de-ad!" said the scoffer. Johan threw up his hands, and in a pathetic tone exclaimed: "Ha, lad! then thah's a poor feytherless bairn!" He was a son of thunder and yet an evangelist of love.

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III.

"Like stars by day withdrawn from mortal
eye,
But not extinct, they still pursue their
way—
In glory through the sky."

Preston could not bear the thought that a neighbour of his should die unsaved. "A Methody can thoil (take delight in) his neighbour's salvation." Willy Hudson, who lived near him, was taken with a critical disease, which confined him to his house. Willy had never been inside a place of worship in his life, except in infancy to be baptized and in early manhood to be married. It seemed now certain that his third visit would be as a corpse. Willy refused to accept the consolations of religion, and besides, he was in want. The Methodist minister sought access to him in vain. Nor had Preston been able to reach him. So Johan said:

"Ah studied an' studied, an' at last cam' to t' conclusion 'at Ah s'ud niver get ti Willy's heart, but thruff his stomach." He had a fitch of bacon hanging up, and proceeded, "Ah cuts a good few slices out o' t' middle. An' t' woife ses to meh: 'Johan, what-iver is ta doin' ti t' flick?' I ses, 'Ne'er thee heed, lass; Ah's noan up ti mich mischief, thah may be

suer ! So Ah toasts t' bacon, an' Ah duz it as niste as niste; an' Ah puts it on a waarm plaate wi' a waarm plaate atop on it; an' Ah runs off wei't ti Willy's door."

Willy was alone, and on the borders of starvation, and the door being opened, Johan "strides reet inside, an' shuts t' door, an' lifts t' top plaate, and tak's caare ti let

poor man's tale and left. The next visit he took a big cobble of coal on his head and more bacon and some bread and milk and tea and sugar, and told Willy he was going to take a cup of tea with him. Hudson was the first to broach the subject of religion, and at the ex-infidel's request, Johan prayed, and they both prayed, and



"A FAACE ABAHT AS LONG AS A FIDDLE."

him smell t' bacon. An' Ah ses : 'Willy, lad, Ah sees tha's verrah badleh, an' Ah knows as sick fowk likes a bit o' neist bacon, an' Ah's browt thah a bit.' An' he says : 'A—ah, Johan, lad, Ah's suer thah's varrah guid."

The sick man was shivering by a fireless grate. This time Johan made no hint about religion or the soul, listened sympathetically to the

man began to mend and lived and became a member of the Methodist Church.

At a great religious gathering in Leeds, it was decided to close the proceedings with a sermon and that Preston should be asked to preach. So a deputation called at the cottage and Mrs. Preston was asked, "Is Mr. John Preston in?" She curtly answered "No,"

and that "she nivver heerd o' no Mester John Preston as lived in Yiddon." The deputation departed, but making further inquiries of the minister, returned. The wife, disturbed by the gentleman's importunity, went to the door of the staircase which led up to the room where Johan was working, and shouted :

"John, here's somebody from Leeds in a glass coach as wants to see Mester John Preston. Can'st ta' tell 'em where ta find him?"

John shouted in reply : "Ah's noan bahn to le-ave these treddles while t' weft's used for nob'dy."

The deputation waited, meanwhile gaining the wife on his side. When the good man descended, he "jibbed" a deal at the first, but when "t' woife" took up the cause and told him "he were like to go," he went, and in the immense sanctuary, packed full, Dr. Robert Newton and Billy Dawson sat in the pulpit behind him. Both these mighty Methodist orators were great admirers of Preston. Once, on a health-securing vacation, Dr. Newton would not miss the opportunity to hear Preston, though four miles away. The whole congregation was melted, and the greater orator could not control his emotions as he listened to the rough but genuine eloquence of the unaffected local preacher.

The Earl of Harewood had heard

of the praying, preaching clothier of Yeaddon, and sent to request him to come with a few of his companions and hold a prayer-meeting at the "house." They were ushered into a room where the Earl and Countess and the domestics, all in their Sunday best, were assembled. The service was begun with "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me," and was sung with tear-filled eyes. Johan closed the meeting with such a prayer as even "Yiddon" had never heard. He was aglow with the heavenly fire and forth from his breast he poured a mighty cry.

On rising, the Earl and Countess both walked up to him, and each placing a hand on his shoulder, prevailed on him to remain all night at the castle, and sent him away in the morning with a handsome present.

He went home grandly. As he lay a-dying, he brightly answered to the question as to his state and prospects, "I'm stretched full length upon the Rock." A young minister performed the funeral rites who is said to be a distinguished minister in Canada. Like Dr. Clarke, Preston went down with a smile and up with a shout and entered the goodly fellowship of the abundantly honoured laymen who have since its very foundations helped mightily to make Methodism the triumphant power she is to-day.

COMFORT.

BY HELEN F. MORRIS.

O, heart distressed,
Bowed down, oppressed,
Fear not God's help will come too late !
The treasures at His command
Are full and rich ; great armies stand
To do his word ; he can create
A paradise from desert land ;
The chafing force of wind and sea

He can subdue to His decree ;
All earth's deep-hid resource and might
Lie in His grasp, to crown or smite ;
This royal and majestic power
Can, at His will—in one brief hour—
Be summoned forth to help and bless
One trembling soul in heaviness—
One of His own.

THE REIGN OF KING TROLLEY.

BY ALAN MERRIMAN.

The rise and development of the trolley system of electrical propulsion as applied to surface railroads will always be an interesting study. Less than twenty years ago the first electrical road was operated. To-day there are hundreds of them, with thousands of miles of tracks. In one year in Europe the number of roads has nearly doubled, and probably the same progress has been the case in this country. Several American trolley roads vie with their steam contemporaries in speed and equipment. To call attention to some of the more recent innovations introduced is the purpose of this short article.

The chief end of existence of the trolley roads, their business and commercial usefulness, is being pushed hard in popularity during the summer season, by the trolley as a social institution. As far as can be ascertained, Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, was the birthplace of trolley parties, and there they have reached their highest stage of development. Briefly stated the idea is this: The host or hostess, who gives the party, charters a special car or cars, and the guests are given a ride up and down the line of the railroad, passing the time away meanwhile with the usual social amusements. When the demand was made manifest, the management of the roads quickly met the requirements with specially decorated, and later, specially built cars. At each end is a small table on which refreshments are served, the caterer occupying the adjoining seat. The car is handsomely illuminated by four rows of various coloured incandescent lamps all around the car and down

the frames. The headlight is composed of coloured lights, while the hood at each end of the car is brilliantly illuminated. There are 275 lamps in all.

One Philadelphia trolley party, given for a charitable object, called for sixty-one party cars, which were run in sections of five cars each. The appearance of these brilliantly adorned and illuminated tramway meteors in the suburbs was a novelty. The small boy hailed the appearance of the trolley-party car with impish delight, as a splendid target for sticks and stones. So annoying have some of these bombardments become, that, in traversing certain sections of the suburbs, the cars are accompanied by policemen to maintain order. One thing that makes these trolley parties so popular is the liability of the trolley to jump the wire at critical points, leaving the passengers in utter darkness.

The trolley party craze quickly spread to other cities. In Brooklyn the trolley roads have a general passenger agent whose business is to "drum up" such parties. One road has several of these specially built cars. The windows of the car are furnished with selected plate glass, the inside finish is of mahogany, handsomely decorated and carved. The windows are supplied with tapestry curtains, and furnished with silk draperies of the most artistic design. In each of the four corners of the car there is a buffet, with lockers above and below; the doors in the upper lockers are furnished with bevel French plate mirrors. The seating is of loose wicker chairs, upholstered in the

most approved manner. The floor is covered with Wilton carpet. Each car is also supplied with two tables, which may be attached to the sides of the car at different places.

Similar parties have been given in Toronto and Montreal, and probably elsewhere in Canada.

The very latest use to which trolley cars have been put is for charitable purposes. The idea originated, I believe, in Rome, Ga., where some of the philanthropic ladies of the city prevailed upon the street railway company to give them the proceeds of one day's service, the ladies volunteering to act as conductors. Another very successful trolley day was held in Syracuse, N.Y., and the ladies—in this case the *Women's Christian Association*—cleared \$1,070 for charity. The street railroad companies rented sixteen cars to the ladies at \$10 a car.

In Detroit a trolley ambulance service is proposed. An ambulance with motor car will be stationed in the centre of the city, with telephonic connections. Side tracks will be laid to all the hospitals, and it is expected that a considerable amount of time will be saved in conveying injured persons to places where they can receive treatment.

But in spite of all these conquests and the advance of King Trolley on all sides, in the opinion of the writer, the beginning of the end is at hand. The trolley is king to-day, without doubt, especially in the medium-sized cities, but the Nemesis is already on its track. (This is not intended for a pun). The ideal electric railway is one that does away with the unsightly and cumbersome trolley and its accompanying network of wires, and instead gets its power

from underneath. Such an electric road was the Intra-mural at the World's Fair, at Chicago, which was operated by the third-rail system, to the satisfaction of hundreds of thousands of passengers. One of the first steam railroads to try electricity as a means of propulsion was the Nantasket Beach branch of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad. It is now announced that during the present season the trolley system in use there will give way to the third-rail system, satisfactory tests having been made last year. This Nantasket Beach line is about four miles long, and when operated by the third-rail system will be the first surface road to be so worked, the third-rail Intra-mural at the World's Fair having been an elevated road. This, with the recently reiterated report that the immense Pennsylvania system is seriously thinking of adopting electricity on its branch lines, and eventually on the main line, and is only waiting for the perfection of the third-rail or some other underground system before doing so, brings us to the conclusion that the beginning of the end of the trolley is at hand. There are several of these underneath systems, where the electricity-yielding wires are concealed underground. Such will be the electric road of the future, and they will be seen all over the face of the earth, for then the present great objection to operating the trunk line railroads by electricity—the overhead wires—will be done away with, and the reign of King Trolley will be at an end. Not so, however, the trolley party—that will probably survive and flourish, in some form, even though it be at present a fad.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,

But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILLIP STRONG.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

When Mr. Winter came down the next evening, Phillip asked him to come in and wait a few minutes, as he was detained in his study-room by a caller. The mill-owner sat down and chatted with Mrs. Strong a little while. Finally she was called into the other room and Mr. Winter was left alone. The door into the sick man's room was partly open, and the mill-owner could not help hearing the conversation between the Brother Man and his son. Something said made Mr. Winter curious, and when Phillip came down he asked him a question concerning his strange boarder.

"Come in and see him," said Phillip.

He brought Mr. Winter into the little room and introduced him to the patient. He was able to sit up now. At mention of Mr. Winter's name he flushed and trembled. It then occurred to Phillip for the first time that it was the mill-owner that his assailant that night had intended to waylay and rob. For a second the minister was very much embarrassed. Then he recovered himself, and after a few quiet words with the Brother Man, he and Mr. Winter went out of the room to start on their night visit through the tenements.

As they were going out of the house the patient called Phillip back. He went in again and the man said, "Mr. Strong, I wish you would tell Mr. Winter all about it."

"Would you feel easier?" Phillip asked gently.

"Yes."

"All right; I'll tell him,—don't worry. Brother Man, take good care of him. I shall not be back until late." He kissed his wife and joined Mr. Winter, and together they made the round of the district.

As they were going through the court near by the place where Phillip had been attacked, he told the mill-owner the story. It affected him greatly; but as they went on through the tenements the sights that met him there wiped out the recollection of everything else.

It was all familiar to Phillip; but it always looked to him just as terrible. The heart-ache for humanity was just as deep in him at sight of suffering and injustice as if this had been the first instead of the hundredth time he had ever seen them. But to the mill-owner the whole thing came as a revelation. He had not dreamed of such a condition as possible.

"How many people are there in our church that know anything about this plague spot from personal knowledge, Mr. Winter?" Phillip asked after they had been out about two hours.

"I don't know. Very few, I presume."

"And yet they ought to know about it. How else shall all this sin and misery be done away?"

"I suppose the law could do something," replied the mill-owner, feebly.

"The law!" Phillip said the two words and then stopped. They stumbled over a heap of refuse thrown out into the doorway of a miserable structure. "Oh, what this place needs is not law and ordinances and statutes so much as live, loving Christian men

and women who will give themselves and a large part of their means to cleanse the souls and bodies and homes of this wretched district. We have reached a crisis in Milton when Christians must give themselves to humanity! Mr. Winter, I am going to tell Calvary Church so next Sunday."

Mr. Winter was silent. They had come out of the district and were walking along together toward the upper part of the city. The houses kept growing larger and better. Finally they came up to the avenue where the churches were situated,—a broad, clean, well-paved street with magnificent elms and elegant houses on either side and the seven large, beautiful church-buildings with their spires pointing upward, almost all of them visible from where the two men stood. They paused there a moment. The contrast, the physical contrast, was overwhelming to Phillip, and to the wealthy millman coming from the unusual sights of the lower town it must have stood out with a new meaning.

A door in one of the houses near by opened. A group of people passed in. The glimpse caught by the two men was a glimpse of bright, flower-decorated rooms, beautiful dresses, glittering jewels, and a table heaped with delicacies. It was the Paradise of Society, the display of its ease, its soft enjoyment of pretty things, its careless indifference to humanity's pain in the lower town. The group of new-comers went in, a strain of music and the echo of a dancing laugh floated out into the street, and then the door closed.

Mr. Winter and Phillip went on. Phillip had his own reason for accompanying the other home, and Mr. Winter was secretly glad of his presence, for he was timid at

night alone in Milton. He broke a long silence by saying:

"Mr. Strong, if you preach to the people to leave such pleasure as that we have just glanced at to view or suffer such things as we found in the tenements, you must expect opposition. I doubt if they will understand your meaning. I know they will not do any such thing. It is asking too much."

"And yet the Lord Jesus Christ 'although He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich.' Mr. Winter, what this town needs is that kind of Christianity,—the kind that will give up the physical pleasures of life to show the love of Christ to perishing men. I believe it is just as true now as when Christ lived, that unless they are willing to renounce all that they have, they cannot be His disciples."

"Do you mean literally, Mr. Strong?" asked the rich man after a little.

"Yes, literally, sometimes. I believe the awful condition of things and souls we have witnessed to-night may not be any better until many, many of the professing Christians in this town and in Calvary Church are willing to leave, actually to leave their beautiful homes and spend the money they now spend in luxuries for the good of the weak and poor and sinful."

"Do you think Christ would preach that if He were in Milton?"

"I do. It has been burned in to me that He would. I believe He would say to the members of Calvary Church, 'If any man love houses and money and society and power and position more than Me, He cannot be my disciple.' And then He would test the entire church by its willingness to renounce all these physical things.

And if He found the members willing, if He found that they loved Him more than the money or the power, He might not demand a literal giving up. But He would say to them, 'Take my money and my power, for it is all mine, and use them for the building up of my kingdom.' He would not then perhaps command them to leave literally their beautiful surroundings. And then in some cases I believe that He would. Oh, yes!—sacrifice! sacrifice! What does the Church in this age of the world know about it? How much do church-members give themselves nowadays to the Master? That is what we need,—self, the souls of men and women, the living sacrifices for those lost children down yonder! Oh, God!—to think of what Christ gave up! And then to think of how little His Church is doing to obey His last command to go and make disciples of the nations!"

Phillip strode through the night almost forgetful of his companion. By this time they had reached Mr. Winter's house. Very little was said by the mill-owner. A few brief words of good-night, and Phillip started for home. He went back through the avenue on which the churches stood. When he reached Calvary Church he went up on the steps and prayed. Great sobs shook him. They were sobs without tears,—sobs that were articulate here and there with groans of anguish and desire. He prayed for his loved church, for the wretched beings in the hell of torment, without God and without hope in the world, for the Spirit of Christ to come again into the heart of the church and teach it the meaning and extent of sacrifice.

When at last he rose and came down the steps it was very late. The night was cold, but he did not

feel it. He went home. He was utterly exhausted. He felt that the burden of the place was wearing him out and crushing him into the earth. He wondered if he was beginning to know ever so little what a tremendous invitation that was: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." All! The weary, sinful souls in Milton were more than he could carry. He shrank back before the amazing spectacle of the mighty Burden-Bearer of the sin of all the world, and fell down at His feet and breathed out the words, "My Lord and my God!" before he sank into a heavy sleep.

When the eventful Sunday came he faced the usual immense course. He did not come out of the little room until the last moment. When at length he appeared, his face bore marks of tears. At last they had flowed as a relief to his soul, and he gave the people his message with a courage and a peace and a love born of direct communion with the Spirit of Truth.

As he went on, people began to listen in amazement. He had begun by giving them a statement of facts concerning the sinful, needy, desperate condition of life in the place. He then rapidly sketched the contrast between the surroundings of the Christian and those of the non-Christian people, between the workingmen and the church-members. He stated what was the fact in regard to the unemployed and the vicious and the ignorant and the suffering. And then with his heart going out to the people, he spoke the words which aroused the most intense astonishment:

"Disciples of Jesus," he exclaimed, "the time has come when our Master demands of us some token of our discipleship greater than the giving of a little money

or a little work and time to the solution of the great problem of modern society and of our own city. The time has come when we must give ourselves. The time has come when we must renounce, if it is best, if Christ asks it, the things we have so long counted dear, the money, the luxury, the homes even, and go down into the tenement district to live there and work there with the people. I do not wish to be misunderstood here. I do not believe our modern civilization is an absurdity. I do not believe Christ if He were here to-day would demand of us foolish things. But this I do believe He would require,—ourselves. We must give ourselves in some way that will mean real, genuine, downright, and decided self-sacrifice. If Christ were here He would say to some of you, as He said to the young man, 'Sell all you have and give to the poor, and come, follow me.' And if He asks for all, when all is needed, what then? Can we sing that hymn with any Christian honesty of heart unless we interpret it literally?—

“‘Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my *all!*’”

The next day Phillip was unexpectedly summoned out of Milton to the parish of his old college chum. His old friend was thought to be dying. He had sent for Phillip on that supposition. Phillip, whose affection for him was second only to that which he gave his wife, went at once. His friend was almost gone. He rallied when Phillip came, and then for two weeks his life swung back and forth between this world and the next. Phillip stayed on and so was gone one Sunday from his pulpit in Milton. Then the week following, as Alfred gradually came back from the shore of that

other world, Phillip, assured that he would live, returned home.

During that ten days' absence serious events had taken place in Calvary Church. Phillip reached home on Wednesday. He at once went to the house and greeted his wife and the Brother Man, and William, who was now sitting up in the large room.

Phillip had not been home more than an hour when the greatest drowsiness and dizziness came over him. He had sat up much with his chum and was entirely worn out. He went upstairs to lie down on his couch in his small study. He instantly fell asleep. He awoke to feel to his amazement that his wife was kneeling at the side of the couch, sobbing with a heart-ache that was terrible to him; he was instantly wide awake and her dear head clasped in his arms. And when he prayed her to tell him the matter, she sobbed out the news to him which her faithful, loving heart had concealed from him while he was at the bedside of his friend. And even when the news of what the church had done in his absence had come to him fully through her broken recital of it, he did not realize it until she placed in his hands the letter which the congregation had voted to be written, asking him to resign his pastorate of Calvary Church. Even then he fingered the envelope in an absent way, and for an instant his eyes left the bowed form of his wife and looked out beyond the sheds over to the tenements. Then he opened the letter and read it.

CHAPTER XII.

Phillip read the letter through without lifting his eyes from the paper or making any comment. It was as follows:

REV. PHILLIP STRONG,

Calvary Church, Milton:

DEAR SIR,—As clerk of the church I am instructed to inform you of the action of the church at a regularly called meeting, held last Thursday night. At that meeting it was voted by a majority present that you be asked to resign the pastorate of Calvary Church.

In behalf of the church,

CALVIN SMITH, *Clerk.*

Phillip finished the letter and lifted his eyes again. And again he looked out through the window across the sheds to the roofs of the tenements. From where he sat he could also see, across the city, up on the rising ground, the spire of Calvary Church. It rose distinct and cold against the gray December sky. The air was clear and frosty, the ground was covered with snow, and the roofs of the tenements showed black and white patches where the thinner snow had melted. He was silent so long that his wife became frightened.

"Phillip! Phillip!" she cried, as she threw her arms about his neck and drew his head down nearer. "They have broken your heart! They have killed you! There is no love in the world any more!"

"No! No!" he cried suddenly. "You must not say that! You make me doubt. There is the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. But, oh, for the Church!—which He loved and for which He gave himself!" Tell me, Sarah, how this was kept so secret from me."

"You forget. You were so entirely absorbed in the care of Alfred; and then the church meeting was held with closed doors. Even the papers did not know the whole truth at once. I kept it from you as long as I could!"

"Little woman," spoke Phillip,

very gently and calmly, "this is a blow to me. I did not think the Church would do it. I hoped—" he paused and his voice trembled for a brief moment, then grew quiet again, "I hoped I was gradually overcoming opposition. It seems I was mistaken. It seems I did not know the feeling in the church."

He looked out of the window again and was silent. Then he asked, "Are they all against me?" The question came with a faint smile that was far more heart-breaking to his wife than a flood of tears. She burst into a sob.

"No, you have friends. Mr. Winter fought for you,—and others."

"Mr. Winter!—my old enemy! That was good. And there were others?"

"Yes, quite a number. But nearly all the influential members were against you. Phillip, you have been blind to all this."

"Do you think so?" Phillip asked simply. "Maybe that is so. I have not thought of people so much as of the work which needed to be done. I have tried to do as my Master would have me. But I have lacked wisdom, or tact, or something. I have made mistakes. I have been lacking in tact. I have needlessly offended the people," he said to his wife, yielding almost for the first time to a great fear and distrust of himself. For the letter asking his resignation had shaken him as once he thought impossible. "I have tried to preach and act as Christ would; but I have failed to interpret Him aright. Is it not so, Sarah?"

His wife was reluctant to speak. But her true heart made answer: "No, Phillip, you have interpreted Him too faithfully. You may have made mistakes; all ministers do; but I honestly believe you

have preached as Christ would against the great selfishness and hypocrisy of the century."

They talked a little longer, and then Phillip said :

"Let us go down and see the Brother Man. Somehow I feel inclined to talk with him."

So they went downstairs and into the room where the invalid was sitting with the old man. William was able to walk about now, and had been saying that he wanted to hear Phillip preach as soon as he could get to the church.

"Well, Brother Man," said Phillip, with something like his old heartiness of manner, "have you heard the news? Othello's occupation's gone."

The Brother Man seemed to know all about it. Whether he had heard of it through some of the church people or not, Mr. Strong did not know. The old man looked at Phillip calmly. There was loving sympathy in his voice, but no trace of compassion or wonder. Evidently he had not been talking of the subject to any one.

"I knew it would happen," he said. "You have offended the rulers."

"What would you do, Brother Man, in my place? Would you resign?" Phillip remembered the time when the Brother Man had asked him why he did not resign.

"Don't they ask you to?"

"Yes."

"Do you think it is the wish of the whole church?"

"No, there are some who want me to stay."

"How do you feel about it?"

The Brother Man put the question almost timidly. Phillip replied without hesitation :

"There is only one thing for me to do. It would be impossible for me to remain after what has been done."

The Brother Man nodded his

head as if in approval. He did not seem disturbed in the least. His demeanour was the most perfect expression of peace that Phillip ever saw.

"We shall have to leave Milton, Brother Man," said Phillip, thinking that possibly he did not understand the meaning of the resignation.

"Yes, we will go away together. Together." The Brother Man looked at his son and smiled.

"Mr. Strong," said William, "we cannot be a burden on you another day. I am able to get out now, and I will find work somewhere and provide for my father and myself. It is terrible to me to think of how long we have been living on your slender means." And William gave Phillip a look of gratitude and love that made Phillip's heart warm again.

"My brother, we will see to that all right. You have been more than welcome. Just what I will do, I don't know, but I am sure the way will be made clear in time, aren't you, Brother Man?"

"Yes, the road to heaven is always clear," he said, almost singing the words.

"We shall have to leave this house, Brother Man," said Sarah, feeling with Phillip that he did not grasp the meaning of the event.

"Yes, in the Father's house are many mansions," replied the Brother Man. Then as Phillip and his wife sat there in the gathering gloom the old man said suddenly, "Let us pray together about it."

He knelt down and offered the most remarkable prayer that Phillip had ever heard. It seemed to him that however the old man's mind might be affected, the part of him that touched God in the communion of audible prayer was absolutely free from any weakness.

or disease. It was a prayer that laid its healing balm on the soul of Phillip and soothed his trouble into peace. When the old man finished, Phillip felt almost cheerful again. He went out and helped his wife a few minutes in some work about the kitchen. And after supper he was just getting ready to go out to inquire after a sick family near by, when there was a knock at the door.

It was a messenger boy with a telegram. Phillip opened it almost mechanically and carrying it to the light read :

"Alfred died four p.m. Can you come?"

For a second, Phillip did not realize the news. Then as it rushed upon him, he staggered and would have fallen if the table had not been so close. A faintness and a pain seized him and for a minute he thought he was falling. Then he pulled himself together and called his wife, who was in the kitchen. She came in at once, noticing the peculiar tone of his voice.

"Alfred is dead!" He was saying the words quietly as he held out the telegram.

"Dead! And you left him getting better! How dreadful!"

"Do you think so? He is at rest. I must go up there at once; they expect me." He still spoke quietly, stilling the tumult of his heart's anguish for his wife's sake. This man, his old college chum, was very dear to him. The news was terrible to him.

Nevertheless, he made his preparations to go back to his friend's home. It is what either would have done in the event of the other's death. And so he was gone from Milton until after the funeral, and did not return until Saturday. In those three days of absence Milton was stirred by events that grew out of the action of the church.

In the first place the minority in the church held a meeting and voted to ask Phillip to remain, pledging him their hearty support in all his plans and methods. The paper, in its report of this meeting, made the most of the personal remarks that were made, and served up the whole affair in sensational items, that were eagerly read by every one in Milton.

But the most important gathering of Phillip's friends was that of the mill-men. They met in the hall where he had so often spoken, and being crowded out of that by the great numbers, they secured the use of the court house. This was crowded with an excited assembly, and in the course of very many short speeches a resolution was offered and adopted asking Phillip to remain in Milton and organize a society, pledging whatever financial support could be obtained from the working-people. This also was caught up and magnified in the paper, and the town was still roused to excitement by all these reports when Phillip returned home late Saturday afternoon, almost reeling with exhaustion, and his heart torn with the separation from his old chum.

However, he tried to conceal his weariness from Sarah, and partly succeeded. After supper he went up to his study to prepare for the Sunday. He had fully made up his mind as to what he would do, and he wanted to do it in a manner that would cast no reproach on his profession, which he sincerely respected.

He shut the door and began his preparation by walking up and down, as his custom was, thinking out the details of the service, his sermon, the exact wording of certain phrases he wished to make.

He had been walking thus back and forth half a dozen times, when he felt the same acute pain in his side that had seized him when he

fainted in church at the evening service. It passed away and he resumed his walk, thinking it was only a passing disorder. But before he could turn again in his walk he felt a dizziness that whirled everything in the room about him. Then he fell forward in such a way that he lay partly on the couch and partly on the floor, and became unconscious.

How long he had been in this condition he did not know, when he came to himself. He was thankful, when he did recover sufficiently to crawl to his feet and sit down on the couch, that Sarah had not seen him. He managed to get over to his desk and begin to write something as he heard her coming upstairs. He did not intend to deceive her. His thought was that he would not unnecessarily alarm her. He was very tired. It did not need much urging to persuade him to get to bed. And so, without saying anything about his second fainting attack, he went downstairs and was soon sleeping very heavily.

He awoke on Sunday morning feeling strangely calm and refreshed. The morning prayer with the Brother Man came like a benediction to them all. Sarah, who had feared for Phillip, owing to the severe strain he had been enduring, felt relieved as she saw how he appeared. They all prepared to go to church, the Brother Man and William going out for the first time since the attack on Phillip.

We have mentioned Phillip's custom of coming into his pulpit from the little room at the side of the platform. This morning he went in at the side door of the church after parting with Sarah and the others. He let Brother Man and William go on ahead a little, and then drawing his wife to him he stooped and kissed her. He turned at the top of the short

flight of steps leading up to the side entrance and saw her still standing in the same place. Then she went around from the little court to the front of the church, and went in with the great crowd already beginning to stream toward Calvary Church.

No one ever saw so many people in Calvary Church before. Men sat on the platform and even in the deep window-seats. The spaces under the large galleries by the walls were filled mostly with men standing there. The house was crowded long before the hour of service. There were many beating, excited hearts in that audience. More than one member was ashamed at the action which had been taken, and might have wished it recalled. With the great number of workmen and young people in the church there was only one feeling; it was a feeling of love for Phillip, and of sorrow for what had been done. The fact that Phillip had been away from the city, that he had not talked over the matter with any one, owing to his absence, the uncertainty as to how he would receive the whole thing, what he would say on this first Sunday after the letter had been written,—this attracted a certain number of persons who never go inside a church except for some extraordinary occasion, or in hopes of a sensation. So the audience that memorable day had some cruel people present,—people who narrowly watch the faces of mourners at funerals to see what ravages grief has made on the countenance.

The organist played his prelude through and was about to stop, when he saw in the glass that hung over the keys that Phillip had not yet appeared. He began again at a certain measure, repeating it, and played very slowly. By this time the church was entirely

filled. There was an air of expectant waiting as the organ again ceased, and still Phillip did not come out. A great fear came over Mrs. Strong. She had half risen from her seat near the platform to go up and open the study door, when it opened and Phillip came out.

Whatever his struggle had been in that little room the closest observer could not detect any trace of tears or sorrow or shame or humiliation. He was pale, but that was common; otherwise his face wore a firm, noble, peaceful look. As he gazed over the congregation the people felt the fascination of his glances. The first words that he spoke in the service were strong and clear. Never had the people seen so much to admire in his appearance as a public speaker; and when, after the opening exercises and the regular order of service, he rose and came out at one side of the desk to speak, as his custom was, the people were for the time under the magic sway of his personality, that never stood out so commanding and loving and true-hearted as then.

He began to speak very quietly and simply, as his fashion was, announcing the fact that he had been asked to resign his pastorate of Calvary Church. He made the statement clearly, with no halting or hesitation or sentiment of tone or gesture. Then after saying that there was only one course open to him under the circumstances, he went on to speak in defence of his interpretation of Christ and His teaching.

"Members of Calvary Church, I call you to bear witness to-day; I have tried to preach to you Christ and Him crucified. I love you, people of Milton, beloved members of this church. I would have opened my arms to every sinful child of humanity here and

shown him, if I could, the boundless love of His heavenly Father! But, oh, ye would not! Ye would not! And yet the love of Christ! What a wonderful thing it is! How much He wished us to enjoy the peace and hope and fellowship and service! Yes, service,—that is what the world needs to-day; service that is willing to give all, all to Him who gave all to save us! O Christ, Master, teach us to do thy will. Make us servants to the poor and sinful and helpless. Make thy Church on earth more like Thyself!"

Those nearest Phillip saw him suddenly raise his handkerchief to his lips, and then, when he took it away, it was stained with blood. But the people did not see that. And then—and then—a remarkable thing took place.

On the rear wall of Calvary Church there had been painted, when the church was built, a Latin cross. This cross had been the source of almost endless dispute among the church-members. Some said it was inartistic; others said it was in keeping with the name of the church, and had a right place in the church as part of its inner adornment. Once the dispute had grown so large and serious that the church had voted as to its removal or retention on the wall. A small majority had voted to leave it there, and there it remained. It was perfectly white, on a panel of thin wood, and stood out very conspicuous above the rear of the platform.

Phillip had never made any allusion in his sermons to this feature of Calvary Church's architecture. People had wondered sometimes that with his imaginative, poetical temperament he never had done so, especially once when a sermon on the crucifixion had thrilled the people wonderfully. It might have been his extreme

sensitiveness, his shrinking from anything like cheap sensation.

But now he stepped back,—it was not far,—and turning partly around, with one long arm extended toward the cross, as if in imagination he saw the Christ upon it, he cried out, “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!” Yes—

“In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o’er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round—”

His voice suddenly ceased, he threw his arms up, and as he turned a little forward toward the congregation he was seen to reel and fall back against the wall. For one immense, tremendous second of time he stood there, with the whole church smitten into a pitying, horrified, startled, motionless crowd of blanched, staring faces, as his tall dark figure towered up with outstretched arms, and then he sank down at the foot of the cross.

A groan went up from the audience. Several men sprang up the platform steps. Mrs. Strong was the first person to reach the figure of her husband. Two or three helped to bear him to the front of the platform. Sarah knelt down by him. She put her head against his breast. Then she raised her face and said calmly, “He is dead.”

The Brother Man was kneeling on the other side. “No,” he said with an indescribable gesture and an untranslatable inflection, “he is not dead. He is living in the eternal mansions of glory with his Lord!”

But the news was borne from lip to lip, “He is dead!” And that is the way men speak of the body. And they were right. The body of Phillip was dead. And the Brother Man was right also. For Phillip himself was alive in glory.

They said that when the funeral

of Phillip Strong’s body was held in Milton, rugged, unfeeling men were seen to cry like children in the streets. A great procession, largely made up of the poor and sinful, followed him to his wintry grave. They lingered long about the spot. Finally, every one withdrew except Sarah, who refused to be led away by her friends, and William and the Brother Man. They stood looking down into the grave.

“He was very young to die,” at last Sarah said, with a calmness that was more terrible than bursts of grief.

“So was Christ,” replied the Brother Man, simply.

“But, oh, Phillip, Phillip, my beloved!” she cried; and at last, for she had not wept yet, great tears rolled down into the grave, and uncontrollable anguish seized her. Brother Man did not attempt to console or interrupt. He knew she was in the arms of God.

When the snow had melted from the hillside and the first arbutus was beginning to bud and blossom, one day some men came out to the grave and put up a plain stone at the head. After the men had done this work they went away. One of them lingered. He was the wealthy mill-owner. He stood with his hat in his hand and his head bent down, his eyes resting on the words carved into the stone. They were these:

PHILLIP STRONG.

PASTOR OF CALVARY CHURCH, MILTON.

“In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o’er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round—”

Mr. Winter looked at the incomplete line and then, as he turned away and walked slowly back down into Milton he said, “Yes, it is better so. We must complete it for him.”

THE END.

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Adam Cartright's Will," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Before Dick Fowler went home that night he took the opportunity of speaking to Rhoda upon a subject that lay very near to his heart.

"I've been thinking," he said, "that it's a'most time I was gettin' together a home of my own. It's none so nice livin' all one's time in lodgin's, even though one has not o'er much fault to find with the people."

Rhoda quickly divined what was coming, and her heart beat rapidly.

"I've thought," continued Dick, "that we might live very comfortable upon my wages. I'm earnin' good money now, Rhoda, and will always be able to do so in future, please God to give me health an' strength. I've been thinkin' that we might keep Christmas together as man and wife. Do you think we could manage it?"

Rhoda's brain swam, and her heart thumped painfully. What must she say? Dick spoke as if he took it as a settled and arranged thing that they should marry. But she had never given him such a promise. She had never even consented to talk about the question. How could the misunderstanding have arisen? Of course she could quickly put him right; but how could she do so best without, as it were, driving a knife into his heart? Many a girl would have swept the clouds away with a word, but Rhoda's nature was too kindly and too true for that. Whatever misunderstanding had arisen—and it was plain to her that some misunder-

standing certainly had arisen—Dick Fowler sat before her fearfully earnest and terribly real in what he had said, and she was not the one to put him off lightly. Such times, she recognized, were not ones for trifling.

"Dick," she said, in a faltering voice, "what can have led you to think that I would marry you?"

He looked at her stupidly for a moment, as if at a loss to realize her meaning.

"I've never promised to marry you, Dick," she said. "I've always been friendly towards you, have always thought well of you, and do so now. But I've never promised to be your wife."

He put his hand to his forehead in a dazed kind of way which made poor Rhoda's heart ache for him.

"Ay, Rhoda, you did," he said, "an' more'n once. What do you mean? Are you tryin' of me?"

"No, Dick," she answered feelingly, "I'm dealing straightforwardly and honestly with you. Why, we've never even talked about this matter."

"Rhoda," he said, and his voice assumed an unusually stern tone, "have you lost your religion? Don't you know that you're utterin' the devil's lies?"

His manner alarmed her and his words shocked her. Oh! how could such a misunderstanding have come?

"Didn't you promise me months and months ago," went on Dick solemnly, "that you would be true to me? On the night of George Ford's accident, as we came down th' hill from open-air service, when I told you that young squire was

tryin' to separate us, didn't you assure me that you would be mine?"

"You misunderstood me, Dick," she said quickly, now seeing how the mistake had been made; "I spoke not of marriage, but of friendship. I said I would always love you. I remember the very words now. But I spoke of loving you as a friend, as the companion of my school-days, as a boy, and not as a man who craved my hand in marriage. And I do not think you then meant that."

"You did then," said Dick bitterly, "whatever you may think now."

"Indeed, Dick, I did not."

He could not but believe her, though the revelation was a mystery to him and the death of all his fond hopes. He groaned within himself. All through the past months—ay, through long years—he had been looking forward to the day when he would proudly lead Rhoda home as his bride, and he had never once suspected that anything could arise to hinder the fulfilment of the dearest wish of his heart. But here was a rude end to all his hopes here, the casting down and utter destruction of the splendid castles of years' up-building.

"God forgive you, Rhoda," he said bitterly.

"Dick," she cried, "you mustn't say such cruel things. And don't be so unreasonable."

"Am I to un'erstan'," he asked presently, "that you've quite made up your mind?"

"I cannot promise to be your wife, Dick," she said, slowly.

"Whose, then?" he demanded, somewhat fiercely for him.

"I don't know," she replied truthfully. "P'raps no one's wife."

"Rhoda," he cried, starting to his feet, and bringing his face so close to hers that the two almost

touched, "you lie! You know you've given your heart to Edward Trethyn, an' your soul to the devil," and flinging contemptuously from him the hand which he had grasped in his passion, he opened the door and passed into the street, leaving her trembling, pained, excited, and bathed in tears.

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW HEIR.

Sir Charles Montgomery, of Bucklands Park, is standing under the shadow of the great chandelier in his exquisitely furnished drawing-room, reading a note which his butler a moment before had presented to him upon a richly wrought silver salver.

As Sir Charles slowly reads the note his eyes gradually open in wide surprise.

"When did this come?" he demands at length.

"When did what come?" asks his beautiful daughter, Miss Nellie Montgomery, whom the reader will remember as being the young lady Squire Trethyn had set his heart upon for his son's wife.

"Why, this note, to be sure," answers Sir Charles.

Miss Nellie looks up from her embroidery.

"What do you mean, father?" she queries. "Didn't James bring it you a moment ago?"

"Bless me," cries the impetuous knight, "what I mean is this: when did it arrive at this house, and who brought it?"

Neither Miss Nellie nor Lady Hettie, who also was in the room, sitting on a low ottoman, listlessly turning over the leaves of the new periodicals which had but lately come in, knew anything about it, and so James, the butler, was recalled and questioned.

"The note has just been brought to the door, Sir Charles," he said politely, "by a messenger on horseback. From Lawyer Jeffries, he said."

"Oh!" says Sir Charles, and James, the butler, glides softly from the room.

"My dear," asks Lady Hettie, "what is the note about?"

"I will read it to you," replies Sir Charles, "and then see if you can tell me."

"Mr. Jeffries presents his compliments to Sir Charles Montgomery, and requests him to kindly be in attendance at Trethyn Manor to-morrow afternoon at 2 p.m. Business is in connection with the late Squire Trethyn's will, and is urgent and important."

"Well," says Lady Hettie, "there's nothing very hard to understand about that. It seems as plainly put as one might wish for. The only objection I see to it is the peremptory tone which pervades it; but lawyers, you know, have their fads as well as other people, and I suppose to write in this way is one of them."

"But why should I be asked to go to Trethyn Manor in connection with Squire Trethyn's will?" persists Sir Charles in manifest surprise. "That's not plain, and that's what I do not understand."

"You and Squire Trethyn, father," says Miss Nellie, "were old friends. Perhaps he may have appointed you an executor."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Sir Charles; "there is no need for either while Mr. Edward, poor fellow, is alive. He is sole heir, executor, trustee, administrator, and everything else combined."

Nevertheless Miss Nellie was right. For next day when, punctual to the appointed hour, Sir Charles arrived at Trethyn Manor, one of the first things that he learned was the very one Miss Nellie had surmised.

"You are both executor and trustee," said Lawyer Jeffries after the usual compliments were over.

"But," persisted Sir Charles, "I don't understand you. Let me hear all about it."

"Ah, it's a very, very sad thing, Sir Charles," said Lawyer Jeffries, looking over his spectacles from his place at the head of the dining-room table, where all the family, all the servants, several friends, and others were gathered together to hear the reading of the will. "A very sad thing. For some inscrutable reason Squire Trethyn saw fit to will the Trethyn estates to another, and not to Mr. Edward, whom he has cut off with the proverbial shilling."

For a moment the whole company seemed paralyzed with astonishment. Sir Charles was the first to break the silence.

"Such a thing is scandalous—criminal!" he cried, "and wholly unaccountable. I can hardly credit my senses. Why, what can Mr. Edward have done? But it doesn't matter what he has done. Squire Trethyn has acted most unjustly, unfatherly, and quite beyond his rights. Such things are sometimes done from caprice, but they are always done illegally—"

"Nay, Sir Charles," chimed in the lawyer, "not illegally. There's no illegality about it. The question is not one of law at all, and a man is entitled to will away his estate just as he pleases. But I agree with you, Sir Charles, in saying that the whole thing is scandalous. In the whole course of my professional career I've never before come across anything so palpably unjust."

"It is simply monstrous!" cried Sir Charles; "but pray, Mr. Jeffries, how came you to consent to the drawing up of such a will?"

Lawyer Jeffries smiled.

"If, Sir Charles," he said, "you engaged me to draw up your will,

would you tolerate my interference with your wishes as regards it? You mustn't blame me, Sir Charles, for what is written here," tapping the will with his hand, "but Squire Trethyn. Mine was the pen that wrote the words; his the mind that formed them."

"Well, it is a very cruel thing," said Sir Charles, "and had I been you, Jeffries, I would never have been a party to it."

"Nor was I willingly," replied the lawyer. "It was this way. Squire Trethyn came into my office one day in a towering passion, and said that he wanted to alter his will. Of course I could make no demur to that, not knowing in what way he insisted to alter it, and also knowing that he had a perfect right to do so. But when I questioned him as to the alterations he wanted to make, and learned what they were, I instantly demurred, and stoutly resisted them. At this he grew exceedingly angry—passionately angry, and demanded from me what right I had to interfere—"

"You certainly had a right," exclaimed Sir Charles; "you were his legal adviser, and therefore had every right. Besides, common humanity justified your interference."

"Well, continued the lawyer, "I thought I had a right—that was, up to a certain point. However, I managed to evade drawing up the will that day, and for several days. But one morning Squire Trethyn came to my office, and I could see in his face that my resistance had gone far enough, and would not be permitted further. He came in looking very determined. 'Jeffries,' he said, 'you've got my instructions in regard to the alteration of my will?' I replied that I had, but—I was going to oppose it again—'Sir,' I said. He took me up quite sharp. 'I shall be in town again to-mor-

row morning at about this time,' he said, 'and shall expect to see my will in its new form. If it be not ready, whatever the excuse, I shall remove all my business with you elsewhere.'"

"And so you consented?" queried Sir Charles.

"And so I consented," replied the lawyer. "What else could I do? You know, Sir Charles, it would never have done to have allowed Squire Trethyn to put his affairs in the hands of our rivals, Messrs. Parkinson. Men must look after themselves nowadays."

"Well, go on with the will," said Sir Charles. "Who is the heir?"

Lawyer Jeffries readjusted his spectacles, and went on reading:

"I devise and bequeath all my estate, both real and personal, wherever situate, to my brother Mortimer's only son, Arthur Bourne Trethyn, to him and his heirs forever. . . ."

The lawyer looked up. Dead silence had fallen upon the room. The startling, unlooked-for announcement had come upon all present as a complete surprise, not so much as the faintest suspicion of it having crossed their minds before that day, scarcely one of them, indeed, knowing anything of the existence of the said Arthur Bourne Trethyn. For several minutes no one seemed able to speak, and each looked at the other in blank amazement. Poor Lady Trethyn, perhaps, was the most affected of all, and naturally. She sat perfectly still, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed with a stony stare, her neck and face blanched with a sickly white, which her mourning attire seemed to make more more conspicuous and ghastly, while her daughters, sitting near her, almost as ghastly-looking as their mother, wore a hopeless and woebegone countenance which was quite painful to

see. The Reverend Mr. Thornleigh looked on apprehensively, the servants scared, the friends and guests incredulously, and Sir Charles Montgomery flushed, hot, and indignant. The only person in the room who seemed perfectly at ease was the agent, Stephen Grainger, whose face wore a serene and triumphant expression—from what cause was best known to himself.

Sir Charles Montgomery was the first to break the silence.

"Arthur Bourne Trethyn!" he cried contemptuously. "Who is he?"

"Squire Trethyn's nephew," answered the lawyer.

"Of course he is," said Sir Charles testily; "we all know that now. But what of him? What can you tell us about him?"

"Very little," said the lawyer. "I know that Squire Trethyn's brother Mortimer went out to Australia about twenty years ago, when his son Arthur Bourne was a child of about four years of age. From what I could gather from the squire his brother went out to the gold-diggings, and during the whole time of his absence has only written home once."

"When was that?" asked Sir Charles.

"As near as I can recollect," answered the lawyer, "about eight years ago. That is my remembrance of what the squire said."

"About eight years ago!" exclaimed Sir Charles. "Why, he may be dead and buried long ago."

"Mortimer?" queried the lawyer.

"Yes, and this unknown Arthur Bourne Trethyn."

Lawyer Jeffries shook his head.

"We have already had information that he is alive," he said. "Squire Trethyn's brother Mortimer is dead, but Mr. Arthur was both alive and well less than three months ago."

"How do you know that?" de-

manded Sir Charles, and this time his question was echoed by more than one of those present.

"We cabled for information."

"You did!" cried Sir Charles. "Then, Mr. Jeffries, you must pardon me for plainly expressing my thoughts, and saying that in my opinion you acted with most indecent haste. Could you not have waited until after this public disclosure of this—this—yes, I will say it—this infamous will?"

"I was merely acting under orders," answered the lawyer. "And you forget that Squire Trethyn was alive then."

"But did it never occur to you that this will would possibly be disputed?"

"Disputed!" said the lawyer, raising his brows in amazement.

"Yes; why not?" demanded Sir Charles.

"But you can't."

"But I can," persisted Sir Charles, "and p'raps will before long, too."

"On what ground can you do it?"

"On the ground of the insanity of the testator," answered Sir Charles angrily.

"Insanity!" echoed the lawyer, and the word was re-echoed by all present.

"My husband, Sir Charles," said Lady Trethyn, "was not insane."

"Nothing like it," said Stephen Grainger emphatically.

"Wasn't he, madam?" answered Sir Charles, ignoring the agent altogether. "Well, p'raps you will tell me how any sane man could make such a will? Why, that thing," pointing contemptuously to the will fluttering in the hand of the excited, though undemonstratively so, lawyer, "is a standing proof of his insanity."

"Sir Charles," pleaded the lawyer impressively, "I think we must endeavour to keep ourselves with-

in bounds. We must be careful—”

“Tell me this, Jeffries,” cried the irate knight, suddenly facing the lawyer; “can you prove that Squire Trethyn was not insane? I mean at the time he dictated this will to you?”

“He was as sane as I am,” answered the lawyer.

“But he was in a towering rage. You’ve said so much already.”

“Yes, but—”

“But that’s one form of madness,” interpolated Sir Charles.

Lawyer Jeffries looked at his disputant in bewilderment.

“I hope, Sir Charles,” he said slowly, “that you are not going to take up that ground and act upon it. It would be very inconvenient for all concerned if you did, and could not possibly do any one any good. Nothing could ever come of it.”

“I don’t know what I may do yet,” replied Sir Charles doggedly, “but I’m thoroughly disgusted with the will.”

“The reading of all wills,” said the lawyer, “always brings dissatisfaction to some, but—”

“None equal to this!” cried Sir Charles. “This is barefaced injustice.”

“Well, shall we now hear the end of it?” asked Mr. Thornleigh, anxious to put an end to unseemly discussion.

“Ay, go on with it, Jeffries,” said Sir Charles; “nothing worse than we already know can now be told us.”

A few moments sufficed for the lawyer to finish the reading of the will, and then he commenced to fold it up leisurely, looking round upon the assembled company as if expectant of some cross-questioning. If such were his thoughts, then he had not long to wait.

“Then, Mr. Jeffries,” asked Mr. Thornleigh, “though this young stranger is the heir, he does not

come into immediate possession? Am I right?”

“You are, sir,” answered the lawyer. “Mr. Arthur Trethyn will only come into actual possession upon the death of Lady Trethyn. She, while she lives, is to be virtual owner.”

“Thank goodness!” cried Sir Charles Montgomery. “May her ladyship live another fifty years yet.”

“But the young Australian, you say,” persisted Mr. Thornleigh, “is to enjoy an annuity until such time arrives, paid out of the estate’s revenues.”

“Paid out of the estate’s revenues,” repeated the lawyer. “One thousand pounds, in quarterly instalments.”

“I am thankful to learn,” said Mr. Thornleigh, “of the bountiful way in which the Squire has provided for his daughters. Five hundred pounds each, annually, for life?”

Lawyer Jeffries nodded his answer. “Yes.”

“From what I gather, Jeffries,” queried Sir Charles Montgomery, “there’s no likelihood of there being any change in the occupancy of the Manor for years?”

“Not excepting some woefully untoward incident were to arise,” said the lawyer.

“And that practically things will continue as they are?”

“Yes. Mr. Stephen Grainger here is still to manage the estate.”

“Yes, and gets five hundred pounds down, also?”

“Yes; you, as trustee for the heir and executor, will have to arrange with Lady Trethyn for the payment of it.”

“And Sir Charles, in conjunction with Lady Trethyn, manages the estate?” asked the rector.

“Exactly,” answered the lawyer.

For a few moments there was a pause, Sir Charles Montgomery knitting his brows the while, and

drumming his fingers on the table before him.

"Jeffries," said Sir Charles slowly, "I'm not sure that I shall act."

"But why, Sir Charles?" queried the lawyer; "your services, you know, would be of inestimable value to us."

"Nevertheless, I think I shall withdraw. Had my services been required to act on behalf of the rightful heir I would not have demurred. Nay, I would have acted readily, and with the greatest of pleasure. But I cannot, on any consideration, be a party to this fraud."

"Fraud," said the lawyer, "is a hard name."

"What else would you call it?" demanded Sir Charles.

"Anything but that," said the lawyer. "But we cannot stop now to argue the point. Am I to take it, Sir Charles, as your fixed determination not to act in this matter? Don't you think you might decide differently if we delay it for a day or two?"

"But," observed Stephen Grainger, "why should you press Sir Charles? If he won't act there's an end of it, and some one else must be appointed."

Sir Charles suddenly faced the agent, glowering almost fiercely upon him.

"So you want me to retire, do you?" he fairly shouted. "Then I sha'n't. All right, Jeffries," he continued, with strange perversity, "you can rely upon me. I'll do the work imposed upon me thoroughly."

"My dear Sir Charles," began the agent plausibly.

"Don't 'dear sir' me," cried Sir Charles testily. "I don't want to hear anything you've got to say. I believe I hear quite sufficient already, and if half of what I do hear be true, more than one-half of the troubles on the Trethyn es-

tates is due to you. So no familiarity, please."

As the agent listened to these words his face assumed a hard-set expression. He felt grievously insulted, but he had wisdom enough not to reply. Sir Charles Montgomery was going to be his new master, and to have retorted angrily upon him would only have made matters worse. But Stephen Grainger registered a vow in his heart, and from that time henceforth looked upon Sir Charles as his deadliest enemy.

Ill news travels quickly, and in a very brief time the disinheriting of Edward Trethyn had spread through the whole of the Trethyn parish. It was carried on the wings of the wind, right, left, north and south. Men discussed it in the pits; the shopkeepers gossiped of it with their customers; it was even whispered to Rhoda in the midst of her school duties; it was lamented over the tea-tables of every home in Trethyn; and the general consensus of opinion was that "It was a sorry day for Trethyn."

A sorry day after years proved it to be, when conflict between the Manor and the people was rife, and when the new and alien heir came into possession. A sorry day, not only for the people, but also for Lady Trethyn and her daughters, who, by the action of this Mr. Arthur Bourne, were practically shut out of their inheritance. A sorry day for the whole neighbourhood when Stephen Grainger reigned supreme, and, without let or hindrance, worked his own sweet will in Trethyn. For that undesirable time was coming, and the arrangements entered into upon that day for the management of the estates, in which Sir Charles Montgomery was to be jointly responsible with Lady Trethyn, were not destined for long endurance. A time was coming, was already

much nearer at hand than any one suspected, when Sir Charles would resign his office in sheer disgust, and wash his hands of the Trethyn estates; and when Lady Trethyn, broken down with grief and trial, should allow things to slip and slide, to get beyond her management and control; and when once happy and contented Trethyn, slighted and forsaken by an alien heir, should be left to the tender mercies of the wicked Stephen Grainger.

Then would this unhallowed will bring forth its fruit.

CHAPTER XIII.

ESCAPE.

The Saturday night following the events recorded in the last chapter was club-night at the Garter Sick and Benefit Society, the same club, you will remember, for which Edward Trethyn on one occasion audited the books, and thus brought down upon his head the ire of the Reverend Mr. Thornleigh, who had particularly wanted his help in the preparations for the grand bazaar. The club met fortnightly, and held its meetings in the long room over the Blue Pig. Not a place, you may think, very conducive to the best interests of either the club itself or its members. Well, many of the wives of Trethyn might have agreed with your thinking, and some of them, at least, could have told you many sad tales of misery in connection with it. The fact was, scarcely a single Saturday passed without some of the poor creatures being made to suffer loss because of the doings of the Blue Pig. It was this way. When club-night came the men went to the club to pay their subscriptions, a little piece of business which need not have detained them

more than a few minutes. But many of the men habitually made a much longer stay, and looked upon the club-room as the rendezvous of social and jolly fellows, whose company was best cultivated over a mug of beer or a bottle of porter. These men, some of them really fine fellows and comely-looking men, too, who left their homes early in the evening clean, bright, and sober, to go to pay their contributions at the Garter, often came home in the small hours of the morning dull-eyed, heavy, filthy, and drunken.

But to-night things have not yet reached this lamentable state, nor are they destined to do so. Presently the conversation turns upon the Trethyn troubles.

"So Stephen Grainger finds that he can't have all his own way," says one of the men, with a slur in his tone.

"Ay, that he does," respond several voices in chorus.

"An' he'll find out more'n that ere long," says the first speaker.

"His game's stopped," speaks another emphatically. "Thought he'd got you nicely, old chap, didn't he?"

The question is addressed to Rake Swinton, who, since the reading of Squire Trethyn's will, has returned to the parish from where he has been in hiding.

"That's a fact, he did," replies Rake; "but Sir Charles Montgomery has pulled him up tight and strong. He's a regular brick, is Sir Charles."

"Says not a blessed man is to be prosecuted for the riot, doesn't he?" asks some one else.

"Not a blessed one," answers Rake. "The whole affair is to be allowed to drop."

"The fact is," says one of the men, "Sir Charles will do nothin' what young squire would not do. He says he knows it was Mr. Edward's wish that no one should be

took for the riot, an' therefore he'll not allow it."

"Wonder what Stephen Grainger feels like o'er his house."

"D'ye, Rake?" queries one of the men, shutting one eye and looking askance at him. "I wonder what the chap feels like that set it afire," and a hearty laugh goes round the table.

"Say, you chaps," cried Rake, "don't you be foolish. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to say who the chap was."

"So it would, so it would," says one of the men merrily, and then the loud laugh goes round again.

"I be mortal sorry for poor Mr. Edward," says one of the men kindly. "It's a great misfortune."

"All his troubles be coming on him at once," replies another. "What is it Shakespeare says about trouble not coming as single spies but as battalions?"

"So they does," cry several of the men.

"As if it weren't enough for 'em to charge him with the murder, wi'out robbin' him of his rights."

At that moment there is a loud noise and commotion heard on the stairs, and then some one is heard saying jubilantly and emphatically:

"I tell ye it's Gospel truth," and at the words a lusty cheer goes up from several voices.

"What's Gospel truth?" queries Rake Swinton, going to the head of the stairs and shouting the question down.

"Ay, lad, it is," answers some one from the gloom on the stairs.

"What is?" bawls Rake; "don't ye un'erstan'? What are ye talkin' 'bout?"

"About young squire, o' course—Mr. Edward!" shouts the man in return. "He's escaped!"

"Escaped!" cries Rake, scarcely believing his ears.

"Escaped!" echoed a dozen voices from within the club-room. "Young squire escaped!" and in

their eagerness the men leaped to their feet excitedly, knocking over several of their mugs of beer.

"Ay, he's gone and got free! Hurrah!"

As the full meaning of the words dawns upon those in the club-room the deafening cheer is taken up by all of them—a ringing, glad, exultant cheer, which brings up from the Blue Pig's bar all the men loitering there to learn the cause of it, and which, heard in the street, arrests the feet of passers-by, who stand and look up wonderingly to the windows of the club-room.

"Give it o'er 'gain, chaps," cries Rake Swinton, flinging his cap into the air in a delirium of joy. "Hip! hip! hip!—" and then, louder than before, and still louder and louder, three times three, the mighty paean of gladness goes up once again from threescore lusty throats, making the very rafters ring.

"What's the cause of all the cheering?" asks some one in the street.

"Young squire's free!" shouts the landlord of the Blue Pig, who has gone to the door on the pretence of getting an airing, but really to spread the good news to those outside.

"Free!" is the cry which breaks from several voices, and then quite a crowd of people cluster round the Blue Pig's landlord for confirmation of the news.

"Ay, it is so," he says joyously.

"Then they have got the right murderer?" asks one.

"Not as I knows of," replies the landlord; "all I know is that Mr. Edward is 'scaped. Got clear away from them. One of the men inside"—pointing over his shoulder with his great fat thumb—"just got the news from Constable Churchill."

Once again goes up the cheering, this time up towards the

naked heavens, and soon people come flocking from all directions to learn the cause. And as each batch of fresh comers hear it again and again, and yet again, goes up the triumphant shout.

Presently the window of the club-room is thrown open, and Rake Swinton looks upon the crowd below, now filling and blocking the street—a dense mass of human beings. Rake, with many of the members of the Garter Club pressing round him, stands a moment surveying the scene.

“Chaps!” he cries at length, looking down upon the multitude, “give it once more, loud and strong,” and instantly the wings of the wind carry the glad sounds far and wide, causing scores more to crowd upon the scene.

“Men of Trethyn,” shouts Rake Swinton through the window, “this is a glad day! Young squire’s free, and if you’re all of the same mind as me an’ the men of the Garter here, he’ll never be took ’gain.”

“Never! never!” cry a hundred throats; but some one in the club whispers to Rake, “Have a care, lad; have a care.”

“We must keep him with us,” shouts Rake, “an’ defend him from bein’ blamed for what he ’asn’t done. D’ye hear, men of Trethyn?”

“That we do,” respond the crowd.

“Listen, then,” cries Rake. “Should any of you chaps happen to come ’cross young squire, or get to know where he’s hiding, let your tongue blister afore ye tells it. He’s our frien’, is young squire, an’ we must stan’ by him. If they keep him out o’ his rights, they sha’n’t keep him a prisoner. I say we’ll protect him, men of Trethyn, won’t we?”

And again the ready answer

comes from the crowd, now like the mighty thunder’s roar.

Quickly, quickly speeds the news, until at length all Trethyn has heard it, and is stirred to its very depths. Men can do nothing but talk about it, and the streets grow crowded with people. The fear that Rhoda had expressed to Edward about flight being presumptive evidence of guilt does not occur to the people of Trethyn, at least not just now, and when it does afterwards the bulk of the people are in no mood to entertain it, for their sympathies are all with Edward.

After a brief time Stephen Grainger hears the news. He is on his way to the Cane Row when he suddenly meets Constable Churchill.

“You seem in a desperate hurry, constable?” cried the agent on seeing him.

“Oh! Mr. Grainger, is that you?”

“Does it look like any one else?”

“Have you come from the Manor, sir?” questions the constable excitedly.

“Yes,” replied the agent; “is there anything wrong?”

“Is Mr. Edward at the Manor?”

“Mr. Edward?”

The words leave the agent’s mouth like the explosion from a small cannon, while astonishment, anger, and perplexity overspread his countenance.

“Yes, Mr. Edward?” still queries the constable. “He’s escaped.”

“Escaped from the police-station?”

“Yes; isn’t he up at the Manor?”

“No; I should rather think not,” replies the agent. “Let him dare to go there. But, constable, how did it happen?”

Constable Churchill had no time to stop to explain matters, and at

once hastens away, leaving the agent's questions to be answered by a stranger who has just come upon the scene—a stranger of whom the reader has once heard before, but as yet has not met.

"I was informed down there," pointing in a direction which might mean anywhere, or nowhere in particular, "that the affair is yet shrouded in much mystery."

"But whose fault is it?" presses the agent.

"Nobody's," answers the stranger. "From what I can gather, it is just one of those things which have to be."

"Nobody's fault," repeats the astonished agent. "Here's a man imprisoned for murder; he is waiting for his trial, and is placed in the custody of half a dozen constables, with strong-rooms, locks, keys, chains, bolts, and I don't know what else at their disposal, and yet despite all these things the constables are fools enough to let the prisoner escape. And then we are told it was nobody's fault."

"Did you know the man?" asks the stranger.

"Know him? Too much of him, sir! He has always been an obstacle to me and my work."

"To your work?" queries the stranger, as if not understanding him.

"Yes, sir. I am the agent on the Trethyn estate."

"If that be the case," replies the stranger, "you're just the gentleman who perhaps will be able to inform me where I may procure suitable apartments. I am a stranger here."

Stephen Grainger shakes his head.

"Not in my line," he says. "I've enough to do on this estate without bothering myself as to lodging-houses."

"I am sorry for that," replies the imperturbable stranger, "for I

thought you were just the likely man to know."

"Business here?" asks the agent somewhat dubiously, and despite of his hauteur allowing his inquisitiveness to get the better of him.

"I am an artist—photographic artist—"

"One of those men with cameras—those everlasting humbugs who are forever prying into everybody's business but their own?"

The artist-stranger smiles.

"You're interested in photography?" he says.

"Interested!" storms the agent. "I'd smash up every camera that was set up in Trethyn if I had my way."

"Just so," says the artist, keeping his temper wonderfully well; "you have evidently some interest in photography."

"Man!" cries Stephen Grainger, "didn't you hear me say I hadn't? You're a fool." And in anger the agent furiously stalks away, leaving the calmly-smiling artist looking after him.

"Humph!" he says, when at length the agent is beyond his sight; "so that's Mr. Stephen Grainger, is it? Well, Stephen, my fine gentleman, p'raps you and I shall get better acquainted before long. But it's an odd thing, Stephen, that you don't like the camera. A guilty conscience, Stephen? Ah, well, we shall see, we shall see." And onwards, slowly onwards, with his hands behind his back, his brow knit in thought, and his head downwards, Detective Carlyle wends his way to the centre of the parish.

Still speeds the news. Half a dozen excited chapel-people, on learning it, rush into Seth Roberts' house, and inform him of it.

"I have already heard it, good friends," says Seth quietly.

"An' ain't you glad 'cause of

it?" cries Jehu Morris, wondering at the fireman's demeanour.

"I'm more'n glad, friends," he says; "I'm devoutly thankful. I only hope no one will suffer for it."

"Why, Seth," replies Jehu, "how can anyone suffer for it?"

The old fireman is confused, and scarcely knows what to answer, but he mutters something about strange things being done "in these days, you know."

Rhoda at this moment comes out from the little parlour and greets her father's friends. She is very, very careful to close the parlour door after her.

"What d'ye think of the news, Rhoda?" queries George Ford; "isn't it grand?"

"It is," she answers simply.

"But I thought you would have been elated with it, both Seth and you," says George.

"And so we are, George," answers Rhoda; but for the life of him neither George nor any of the others could understand their almost passive calmness.

"Rhoda," says George in low, earnest tones, as he lingers a moment behind the rest on departure, and while Stephen Harris and Jehu Morris are engaging the fireman in conversation upon some chapel business, "are you not well to-night?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, George," she replies.

"You seem down-hearted."

"I'm far from that," she says.

George looks lovingly into her face, and a strong feeling comes over him to tell the beautiful Rhoda how much he loves her. But his companions are ready now, and waiting for him at the door.

"I fear, Rhoda," he says sympathetically, "that your school-work is trying you too much. Ill or not, you look ill. You must take care of yourself, Rhoda," and pressing her hand gently he bids her a feeling adieu.

Seth comes in from the door again, quietly closes it, carefully fastens the hasp, goes to the lamp and turns down the light, and then follows Rhoda into the little parlour and sits down in the darkness.

"Are they all gone?" asks a ghostly voice from a far corner.

"All gone, Mr. Edward," said Seth, "so that you may make your mind at ease. For the present, however, you're safe enough here."

"Yes, for the present," says Edward, "for to-night; but I must fly from here before daybreak. Your home would sure to be suspected."

"No one," says Seth, "will suspect my home more'n 'nother. Why should it be suspected?"

Edward does not know why, but his nervousness and fear lead him to say it.

"It's known now all through the parish," says Rhoda, speaking of the escape.

"An' fine an' glad the people be," says Seth. "George Ford says they're mad with excitement, an' a-cheering an' a-cheering all through the streets. The men at the Garter Club set it a-going."

An expression of thankfulness, which, however, cannot be seen in the darkness of the room, passed for a moment over Edward's countenance, only to give place again to that settled one now of apprehension and despair.

"Has it transpired, think you," queries Edward, "how my escape was effected?"

"I think not," replies the fireman, "but I'll go out and see. I'll take a walk through the parish and learn what I can. I won't stay away long, and you may 'spect me back in 'bout an hour's time."

Seth rises, takes down his overcoat, which Rhoda assists him to put on, saying that it is a raw night, and that he must button it up under his chin.

"Wonder what Lady Trethyn thinks on it?" queries Seth.

"Oh! my poor mother will be heartbroken," cries Edward.

"Could you trust yerself to see her?"

Edward does not speak. He does not know what to speak. Dearly he would love to see his mother, but there would be an awful risk.

"Well, cheer up, Mr. Edward," says Seth. "God's on our side, and things may yet be all arranged."

"I think we may venture on a little light," says Rhoda, returning to the parlour.

"Will it be safe?" tremblingly asks Edward.

"What can harm whom God doth keep?" she replies.

"The shutters are fast," she says, "and what with the thick curtains, not a ray of light can be seen through any chink outside. But, Edward, oh, Edward, how ill you look!"

"I'm not ill, dear Rhoda, but I'm nervous. It's been a trying time for both of us."

"You must be brave, Edward dear," she whispers, "and bear up for my sake."

"I shall never be able to repay you, Rhoda," he weeps, "for your kindness and goodness to me. God Himself must reward you."

"Edward," she says, "I've something to tell you. The barrier has broken down between us, and I can now give myself to you."

"Rhoda!" he ejaculates despite his fears, "it is too late now. I'm disinherited, and even were I yet heir to Trethyn, it would never do for you to give yourself to a man upon whose character such a stigma is cast as is on mine."

"Dearest Edward," she says, looking sweetly up into his face, "your character to me is blameless, and to all who are not wilfully blind."

"But, Rhoda, were I free tomorrow, I am but a pauper now."

"A great wrong has been done you, Edward," she says; "but it is you I love, and not what you've lost. Nay—and forgive me for saying it—I can consort with you more equally now."

Their hearts are beating very fast and their pulses leaping.

"Tell me, Rhoda, was my heirship the barrier?"

"No," she replied; "we will talk of that some time again. I only want you to know now that it is broken down—quite down. I am satisfied of it now. Edward—dear Edward, you don't know what lies before you. How long or how short your exile, God only knows. But through it all always believe that your own Rhoda trusts you, believes in you, and loves you."

"God bless you, Rhoda, dear," he murmurs, "my best and truest friend."

He raises her face to his and kisses it passionately.

"I will go away stronger for your kind words," he says, "and in my darkest hours I will be cheered by them. But, Rhoda, I will come back again. God will not allow me to be wholly down-trodden. When my innocence is established I will come back again and claim you mine. And though I be poor, I shall learn to work, and shall be able to earn my bread."

"Yes; I know you will come back, Edward. I've prayed for it, and God always answers faithful prayers."

"I don't know where I shall go to," he says presently, "but I'll see you at times. I will come up to the window and tap at it. If you hear the tapping you will know it is me."

"Oh, Edward!" she cried, "you must not risk it. . . There! that's father tapping now. He's returned. I will go and let him in."

PALMYRA AND ZENOBIA.*



MOONLIGHT VIEW OF PALMYRA.

One of the most fascinating books we have ever read is Dr. Wright's "Palmyra and Zenobia." It was written partly in the saddle, partly in the tent, and almost wholly amid the scenes and adventures which it describes. It abounds therefore, in local colouring and recals incidents of a residence in Syria during nine stirring years.

Dr. Wright is one of the scholarly editors of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and, as agent in Damascus of that great institution, traversed over and over again the length and breadth of Syria, planting Christian schools and distributing the Word of God. He is an eminent authority on Oriental archaeology. His books on "The Empire of the Hittites," and his work as editor of Nelson's "Bible Treasury" are proofs of his scholarship and critical acumen.

* "An account of Palmyra and Zenobia, with Travels and Adventure: in Bashan and the Desert. By Dr. William Wright. With eighty illustrations and thirty-two full-page engravings. London: Nelson & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.50.

This book deals with a region invested with romantic interest and stirring associations. It is brought out in the best style of the great publishing house of the Nelsons', with eighty illustrations and forty-two full-page engravings. These pictures are of photographic fidelity, and reveal better than pages of description the stately architecture now in ruins, and the stirring scenes of desert life.

The only ruins in Syria that will at all compare with those at Baalbec are the remains of the city of Palmyra, the "Tadmor in the wilderness," built by Solomon. (1 Kings ix. 18; 2 Chron. viii. 4.) The clustered columns are far more numerous than at Baalbec, but none of them are of such stupendous size. One colonnade was originally more than a mile in length. The great central square was over 700 feet on each side. One hundred of the more than fifteen hundred columns, with two crumbling triumphal arches, still remain; but the thousand statues of the heroes and gods, with the carved plinths and capitals, lie in tumbled confusion on the ground.

An evidence of the great population of

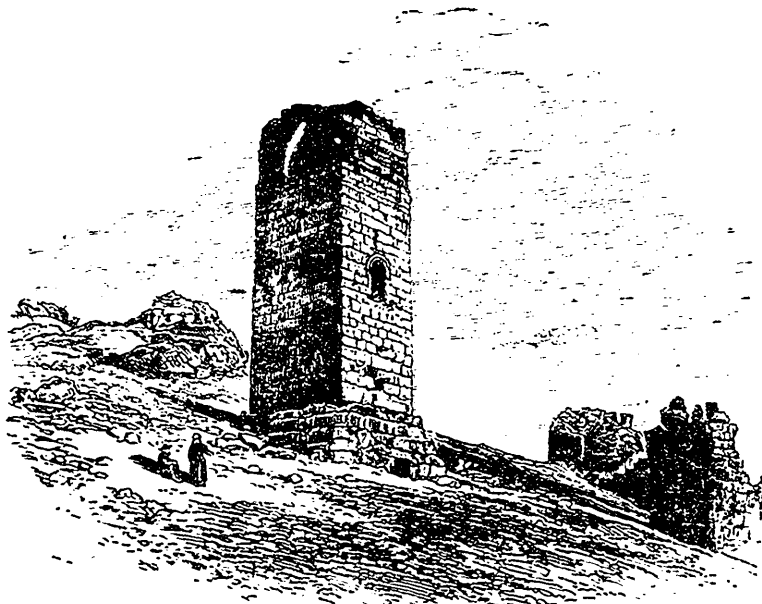
Palmyra is the vast cemetery, containing a number of towers of silence in every stage of dilapidation. One of these is shown in the cut on this page. It had places for four hundred and eighty bodies.

Here was the school of the sublime Longinus and the throne of the noble Zenobia, after whom are still named many of the maidens of the East. For a thousand years after Solomon, it is not mentioned in history, but it rose to fame in the early Christian centuries. The Roman Emperor Adrian adorned the city with many of its greatest temples and colonnades and gave it his own name, Adrianopolis. The brief but bril-

with the most dramatic effect to the most splendid *dénoûment*. The thrill of expectancy and delight is a rich reward for all our fatigue."

The magnificent temple covered 640,000 square feet, and in going round it one walks more than a mile. Around one court were 374 columns 70 feet high. Its columns placed end to end would reach six miles.

"Within we find the whole area of the temple filled with clay-daubed huts, so that we can only get an idea of the place by climbing over them. We pass on straight to the Holy of Holies, which we explore with our handkerchiefs held to



BURIAL TOWER, PALMYRA.

liant career of Zenobia, her defeat and capture by Aurelian, and the gorgeous pageant, in which, with a long train of captives of many lands, loaded with golden fetters, she was led in triumph to Rome, make one of the most striking episodes in history.

Dr. Wright thus describes his approach to Palmyra: "After the bare, monotonous desert, we come gradually on a scene of enchantment, and though we have come expressly to see the scene, it breaks upon us as a surprise; not all at once, but increasing at every step—castle, and tower and temple, and serried lines of Corinthian capitals, seen in part, and in such a way as to suggest more, lead up

our noses, for the inmost shrine is the cesspool of the community. We hurry out to the fresh air; but it is not fresh, for all the offal and filth of the houses are flung out into the narrow lanes, and lie rotting in the sun. Wherever we go among these human dens there reek filth and squalor, and the hot, pestiferous atmosphere of an ill-kept sty. Such is now the state of that gorgeous temple which the proud Tadmorenes raised to their gods, which were no gods, and where they glorified one another in monuments of perishable stone."

Dr. Wright brought with him three thirty-foot ladders carried on the back of a mule. "That mule," he says, "was a

wag. He would rush into the centre of a crowd, with the ladders on his back, stop suddenly, and, with the most comical expression on his countenance, wheel right round, and make a clean sweep of the party. And sometimes he would take a fancy to a cavalier, and go tilting after him, down the plain at full speed, evidently with intent to ram him down.

"Remonstrances were unavailing, for a thirty-foot ladder reaches further than a whip; and with his load of ladders he would go point blank at the most wrathful horseman.

"A Turkish soldier, who had got a punch in the back, rushed up valiantly to chastise 'The Father of Ladders,' as the mule was called; but before he reached the object of his wrath a sweep of the ladders unhorsed him, to the great amusement of all the spectators."

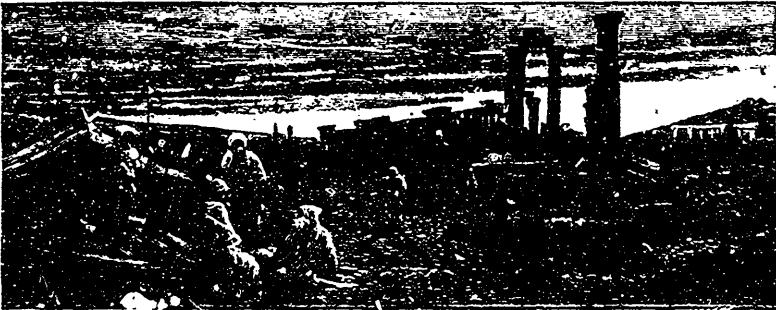
At last his Druse song was recognized, and he was got out with a grappling-iron.

He tells a good story of one of his companions, a wealthy banker, an enthusiast in gathering curios. This amateur collector exhibited one day a find of remarkable value. "There," said he, disclosing a little ivory figure, "look at that. It is pure Grecian, of the best period. See the expression, the feeling, the spirituality of that idol. I have little doubt that it once belonged to Zenobia, and one cannot wonder that the lovely woman worshipped so lovely an object."

A lady of the party exclaimed, "Why, you goose, it's the head of your own umbrella."

The Arabs had stolen his umbrella handle and sold it to him for ten times its weight in gold.

Dr. Wright gives a striking revelation



RUINS OF PALMYRA.

Exploring one day at Palmyra Dr. Wright dropped into a pitch-dark dungeon. Lighting his magnesian wire, he found himself surrounded by the embalmed bodies of the dead. He thought of the Scripture: "Hell (Sheol) from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee." (Isa. xiv. 9.) When his wire burned out he was in total darkness. He made many efforts by piling up tiles and bones to escape, but in vain. He writes thus: "It soon became a struggle for life, and in the darkness I lost a good deal of time in finding the exact spot on which to place the tiles when I had succeeded in drawing them from under the fleshless skeletons.

"In the midst of my operations, I heard footsteps overhead. I made all the noise I could, singing the Druse war-song, which carries a great burden of sound. I heard voices, and believed I was heard; but the sound of voices and of the footfalls died away."

of the wretched misgovernment of the Turks. The peasants pay "blackmail" to the Bedawin, and exorbitant taxes to the Turkish authorities. The Bedawins enforce their claim by cutting off the ears of peasants from the defaulting villages, and by carrying off a number of the children into the desert; the latter plan always brings the villages to terms. The Turks enforce their claims by imprisoning the village Sheiks in foul, pestiferous styes, without food, till they have paid "the uttermost farthing."

The *Levant Herald*, of 12th August, 1874, referring to this subject, pointed out that "three villages, not the most important, had lost during the year 7,680 sheep and goats, fifty-five camels, thirty-two donkeys, and an enormous amount of other property, besides shepherds and drivers killed and wounded. The other villages had suffered equal losses, and the people were in a state of despair." They plough and sow and reap, with primed musketslung from their shoulders.

More than once Dr. Wright and party were in peril of their lives from the plundering Arabs. Once he was shot, and one of the slugs remained in his body for thirteen years. Challenged by a couple of armed robbers, the following scene took place :

“ ‘Shallah!’—‘Surrender!’—shouted again one of my would-be despoilers, the words hissing from between his white teeth as we sat on our steeds staring at each other.

“ Keeping my finger on the trigger, and my eye on the robbers, I said, very slowly and calmly : ‘ You are both absolutely in my power. I can fire twenty shots with this gun, and six with this revolver, before you have time to lift a hand. Ask pardon from God, and plant your spears instantly in the ground, and I will spare you.’ ”

He invited the Arabs to lunch, and tried to explain that Christians were never made by the sword, as Mohammedans had been, but by love, faith, and voluntary surrender ; and then, giving to one the Gospel of St. John in Arabic, and to the other the Gospel of St. Matthew, and exacting from both a promise that they would read the portions, he remounted his mare and galloped off. One of the robbers met him long after and followed him with dog-like fidelity.

Dr. Wright describes a vault at Damascus, which we ourselves have seen, in which were gathered the fragments of some seven thousand Christians mur-

dered in 1860. When the order was given to stop the massacre, all the pieces of the mutilated Christians that the dogs had left were deposited in this mausoleum.

In the Christian cemetery also lies the beautiful and cultured Lady Ellenborough, known at Damascus as “ the Honourable Mrs. Digby El-Miserab,” who lost her way in London in the seething slough of fashionable society, and after a wild, passionate, and reckless career, closed her days in peace, as the wife of a Bedawi Sheikh, and died in the Christian faith, “ In sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection.”

The accounts of his exploring in Bashan and at Bozra are full of adventure. As he entered an Arab village to distribute his Bibles, he says :

“ We were startled to hear an almost Scripture expression drop from his passionate lips. ‘ These people have turned the world upside down in Beyrout and Damascus, and they are come here also.’ ” Yet the people throughout the Hauran were hungry for the Word of Life, and all his supply was soon exhausted.

The whole country, now almost a wilderness, is studded with ruins of ancient civilizations, with temples, tombs, monuments, columned palaces, and castled heights. The fate of these which, by their wrecked and ruined splendour, strikingly illustrate the fulfilment of prophecy and eloquently proclaim : “ Heaven and earth shall pass away but my word shall not pass away.”

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

These works very clearly present to us the results of the philosophical and theological activity of recent years. It is now a quarter of a century or more since the reaction from a materialistic and agnostic philosophy set in both in England and Germany. During that

period we have been witnesses of a noble effort of philosophy to construct a system which shall do justice to the spiritual as well as to the sensible side of the universe. At the same time we have witnessed equally earnest efforts on the part of a great body of truly religious Christian men to arrive at a unity of faith and

* “ The Philosophy and Development of Religion.” The Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh, 1894, by Otto Pfeleiderer, D.D., Professor of Theology, University of Berlin. Edinburgh and London : W. Blackwood & Sons.

“ Christianity and Idealism. The Christian Ideal of Life in its Relation to the Greek and Jewish Ideals and to Modern

Philosophy.” By John Watson, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen’s University, Kingston, Canada. London and New York : The Macmillan Co.

“ Morality and Religion.” The Kerr Lectures for 1893-94. By Rev. James Kidd, B.D., Minister of Erskine Church, Glasgow. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark.

reason which shall hold fast to all verities revealed by each. But it would be altogether too much to claim that the goal has been already attained on either side. There are still good orthodox Christians who, if they no longer hurl anathemas at science and philosophy, yet have a very suspicious dread of all that emanates from such quarters. And so, also, we think science and philosophy even at their best have failed to fathom all the depth of truth revealed in true religion, and so still give ear, at times, to delusive historical as well as metaphysical theories. The volumes before us are not the product of the agnostic or sceptical spirit, and even the most conservative of them cannot be charged with an irrational traditionalism. They all represent a religious spirit, the spirit which would conserve religion in harmony with reason. But they reveal to us the fact that even this spirit has its varieties, we might truly say its opposing schools. The work before us is all linked to Scotland, the land of metaphysics and an ancient orthodoxy which is rapidly passing away. Here is a German professor lecturing in Edinburgh, a Scotch pastor lecturing to a Scotch theological hall, and a Scotch professor lecturing in California, but all turning their thoughts and eyes in the same direction. Each one endeavours to give us a rational philosophy of morality and religion. The German approaches his subject from the purely philosophical point of view, and by the aid of historical criticism attempts to clear his ground of all inconvenient material, placing his entire work upon a purely naturalistic basis. To him Christianity, stripped of all its accretions, is simply the highest form of natural religion. He has, perhaps, excelled all other writers in this direction in incorporating into his natural system a larger share of the spiritual elements of Christianity than has been before attempted, but with a relentless logic and criticism he severs this spiritual substance from its old historic setting and presents it to us as an abstract idealism which heretofore has been embodied in myth, but is now extracted and presented as a pure essence. We know that the old concrete historical Christianity has been the power of God unto salvation. We wonder whether the new abstract philosophical form possesses the same power. Like Saul's armour, it has not yet been proved, and we fear our young Davids would be helpless in it.

The Scottish pastor, as might be expected, approaches the subject from the directly opposite point of view. He holds fast to his historic foundations and uses philosophy to explain the facts, both of our moral nature and of our religious life and history, and in this explanation he does not find it necessary to eliminate the supernatural. He finds, indeed, a natural basis for both morality and religion in the idealistic philosophy, and also a natural relation between the two. He finds illustrations of these in Vedism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, as well as in Christianity, and so recognizes the historical character of natural religion. But while thus recognizing a system of evolution under natural law in both morals and religion, and so meeting the scientific and philosophical spirit of the age, when he comes to Jesus Christ he finds in Him a true intervention of God, and so Christianity is presented, with its doctrines of the Fall, the divinity of Christ, the atonement and salvation, without essential modification.

This entirely different result certainly implies a different method of treating his subject, and we do not follow our author very far in his work before we discover the nature of this difference. To the German professor there is but one thing to be considered, *viz.*, the successive links in the chain of evolution, and as successive links he places morality, religion, and all other events of human history as well as all material changes. He recognizes ideality, purposiveness, as running through all, but it comes up from the beginning. He speaks of that beginning as God, and it is difficult to avoid saying that all is the evolution of God. In other words the entire evolution is pantheistic, and the purposiveness is a rational principle running through the entire development as its law. But the author with whom we are now dealing denies the existence of any development such as is thus assumed. The only development of which we are cognizant in the world, as it actually appears to us, is a development in environment, and always implies two things, that which is developed and its environment. It seems to us that this position is unassailable as a matter of fact. That which is developed is not infinite but finite; and as such it is developed in the presence and under the influence of a surrounding finite; and behind and above both we must postulate God. The infinite God cannot be

developed. His purposes and works may be. But that very fact proves that these works proceed from Him, not by a law of necessity, but by an act of will. If they came from God by an innate necessity then must they come forth at once and from all eternity in infinite fullness as the Son from the Eternal Father. But if at sundry times and in divers portions, then we know of no cause but will which could direct the times and portions. A law of evolution in nature thus quite as fully demonstrates a personal God as would any arbitrary arrangement, *i.e.*, any arrangement in which we could discover no rational order.

But building from the foundation of a personal God the supernatural expresses the point at which God either originally or continuously is related to his world. God is the Author of nature, and nature is the best exponent of its Author, but all nature leads back to that which is above nature, *i.e.* to the supernatural or to God. It will be seen how completely this Christian philosophy is opposed to a mere naturalism, and how completely it lays the foundation for our entire Chris-

tian system. Building upon this philosophy there is no canon to rule out the supernatural from our history. And thus criticism is freed from the warping influence of a subjective or philosophical preconception, and assumes a purely scientific form, *i.e.*, it asks solely for the facts as revealed by the evidence. From such criticism neither Christianity nor Scripture has anything to fear and everything to gain, for all true religion must be built upon the truth.

Dr. Watson's work does not reach out into the theological sphere as largely as the Kerr lectures, but the great central conception is the same. The ultimate conception by means of which existence must be explained, is that of "a self-conscious and self-determining principle," *i.e.*, a personal God. We think that in expanding this central conclusion of his work he magnifies a little too much the variations from "the popular theology" to which it may lead in the doctrines of the trinity, sin, and atonement. But these are questions of detail in which we think our Methodist theology has immense advantage over the old Calvinism to which the Professor doubtless refers.

Current Topics.

OUR SUPERANNUATES.

No class of the Church's servants have stronger claims upon its generous sympathy and support than its aged superannuates. They have largely contributed to make Methodism in Canada what it is to-day; nay, to make Canada itself what it is to-day. No one can read the accounts of the trials and privations of the fathers and founders of Methodism in "this Canada of ours," of the hardships which they underwent, the sacrifices they made, their heroic endeavours, their passionate zeal, their unwearying love for souls, their ill-requited labours, without a thrill of admiration. Yet not a few of these men still linger among us—men who have been the pioneers and pathfinders of Methodism in the ever-advancing van of civilization and religion. They have been the Church's conscripts, who have fought its most arduous battles and won its most glorious victories. Now that their day of warfare is over, now that they are worn out in its service, it is the privilege and the duty of the Church to support in comfort their declining years.

They have foregone the opportunities of getting rich by secular effort, which were within their reach. They have not shared the material prosperity of those for whom they laboured. The hardy settler to whom, in his log cabin, they broke the bread of life, has seen the forest fall beneath his axe and give place to broad clearings and fertile farms—the log house to the comfortable mansion. He eats the fruit and reaps the reward of his own honest industry in leisured competence. Not so the faithful itinerant. His work was to save souls. He had no time to make money. His was the more glorious harvestage of the skies. All the treasure he could lay up was treasure in heaven. At the call of the Church he removed from place to place—from one field of toil to another—he had no abiding home, nor any opportunity of providing one for his old age.

Is it not the obligation of those who have profited by his labours, and who have grown rich in this world's goods while he has grown poor, to share with him their abundance? to repay, in some degree at least, the incalculable debt they

owe?—as they have received of his spiritual things, to bestow on him temporal things? These venerable men have passed out of the public view of the Church. They have retired into sequestered spots and quiet villages, where their little means may be expended as economically as possible in the support of their closing years. They cannot lead for themselves. They would not if they could. They look to the Church which they served, to the people on whose behalf the years of their prime were given and their best energies expended, to remember them in their age and enforced cessation from their life-toil. In many cases there is only a partial cessation from labour, if even partial; for not a few of our superannuates preach almost every Sunday, for which they receive nothing but the joy of doing good.

Yet, through the depression in trade and the extreme stringency of the times, and the increased demands, through the increase of claimants upon the Superannuated Fund of the Church, that fund has proved inadequate to meet the just claims of those dependent upon it. Year after year their allowance, only too meagre if paid in full, has had to be cut down again and again. All the years of their active service they have been themselves contributing largely to this fund, and it has to a serious degree failed them in the time of their need. It concerns the honour of the Church to come to their aid; to see that their little allowance is at least paid in full, and not year by year subjected to a serious reduction. The Civil Service of the country dispenses a liberal pension to its superannuated servants. So do the municipal corporations. So do great companies and business-houses. So also should the Christian Church.

As the appeal is made in all our societies and classes on behalf of our superannuated ministers, let the response be worthy of the occasion. Let it be largely increased, so as to meet the urgent claims upon it. Let each congregation and every contributor feel that they are giving, not to an impersonal "Society," or to men whom they do not know and have never seen, but that they are discharging a just obligation to their own pastors of former years—to the venerable men whose words of warning awoke their own souls from the slumber of sin, whose words of counsel led them into the way of life; to the true and tried friends who shared their household joys and sorrows, who baptized their children, who stood by them in their

hours of gloom, and spoke words of comfort to their souls as they buried their beloved dead. Let them by loving sympathy and by generous support endeavour to repay in part that debt, and so enable our aged and worn-out ministers to feel that they are not forgotten—that they are beloved and honoured and generously treated by the Church for which they have laboured. As they think of the spiritual children whom in many parts of the land they have begotten, let them be spared the bitterness of feeling in any degree—

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child."

THE CURE FOR SCEPTICISM.

We have very little confidence in the efficacy of mere philosophical arguments, in the pulpit or out of it, or in any attempted "reconciliation" of science and religion, as an antidote of scepticism. Scepticism, we think, is often more moral than intellectual—more of the heart than of the head. The cure, therefore, lies in the realm of the moral nature. If the heart be submitted in all lowliness and teachableness to the law of God, the eyes of the understanding shall be opened, and mysteries of providence and grace, once dark, shall now be luminous, being "spiritually discerned."

Of what use is it to prate of the "reign of law" and the physical objections to the doctrine of the efficacy of prayer to a man who daily holds communion with his Maker, and can say with the great Teacher of prayer: "I know that thou hearest me always." It is not a matter of inference or argument, but of consciousness—of profound personal experience.

"What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible."

Let a man submit to the spiritual conditions of the experiment, and he shall receive a spiritual demonstration of the truth, "if any man will do His will,"—the will of the Father of his spirit—"he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Have the cavillers at Christianity and gainsayers of its truth *tried* this crucial experiment? If not, from the very nature of spiritual truth, they cannot receive a demonstration of its power.

What the Church needs and the world needs is a new pentecost—a baptism with the Holy Ghost and with fire—a mighty

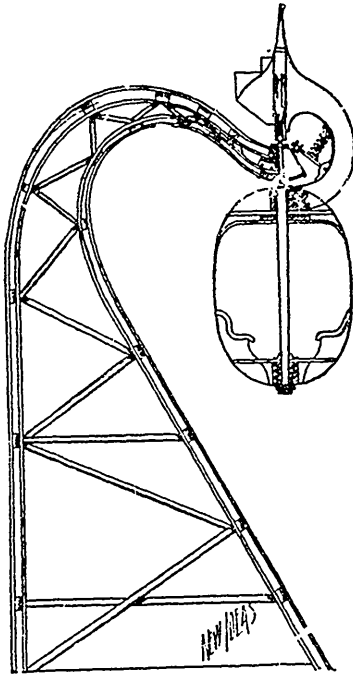
spiritual impulse that shall quicken its dormant moral life, and so mightily convince of sin and of judgment that even persecutors and unbelievers shall cry out, "men and brethren, what shall we do?" Before such a demonstration of the mighty power of God as this, the sophistries of infidelity shall vanish like the mists of midnight at the rising sun. Let, then, our Churches labour and pray and

wait for this. Around is lying a dead world,—dead in trespasses and sins. "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." And, as in the prophet's valley of dry bones, at the breath of the Almighty they shall stand upon their feet, an exceeding great army,—an army of faithful witnesses for Jesus, and valiant soldiers of the Cross.

Science Notes.

ELEVATED RAILWAY SYSTEM.

A novel method of rapid transit was recently patented in the United States by Eugene Laugen, of Cologne, Germany, and which, it is thought by some engineers, will be the railway of the future—

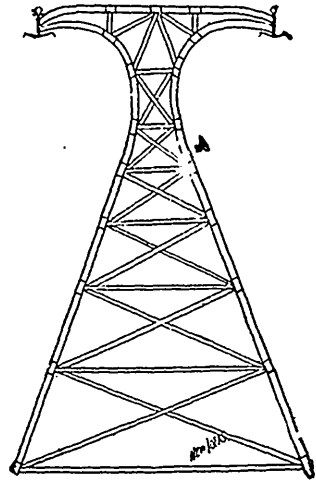


SINGLE TRACK.

at least for passenger and mail transportation. The inventor has already secured patents in England, Belgium, France, Turkey, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, and Austria-Hungary.

The system consists of suspended cars,

running on one rail, and may be built single or double track. In the case of the former one side of the supporting frame is constructed on a curve, so as to bring the suspended car within the supporting base. Both methods are shown in the illustrations. The passengers may be seated facing the centre of the car or the outside. Two short roads of this system are now in operation, one in Ireland



DOUBLE TRACK.

and one in France, and the results exceed even the expectations of their promoters. The Irish railway on this plan connects two towns which are ten miles apart. This distance is frequently covered in five minutes, or at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour for the whole distance, while frequently a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour has been attained—this also with steam engines. A new road is under construction out of

Brussels on which electric motors will be used, with which, it is claimed, a speed of two hundred to three hundred miles an hour may be made when the plan is fully perfected. Even at one hundred and fifty miles per hour the distance between San Francisco and New York could be covered in twenty-four hours. It is claimed for the one-rail system that it can be much more cheaply constructed than any surface road, will work safely around much sharper curves, thus avoiding heavy cuts and fills, and occupy much less space for right of way.

THE SWIFTEST BOAT AFLOAT.

Extraordinary results have followed the application of the steam turbine to marine propulsion. For nearly ten years one of the English engineers—Hon. Charles Parsons—who has been experimenting with this style of engine, has been more or less baffled. He first used a single engine and screw, but this failed to work with success, owing to the “cavitation,” or vacuum, formed behind the propeller. His little craft—*The Turbinia*—was next fitted with three separate turbines “directly coupled to three screw shafts, the turbines being respectively the high pressure, intermediate and low pressure elements of a triple expansion engine.” Successive trials were then made with this turbine-driven 100-foot steamer, each yielding a higher result until, at length, a speed of $32\frac{3}{4}$ knots (about $37\frac{1}{2}$ statute miles) an hour was officially made. This beats the world’s record by about a knot and a half. If this principle can be applied to an ocean steamer, and this rate of speed can be reached and maintained, it will take less than three and a half days to cross the Atlantic. Further than this, the weight of the engine will be reduced three-quarters.—*Zion’s Herald*.

HOW TO MAKE ELEVATORS ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

The margin of safety is naturally extremely generous in elevators, and there are various forms of safety clutches, many of them automatic in their action; but the experience of New York goes to show that none of these can be a full substitute for the air-cushion in the pit. The action of this device in insuring safety is almost magical. In some experiments with such an elevator-well in a famous and altitudinous store the car was taken

to the top of the building and allowed to fall with the brake off. An eye-witness of the experiment says:

“It fell to the top of the pit with tremendous force, and struck the cushion of air with a sound as if it had struck soft earth; it seemed to stop suddenly at the top of the pit and then slowly settled down to the bottom. It was clear that the pit was too small at the top; that the slope of the sides was too slight; that if the escape of air had been freer at the impact, the stopping would have been sensibly gradual. The stop was really gradual, as was shown by the fact that a half-dozen eggs in a paper bag (that I had put on the elevator-floor for the trial) survived the fall without injury.”—From *Scribner’s*.

RAILWAY HOSPITAL CARS.

The latest novelty in foreign rail-roading is the hospital car, designed to serve a double purpose. In the event of a serious accident, these cars can be run to the place of the disaster, where the injured may be picked up and carried to the nearest large city for treatment, instead of being left to pass long hours at some wayside station while awaiting surgical attendance. It also enables the railway companies at certain seasons or upon special occasions to transport large numbers of invalids to health resorts or places of pilgrimage.

The interior of the car is divided into a main compartment, a corridor to one side and two small rooms at the end. The largest compartment is the hospital proper; it contains twenty-four isolated beds. Each patient lies in front of two little windows, which may be closed or opened at will. Each bed is provided with a little movable table, and a cord serves to hold all the various small objects which the patient may require. The corridors on the outside lead to the linen closet and the doctor’s apartment.

A NEW WAY OF BRIDGING A STREAM.

“A novel engineering work has just been commenced at Rouen, France,” says *Electricity*. “It is called a ‘pont transbordeur,’ and serves all the purposes of a bridge while not interfering with the free passage of ships, even of those with masts 150 feet high. Two diminutive Eiffel towers are to be erected, one on each bank of the Seine, three-quarters of a mile below the lowest existing bridge at Rouen, and a narrow iron bridge will be

suspended by chain cables between their heads. It is to be not less than 160 feet from the level of the quays, but it is not intended either for carriages or for foot passengers. Several lines of rail are to be carried along it, and on these a skeleton carriage or platform on wheels will run. This will be dragged from side to side of the river by steel ropes passing over a driving-wheel, to be worked by steam or electricity from one of the banks. To the skeleton platform will be hung, by steel hawsers, at the level of the quays, or 160 feet below the bridge, the transbordeur—a slung carriage—within which passengers and vehicles will be transported from one bank to the other. This carriage is to be forty feet in width by thirty-three feet in length. The electric tramways running on the quays on both sides of the river are to make a connection at this point, and the transbordeur will be fitted to carry the tram-cars so that passengers by them will cross the river without changing their seats."

BALLOON LIFE-BOATS.

The big ocean greyhounds, so it is thought, will soon be equipped with life-boats harnessed to balloons, so as to be practically unsinkable. For example: Cylinders filled with compressed gas will be placed in compartments of the life-boats, and from these the balloon, which will be harnessed with cords to a hollow mast connected with the cylinders, is inflated. The mast, which is iron tubing, is adjustable, and when turned forward,

the big balloon acts as a sail, oars proving quite unnecessary. The combination boat will doubtless prove of the greatest service in saving people far out at sea. In a recent test it was shown that, even with the boat filled with water to the gun-wales, the lifting power of the balloon prevented the craft from either sinking or upsetting.

THE EOPHONE.

A recent issue of the *Marine Journal*, New York, has the following about the eophone:

As is well known, the navigation of vessels at night and during foggy weather is attended with great danger, owing to the extreme difficulty, if not impossibility, of locating or determining the position of the objects, such as vessels, icebergs, the shore, and other obstacles. In such cases recourse is had to acoustic signals, such as fog-horns, bells, whistles, etc., for indicating the presence of danger, such signals being either originated at the distant station or transmitted therefrom by reflection. Experience has demonstrated the unreliability of ordinary acoustic signals under such circumstances as a means for accurately determining the position of the vessel or other object from which the signal is sent.

By the use of the eophone the observer is enabled to determine quickly and with great accuracy the direction of the object or station whence the acoustic signals are transmitted, thus locating the obstruction or other objects.

Book Notices.

The Theology of Modern Fiction. Being the Twenty-Sixth Fernley Lecture. Delivered in Liverpool, July, 1896. By THOMAS G. SELBY. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The fact that this subject was made the theme of the annual theological lecture before the Wesleyan Conference shows the place and influence of fiction in modern thought and reading. That lecture is here expanded into a volume of nearly 200 pages, and is a very fresh and vigorous study of typical masters of fiction. In George Eliot our author discovers a spoiled theologian, and shows the moral earnestness of this great writer, her testimony as to the trustworthiness

of the moral instinct, as to the doctrine of retribution, as to guilt and the demand for mediation. Nathaniel Hawthorne represents the stern Puritan morality of New England. He paints the world of conscience, shows the inward punishment of sin and the efficacy of confession.

Recognizing Thomas Hardy's literary skill, our critic arraigns the misdirection of his genius and the false standards he erects as to the illusiveness of the moral instincts, and his grave and melancholy impeachment of the administration of the universe. George Macdonald and his school he describes as a purifying influence in modern life, which teaches the glad evangel of nature, of human instincts and divine Fatherhood. The closing

paragraphs on "The Fiction and the Theology of the Future," illustrate at once the method and spirit of our author's treatment of this important subject :

"It is impossible to say what place the novel will occupy in the literature of the next century, and to what extent it may be pervaded by the theological element. The swarms of stories that issue from the press are, with rare exceptions, short-lived. In proportion to the sum total of the output, less survives than in history, science, criticism, or theology. The cry of the moment is for reading that does not tax the attention. It sometimes seems as though the man who has fresh light to throw upon the problems of theology will be compelled to write a novel to get himself listened to. The incursion of religious teachers into the department of fiction suggests a promise of wide opportunity for the man with a message, but who finds the message discounted unfairly when delivered from the pulpit.

"The public temper is singularly credulous towards everything but orthodox Christianity ; and the pressmen and the novelists are accepted with the implicit confidence accorded to priests and bishops in the Middle Ages. Perhaps it may not always be thus. Men may even apply an old maxim to the manufacturers of modern fiction : 'A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.' It is even conceivable that those who look upon the message of the pulpit as a message that is paid for and got ready to order may ask the question, whether those who write what is most likely to sell, be it good or bad, should not be looked at with more caution than is perhaps exercised in the passing moment ?

"It is not impossible that the discovery may one day be made that the novel-writer who would free us from the ethical restraints of the past has been selling indulgences for gains, and gains devoted to less worthy objects than the building of churches and cathedrals, and that close upon the discovery there may be heard the tocsin of a reformation that shall bring about the purging of our literature.

"Time is a great sifter, and possibly some of the books that the reader may think should have been noticed in these chapters will be forgotten ten or fifteen years hence. We ourselves may have grown to a wisdom which will enable us to ignore books concocted of hysteria, personal spite, and a fantasy that resembles madness rather than imagination.

A new generation, unless deterioration at least be the law, will appraise at their real worth books which, without directly touching theology, seek to create a prejudice against one religious communion and in favour of another by playing upon motives which are at their high-water mark in the breast of the snob. The meretricious, the erotic, the unreal are bound to die, as surely as the race is bound to mount yet higher in the scale of life and civilization ; and in the long-run the fiction which survives the test of years because it is true to all that is best and deepest in human nature, will be found to contain some of the elements of a sound, trustworthy and permanent theology."

Gleanings in the Gospels. By REV. HENRY BURTON, M.A. London : Charles H. Kelly. Toronto : William Briggs.

The world will never grow tired of fresh and vigorous illustrations and interpretations of the matchless life of our Blessed Lord as recorded in the gospels. Such a series of chapters is contained in the present volume. They treat such important topics as the Human Element in the Gospels—Christ and the Temple—Christ and the Samaritans—The Gladness of Jesus—The Son of Man—The Central Cross—The Garden of the Grave—The Christ of the Resurrection—The Mission of the Spirit, and others. The following, from the passage on "The Breakfast on the Shore," and the words of Christ to Peter, show at once the method and the spirit of the author's message :

"But a weary task it is to put on the Shepherd's dress and to borrow the Shepherd's attitudes and voice without the Shepherd's heart ! We may indeed call ourselves apostles ; we may learn to speak in ecclesiastical tones and oracular ways ; but if love be wanting, we only beat the air with vain endeavours, and our wisest words are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. How can we feed the flock of Christ if we ourselves are strangers to the heavenly pastures, with no key to unlock them, and no eye to discern them ? Alas for us who profess to be seers of heavenly things, and yet ourselves are blind ! Like Samson Agonistes, we may punctually and punctiliously keep up our round of religious duties, grinding at our mill, and so preparing the bread of life for others, and yet all the time we ourselves sit in darkness, not knowing the light of day, and not so much as tasting the heavenly bread ! Strange shepherds of the flock are we when duty takes the

place of love! When the soul which should be an altar for the sacred fire is nothing but a funeral urn, enclosing a few dead ashes! The flock may thirst and pant for the living waters, their hearts crying out for God, the living God; but all we can do is to conjure up some illusive mirage over their desert, or to lead them up some old water-courses, now hot and dry! Hungering and pining for heavenly food, something that will make their souls patient and strong, quiet and glad, and all we can do is to toss them a stone as they cry for bread, or to feed them with windy words! But the hireling shepherd, the self-installed shepherd, is zealous only about his so-called 'orders' or his 'living.' As to tending or feeding the flock, he knows little, and cares less; but he is diligent and skilful at shearing—keeping his feast at St. Nabal with much self-gratulation and with very prolonged rites!"

Norman Macleod. By JOHN WELLWOOD. Famous Scots Series. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

This is an ideal biographical series. The books can be read through at a sitting and give a condensed yet vivid presentation of the characters treated. We get in this volume a glimpse of the Disruption controversy from the side of the Established Church of Scotland. Certainly the life of Norman Macleod shows us that faith and courage and zeal and nobleness of character were not wanting in many who stood by the old Church.

Dr. Macleod, at the Barony kirk, Glasgow, was fairly worshipped by his people. One day a United Presbyterian minister was requested to visit a family whom he did not know. Thinking that they might be new adherents, he went to the house, which was up three flights of stairs. A man was lying very ill. After praying the minister asked if they belonged to his congregation. "Oh, no," said the wife, "we belong to the Barony; but, ye see, this is a catchin' fiver, an' it would never dae to risk Norman."

One of Dr. Macleod's achievements was the founding of *Good Words*, whose object was "to lead men to know and to love God," and to represent religion as the bright and happy thing it really is. It was an enormous success, reaching in two years a circulation of 100,000. The "unco guid" objected to the introduction of such secular subjects as astronomy

into a religious magazine, in a series of papers by the Rev. Dr. Leitch, of Queen's University, Kingston, on "God's Glory in the Heavens." So careful was the editor to keep out every expression that "would pain the weakest Christian" that, rather than publish a novel by Anthony Trollope, in which certain "religious" characters were all made odious, he paid an indemnity of £500. His own contributions, "The Old Lieutenant and His Son," the touching story of "The Starling," and "The Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," were contributions of permanent value to literature. Dr. Macleod was the Queen's favourite chaplain, and in the hours of her bereavement was enabled to comfort her stricken heart with his Christian sympathy. He gave wise counsel to the orphaned sons and daughters, and some of the truest and most touching words ever written of Norman Macleod are from the pen of Queen Victoria. Of his intimacy in the court circles this is a crowning instance: "The Queen sat down to spin at a nice Scotch wheel, while I read Robert Burns to her, 'Tam O'Shanter,' and 'A Man's a Man for a' That,' her favourites."

Dr. Macleod was a great traveller in pursuit of health, or in the discharge of duty—twice to Canada, almost every year to Europe, as far as St. Petersburg and Moscow, to the Levant and Syria, and to India. He was a robust, manly, outspoken, brave, good man. His crowning triumph was his election as Moderator of the General Assembly, in which he was once regarded as a heretic. His last public address in the Assembly, one of great power, was the key-note of his life. The most striking passage is one rounding off his argument that the Westminster Confession was not for India:

"Am I to be silent lest I should be whispered about, or suspected, or called 'dangerous,' 'broad,' 'latitudinarian,' 'atheistic'? So long as I have a good conscience towards God, and have His sun to shine on me, and can hear the birds singing, I can walk across the earth with a joyful and free heart. Let them call me 'broad.' I desire to be broad as the charity of Almighty God, who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good; who hateth no man, and who loveth the poorest Hindu more than all their committees or all their churches. But while I long for that breadth of charity I desire to be narrow—narrow as God's righteousness, which as a sharp sword can separate between eternal right and eternal wrong."

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WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The *Methodist Times* says of the Manchester Wesleyans, that, "in the last thirty years they have more than doubled the number of their churches in the Manchester circuits, having built at the rate of more than two churches per year since 1860. It shows that the growth of Methodism has been greater than the growth of the city."

Under the present system of primary education in England, no fewer than 246,855 Methodist children are compelled to attend the so-called voluntary schools of the Anglican Church. This fact alone fully accounts for the hostility of the British Conference to the Education Act, and its pronouncement in favour of Board Schools.

The Church in South Australia is doing splendid work in the sparsely populated districts. The agent, Mr. E. Bartlett, with a Gospel mission van, travels thousands of miles during the year, visiting the people in their homes and preaching as opportunities arises. The movement is called the "Bush Mission," and is largely due to the liberality of Dr. Torr.

During a missionary tour in New South Wales Rev. Henry Worrall was accompanied by a young Fijian chief, Ratu Timcoe Masan. Though but a boy his sermons and addresses were excellent.

Mrs. Varcoe has done yeoman service in Australia. She presented the bright and dark sides of rescue work.

Rev. D. O'Donnell has been holding an evangelistic campaign in New Zealand with great success.

An appeal has been made for £30,000, or \$150,000, on behalf of Queen's College, towards which \$42,500 have been subscribed, of which amount three gentlemen gave more than one-half.

Sir Thomas Elder has given \$20,000 to Prince Alfred (Wesleyan), and \$10,000 to Way College (Bible Christian), which are regarded as very timely.

Messrs. Thomas Emerson Fenwick and Cuthbert Bainbridge have been appointed magistrates of the county of Durham. Mr. Fenwick is a local preacher and class-leader, and also a member of the District

Council and Stanhope School Board. Mr. Bainbridge is the only son of Rev. Richard Martin, and takes the name of his grandfather.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishops Bowman and Foster are the oldest bishops in the Church. They have both retired, and reside at Evanston and Boston respectively.

Bishop McCabe has given \$3,000 to found an orphanage in China, to be known as Rebecca, in honour of his wife.

Bishop and Mrs. Warren have lately given \$25,000 to Denver University.

Drew Theological Seminary has an endowment of \$375,000.

One hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars, raised in a few weeks by Denver Methodism, to reduce the indebtedness on churches and university, is one of the bravest and boldest achievements of this entire era of financial depression.

A missionary settlement for university women has been founded in Lombay, and one of its latest recruits is Miss Michael Dobson. She is a graduate of London University, being one of the only two women who ever succeeded in gaining a musical baccalaureate degree from that institution.

Rev. A. J. Bowen, who has been appointed missionary to China, has an income of \$800 a year. He will pay his outgoing expenses, and credit the Society on salary account with whatever may remain in hand. He will pay his entire income to the Society for the next four years in case he is under appointment for that time.

On a recent Sunday Dr. W. N. Broadbeck, of Trinity Church, Charlestown, Mass., preached on "The Bicycle on Sunday," and presented a pledge against Sunday wheeling which a large number of the young people signed.

The evangelistic work in the Malay language is chiefly among the Straits born Chinese. The men, as a rule, speak both Chinese and English, the latter very indifferently. Quite a number of these people are reached by street preaching and the street Sunday-schools.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

The Church has more than doubled its membership in twenty-five years.

Bishop Fitzgerald, who attended the late International Epworth League Convention and greatly pleased those who made his acquaintance, is in very feeble health.

Since its organization, the Church Extension Board has expended in loans and contributions, \$900,000.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The Centennial Conference has just been held at Sheffield, England. It was attended by representatives from all branches of Methodism, including the parent body, of which Revs. Dr. Pope, Dr. Stevenson and Percy W. Bunting were the representatives.

On the first Conference Sunday 150 services were held in the various churches.

Rev. T. Rider, the oldest minister, preached the centenary sermon.

Rev. J. Innocent, of China, who is a native of Sheffield, was elected President of Conference. He was the pioneer missionary to China thirty-eight years ago. Rev. E. Holyoake was appointed College Secretary, and Rev. A. Colbeck Connexional Editor. Rev. J. S. Clemens is Principal of the College, Rev. G. Packer Missionary Secretary, and Alderman Hepworth Treasurer.

Six young men were ordained to the full work of the ministry.

The question of Missions occupied most of a session. In China there is an increase of eleven chapels, 200 members, and 145 probationers. Rev. John Hedley was designated to the China Mission.

The report of the Centenary Fund excited great interest; more than £100,000 had been promised, of which £90,000 was reported paid.

It was stated that there was an increase in the membership of the Church of 1,000, and that for twenty-two years there had been a steady increase.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The Conference was held at Manchester. Rev. James Jackson was elected President, Alderman McNeil, Vice-President, and Rev. J. Langham, Secretary.

Nineteen ministers had died during the year, including seven in Australia; 12 were superannuated; 24 were received

into full connection, and 26 were received on probation.

Rev. S. S. Henshaw was elected Sunday-school Secretary, and eight new circuits were formed.

An interesting event of the Conference was receiving the deputation from the Bible Christian Conference, which consisted of the Right Hon. Chief Justice James Way, Rev. P. W. Bourne and Mr. Luke. The matter of Union was delegated to a committee for further consideration.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. Cornish, the General Conference statistician, recently completed the numerical returns of all the Conferences, and as they correct some slight inaccuracies in the report published in the August number, we here give the correct figures of the following conferences:

Toronto, - - -	42,379	Inc. -	1,645
London, - - -	47,476	" -	1,357
Hamilton, - -	45,567	" -	442
Bay of Quinte, -	40,393	" -	485
Montreal, - - -	37,387	" -	42
Nova Scotia, -	15,899	" -	538
New Brunswick & P. E. Island, -	13,365	" -	301
Newfoundland, -	11,877	" -	63
Manitoba, - - -	16,653	" -	522
British Columbia, -	4,850	" -	198
Japan, - - - -	2,279	" -	142
China, - - - -	9	" -	9
Total - - -	278,136		5,744

A net increase of 108,303 in the four-year period that have elapsed since the last Union.

Rev. Arthur Coates has been appointed by the missionaries in Japan as their official correspondent. Rev. W. Elliott, late correspondent, is suffering from an affection of the lungs and is compelled to return home to Canada. Rev. D. Norman, B.A., has been appointed to go to Japan.

Intelligence has been received from China, which states that Dr. Hart and party had arrived safely at Kiating, Sz-Chuan. The chapel had been opened, and Dr. Hart conducted the services. A book-room also has been opened and the printing presses will soon be in operation.

Mr. R. B. Ewen, M.D., will be sent to China as a medical missionary, and will be supported by the missionary society of the Theological College, Montreal. Dr. Rust is holding himself in readiness

for a similar appointment and will be supported by the Epworth Leagues of the Chatham District.

The Conferences in the Maritime Provinces have been held since the preparation of our last notes: Nova Scotia reports an increase of members of 538. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, 301. Newfoundland, 63. The following are the officers: Nova Scotia, Rev. D. W. Johnson, M.A., President; Rev. W. H. Langille, Secretary. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, Rev. R. W. Weddall, President; Rev. Geo. Steel, Secretary. Newfoundland, Rev. H. E. Hotcher, B.D., President; Rev. J. T. Newan, re-elected Secretary. Two probationers were ordained. Four candidates for the ministry were received. The connexional funds were well sustained. The Mission Fund was \$600 ahead. The public services were seasons of refreshing.

Two ministers had been called to their reward, Rev. Dr. Daniel, a veteran full of years and honours, and Rev. T. L. Williams.

Nova Scotia Conference Sunday was Jubilee Sunday, on which occasion Rev. Dr. Lathern preached the official sermon.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. J. G. Laird, a superannuated minister in the London Conference, was called very suddenly to his heavenly home in July last. He was conducting service in one of the churches in London, but was not able to finish his sermon. He never rallied, and a few days later passed away. He was elected President of Toronto Conference in 1881. One of his sons is Professor in the Wesleyan College, Winnipeg.

Rev. Henry Daniel, New Brunswick Conference, was sixty-five years in the ministry and at the time of his death was

ninety-nine years of age. He was truly a Methodist patriarch, and was ordained to the work of the ministry in Queen St. Chapel, London, England, by the grand Methodist theologian, Rev. Richard Watson. The venerable man performed much pioneer work in the Maritime Provinces. He stood high in the estimation of his brethren, and had been President of Conference.

Rev. T. L. Williams, also of New Brunswick Conference, met with his death in a tragic manner on the shores of Tantramar. For twenty-two years he laboured in the capacity of a Methodist itinerant, during which he gave full proof of his ministry. He was greatly beloved by those who knew him best. "What we know not now we shall know hereafter."

Rev. Joseph A. Dorion, Montreal Conference, departed this life soon after the Conference of 1897. He entered the ministry in 1858, and laboured for several years in the French Missions. For seven years he was stationed in the city of Quebec. He also spent some time among the Oka Indians. His stations were not the most attractive. In the midst of many discouragements he discharged his duties conscientiously. During the last ten years he sustained a superannuated relation, and resided in Montreal.

Rev. Thomas S. Keough died at his residence on Dupont St., Toronto, Thursday afternoon, July 29th, at the age of 73. For some years his health was very precarious, but he was only confined to his house a short time. He travelled in Toronto from 1856 until 1884, during which he was several years Financial Secretary, and one year Secretary of Conference. During the last few years he was accountant in the Superannuation Fund Office. His end was peace. He leaves a widow and ten children.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Lift them! What marvellous beauty lies
Hidden beneath, from our thoughtless
eyes!

Sweet flowers, rosy or purest white,
Lift their cups to the sudden light
Under the leaves.

Are there not lives whose holy deeds,
Seen by no eye save His who reads

Motives and action, in silence grow
Into rare beauty and bud and blow
Under the leaves?

Though unseen by our vision dim,
Bud and blossom are known to Him
Wait we content for His heavenly ray—
Wait till our Master, Himself one day
Lifteth the leaves.

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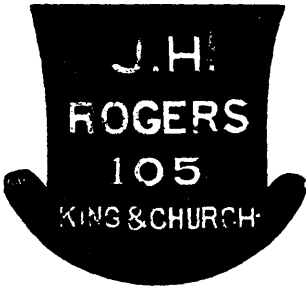
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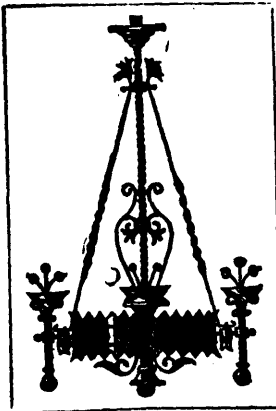
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