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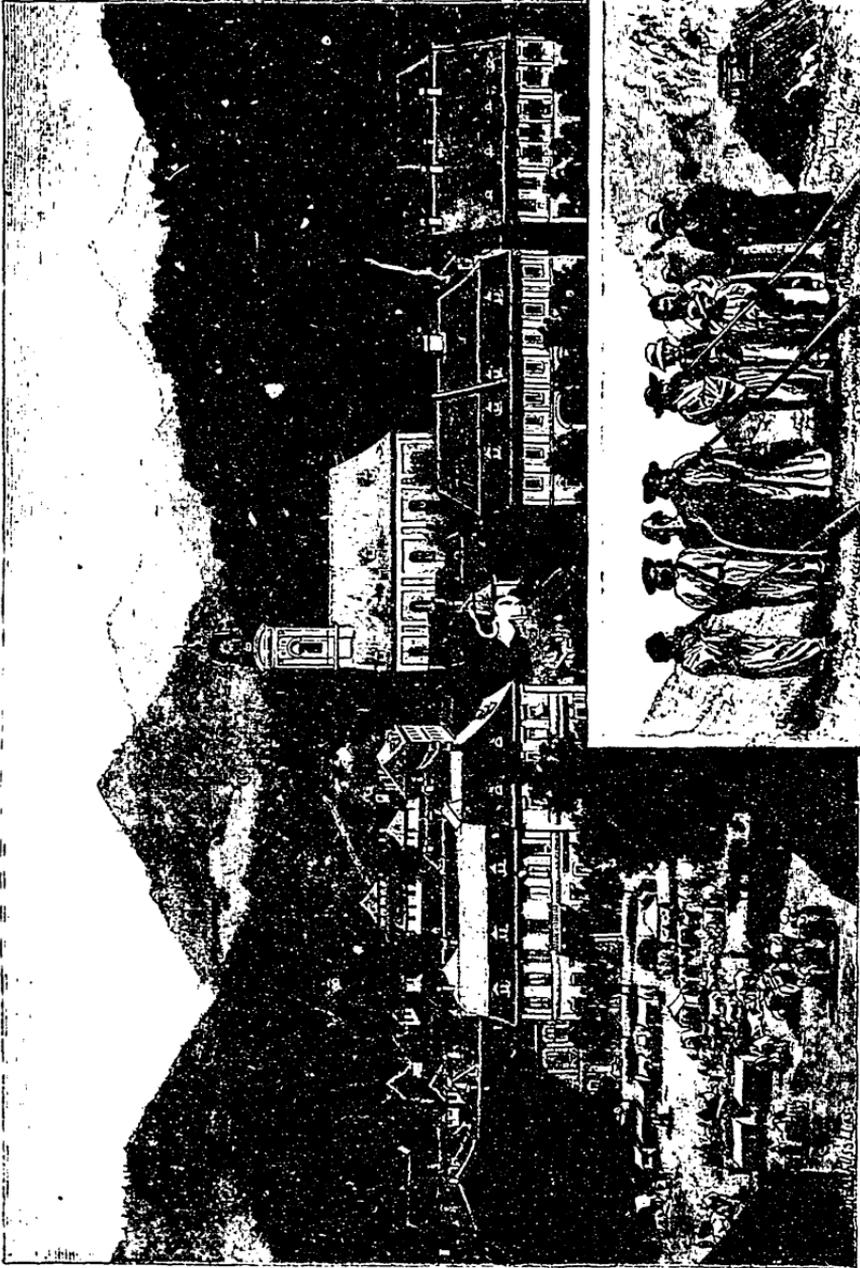
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NAGY-BANYA AND MARKET-PLACE.



PEASANTS BLOWING FESTIVAL HORNS.

THE Methodist Magazine.

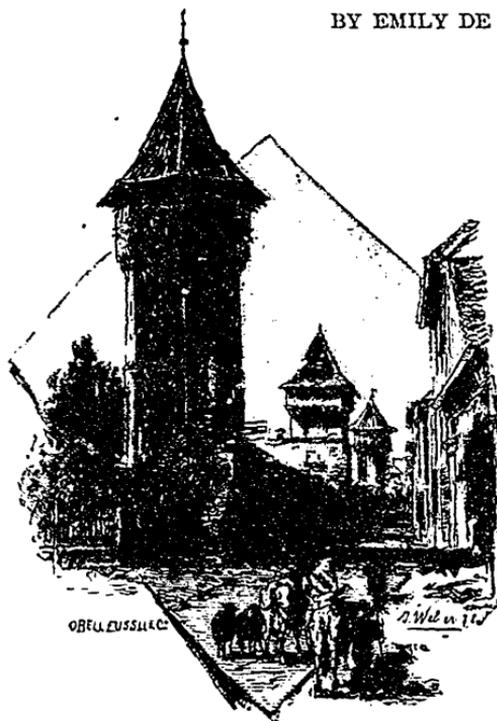
August, 1891.

“THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST.”

PICTURES OF TRANSYLVANIA.

BY EMILY DE LASZOWSKA-GERARD.*

II.



OLD TOWERS, NAGY-SZEBEN,
HERMANNSTADT.

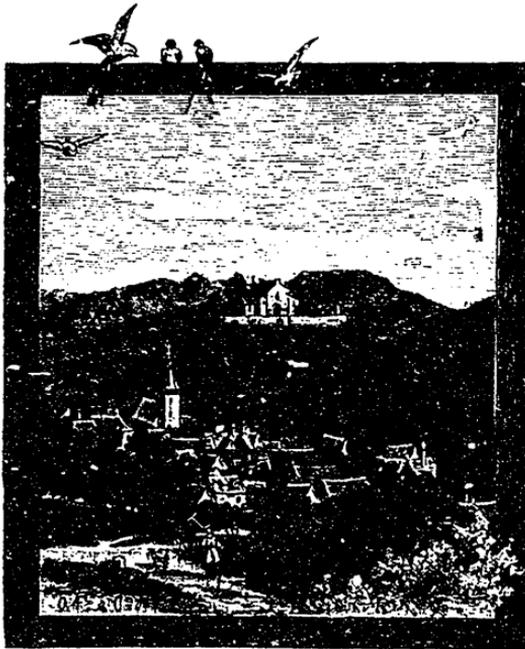
In every other country where the Gipsies made their appearance they were oppressed and persecuted, treated as slaves or hunted down like wild beasts. In Hungary alone these wanderers found themselves neither oppressed nor repulsed, and if the Gipsy can be said to feel at home anywhere on the face of the globe, it is surely here. Like a gleam of dusky gems, they set off every picture of Hungarian life, and to play to it a running accompaniment in plaintive minor chords.

No one can travel many days in Hungary without becoming familiar with the strains of the Gipsy bands. And who has

* This vivacious writer is the wife of an officer in the Austrian military service. She had special opportunity during a prolonged residence to study the character, institutions, customs, and folk-lore of the interesting people of Transylvania. Her book on the subject (New York: Harper Bros.) is one of permanent value. From it we abridge the following pages.

journeyed by night without noting the ruddy light of their myriad camp-fires, which, like so many gigantic glow-worms, dot the country in all directions? At the present time there are in Hungary above one hundred and fifty thousand Tziganes, as the Gipsies are called, of whom about eighty thousand fall to the share of Transylvania, which, therefore, in still more special degree may be termed the land of Gipsies.

The Gipsies are a hot-blooded, impulsive, half-civilized people. They are attached to their children, but in a senseless animal fashion, alternately devouring them with caresses and violently ill-treating them. I have seen a father throw large, heavy



KIS-DISZNOD (MICHELSBERG).

stones at his ten-year-old daughter for some trifling misdemeanour, stones as large as good-sized turnips, any one of which would have been sufficient to kill her if it had happened to hit her; and only her agility in dodging these missiles, which she did grinning and chuckling, as though it were the best joke in the world, saved her from serious injury. They are a singularly quarrelsome people, and the Gipsy camp is the scene of many a pitched battle, in which

men, women, children, and dogs indiscriminately take part with turbulent enjoyment. When in a passion all weapons are good that come to the Gipsy's hand, and, *faute de mieux*, unfortunate infants are sometimes bandied backward and forward as improvised cannon-balls.

Hungarian music and Gipsy player are indispensable conditions of each other's existence. Hungarian music can only be rightly interpreted by the Gipsy musician, who for his part can play none other so well as the Hungarian music, into whose execution he throws all his heart and his soul, all his latent passion and unconscious poetry, the melancholy and dissatisfied yearnings of an outcast, the deep despondency of an exile who

has never known a home, and the wild freedom of a savage who never owned a master. I cannot do better than quote (in somewhat free translation) some passages from the Abbè Liszt's valuable work on Gipsy music, which, far more vividly than any words of mine, will serve to sketch the portrait of the Hungarian Gipsy:

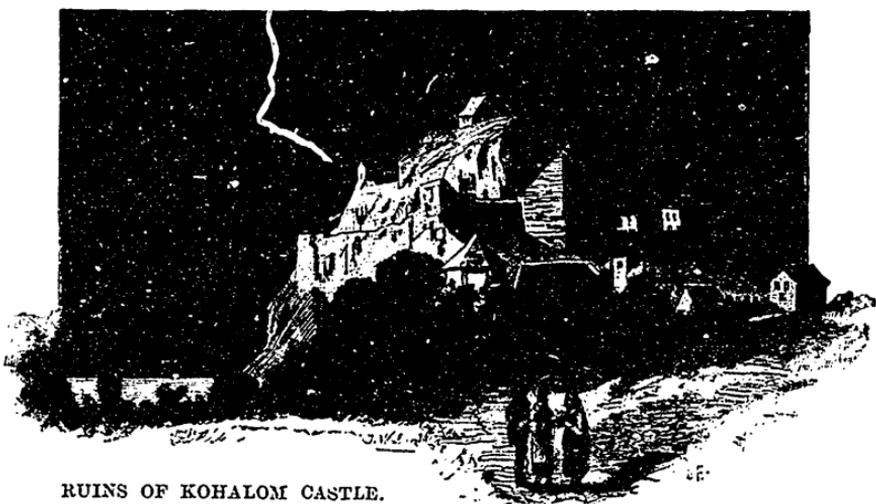
"There started up one day betwixt the European nations an unknown tribe, a strange people, of whom none were able to say who they were nor whence they had come. They spread themselves over our continent, manifesting, however, neither desire of conquest nor ambition to acquire the right of a fixed domicile; not attempting to lay claim to so much as an inch of land, but not suffering themselves to be deprived of a single hour of their time; not caring to command, they neither chose to obey. They had nothing to give of their own, and were content to owe nothing to others. They never spoke of their native land, and gave no clew as to from which Asiatic or African plains they had wandered, or what troubles or persecutions had caused their expatriation. Strangers alike to memory as to hope, they kept aloof from the benefits of colonization; and too proud of their melancholy race to suffer admixture with other nations, they lived on, satisfied with the rejection of every foreign element. Deriving no advantages from the Christian civilization around them, they regarded with equal repugnance every other form of religion.

"This singular race, so strange as to resemble no other, possessing neither country, history, religion, nor any fixed laws, seems only to continue to exist because it does not choose to cease to be, and only cares to exist such as it has always been. Instruction, authority, persuasion, and persecution have alike been powerless to reform, modify, or exterminate the Gipsies. Broken up into wandering tribes and hordes, roving hither and thither as chance or fancy directs, without means of communication, and mostly ignoring one another's existence, they nevertheless betray their common relationship by unmistakable signs, the self-same type of feature, the same language, the identical habits and customs.



SZEKLER PEASANTS.

“With a senseless or sublime contempt for whatever binds or hampers, the Tziganes ask nothing from the earth but life, and preserve their individuality from constant intercourse with nature, as well as by absolute indifference to all those not belonging to their race, with whom they commune only as far as requisite for obtaining the common necessities of life. Hatred and revenge are with them only personal and accidental feelings, never premeditated ones. Harmless when their immediate wants are satisfied, they are incapable of preconceived intention of injuring, only wishing to preserve a freedom akin to that of the wild horse of the plains, and not comprehending how any one can prefer a roof, be it ever so fine, to the shelter of the forest canopy.



RUINS OF KOHALOM CASTLE.

“Authority, rules, laws, principles, duties, and obligations are alike incomprehensible ideas to this singular race—partly from indolence of spirit, partly from indifference to the evils engendered by their irregular mode of life.

“Having neither Bible nor Gospels to go by, the Tziganes do not see the necessity of fatiguing their brain by the contemplation of abstract ideas; and obeying their instincts only, their intelligence naturally grows rusty. Conscious of their harmlessness they bask in the rays of the sun, content in the satisfaction of a few primitive and elementary passions—the *sans-gêne* of their soul fettered by no conventional virtues.”

The German poet Lenau, in his short poem, “Die Drei Zigeuner” (“The Three Gipsies”) traces a perfect picture of the indolent enjoyment of the Gipsy’s existence:

“One day, in the shade of a willow-tree laid,
I came upon Gipsies three,

As through the sand of wild moorland
My cart toiled wearily.

"Giving to naught but himself a thought,
His fiddle the first did hold,
While 'mid the blaze of the evening days
A fiery lay he trolled.

"His pipe with the lip the second did grip,
A-watching the smoke that curled,
As void of care as nothing there were
Could better him in the world.

"The third in sleep lay slumbering deep,
On a branch swung his guitar ;
Through his strings did stray the winds at play,
His soul was 'mid dreams afar.

"With a patch or two of rainbow hue,
Tattered their garb and torn ;
But little recked they what the world might say,
Repaying its scorn with scorn.

"And they taught to me these Gipsies three,
When life is saddened and cold,
How to dream or play or puff it away,
Despising it threefold !

"And oft on my track I would fain cast back
A glance behind me there—
A glance at that crew of tawny hue,
With their swarthy shocks of hair."

The words "church" and "fortress" used to be synonymous in Transylvania, so the places of worship might accurately have been described as churches militant. Each Saxon village church was surrounded by a row, sometimes even a double or triple row, of fortified walls, which are mostly still extant. The remains of moat and drawbridge are also yet frequently to be seen. When threatened by an enemy the people used to retire into these fortresses, often built on some rising piece of ground, taking with them their valuables, as well as provisions for the contingency of a lengthy siege. From these heights the Saxons used to roll down heavy stones on their assailants, sometimes with terrific effect; but when they had in this way exhausted their missiles, the predicament was often a precarious one. Some of these stones still survive, and may occasionally be seen, circular in shape, and resembling giant cannon balls. These were the missiles which lay there in readiness to be rolled down on an approaching enemy; and there was a law compelling each bridegroom, before leading

his bride to the altar, to roll up hill to the church door one of these formidable globes. This was so ordained in order to exclude from matrimony all sick or weakly subjects; and as the incline was a steep one, and each stone weighed about two hundred-weight, it was a considerable test of strength.

Would that these old stones, lying here neglected among the nettles, had the gift of speech! What tales of love and bloodshed might we not learn from them! Only to look at them there, strewn around, it is not difficult to guess at the outlines of some of the stories they are dumbly telling us. Many are chipped and worn away, and have evidently been used more than once in their double capacity, alternately rolled up the hill by smiling Cupid, to be hurled down again by furious Nemesis.

Such thoughts involuntarily crowd on the mind when sitting, as I have done many a time, within some lonely ruin on fine summer evenings; the idyllic peacefulness of the scene the more strongly felt by contrast with the bloody memories linked around it. It is so strange to realize how completely everything has passed away that once used to be: that the hands that pushed these heavy globes, as well as the Moslem crania for which they were intended,

have turned alike to dust; that hushed forever are the voices once awakening fierce echoes within these very walls; and that of all those contrasting passions, of all that tender love and that burning hatred, nothing has survived but a few old stones lying forgotten near a deserted church.

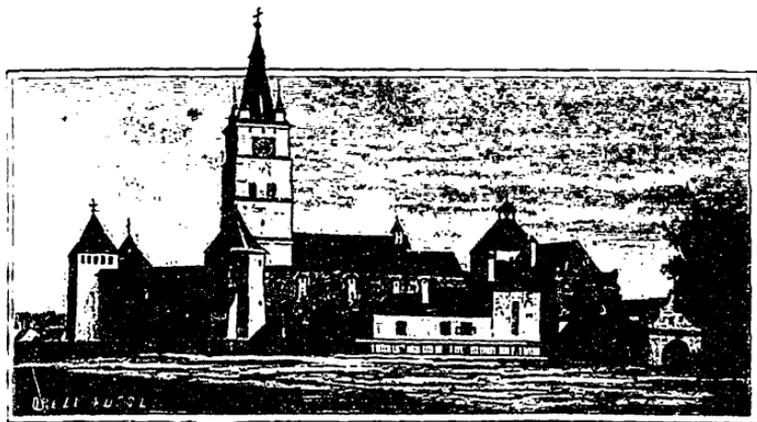
The history of the sieges endured in Transylvania, on the part of Turk or Tartar, would in itself furnish matter for many volumes. Numberless anecdotes are yet current, characterizing the endurance and courage of the besieged, and the original



THE "GRAFT," KRONSTADT.

means often resorted to in order to baffle or mislead the enemy. Living in Transylvania, we are sometimes inclined to wonder whether to be besieged by Turks and Tartars be really a thing of the past, and not rather an actual danger for which we must be prepared any day, so strangely are many little observances relating to those times still kept up. Until within a very few years ago the watchman was under the obligation of calling forth into the night with stentorian voice, "Not this way, you villains, not this way; I see you well!"

Also the habit of keeping provisions stored up within the fortified church walls, to this day extant in most Saxon villages, is clearly a remnant of the time when sieges had to be looked for. The outer fortified wall round the church is often divided off into



FORTIFIED CHURCH, NEUSTADT.

deep recesses or alcoves, in each of which stands a large wooden chest securely locked, and filled with grain or flour, while the little surrounding turrets, or chapels, are used as storehouses for home-cured bacon. "We have seven chapels all full of bacon," I was proudly informed by a village churchwarden.

At Hermannstadt several of the ancient towers are yet standing. The old wall that connected these towers has now been pulled down to half its former height. In addition to these walls and bastions, with their forty towers, the town was defended by broad moats, which completely encircle it. (See initial cut).

"Gray walls and turrets pierce the air,
Grimly aloft they tower;
Vainly the storm vents its fury there,—
Proudly they challenge its power:
"Strong oaks before the storm-wind fall,
Ancient races must all decay,
Ruin and mould are over all,
We alone stand for aye!"

The part which a village pastor is called upon to play requires both head and heart, for the relation between shepherd and flock is here very different from the conventional footing on which clergy and laity stand with regard to each other in town life. Not only the pastor to be chosen, but also his wife is carefully scrutinized, and her qualifications for the patriarchal position she has to occupy critically examined into; for if the clergyman is termed by his flock "the honourable father," so is she designated as "the virtuous mother."

An orphaned congregation must have a new pastor, the flock cannot be suffered to remain long without a shepherd; and this is the topic which is being discussed with much warmth at an assemblage of village elders. On the white-decked table are standing dishes of bread and cheese, flanked by large tankards of wine. The first glass has just been emptied to the memory of the dead pastor, and now the second glass will be drunk to the health of his yet unknown successor. These meetings preceding the election of a new shepherd are often long and stormy; for when the wine has taken effect and loosened the tongues, the different candidates who might be taken into consideration are passed in re-

view, and extolled in much heat, or abused with broad sarcasm. One man is rejected on account of an impediment in his speech, and another because he is known to be unmarried; a third one, who might do well enough for any other parish, cannot be chosen here because his old parents are natives of the village; for it is a true though a hard word which says that no one can be a prophet in his own country. One man who ventures to suggest the vicar of a neighbouring village, is informed that no blacker traitor exists on the face of the earth; and another, who describes his pet candidate as an ideal clergyman, with the figure of a Hercules

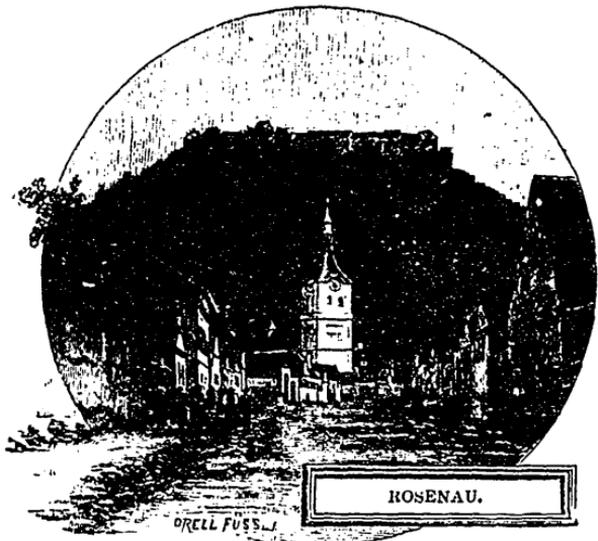


THE BLACK CHURCH,
KRONSTADT.

and the voice of a Stentor, is ironically asked whether he wishes to choose a pastor by weight and measure. If only his head and heart be in the right place, the clergyman's legs are welcome to be an inch or two shorter.

Meanwhile, a group of young men on horseback are waiting at the church door, and hardly has the all-important name been pronounced when they set spurs to their steeds, and gallop to bear the news to the successful candidate. A hot race ensues, for the foremost one can hope to get a shining piece of silver—perhaps even gold—in exchange for the good tidings he brings.

The day before the presentation the pastor has been fetched in a carriage drawn by six white horses. The first step to his installation is the making and signing of the agreement, or treaty, between pastor and people—all the said pastor's duties, obligations and privileges being therein distinctly specified and enumerated, from the exact quantity and quality of Holy Gospel he is bound to administer yearly to the congregation down to his share



of wild crab apples for brewing the household vinegar, and the precise amount of acorns his pigs are at liberty to consume. After this treaty has been duly signed and read aloud, the keys of the church are solemnly given over and accepted with appropriate speeches. The banquet which succeeds this ceremony is called the "key drinking." Then follows the solemn installation in the church, where the new pastor, for the first time, pronounces aloud the blessing over his congregation, who strain their ears with critical attention to catch the sound and pass sentence thereon. The Saxon peasant thinks much of a full, sonorous voice; therefore, woe to the man who is cursed with a thin, squeaky organ, for he will surely fall at least fifty per cent. in the estimation of his audience.

Then follows another banquet, at which each of the church

officials has his place at table marked by a silver thaler piece (about three shillings) lying at the bottom of his large tankard, and visible through the clear, golden wine with which the bumper is filled. Etiquette demands that the drinker should taste of the wine but sparingly at first, merely wetting his lips, and affecting not to perceive the silver coin; but when the health of the new pastor is drunk each man must empty his tankard at one draught, skilfully catching the thaler between the teeth as he drains it dry. The coin is then supposed to be treasured up in memory of the event.



KÖNIGSTEIN.

The village pastor, who lives among his people, must adopt their habits and their hours. Five o'clock, and even sooner, must find him dressed and ready to attend to the hundred and one requirements of his parishioners, who, even at that early hour, come pouring in upon him from all sides. Perhaps it is a petition for some particularly fine sort of turnip seed, which only the Herr Vater has got; or else he is requested to look into his wise book to see if he can find a remedy for the stubborn cough of a favourite horse, or the distressing state of a calf's digestion. Another will bring him a dish of golden honey-comb, with some

question regarding the smoking of the hives, while a fourth has come to request the pastor to transform his new-born son from a pagan into a Christian infant.

The virtuous Frau Mutter has likewise her full share of the day's work—an old hen to be made into broth for a sick grandchild, a piece of cloth to be cut out in the shape of a jacket, or a handkerchief to be hemmed on the big sewing machine—all pass successively into her busy hands; and if she goes for a day's shopping to the nearest market-town she is positively besieged by commissions of all sorts.

Letter-writing is also an important branch of the duties of both pastor and wife. It may be an epistle to some daughter who is in service, or to a soldier son away with his regiment; a threatening letter to an unconscientious debtor, or a business transaction with the farmer of another village. Altogether the day of a Saxon pastor is a busy and well-filled one, for his doors from sunrise to sunset must be open to his parishioners, so that after having "risen with the lark," he is well content further to carry out the proverb by "going to bed with the lamb."

We have said little about the scenery of this romantic country—much of it is grandly magnificent. The Königstein, 7352 feet, Professor Winkelmann has rightly called the finest mountain of Transylvania. One can hear a famous echo that repeats fifteen syllables, and have an opportunity of admiring the stupendous rocky gorge separating the Great from the Little Königstein.

The castle of Pelish, the summer home of the King of Roumania, now completed, and since 1884 inhabited every summer by the royal family, is built in the old German style, and has, I hear, been fitted up and furnished in most exquisite fashion—each article having been carefully selected by the Queen herself, whose artistic taste is well known. Deeper in the forest, at a little distance from the castle, is a tiny hunting-lodge, where, in the hot weather, the Queen is wont to spend a great part of the day. It is here that she loves to sit composing those graceful poems, in which she endeavours to reflect the spirit and heart of her people; and visitors admitted to this royal sanctuary are sometimes fortunate enough to see the latest rough-cast of a poem, bearing the signature of Carmen Sylva, lying open on the writing table.

We had a good view of the accomplished Queen on the occasion of our visit. We were sauntering in the grounds, when presently a low basket-carriage, drawn by two handsome cream ponies with distressingly long tails and ill-cut manes, came round to the convent door, close to where we were standing, and was entered by a slender lady attired in the national costume, bare-

headed, and holding up a Chinese parasol to protect herself from the broiling sun. She appeared to be on easy, cordial terms with the respectable-looking family servant who assisted her to get in, and had quite a pleasant chat with him as he stood on the doorstep. It was evident, from the way she was saluted on her passage, that the Queen is a great favourite with people of all classes.



PELESCH CASTLE—SUMMER HOME
OF "CARMEN SYLVA," QUEEN
OF ROUMANIA.

The King, whom we came across a little later in the day, seemed of more unapproachable species, and the little incident connected with his appearance savoured rather of Russian than of Roumanian etiquette. We were walking in the direction of the newly-built castle, which, situated on the banks of a torrent at the opening of a steep mountain ravine, and deliciously shrouded in gigantic trees, is the most perfect beau-ideal of a summer chateau I ever saw. Suddenly an officer came rushing towards us, waving his arms aloft like a windmill gone mad, and with an expression of the wildest despair, hurriedly repeating something we failed to

understand, but which, evidently, was either a warning or a threat. Before we had time to request this curious being to explain himself more intelligibly, he had disappeared, jumping over the steep, precipitous bank of the ravine, and vanished in the brushwood.

We now looked round in alarm, half expecting to see a furious wild boar, possibly even a bear, appearing from the mountain side, but could only perceive a tall, dark, handsome officer approaching us, and behind him a correct liveried servant carrying a railway rug. The meaning of the mysterious warning now began to dawn on our comprehension: this could only be the King, from his resemblance to the portraits we had seen, and we had probably no business to be here prying on his private premises.

Our feeling of tact was, however, not exquisite enough to induce us to risk our necks in endeavouring to conceal ourselves from his august gaze, so we bravely stood our ground, and nothing worse happened than our bow being very politely returned.

"THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT."

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

"MEEK and sweet in the sun He stands,
Drinking the cool of His Syrian skies ;
Lifting to heaven toil-wearied hands,
Seeing His Father with those pure eyes.

"Gazing from trestle and bench and saw
To the kingdom kept for His rule above ;
Oh, Jesus, Lord ! we see with awe !
Oh, Mary's Son, we look with love !

"We know what message that eventide
Bore, when it painted the Roman cross,
And the purple of nightfall prophesied
The hyssop to Him, and to us the loss.

"The crown which the Magi brought to her
It made a vision of brows that bleed ;
And the censer, with spikenard, and balm, and myrrh,
It lay on the wall like the sponge and reed.

"But now Thou art in the Shadowless Land,
Behind the light of the setting sun ;
And the worst is forgotten which Evil planned,
And the best that Love's glory could win, is won !

ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND.

DERBYSHIRE AND SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

V.



HIGH TOR, MATLOCK BATH.

TAKING train at Rowsley Station, we are soon in the midst of lofty hills, which on either hand shut in the broad rich meadow lands of the Dale of Darley, its flowing river, and its many scenes of beauty; but these can be appreciated only by the tourist who has leisure to visit them. The village of Darley, near Rowsley, is very ancient. In the churchyard is a yew-tree of thirty-three feet girth, said to be the largest and oldest in the kingdom. On our left is Stancliffe Hall, the residence of Sir Joseph Whitworth, of engineering renown. In the grounds are quarries of fine stone. These have been built so as to form rockeries of vast size and endless variety, and every foot of ground is clothed with boldness or beauty.

On the right of Darley Dale is the cold and naked slope of Oker Hill, a singularly insulated eminence, probably of volcanic

origin, rising abruptly from the plain. It is declared to be the site of an entrenched fort erected by the Romans to overawe the disaffected Britons, whom they had driven from the neighbouring lead mines. To this military station the Romans gave the name of Occursus, or "the hill of conflict," of which Oker Hill is a corruption.

We are now at Matlock Bank, on the great slope of which a town has lately risen. Immediately on leaving Matlock we enter a cutting through the rock, known as Willersley Cutting. Our engraving, copied from a photograph, represents the beautiful appearance presented by this cutting in winter, with its walls of ice.



WILLERSLEY CUTTING IN WINTER.

Cromford was "the cradle of the cotton manufacture." Here, Arkwright, in 1771, erected the first cotton mill in the county; the works being supplied with a never-failing warm spring. Richard Arkwright, the founder of the family, was the thirteenth child of a working man at Preston. The lad was apprenticed to a barber, and carried on his trade at Wirksworth. He formed the acquaintance of a clock-maker; developed special skill in mechanical contrivance, and eventually entered into partnership with the celebrated Jedediah Strutt, of Derby, who had invented his machine for the manufacture of stockings. Richard Arkwright's son became the richest commoner in England.

From Whatstandwell Station a view may be obtained of Lea

Hurst, the home of one of England's most honoured daughters—Florence Nightingale. Approaching Ambergate we see beneath us the valley of the Derwent, and beyond are the hills, covered with woods, that form part of Alderwasley Park (pronounced Arrowslea), "famous for its oak timber." Ambergate is the gate or valley through which the river Amber flows. Here three beautiful valleys meet—from the north, the west, and the south. The river Derwent, overhung with wooded hills, sweeps from the west, and then curves away to the south, and the bright, meandering Amber pours its waters into the Derwent. The bridge spans the river; the cattle are in the rich meadows; the uprising crags and cliffs are almost hidden by the birches and beeches that bend



AMBERGATE VALLEY.

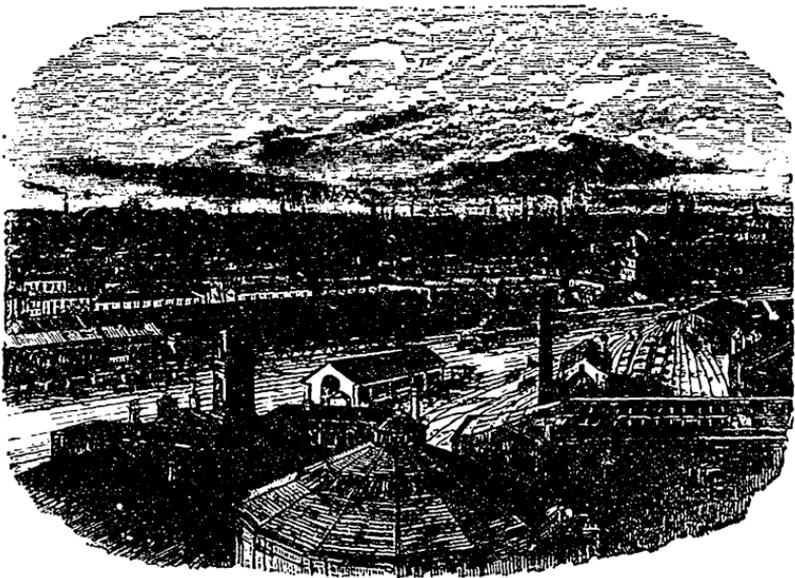
over them; and the distant hills filling up the background, form a scene of singular interest and beauty.

Crich Hill is special, deserving of a visit. "There is one spot," says Dr. Mantell, "which perhaps is not equalled in England for the lesson it teaches of some of the ancient revolutions of the globe. It is called Crich Hill." The country around consists of horizontal strata of millstone grit; but Crich Hill, a mass of limestone, has been thrust through once superincumbent strata, the layers of limestone being broken and bent by the dome-like position into which they have been forced. All this is the result of volcanic action. A shaft has been sunk through the limestone hill by miners, who were in pursuit of lead, and the ancient melted lava has been found lying beneath. "Such is Crich Hill

—a stupendous monument of one of the past revolutions of the globe, with its arches of rifted rock, teeming with mineral veins, and resting on a central mound of molten rock, now cooled down.”

Soon we leave the steep and rugged hills overhung with woods, “the southern outliers” of the mountain range known as the backbone of England, and enter the quieter valleys that bear us to the south.

Derby is the central station of the Midland Railway system, and the seat of its administration. Several thousand people are employed in the engineering works. It is also a great centre of communication between north and south, east and west.



DERBY.

At Borrowash some interesting discoveries were made. On an elevated spot, and about two feet below the surface, the soil had a black tinge; bones that had evidently been burnt, were found; and then some seventy or eighty human skeletons were exhumed, some of them being of gigantic stature, and lying due east and west. In one of the skulls was the head of an arrow. A curious box, lined with gold, and containing amulets and jewels, some ornaments, and a small vase, with the bones of a bird, were also discovered, besides the burnt bones of oxen, sheep and boars. It is believed there was here a British *tumulus*, or barrow, the place deriving its name from “the ashes of the Barrow.”

We cross the river Trent by a bridge of three arches, each of one hundred feet span, and enter the tunnel, shown in our cut.

The town and the neighbourhood of Leicester are full of historic associations. Here a British temple stood, and human sacrifices were offered. Here the Romans held an important military position, and the Saxons erected walls of "amazing thickness and strength," "like great rocks," to defend themselves against the incursions of the Danes. Here, in Norman times, was a city, "well frequented and peopled." Hence, in 1485, Richard went to fight the battle of Bosworth Field; and hither his dead body was brought, "trussed behind a pursuivant at arms, like a calf—his head and arms hanging on one side the horse, and his legs on the other, all besprinkled with mire and blood." In the Civil



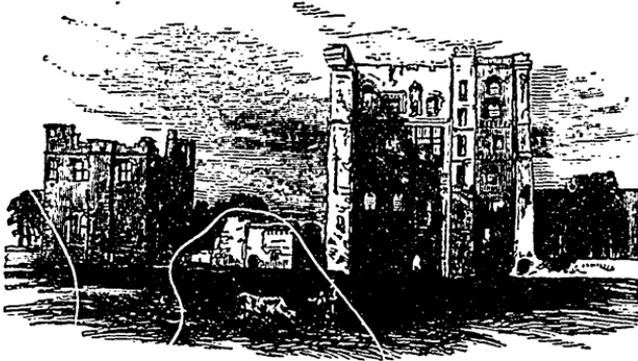
BRIDGE OVER THE TRENT.

War the town was successfully besieged by the King; and the house where the Parliamentary Committee had sat was, we are told, destroyed, "every soul therein was put to the sword," and the kennels ran down with blood. A few weeks later the battle of Naseby was fought, and the town surrendered to Fairfax.

Leaving Leicester for the south we pass a branch that leads to the line to Swannington, to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and to Burton-on-Trent. In the neighbourhood of Market Harborough is Naseby Field, a spot which it has been said "no Englishman can see without emotion"—a spot where, one bright summer morning, circumstances occurred which, for a while, brought the monarchy to the dust, and otherwise more profoundly affected the destiny

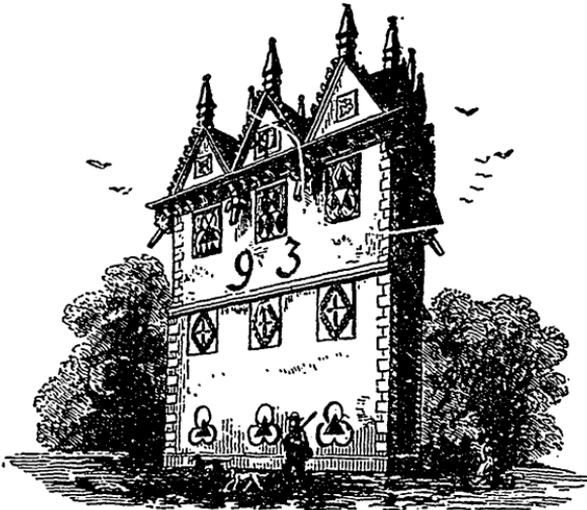
of the English nation than any other event, "except the battle of Hastings."

At Rushton, within one hundred yards of the station, is the singular Triangular Lodge, built by Sir Thomas Tresham. It



ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH CASTLE.

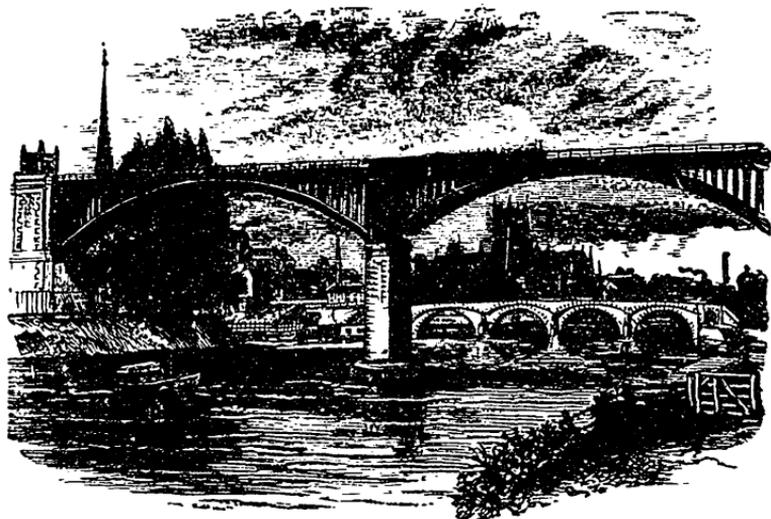
was the rendezvous of the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot; and "it would certainly be no unfavourable place; for its form and isolation deny ears to its walls. The trinary symbolism which exists in the name and arms of Tresham (three trefoils) is here shown forth in every conceivable architectural form and device."



RUSHTON TRIANGULAR LODGE.

Proceeding southward we soon reach the ancient borough of Worcester, lying in the Severn valley, but well situated nevertheless, inasmuch as it occupies one of the minor hills which diversify

that lovely valley, has an exceptionally interesting history. As might have been guessed from the fertility of the surrounding country, it was, before becoming a Roman station, a British settlement. Before the end of the eleventh century, a castle was built in the vicinity, and was not unfrequently the residence of royalty. The long list of sieges the city has had to endure ended with its investment by Cromwell. The young Charles, after his father's death, had been crowned by the Scots, and falling a victim to the strategic arts of Cromwell, attempted an invasion of England. He was allowed to reach the ever-loyal Worcester, and then Cromwell deemed it time to "put issue to the business." The battle was watched by Charles from the Cathedral tower, where



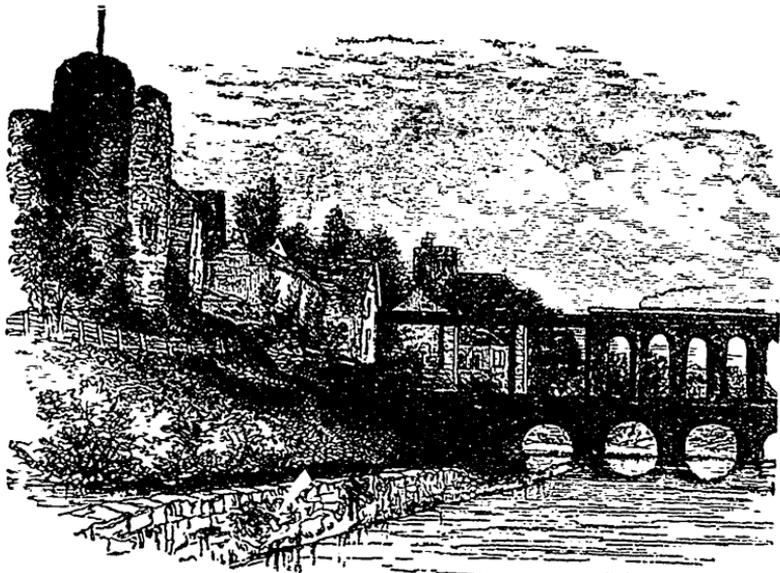
WORCESTER.

he held a council of war, until, finding that the fortune of war was against him, he escaped through the back door of a house to the woods of Boscobel, there to meet with the adventures of which every schoolboy has heard.

A little farther south is Gloucester, whose history is not less eventful than that of Worcester. Passing by British and English times, we find the Conqueror holding his court and indulging in festivities here. Here, too, kings have been crowned, and parliaments held, and hence was issued the order which condemned to death the two nephews of the duke who took his title from the city. The cathedral grew out of a Benedictine monastery, founded at least as far back as the ninth century, in supercession of a nunnery established in 681. The tower, indeed, has scarce a rival, save in the Bell Harry tower of Canterbury, so choice is the tracery of its parapets and pinnacles.

Gloucester, however, is not only a cathedral town, but also a port carrying on a large foreign trade, especially with the Baltic. Up to 1827 it had no other means of access by water than the Severn, which at this point—where, by the way, the famous “bore,” the phenomenal tidal wave, reaches its limit—is narrow.

Brecon, or Brecknock, is situated in a very fine position on the northern side of the Usk river, protected on all sides by lofty hills. It is an important market town, and the place of assize for the county. The castle, which is now in ruins, standing in the grounds of the Castle Hotel on a considerable mound, overlooking the River Honddŭ, was built in the reign of William Rufus by Bernard Newmarch. Its ivy-mantled walls look very picturesque.

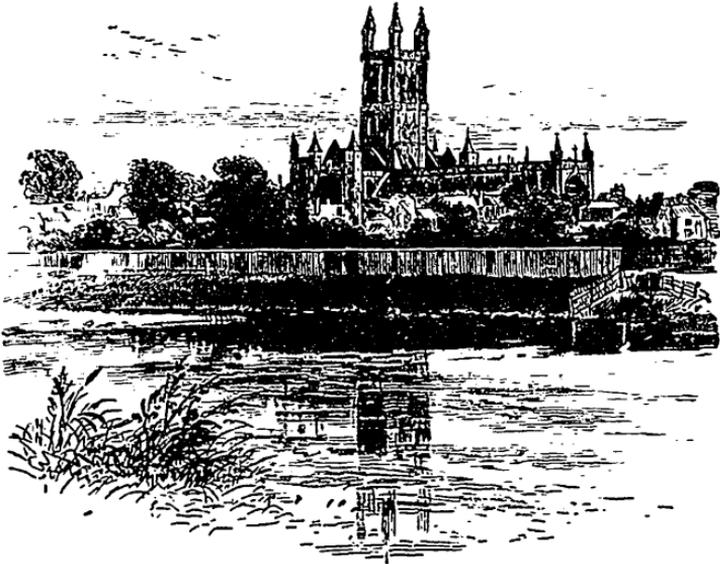


BRECON CASTLE AND VIADUCT.

A short ride through Bedford, where is shown near the church a large old-fashioned house, said to be the Falcon Inn, a favourite resort of Shakespeare, which he has commemorated in verse, and we arrive at Stratford-on-Avon, having had the Avon to our right for some distance. This is a substantial and thriving market town in Warwickshire, near the Gloucestershire border, situated in the lovely valley of the Avon, and resting peacefully in the midst of beautiful rural scenery. For itself it could not fail to be an attractive spot, but that which draws so many tourists to it is the fact that it was Shakespeare's birthplace, and that there are so many memorials of the poet to be seen.

“Here his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sung,
Here his last accents faltered on his tongue.”

I found lodgings at the Red Horse Inn, and slept in a great bed of state, with a huge four-post canopy that might have come down from Shakespeare's time. Strolling along the banks of the gentle Avon, I thought: "Here the boy Shakespeare chased the butterfly, and plucked the buttercups, and hunted thrushes' nests, and sported in the crystal stream; and across those meadows the love-sick swain sped to the cottage of sweet Anne Hathaway; beneath those trees they held their tryst, and on their beechen bark he carved her name." I next visited the old Grammar School, of Edward the Sixth's time, where the immortal bard learned the mysteries of that English tongue which he has rendered classic

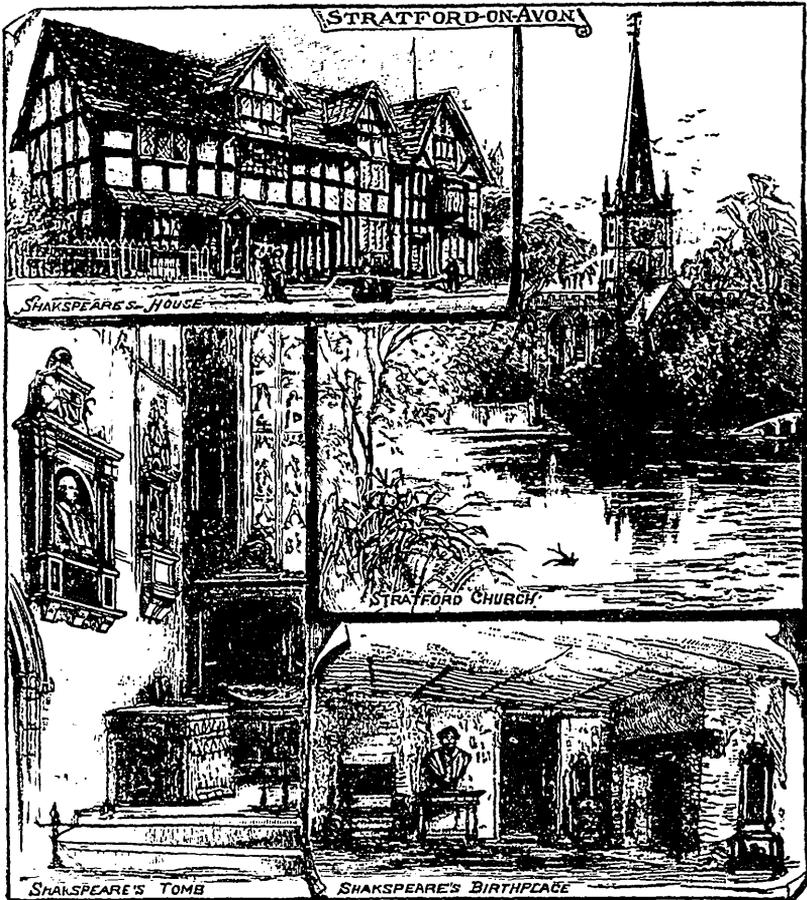


GLOUCESTER.

forever. I then proceeded to the house in which the future poet first saw the light. It is a quaint two-storied timbered house, which has successively been used as a butcher's shop and as an inn. The front door is cut in two, so that the lower part might be kept closed—to shut out the dogs, I was told. The stone floor has also been badly broken by the chopping on the butcher's blocks. Passing up a winding wooden stair, we enter the room in which the wondrous babe's first cry was heard. Across this rough floor he crawled on his first voyage of discovery, and through this lead lattice he caught his first glimpse of the great world-drama, whose thousand varied scenes he has so marvellously painted for all time.

Here is his desk from the Grammar School, notched all over with his school-boy jack-knife. Here is his signet ring, and the

chair in which he sat. What a potent spell of poetry to bring to this dull Warwickshire town, from all parts of Christendom, ten thousand pilgrims every year, to pay their homage at the shrine of genius! Among the noted names etched on the lattice pane was seen the names of Walter Scott and Washington Irving.



STRATFORD-ON-AVON GROUP.

The parish church is beautifully situated on the banks of the Avon, and would be well worthy of a visit even were there no rich associations clustering around it. It is of cruciform shape, and is surrounded by high towering trees, through which very fine glimpses are obtained of the shapely spire and old weather-beaten stones. The path up the main entrance is overhung by beautiful elms, and is a lovely avenue, cool and pleasant on a hot

summer's day, just such a place as we can imagine the bard would love, and one which was doubtless one of his favourite resorts. Inside we find his tomb, within the communion-table railings, and on the slab above are the well-known lines—

“Good frend, for Iesus sake forbear,
To digg the dvst enclosed heare ;
Bleste be y^e man y^t spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he y^t moves my bones.”

Probably but for these words Shakespeare would have now been lying at Westminster. Close by are the graves of his wife and daughter, and a short distance away are the monument and bust so often reproduced in photographs and engravings.

A mile away is Shottery, where stands the cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's wife ; and four miles away is Charlecote Park, where the deer was killed, and the poet was brought before Sir Thomas Lucy, said to be the original of Justice Shallow.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Among the wretched, where poverty's stings—
Expected with every morn that brings
Its sun—are felt with a new despair,
More pangs of hunger, more fervent prayer,
Sweet-voiced sisters are found to-day
Dispensing good in their chosen way—
The King's Daughters.

Where sad ones lie with sunken eyes,
Fated never on earth to rise ;
Whose souls are weary and hearts are sore,
Grieving and wishing their days were o'er,
With words of hope and solace sweet,
There the comforting one we meets—
The King's Daughters.

When time on earth shall have been past
And Gabriel blows his final blast ;
Commanding all to leave the sod,
The lakes, the seas, to meet their God,
No brighter forms will wing their flight
Above to glory and heaven's light,
Than those who, while in the flesh, have done
Charity's labours from sun to sun—
The King's Daughters.

ZACCHEUS.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

"Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house."

"ZACCHEUS, come down!" rang a call by the gateway
 Just outside the fountain-cleansed "City of Palms";
 "Make haste!" said the Christ, and the called one came
 straightway—

Like one at the other gate, him who sought alms.
 The Master could see (and was glad, and no wonder)
 One heart where His Spirit might find a true home;
 He knew how disciples around Him did hinder
 The light-seeking, toil-weary sinners to come.

"He sought to see Jesus." The world called him sordid,
 And never conceived that his spirit might pine,
 'Mid the gold and the gleanings which husbandry hoarded,
 For favour and fellowship with the Divine.
 "He sought to see Jesus": How strangely he found Him!
 How sweetly he proved, He had heart like his own,
 But so tender and kind, all the sad ones around Him,
 Forgot all the sorrow and sin they had known.

"Zaccheus, come down!" What sublime condescension!
 How gentle His calling! His purpose so clear!
 How simply He seeks to secure his attention!
 How easy He makes it for him to come near!
 Afar as the heavens, the Lord seemed above him,
 When lo, He appeals to "come down" to His side,
 How could he forbear in that moment to love Him,
 When love did come in where He came to abide!

"For I must abide at thy house!" (Such petition!)
 Each house is a type of the Holy, above,
 For love is of God, and the home its fruition,
 And Jesus abides at the sources of love;
 But, houseless and homeless, He lived (He the Holy,
 The houseful and homeful One) waiting to come
 To Zaccheus or Mary—to high-born or lowly—
 The perfect completion of heart and of home.

"Salvation is come to this house." Then no wonder
 He scorns the low treasures which pleasures devise;
 One call from the Master had severed asunder
 The earth-bonds and anchored his hope in the skies.
 It was joy to his soul, this delightful salvation!
 Such gladsome and wonderful greeting He gave!
 He was "Abraham's son," and an heir of this nation,
 And Christ was his brother, and mighty to save.



THE FORTIFICATIONS OF EMBELON AND THE DENT LAIRACHIEF.

OVER THE COTTIAN ALPS—THE MONT CENIS ROUTE.

BY V. BARBIER.

II.



THE RIVER ARC BELOW FORT
ESSEILLON.

ST. JEAN DE MAURIENNE is an ancient town, and we have no authentic information regarding its foundation. Lying as it does on the great highway to Italy, St. Jean has frequently suffered severely from the depredations of invading hordes. In 1439 it was subjected to a terrible inundation resulting from the overflow of the Bon Rieux, an impetuous torrent, which

destroyed a great part of the town and brought down such a vast quantity of earth that the soil was raised several feet, so that instead of ascending to the cathedral by a flight of steps, as formerly, it is now necessary to descend into it. The old church contains, says tradition, a finger of St. John the Baptist, and it is from the possession of this ancient relic that the town derives its name.

Among the costumes of St. Jean de Maurienne, the most picturesque and showy is certainly that worn by the women of St. Colomban; it admits of the greatest simplicity as well as of richness and luxury in details. A silver cross with a large heart of the same metal is suspended from the neck by a wide ribbon, the ends of which hang down the back.

An imposing mass of contorted rocks, whose huge pinnacles

afford no foothold for vegetation, now make their appearance to the left of the line. Outliers these of the Grand Perron des



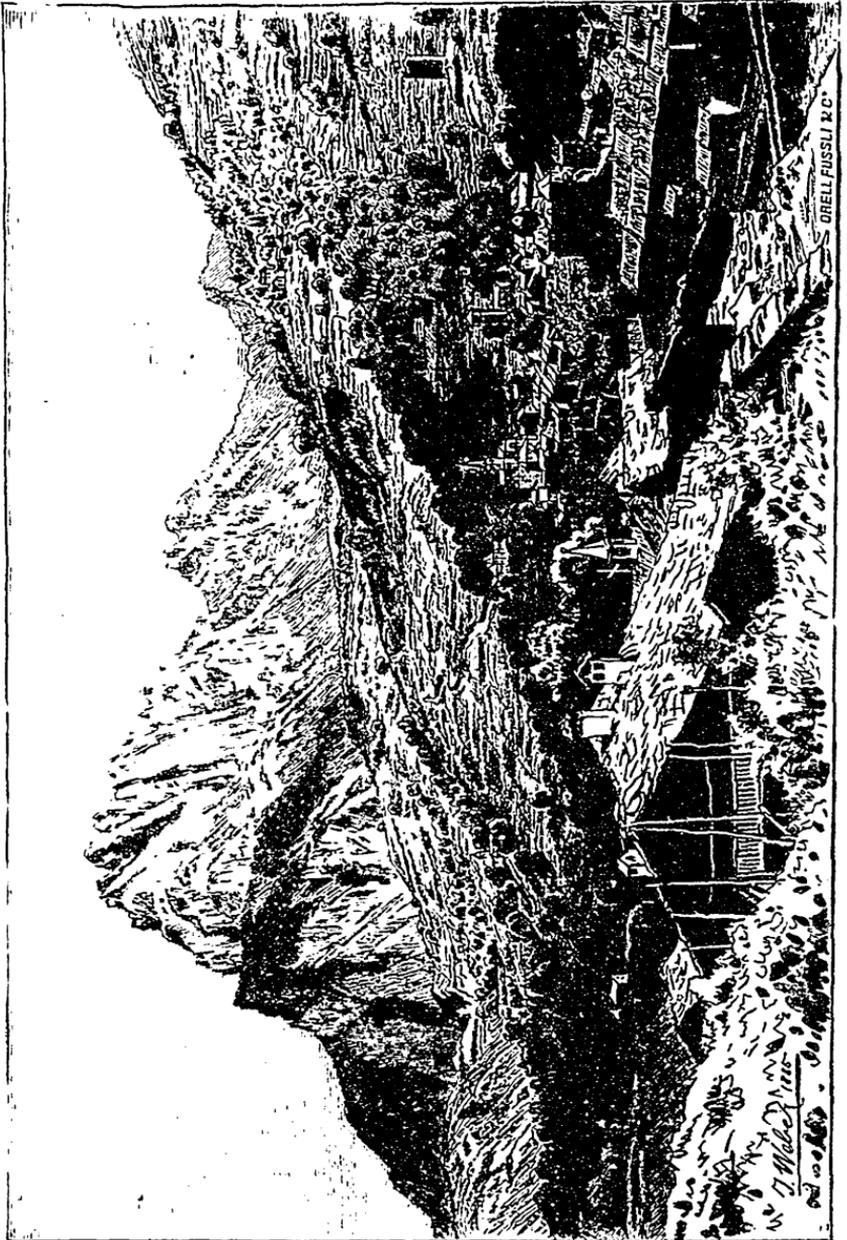
As we speed through the little village of Pontamafrey we notice on our right an enormous rock, which at some remote period must have fallen from the mountain, and which now

serves as the foundation for a little chapel of very picturesque exterior on this extraordinary work of nature.



Occupying a charming position among dense foliage, the little town of St. Michel is situated in part on the heights (the old village), in part in the valley along the high-road and the railway,

to which its development is due (the new village). The occupation of the country by the Saracens has left its traces in the



language and the strange customs of the people. The girls of Valloires intermarry only with the youth of the locality. If they leave their native place to go into service in some large town,

they doff their costume, leaving it in a little neighbouring village, and resume it again religiously on their return.



TOWN OF MODANE AND VILLAGE OF LOTTRA.

The silvery summit which greets us as we approach Modane is the Dent Parrachée, one of the marvels of Savoy. From its summit the entire chain is on the horizon, from Monte Roso to Monte

Viso. There is not one of the lofty peaks that does not answer to the call, that does not rise in its characteristic shape, in its proud and striking outline. Here, as everywhere, Mont Blanc seems to reign over the entire world, but he does not eclipse the scarcely less important chain of the Grand Paradis.

The traveller who now enters Italy through the Mont Cenis tunnel, comfortably installed in the saloon carriages of the railway, makes no acquaintance with the beautiful and picturesque road opened under the First Empire, and designed to facilitate communication between France and Italy at a time when the two kingdoms were under the same rule. The diligence road over Mont Cenis was constructed, like that over the Simplon, at the command of Napoleon I. The Hospice, at the summit of the pass, is situated at an altitude of 6,883 feet. The total length of the road, across the mountains from Chambéry to Susa, is ninety-nine English miles. Formerly much frequented, this route is now seldom traversed except by tourists and by Italian labourers on their way to France in search of employment.

In the month of June, 1868, the diligence service was superseded by the railway constructed by the Engineer Fell. This daring little railway is not yet forgotten in Savoy. Thanks to the special mechanism of its engines and rolling-stock, it ascended gradients at 85 in 1,000, described fantastic curves, and skirted precipices at a dizzy height without ever having to record an accident. The train was composed of a locomotive and four long carriages of the American type, running on two narrow-gauge rails, with a raised middle rail which was clasped by two horizontal wheels, with which each of the carriages as well as the engine were provided. The central rail was only laid on slopes and in curves; it rendered the passage of the train extremely safe. At certain points there were tunnels or galleries of galvanized iron to protect the line and passing trains against falling avalanches. The railway was scarcely in use for as much as four years, but during this time many thousands of tourists, sight-seers, and travellers crossed Mont Cenis, attracted by the novel mode of locomotion.

After passing Modane, on the frontier between Savoy and Italy, the road ascends almost imperceptibly through a wild and broken country abounding in torrents and waterfalls, ravines, precipices, and glaciers. On rounding the rock of Esseillon we are struck by the desolation and wildness of the scene. The fort was built in 1818, under the direction of Austro-Sardinian engineers, upon a group of rocks sinking abruptly to the deeply-cut channel of the river, which is seen as a mere thread of water making its

way at the bottom of a deep ravine, spanned by a boldly constructed bridge known as the Pont du Diable. This view is an



CASCADES BELOW FORT
ESSELLON.

extremely striking one, and those who made the trip by Fell's railway are not likely to have forgotten the sensation they experienced at this point, where the little railway seemed as if really suspended above the abyss, so close did it run to the verge of the

precipice. Above the redoubt a torrent forms a beautiful waterfall. On the right bank three forts occupy the crest of rocks rising one above the other.

The winding and picturesque road now ascends across rugged heaps of debris, through gorges, and up precipices. After having

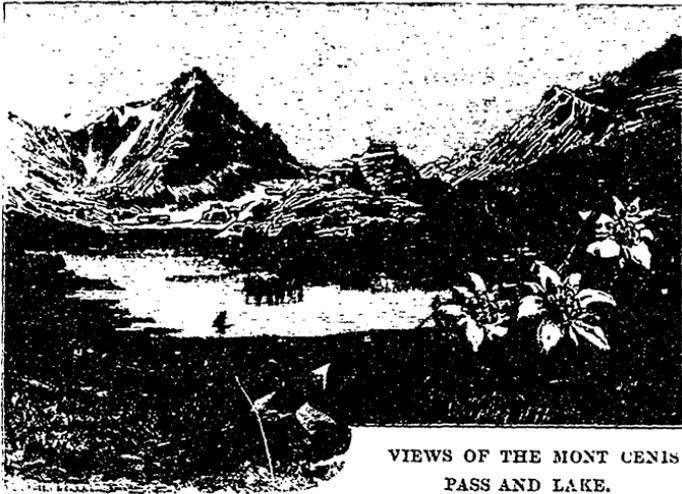


THE GLACIERS OF VANOISE.

scaled all the zigzags of the road we reach the Val d'Ambin, watered by the rivulet of the same name. This grand and sequestered valley, in part cultivated, in part covered with

splendid forests of larch, is pregnant with poetic melancholy. At the summit of the difficult ascent we are rewarded by a beautiful Alpine panorama; the snowy summits of Mont Ambin, and various zones of vegetation decreasing in luxuriance as the altitude increases. Below the line of perpetual snow spread pastures, dotted only with the dwarf variety of rhododendron, known as the alpenrose; then come forests of coniferous trees, and lower down various kinds of cultivated plants, until we reach the narrow zone in which the grape attains maturity.

Before the construction of the fine road over Mont Cenis, under Napoleon I., the travelling carriages were taken in pieces at Lanslebourg by quick and skilful workmen, to be transported in



VIEWS OF THE MONT CENIS
PASS AND LAKE.

separate pieces, packed on the backs of mules, across Mont Cenis to Novalesa in Piedmont, where other workmen put them together again with equal celerity.

St. Anthony is highly venerated in these mountain districts; numerous chapels are dedicated to him, and he is looked upon as the guardian of the flocks and herds. The ancient custom of blessing all the animals in the parish on the festival of this saint has been retained at Lanslebourg. Each owner of an ass or a mule gives a wax taper to the church, and leads his beast in front of the sacred edifice. After saying mass, the curé gives his benediction to all those who have been present at the ceremony.

At Bonneval cultivation has completely ceased, the forests we have left behind us, and we meet with nothing but a few stunted trees which furnished the inhabitants with a scanty supply of fuel during the winter, which is, of course, extremely severe at

this altitude. As a further protection against cold, the inhabitants make their winter dwelling in the stables. The cattle occupy one side and the people the other side of a large room with plank floor, which serves at the same time as kitchen, bedroom, and working-room. Bread is baked twice a year; it keeps well, but becomes so hard that a hatchet is needed to cut it.

Geologically, the plateau of Mont Cenis is a wild ravine, commanded in the north and east by a ring of lofty peaks of glittering schist. This beautiful plateau, completely covered with magnificent pastures, with its azure lake encircled by strangely-formed rocks of gypsum, is certainly the most pleasing of all the lofty Alpine passes, and the one on which we can stay the longest with the most enjoyment. It is, therefore, not surprising that this place was chosen as the site of the Hospice, which has existed here since the ninth century—established, it is said, by Charlemagne—and which was completely restored and enlarged under the First Empire.

The pass of Mont Cenis was crossed by Pepin the Short, by Charlemagne, and by Charles the Bald, who died, on his return, in the little village of Brios, abandoned by all his court; in more recent times by Francis I., by the armies of Louis XIV., by Napoleon I., and in our days by Napoleon III., on the occasion of the war with Austria.

DELAY NOT, LOVE.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

DELAY not, Love, thine office to fulfil ;
 Wait eve's gray bourne, nor morn's renewing glow
 Till thou thy word bespeak, thy touch bestow
 On the worn heart that lingers for thee still.
 Snows melt on graves, where wild remorse wails shrill
 As bleak March winds ; and royal plumes, wave slow,
 Of purple lilacs, hearsing homes where, lo !
 Men feed on tears, who did no harsher ill
 To gentle hearts than that they did restrain
 Love's tenderness. Oh, ease their hunger now !
 Lest you should cry, Alas ! through all the years ;
 Perchance to-morrow they feel not your tears
 With quick forgiving : from the turf where rain
 Of April falleth, while you woeful, bow,
 They stretch no wild, warm arms, whisper no low,
 Sweet accents,—Yea, dear one, we know
 You loved us so,—
 Soothing from the unseen your fruitless pain.

CHERRYFIELD, Me.

GEORGE ELIOT.

BY REBECCA HART.

“Do not think that you will ever get harm by striving to enter into the faith of others, and to sympathize in imagination with the guiding principles of their lives; so only can you justly love them, or pity them, or praise.”—RUSKIN.

WHATEVER may be the differences of opinion as to the wholesomeness of George Eliot's writings, the study of her life cannot fail to be interesting to those who like to watch the development of character, or to those for whom literary history has a charm.

Carlyle tells us that Robespierre, the tyrant who sent so many of his countrymen to the guillotine, resigned a judgeship, when a young attorney, because he would not sentence one man to death. History is constantly recording such contrasts between men's early and later opinions; and some such contrast we may find in George Eliot's life. At one time we find her sighing for the holiness of St. Paul, at another breaking the most binding law of morality; at one time wrapped in the devotion of the ascetic, at another “denying the Lord who bought her.”

Indeed, her life forms a good commentary to her own words: “Character is not cut in marble, it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.” But, to continue the figure, are there not often certain weaknesses in the constitution which determine *what* disease outside causes will develop?

The surroundings of Marian Evans' childhood were the busy industry and substantial comforts of farm life. Her father, Robert Evans, possessed the keen, practical mind, the uprightness, and the energy with which his daughter afterwards endowed Adam Bede. He had a growing reputation for those qualities which make a good land agent, and for that business he afterward gave up farming. The mother was an energetic housewife, but delicate from Marian's infancy.

At the age of five the child was sent, with an older sister, to boarding-school, coming home every Friday evening to remain until Monday. School-life, begun thus early, lasted until she was sixteen. She was a clever student, and a great favourite with her teachers. She was her father's idol and pride, while she in turn worshipped her brother, who was a few years older than herself.

Two traits in her character, the ambition to stand well in the

esteem of those she admired, and the power of entering sympathetically into their views, were shown in a curious way at the several schools she attended. At Miss Wallington's school, at Nuneaton, she formed an attachment for the principal governess, a Miss Lewis, and became, like her friend, an ardent Evangelical Churchwoman. Later, when attending school in Coventry, she became enthusiastic in the Baptist tenets, and a leader of prayer-meetings among the girls. She is credited with having a deeply religious nature, but we doubt if her religious experiences were much more than the enthusiasm of sympathy.

During the first year after she left school her mother died, and her sister was married. Owing to these changes she became her father's housekeeper.

The first five years which followed were difficult years for a girl of Marian Evans' nature. A young creature, with a hungry intellect, and a soul alive to all the wonders of the world in which she found herself, and with a great yearning for beauty and the refinements of life, she had no one near her who could sympathize with these longings. Her brother, whom she had loved passionately when they were children, drifted away from her into his own pursuits, and there was never much congeniality between them. Perhaps there is no sadder trial for the young than a total lack of sympathy in those who are nearest to them by natural ties. It is hard to know that what for them is all aglow with divine light is a blank to those around them, as Paul's heavenly vision was to his companions on the road to Damascus. As one grows older one ceases to demand understanding and agreement with one's feelings and beliefs, and learns to accept as very precious even the love which has no power to sound one's being.

But it was not possible at any time for Marian Evans to give strong affection where she could not receive intellectual sympathy and benefit. When at school she formed none of those warm friendships which school-girls make, and which often last through life. Miss Lewis, the one friend she made then, she outgrew and dropped entirely when she formed the Coventry friendships.

But to return to her life at Griff Farm. We, looking back on those years, and seeing how much of needful preparation they held for a brilliant career, may think lightly of the loneliness and heart-hunger of that time. To the poor child, however, living her passionate but repressed life in that remote farm-house, and seeing nothing beyond, they were sad years. Many an imaginative girl, thus isolated, would have spent the time in idle dreaming. But Marian Evans was too ambitious, too eager for knowledge to be so tempted. Besides her duties as housekeeper, which she per-

formed with characteristic thoroughness, but sometimes found "nauseating," she received lessons in German, Italian and music, and did a large amount of reading.

She showed wonderful wisdom in her choice of books. There is no recipe for the making of geniuses, they are independent of all training or of all lack of training. But there are methods by which ordinary people may attain strong and cultured minds, and no course is more effective than the one Marian Evans resolved on: "I simply declare my determination not to feed on the broth of literature when I can get strong soup." In this day, when weak and worthless books are driving the masterpieces of literature out of the market, when for a work to be new is better than that it should bear the stamp of genius, it would be well if young Canadians would make the same resolve.

Marian Evans does not seem to have had the passion for romance which swayed Scott in his boyhood; or the weakness of that omnivorous reader, Macaulay, who, to his latest day, could never resist a book, no matter how trashy it was. She was fond of poetry, but the poetry of nature, and of human nature rather than of sentiment. Wordsworth was a favourite, and remained so to the last. She writes of having loved Young "in the sweet garden-time of youth." She had a fondness for Church history, too, and on her first visit to London, when she was nineteen, her principal purchase was Josephus' "History of the Jews." Unusual tastes for a young girl, but where she had such freedom to choose her own studies, it was this serious bent of her mind which saved it from dissipation.

The tractarian movement, which was engaging the minds of English churchmen of that day, interested her much, but she showed her characteristic indecision: "I think no one feels more difficulty in coming to a decision on controverted matters than myself," she wrote to Miss Lewis about that time.

She was ever moved by the influence nearest to her, whether of persons or books; and, as her reading was largely of a grave tone, her mind was much exercised on religious subjects. She was at one time so given up to ascetic ideas that she looked upon novel reading, or music of any but a devotional kind, as sinful. She gave up all amusements, and ceased to care for her personal appearance. We doubt if she ever went so far as to sleep on the bare floor, as she represents her prototype, Maggie Tulliver, doing, for hers was always an ease-loving nature. Not content with severe practices for herself, she tried to inflict her views on her brother, and strove to induce him to resign many harmless pleasures. We can fancy her—a delicate girl, musing apart in unshared

enthusiasm over each new author who swayed her for the time, very precise in language, and a little pedantic, with some hardly concealed scorn for "those who cared for none of these things."

She found time, with all her domestic cares and her studies, to work among the poor, visiting them, forming clothing clubs, and in other ways looking after their interests. From her contact with the poor at this time, we must have the characters of Silas Marner and Dolly Winthrop, for she was never personally active in charity in after-life. Indeed, many of George Eliot's character studies are the result of her experiences in the apparently barren period of her girlhood. Much of the scenery, too, of her books is faithful description of what was familiar to her childish eyes.

It was well for her future success that she was not born in a more cultured and exclusive circle. With her studious and fastidious tastes, she would never willingly have placed herself in a position to study human nature in all its phases—could never have studied it as one of the people. The higher classes of English society are so hemmed in by the prejudice of caste that it seems a necessity that her poets and novelists, those whose work it is to portray human character and passions, should come, with few exceptions, from the commonalty; that Shakespeare should be an obscure village boy, and Keats a stable-keeper's son, that Dickens should have that sorrowful apprenticeship to the blacking business, and should himself, for a time, be a "child of the Marshalsea." To obtain a knowledge of the course of a stream, the eye may trace it, at one's leisure, from a neighbouring hill, but to know what flowers grow on its sides one's feet must follow all its windings through the moss and bushes of its banks; so with a human life—by observing it from a distance one may gain wise views as to its duties and destiny, but to learn what poisonous flowers of temptation, and what healing herbs of comfort surround its way, one must walk very close beside it.

The first important change in George Eliot's life took place in her twenty-first year, when her father gave up Griff Farm to his son, and took a house at Foleshill, near Coventry. Miss Evans was delighted to change her quiet country home for one nearer the town, as she hoped to find better opportunities for culture, and more congenial friends. All unconsciously she was approaching the crisis of her life.

Her family had formerly had a slight acquaintance with Mr. Bray, of Coventry, and the acquaintance was now renewed. Mr. Bray was a wealthy ribbon manufacturer, and one of those men whom Emerson says, "are nowhere better found than in England; a cultivated person, fitly surrounded by a happy home." At his

charming place, Rosehill, he gathered around him a circle of cultured people, and entertained many distinguished visitors from other countries. Mr. and Mrs. Bray, and later Mrs. Bray's sister, Miss Hennell, became Miss Evans' dearest friends. They were people of "liberal" views; Mr. Bray was the author of several philosophical works, and Mrs. Bray's brother, Mr. Charles Hennell, had published a sceptical work, "An Inquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity."

The strongest and weakest elements in Miss Evans' character combined to make this companionship peculiarly dangerous. Thrown for the first time into such society, with a keen appreciation of its refinement and culture, with an eager longing for admiration, and the recognition of her own intellectual power, with a nature easily swayed by each new influence, she yielded at once to the brilliant reasoning she heard there; yielded the more readily, that by doing so she might gain a position in the charmed circle which would satisfy her ambition.

If at this time she had gained Christian friends of equal culture she would probably have been saved to the Church. The ease with which she adopted the views of her new friends proved her moral weakness. In spite of the fascination of their society, in spite of her own ambition and intellectual pride, no truly great soul could have turned from the sublime memories and tender associations of the Christian faith, without a deeper struggle. We cannot but conclude, from her course at this time and at a later period of her life, that Marian Evans had no principles strong enough to make any path which looked easy and delightful to her an impossibility. In speaking of her moral weakness, we do not mean the weakness which cannot resist temptation to commit conscious sin, we mean the infirmity of character which makes it difficult to retain old opinions when new ones are presented. The principles of such a character are like plants growing on stony ground, from lack of root they have no vigour to withstand the burning sun of opposition.

In the first fervour of her new profession, Miss Evans refused to attend church. Her father, annoyed at this sudden rebound from the most ardent devotion to downright infidelity, determined to rent his house and live with his son at Griff. His daughter resolved to take lodgings, and support herself by teaching. However, the family breach was soon mended, Miss Evans consented to attend church, her father relented, and she took up the duties of housekeeper again.

The ten years spent at Foleshill were years of great intellectual growth. She gained much from her intercourse with the Brays,

lost her stiffness of speech and manner, and showed a sense of humour which was lacking in her before. At Rosehill she met Emerson and many distinguished literary persons, and she frequently accompanied the Brays on short trips to places of interest. She studied intensely in these years, and translated the "Leben Jesu" of Strauss, and Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico Politicus."

It is hard to understand the settled discontent of this time. We can only explain it by the fact that, being conscious of latent power, she yet, as she stated, suffered from an "absolute despair of ever being able to achieve anything." She felt no impelling force to write. It was with her genius as with those plants which must wait through all the soft fragrance of spring and early summer before they feel the mysterious impulse to bring forth the blossoms, whose perfumed loveliness is the purpose of the plant's existence. And in the long waiting-time she was torn by the conflict of her ambition and her self-distrusting pride—ambition which longed to do something worth living for, pride which forbade the effort lest it should end in failure.

She nursed her father through his last lingering illness with faithful care. Since her childish admiration for her brother had faded she showed stronger affection for her father than for any other member of her own family, and she felt with keenness his sufferings and death. Immediately after his death she accompanied the Brays to the Continent, and remained at Geneva for eight months. In something more than a year after her return from abroad she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*. To be thorough in all she undertook was natural, and she brought to this new work her usual pains-taking zeal.

In London she soon formed a circle of cultured friends—Herbert Spencer and Miss Martineau among others; and here she began to write reviews and magazine articles.

She gained much pleasure from Herbert Spencer's friendship. He took her to concerts and the opera, and they "agreed that they were not in love with each other, and that there was no reason why they should not have as much of each other's society as they liked." It was through Mr. Spencer that she became acquainted with George Henry Lewis, for whom she had no liking at first, and whom she pronounced "a sort of miniature Mirabeau in appearance."

Mr. Lewis, however, soon won her friendship, and afterwards a deeper feeling, and in 1854 she took that step which all the world knows, and most of the world condemns. She assumed the relationship of a wife to him when a living wife made marriage vows impossible. Pity her! It was not easy for her, it would not be

easy for any woman with a sensitive and refined nature, to take such a position, to endure the unenviable publicity, the scorn and censure which was inevitable. She was not then the celebrated author, whose genius would excuse her fault in the eyes of many. A few friends, the list so short that she could "often and easily recall it," stood by her at this time, but the greater part of her acquaintances dropped her entirely.

"In the paper 'Looking Backward,' in 'Theophrastus Such,' says J. W. Cross, "are bits of true autobiography." In that paper we find these words, which have a pathetic interest when we remember that she never went back to her old home, or mingled with her family after her union with Lewis. Writing of her own early days as the experience of the imaginary clergyman's son, she continues:

"I cherish my childish loves—the memory of that warm little nest where my affections were fledged. Since then I have learned to care for foreign countries, for literature, foreign and ancient, for the life of Continental towns, dozing round old cathedrals, for the life of London, half-sleepless with eager thought and strife, with indigestion or with hunger; and now my consciousness is chiefly of the busy, anxious metropolitan sort. . . . I belong to the 'Nation of London.' Why? There have been many voluntary exiles in the world, and probably in the very first exodus of the patriarchal Aryans . . . some of those who sallied forth went for the sake of a loved companionship, when they would willingly have kept sight of the familiar plains and of the hills to which they had first lifted up their eyes."

This was the secret of her action. Of a clinging nature, and making large demands for sympathy and affection on those she loved, it was only a very close companionship which could satisfy her. For this companionship she was ready to sacrifice much that women hold dearest; but the sacrifice, although a willing one, must have held its portion of sacrificial pain.

That she was indebted to Mr. Lewis for the impetus toward her literary career cannot be denied. He gave her the faith in her powers, and the wise, persistent encouragement which her despondent, sensitive nature needed. We cannot but admire his genuine delight in her growing fame, his unselfish readiness all through their life together to relieve her from business details which would distract her, although in doing so he took the time from "studies which were a seventh heaven to him." Our admiration for this unselfish devotion grows when we contrast it with Carlyle's complacent remark that his wife had ambition for a literary career before her marriage, but renounced it for him—"poor darling," indeed!

Put this sympathetic, loving comradeship, precious as it was,

did not justify the course which made it possible. That we find fruit beneficial to our health does not warrant us in robbing our neighbour's orchard. And if it were once allowed that there could be exceptions to the ninth commandment, there might be cases where perjury would be the means of procuring justice, but righteousness in the general administration of the law would be considerably endangered. We all need some power greater than that of fine sentiments to give us strength for renunciation, and if we have not the awe of a divine commandment we need fixed and noble principles, and George Eliot did not acknowledge the divine origin of the moral code, it was simply the outgrowth of civilization and might be further modified as the race advanced in culture. With such views only a strong nature could be restrained by consideration for the many—by the dread of setting an example which it were certainly best not to be widely imitated—from breaking those laws when the result seemed an unmixed personal good; and George Eliot, as we have said before, had not a strong nature. That she was sincere in holding that her action was a virtuous one, and conscientious in teaching moral duties, we may believe, for, as she herself has said, "the human soul is hospitable, and will entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions with much impartiality."

The first eight months after her union with George Henry Lewis were spent in Germany. There she wrote some of her most brilliant essays; but it was not until her return from abroad, when she had written her article on "Cumming," that Mr. Lewis was quite convinced of her genius. She had always had a dream that she might some day write a story, but never went further than to write an introductory chapter. While in Germany she read this chapter to Mr. Lewis. This first gave him the idea that she might write fiction. The impression was strengthened by her growing success in other kinds of writing, until he became very urgent that she should make a trial. The result of her first effort, "Scenes in Clerical Life," is well known.

She was in her thirty-eighth year when she began to write fiction. It seems curious that not only had she herself been so long unconscious of her power, but her Coventry friends who had known her so intimately never dreamed of it. Even when "Adam Bede" was well known, they did not recognize it as her work, and were greatly surprised when she declared herself the author.

Her satisfaction in the knowledge that she had at last found her life-work was mingled with much self-distrusting anxiety. Her ambition was far removed from the petty vanity which is

satisfied with passing popularity. The thoroughness which was an element in all her work showed itself here. To write truthfully, to present human nature amid every variety of surroundings, and under all forms of religious belief, with sympathetic justice, was her large aim. But she was constantly being overtaken by panics of dread that she might not be able to accomplish it. Always amidst the pleasure which the success of a finished work gave her, she was assailed by the fear that she would never write another book as good. Perhaps she was right in declaring that without Mr. Lewis' sympathy she could not have written her books. Her knowledge of his critical ability gave her the confidence in his appreciative judgment which enabled her to overcome her own distrust. Doubtless her feeling of despondency partly arose from excessive egoism; but that sensitiveness which scorns to do work, no matter how remunerative, which has no worth, and which shrinks from any praise which is not merited, must be the highest form of self-love.

In spite of her frequent depression, George Eliot had the joy of the artist in her work, and the years of her mature womanhood were much happier than any earlier period of her life. Admiration for her writings brought friendships, to which her easily moved nature responded. She had none of that gall toward those who differed from her which characterizes so many persons of genius. She was singularly free from jealousy, and ready to speak words of praise for any who had done conscientious work.

Her life was, for the most part, a quiet one, made up of mornings of assiduous work, and evenings spent in reading. This routine was varied by frequent trips to the Continent and to the most beautiful spots in England. She had a large capacity for the enjoyment of all that is best in nature, and music, and art, and wide opportunities for gaining that enjoyment. Her attitude of reverent admiration toward all creeds and systems of philosophy, while she accepted none, was not assumed. It was the natural result of that sympathetic perception of other people's point of view, which in her was more than artistic insight, which amounted to a weakness of character, just as a man who is susceptible to every pretty face is seldom capable of a deep and lasting affection. Her lack of a fixed belief caused her none of those questionings as to the meaning of life which cost Tolstoi such agony. Life to her was replete with meaning. It was full of beauty which caused her joy, full of knowledge she longed to acquire, full of great thoughts she desired to share, full of love which her soul hoarded as a precious treasure; and as she grew older her love of life grew stronger. It was only in looking at the end that her

unbelief caused her pain, for she saw death standing there ready to annihilate all joy, and love, and thought, and she saw nothing beyond. To pass from this bright, intense existence into a region of darkness and forgetfulness was a doom from which she shrank, as the years went on, with an increasing sadness.

This belief in death as the end of all prompted her to seize with undue eagerness every pleasure which the growing years left open to her. It was this eagerness, we think, which led her to take that step which marred the last chapter of her life-story. Eighteen months after the death of George Henry Lewis, and when she was in her sixty-first year, she married a man much younger than herself. When death took from her the man who had been her constant companion for almost twenty-five years, her egoistic sensitiveness still demanded some one near her who would be exclusively devoted to her. She had not the hope of a blessed reunion which would have disciplined her heart-hunger to a patient waiting, nor the faith in an eternal existence which would have made her remnant of life seem of slight importance, except for the good she might do.¹ But even then the world to which she clung so fondly was slipping from her grasp. She died quite suddenly a few months after her marriage.

We cannot turn from the study of George Eliot's history without a regret, which is a lingering pain, for the woman so richly endowed with some of nature's best gifts, who yet so weakly yielded to selfishness and wrong, who left behind her no legacy of noble triumph over temptation to strengthen the struggling humanity she professed to love, and who, at the end of life, had no brighter anticipations than the oblivion of the grave.

LIVERPOOL, N.S.

“TROUBLED ABOUT MANY THINGS.”

How many times these low feet staggered,
 Only the sealed mouth can tell;
 Try! can you stir the awful rivet?
 Try! can you lift the hasps of steel?

Stroke the cool forehead, hot so often;
 Lift, if you can, the listless hair;
 Handle the adamantine fingers,
 Never a thimble more shall wear.

Buzz the dull flies on the chamber window;
 Brave shines the sun through the freckled pane;
 Fearless the cobweb swings from the ceiling—
 Indolent housewife, in daisies lain!

—*Emily Dickinson.*

THE EPWORTH LEAGUES.

A FEW PRESENT-DAY THOUGHTS.

BY ROBERT W. DILLON, F.R.S.L.

THE most pressing problems of the age are not scientific, but social. Every recurring May-day emphasizes this truth for rulers and ruled alike. These social problems touch not merely the material prosperity, but the spiritual welfare of mankind. Just as beneath every economic injustice there lies in society some moral wrong, so to every social problem there is a spiritual solution; hence it may be said that every social problem is at heart spiritual. The most urgent spiritual problem before the Church to-day is, "How shall we best utilize our young people to advance the welfare of the Church and the glory of God?"

Influence and enthusiasm are two of the world's most superb forces. They are the natural inheritance of youth. The old man is naturally conservative, he has battled hard for the things that are, and he is, therefore, content to rest now. Men say "The New Era" is upon us with its splendid hopes, its glorious possibilities, its brilliant realities. But to fully develop these are required the forces of youth.

At this time the gravest political questions regarding the future of our beloved Dominion are awaiting solution; and it is the custom to look to "the leaders" for guidance. But watch "the leaders," and you will find them engaged in feeling the pulse of the nation, and this is regulated by the blood that flows in the heart of its youth. Patriotism becomes the young as they stand in "the golden gateways of manhood;" the inheritors of all that is noble and good in the past, the doers of all that shall be noble and true in the future, the preservers of that "Freedom that broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent."

Is the Church less alive to the signs of the times than the politician? Youth is Nature's perpetual reserve force, which she marches up to reinforce the baffled and wearied armies of to-day. As they stand before us to-day, rich in strength, in resolve, in ambition, in opportunity, and in time—the most powerful of organic forces for good or evil—to what use shall the Christian Church put them?

Our Methodist Church has in part answered this by founding the Epworth League. This, though still in its infancy, by reason of its adaptability and its many-sidedness, has been quietly using

every faculty of its members and every grace of its youth to develop righteous citizens of earth as well as of heaven. There are many sunny outlooks in these days, outlooks that might well bring a blush to the cheek of the pessimist, and send the warm blood dancing merrily through the heart of despondent and clouded age. Of these, the "League" seems most radiant with promise, most brilliant with hope. Already it has produced as *living* realities those latent possibilities which seemed to many to be the fanciful dreams of over-sanguine Christian enthusiasts. But real Christian enthusiasm has a due sense of the fitness of things, and the marvellous growth of the League is a proof thereof. This is now one of the most powerful of spiritual levers, which under wise and kindly guidance, are lifting mankind heavenwards to truth and God.

We are accustomed to say that there are now no undiscovered countries, no unknown races of mankind; yet there are curious facts known to Arctic voyagers which strongly suggest the existence of an inhabited land near the North Pole, in a direction north-east from Spitzbergen. The reindeer and birds of Spitzbergen proceed north every year to some distant and unknown breeding ground. When the reindeer return they are often found to be curiously branded and their ears artificially cut. The natural inference is, some human hand has done this, but whose? The years will tell. So in times past, we have been accustomed to say that there were no new posts for youth to occupy, no unknown forces of evil for them to grapple with, that these, if any, would be seized by older hands, and that the youth could wander along the beaten paths and gather up the "fragments that remain"—in itself a noble task—but youth has claims also upon the nobler. One of the strongest features of the League has been the readiness of its members to seize unoccupied and debatable ground for Christ. There is now no service too little or work too hard for which the League cannot find earnest volunteers. With flowers and Bible in the chamber of the sick, with tracts and prayers and "good cheer" among the "deeper depths;" with house-to-house visitation, and kindly words, and faithful invitations, they have gone, these followers of Christ, until at last it has been realized in accomplishment, "that there is a work for *each* to do." Consecration pledge and active Christian work have reacted upon each other to produce a deeper spiritual life, a wider spiritual influence, a truer spiritual knowledge; so that, as an indirect consequence, there is less likelihood of our young people being carried about "with every wind of doctrine;" "for he that doeth the will of God shall know of the doctrine whether it be from God."

There has been also sympathy and co-operation with other Christian Churches, in unity of spirit and oneness of work. To pastor and people, judging from the reports it has been our privilege to read, this spiritual side of the League has been an inspiration and a help. This field, however, the League is only occupying with other Christian members and bodies who were there earlier, in their collective or individual capacities. But there is a domain that the League is making peculiarly its own—it is that of hospitality towards “the stranger that is within your gates.”

Youth cannot exist without companionship, and as it comes from the sweet country hillside, and the old bush farm, into our great cities, where the smoke of men’s passions is forever rising, like a mantle of darkness between them and heaven’s light, how it hungers for the *friendly* touch of a human hand, the kindly cheer of a human voice. And if it cannot get these from within the Church, it can get them from without. Christian people undoubtedly, should occasionally open their homes to their clerks and employees, and to any whom they may find living lonely lives in the great cities. No doubt, in reply to a suggestion of this kind there would be the usual outcry as to “introductions,” “references,” “antecedents,” etc. These things do not make the obligation to be hospitable less a Christian duty. There are some Christian households which systematically do this thing, and have thus helped to keep many within the Church, who would otherwise have strayed; but as individuals, there is a large responsibility for the Church to discharge in this direction.

The League is doing nobly in the social field. In many places church parlours are thrown open, and books and music and warm friends are there to greet the stranger and cause him to feel at home. Look-out Committees are appointed, who visit the hotels and the boarding-houses, and the warehouses, and invite the young men and women to the meetings that are held, and then when they come to the meetings warmly welcome them, walk home with them, and take the first opportunity to invite them to some little social gathering. In fact, everything is done to make them feel *at home* in the Church and *at home with its members*. The Christian Church has yet some *practical* lessons to learn from Lodges and Friendly Societies, and the social side of the League is teaching them.

Let it never be forgotten, that if the Church will not minister to the social cravings of youth, which are as much God-given instincts as any other, the music hall, the theatre and the saloon will. Life is not a tiresome street-car journey, the shorter the

better, to be got over without any regard to the convenience and comfort of others.

There are too many scarecrows in the Christian Church. We all hunger and thirst for companionship, and all honour to the League, and to every Christian institution, that in the fear of God attends to this want of human nature. The great Creator has built up His universe on social and interdependent lines; for in all parts of nature there is community of development and fellowship of life. The fulness of one kind of life is timed to the ripeness of another, and there is a co-perfecting in all the kingdoms of life. The richest gifts of God's bounty can only be reached out to and enjoyed by humanity in its widest fellowships. There are some creatures so low down in the scale of life that if you cut them in pieces each part will live, but humanity is an organic whole and the members thereof cannot be separated without loss. On the mere plain of material prosperity the world is bound together by social chains, but on the higher spiritual level it may be bound by these same chains to the throne of God.

The social side of the League is yet in its infancy. What may it not produce, seeing that it must reach its ultimate triumph in fellowship and social unity?

Hitherto the most neglected portion of the League has been its "Courses of Study." The Reading Circles, Chautauquan and other circles already in existence may account in part for this. But even these will not cover the peculiar feature of the Epworth Readings, which is to make Methodist youth familiar with Methodist history. It is a lamentable truth that many of the rising generation of Methodists are poorly acquainted with the rich heritage of biography and history left them by their forefathers. The records of the struggle of the Methodist pioneers in this and other lands read like veritable romances, more interesting than the "Chronicles of the Cid," and their lives are as worthy of study as those written by Plutarch. These will be of incalculable value in preventing Methodism from becoming a fashionable monopoly, and her churches ecclesiastical preserves, and keep her in touch with the masses whence she sprung and to whom she belongs.

The founders of the League have wisely recognized that intellectual truth is as valuable as moral truth; for it is no purpose of religion to arrest man's intellect, or dull his thirst for knowledge. Following in the footsteps of Wesley, who taught the greatness and dignity of intellect, as well as the freedom of right and the slavery of wrong, they have provided courses of reading in various branches of current knowledge.

Why should not each League have a class for Bible study—not an ordinary Bible-class, but a place where the origin and inspiration of the Bible, the history of the various books, the light of science and recent discovery as it bears on Scripture, may be fearlessly and reverently discussed; in short, a place where the Word of God may be analytically discussed? What a wonderful increase of faith there would be as we found that every fresh discovery, every added invention, every revealed truth, added to the force of the “Scriptures of God,” so that we could unhesitatingly exclaim, “We believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.”

In this confessedly scientific age it is not so much the spirit of inquiry that we need dread, as the spirit of *delegated* inquiry. We take the second-hand opinions of any plausible speaker, instead of inquiring into truth ourselves. Let a man reverently search into Biblical matters for himself, and the Spirit of God will guide him into truth. This should be the scope and aim of the suggested class for Bible study. Our girls and boys in our high schools and colleges possess themselves of the treasures of literature, science, philosophy; whether we will or no, they bring these to bear on their religious questions, and it is matter for reproach that we are not always alive to their inevitable mental perplexities. We cannot turn them aside from their quest for truth by harsh unreasoning answers, though we may turn them away from the Church. We cannot, like the Catholic priest, demand implicit obedience and unquestioning faith in any statement because we make it. *Protestantism* is the very essence of a man's right to think for himself in religious matters. Whilst making clear the spirituality of the Bible and showing that it appeals rather to the conscience and the heart than the intellect; we must be prepared to give intelligent reasons for the faith that is in us, and to meet argument with argument. “Truth will survive though the heavens fall.”

Such a class, if it did not make us better theologians, would make us better Christians. On the one hand we should realize that science itself is unreliable in many things, that it always has to be limited by “*as far as we know now*,” that the scientific hypotheses of to-day are the laughing-stock of to-morrow; and on the other, we should know that in spite of all attacks, the Bible still remains “the power of salvation to them that believe;” and the result would be less of dogmatic assertion and more of Christian performance. He that did the will of God “would know of the doctrine whether it was from God;” and this “Bible study” would be one of the most glorious steps towards the

realization of that Christian unity for which every worker hopes, of which all the sages spoke and all the poets dream.

We think we have now said enough about the League to warrant our next statement, which, indeed, is the real object and basis of this paper. To the proper realization of these things there must be sympathy and co-operation between the various Leagues. The next step in advance then, is a "Union of Leagues" followed by a general Convention, and we propose to make a few practical suggestions in this direction.

To be successful this Union must be one of federation and co-operation, not consolidation. By consolidation you would cramp individual influence, restrict individual effort and promote autocratic authority. This union must be perfectly voluntary, there must be no compelling them to come in. Compulsion would mean destruction. There must be no interference with the inner working of any society; the time for harsh, dogmatic assertion on the one side, and grandmotherly legislation on the other, has gone by, and societies as well as individuals must be ruled more by their own ideas of right and wrong, and his God's interpretation of these to them, than by your ideas or mine. The fewer and simpler the laws governing any "union" the better.

This basis being arranged, provision must be made for equal representation for all uniting societies on any Executive Council that may be formed, and also, for a certain number of members elected at large from a joint meeting. Although this may make the Executive Council that may be formed, it need not be unwieldy, and is, in our opinion, essential for success.

The city of Toronto has done a little in this direction. For some two or three years there was a union of all the Methodist Young People's Associations in the West End; each society sending two representatives to the Joint Committee. All that this union aimed at was to promote social intercourse and friendly feeling among the the Methodist young people, and in this it succeeded admirably. Then last year, under its auspices, a convention of all the Methodist Young People's Associations in the city was held. Large and enthusiastic meetings were held for two nights, were well attended and productive of much spiritual good. Many have been the suggestions as to the advisability of holding another convention this year; but those who were consulted deemed it wise to let the Conference League officials take some steps in this direction, or at least wait to see what was their intention.

In this connection be it said that there is a loyal adhesion on the part of young Methodism to the decision of its elders, when once that decision has been reached.

Now we who were connected with the West End Union found it to be helpful to us individually and collectively; we learned to know and like one another, and to each "esteem the other better than himself." Our mental horizon was widened, our ideas enlarged, our faith strengthened, and the general outcome a generous emulation in living the Christ life and performing the Christ-like deeds. Because it was thus on a small scale we hope for nobler results on the larger; and we who derived benefit from the smaller union will be heart and soul in the larger.

Ideas govern the world, and it has been said that the "ideas of this age are marketable." If by that is meant practical, we shall endorse it. Now the very fact that at a representative gathering in the Metropolitan Church, a committee was appointed to draft a scheme for a union of all city associations, is a strong point in the favour of the still wider union we advocate and must lead up to it. Spring-time finds all growing things in eager expectation. Could we then see deep down into Nature's heart, we should find old mother earth throbbing with delight as new life pulsates through her veins. Under the "greening" carpet of the fields the awakened flowers would be impatient to put off their outer garments and display their beauty of form and sweetness of incense. How full of ambition the bursting seed and the tiny ivy. What promises of smiling fields and ripened harvests. How the gray old monarchs of the forest stretch their limbs aloft and abroad for light and shade. So if we could see into the hearts of our young people we should find the possibilities of such a union coursing through their veins, filling them with fresh life and brighter hopes; while the harvest that may be, nay, that shall be, who will describe?

Some may say, this is *but an idea*. Ideas are the mightiest forces of the world, whose power is measured by their truth. Let but an idea, born of truth and bright with purity, enter into men's hearts, and quiet as the sunbeam, but irresistible as gravitation, it will accomplish the desired end. The one Christian idea that has deepened and broadened in its influence through all the Christian centuries, in the strongest thinkers and the purest minds, has been that the ideal Christian spirit, with its moral reality, inflexible truthfulness and spiritual purity should be the one great motive, animating and bringing into its confines all our manhood. But to do this aright, there must be consultation and co-operation with all who thus aim, that by the union of what is good in all our methods, we may produce the ideal life. What better *raison d'être* could there be?

The new Toronto Union, when formed, will hold a Convention. To this should be invited young people from all over the Province, and from such a mass gathering, the wider union, Provincial or Dominion, could be formed. This would ultimately result in the holding of a large convention every year, similar to those of the Christian Endeavour Society. All officers in any such unions should be elective, and by ballot, without nomination. We have no doubt that the official organ, *Onward*, would be thoroughly taken in hand by such a union, and the heart of its kindly editor cheered by increased circulation; indeed, we think with a little effort *Onward* should be the greatest means of communication between the different Leagues—the place were valuable original papers might be contributed and thus preserved. This is a paper in which every young Methodist ought to be interested. While we look upon it as a credit to all concerned at its present price, we would like to see a subscription-list formed, and the price thereby raised, so as to allow the Editor to carry out fully his ideal of what such a paper ought to be.

Magazines and platforms are continually giving us dissertations on the Church of the future. Whatever form this may assume, we are sure that the Christianity of the future must maintain its hold on all high and generous instincts, on all noble thought, and it can only do this by retaining its hold on the youth. We must develop a Christianity which will say nothing against those who attack the wide problems of human ignorance and misery by other means; but one that will try to better their work by showing that in the deep evangelical spirit, there is nothing bigoted, nothing cowardly, nothing mean. Christianity is concerned with the bookshelves of Nature, whereon stand a myriad volumes, bound in cloth, every one of them of thrilling interest, every one of them true. Every man and woman in the great human hive is a living romance: not to be judged by the cover, nor rejected for the coarseness of the language. It is the duty of Christianity to "edit" these. There can be no question that a union of forces in the coming generation can alone successfully accomplish these things.

Perhaps we had better say here that, while it is our individual opinion that each uniting society should pay a small fee to cover working expenses of council, any other money required should be in the shape of voluntary offerings.

In conclusion. That unknown and unconquered world, for which Alexander wept, is close at hand for us—a world of sin, and ignorance, and crime. Let it be ours, as a united League, to go up and possess it, until it blooms like the garden of the Lord.

See yon ray of light, glancing so merrily into that darkened room? Question it concerning its abilities. "Mine," it would say, "are the forces that lift the waters to form the clouds that bring the rains to refresh the earth and ripen the fruit. I shatter the icy chains of winter; I give back to the birds their song, to the waters their sparkle; to the blue sea its laughing gleam. I bring to all the world its resurrection from the silence and gloom of the night."

Here is a tiny flower-seed, it is like a speck of dust in a human hand; but in it there is the pledge of fragrant meadows and waving corn; the promise of dainty blossoms and luxuriant gardens, the harbinger of sweet savour and good cheer in the chamber of the sick—the token of loving recollection in that "God's Acre," where human harvests grow.

This proposed union of Leagues is, if you will, a ray of light, give it freedom to shine, it will clear out the haunts of superstition, it will give life and liberty to thought and intellect, it will produce showers of Christian benevolence in barren homes and desolate hearts, and prove itself to be a true ray of the Sun of Righteousness. It is at present but a flower-seed, let it have room to grow, it will develop the flowers of patience, of humility, of quiet trust that shall perfume with incense sweet the highways of life. Meanwhile let us all pray and believe that "the greater things" may come to pass.

TORONTO, Ont.

NOTE.—In addition to the union of Epworth Leagues, of which Mr. Dillon writes so sympathetically, the editor of this MAGAZINE looks for a larger affiliation in this city of all the young people's associations engaged in Christian work. To promote this object a joint meeting of representatives of both the Epworth League and the Society of Christian Endeavour, was held in the month of May, in the library of the Young Men's Christian Association, and arrangements were made for holding a grand joint mass meeting of members of all the societies of Christian Endeavour, Epworth Leagues, and other young people's associations engaged in Christian work in this city, this meeting to be held next September as an emphatic demonstration of the cordial fellowship and good-will, and of the practical federation and alliance in Christian work of all these societies. It is believed that similar joint meetings will be held throughout the Dominion, and that all trace of rivalry between these kindred associations will be swallowed up in devoted enthusiasm to the cause of our common Master and Lord.—ED.

TRUTH needs no colour, with his colour fix'd ;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;
But best is best, if never intermix'd.

THE CANADIAN INDIAN PROBLEM.

BY THE REV. J. M'LEAN, PH.D.

SCATTERED over widely separated areas, as the Canadian Indians are, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from within a few miles of the International Boundary Line to the Arctic Circle, different, indeed, in environment, we must expect various stages of native culture and, consequently, different degrees of self-support. Advancement has depended more upon environment than any course of training or the efficiency of any system.

No secular organization has exerted such an influence or secured so great control over the Indian tribes within its jurisdiction as the Hudson's Bay Company. This great corporation assumed a two-fold attitude toward the red men: that of peaceful traders, and again a position of defence, strengthened by forts, cannons and guns. Withal the authorities in later years assisted teachers and missionaries in their policy of peace. The student of Canadian Indian literature cannot fail to become impressed with the influence of this Company through its semi-peaceful policy; selfish in its interests, seeking not the welfare of the red man, but striving to satisfy its own spirit of aggrandizement. This was strengthened by the wealth of the Company, the large concessions granted by its charter, the aristocracy of the shareholders in the island of Britain, the ignorance of the people of the abundant resources of the vast domain included in the Canadian North-West, and the isolated position of the forts at the scenes of the Company's labours. The Indians became dependent upon the forts for the luxuries and gewgaws necessary to relieve the monotony of camp life. This policy, after the suppression of the rum traffic, so strongly influenced the minds of the natives that it prepared the way for subsequent measures, introduced by the Government when it assumed the control of the North-West Territories. From the days of the One Hundred Associates until the period of the North-West Fur Company, and even subsequently, single individuals and small parties of men established trading-posts, or went from camp to camp selling their wares, and receiving in return furs, and horses in later years. Owing to the fact that there was excessive competition, inducements were made for securing the trade of the Indians—as marrying women belonging to the tribes, and introducing whiskey, which so roused the native appetite that the first traders who entered the camps with whiskey secured all the trade.

These traders became known in the country as whiskey traders, and there were found among them men of ability and education. The love of gain had induced some of them to forsake the haunts of civilization, hoping to find a fortune in the western wilds. Isolated, inured to hardship, driven by undue competition, some of those who were kind, blessed with good principles, and anxious to do what was right, felt that they were compelled to engage in the liquor traffic or leave the country. Some were, however, unprincipled men, who cared nothing for the red men if only they could become wealthy in a few years. At Rice Lake, and other Indian resorts throughout Ontario, there were trading establishments among the Indians in the early years of the present century where liquor was sold, and until the year 1874, there were whiskey trading posts in the North-West.

In the west, the Hudson's Bay Company had posts at Rocky Mountain House, Edmonton, Calgary, and Ghost River, to which the Plain Indians, including the Crees and Blackfeet, resorted for purposes of trade. In the land of the buffalo, now known as Southern Alberta, there were established a large number of small trading posts, all of which were largely supplied with liquor. The largest of these were owned by I. G. Baker & Co., who had a post at Sheep Creek, and another at Fort McLeod, formerly known as the Crossing of the Old Man's River. Besides these, there were Stand Off, Slide Out, Whoop Up, and others located in Southern Alberta. The rule of the whiskey traders was that of military despotism. The Spitzzi Cavalry consisted of men who were traders and traders' employees, who were united and armed with the object of self-defence, protection for their trade, which was to be conducted according to a written constitution, and defence against Indian intrusion and attack. The headquarters of the cavalry was at the Baker Post at Sheep Creek, but the band received its name from High River, called in the Blackfoot tongue Spitzzi. In the old Whoop Up post there still hangs the old bell which called the employees to their meals, and there still lies the old cannon which was used for defence in the days of yore. Debauchery, crime, and all kinds of lawlessness reigned supreme when whiskey flowed freely at a time of trade. A few years longer of this government and not many Indians would have remained to tell the story of the last of the buffalo in the Canadian West.

A change was necessary, and it came at last. A spirit of dissatisfaction sprang up among the missionaries and the few settlers in the country who were desirous of order, and meetings were held to protest against the lawlessness of the South. Petitions were sent from the Saskatchewan valley, the settlers at Palestine, near Portage

la Prairie, and elsewhere, urging upon the Government the establishment of garrisons of mounted soldiers throughout Manitoba and the North-West Territories. The people in Manitoba became very much alarmed through an influx of many refugee Sioux, who were fleeing from the United States; and some depredations having been committed, the Rev. John MacNabb, the Hon. John Norquay, and others pressed upon the home authorities the advisability of sending a force without delay. Chief Factor Christie, Rev. G. McDougall, the Hon. Donald A. Smith, and others verbally and in writing, for years, had stated that life must be protected in the Saskatchewan country, and that so great had become the existing lawlessness that life and property were unsafe. There were some who did not believe that affairs were in such a condition, and the Hon. Joseph Howe was strongly opposed to the establishment of such a force in the country. In his report on the question he said:

“I regret to notice in certain quarters a disposition to encourage the Indian bands to make extravagant demands upon the Government, and to alarm the Dominion with idle rumours that a reckless and extravagant expenditure for the maintenance of garrisons in the North-West may be encouraged. The motives of the parties are sufficiently transparent, but it should be borne in mind that the Indians of the North-West are still subjects of the Queen, and are bound to obey the laws. As their hunting-grounds become depleted, there is a rich soil under their feet. To pauperize them with extravagant bounties, or to enter upon a system of reckless military expenditure, merely to put money into the pockets of traders, who would enrich themselves by the supply of these scattered garrisons, would be not only bad military strategy, but a great error in an economic and moral point of view.”

In Manitoba the argument employed for introducing such a force was that the Indians were liable to cause trouble, endangering life and property, but in the North-West the plea was that the Indians and settlers should be protected against the evils arising from the traffic of the whiskey traders. In 1873 an Act was passed prohibiting the importation or manufacture in the North-West of all intoxicating liquors, and enforcing such prohibition by the most stringent provisions; and during the same session, an Act was passed for the organization of a Mounted Police Force for the preservation of law and order in the North-West Territories. It was naturally to be expected that the Indians would look with suspicion upon this body of men, and serious consequences were anticipated by some so soon as they entered the Indian country. Messengers were despatched to prepare the Indians for the advent of the Mounted Police, so that when they came they were received as friends and benefactors by the Indians.

This was the first time in the history of the Dominion that the red men had been placed under military rule, and had been treated by soldiers as wards of the Government. There not being any Indian Department proper in the Western Territories, Indian Boards, consisting of three persons, including the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, had been established at Winnipeg and Victoria, B.C., but these had not given satisfaction. When the Mounted Police came they won the confidence of the tribes, and became the protectors of the red men. We always felt, in the early years, that the police were in the country to protect the Indians more than to defend the settlers against the depredations of the savages. Of course, they were sent to maintain peace, and not to respect any class; but we had always been taught that Britain's flag defended especially the weak and oppressed, and therefore the leaning of the force was toward the red men.

The military administration has not been perfect, nor must we look for perfection in anything human. In the early years the evils were internal, injurious to the young men who felt the burdens of barrack life and the isolation of the prairie. Many of the members of the force became sadly addicted to drink, destroying their influence and manhood, becoming idle, besotted and helpless.

Coming in contact with the Indians offered temptations of a peculiar character to young men, which brought their own penalty in due time. Some of them lived with Indian women while members of the force, instituting a system of immorality whose effects are apparent until the present day. Others, having obtained their discharges, set up as farmers or traders, taking native women as wives, with whom they lived without being married according to the form of law. We must not expect every man to be virtuous in such a large body, nor must we condemn the authorities because of the escapades of a few black sheep among the flock. There are to be found in the force men of courage, sterling principles, unflinching in the face of danger. True men, courteous in manner and generous in their dealings, loyal to their country and faithful to their fellow-men.

The liquor traffic was stamped out completely among the Indians; and after the reign of the whiskey traders was at an end, the traders themselves became law-abiding citizens. So effectively was the sale of liquor suppressed that a strong sentiment was begotten amongst the police and settlers against even giving a bottle of "Pain-Killer," or any kind of stimulant to the Indians. Harsh words were spoken and strong measures urged against any man who transgressed this unwritten law, and few,

indeed, were foolhardy enough to risk the heavy fine imposed by the law of the land, and the censure of public opinion. Some, indeed, broke the law, but were compelled to flee. To smuggle whiskey to sell to the settlers was looked upon as just by the rougher elements of society, but every one condemned, in language which could not be misunderstood, the men who would smuggle liquor to sell or give to the red men.

The introduction of beer permits has wrought mischief among the Indians. It is no uncommon sight to see Indians in the vicinity of towns intoxicated by beer. Within the past two years I have seen Indians, after selling their produce, gather in groups in the bye-lanes and quiet resorts of McLeod with bottles of beer, which were passed around. The same has been done in the vicinity of Lethbridge and Medicine Hat. I have met them on horseback, wild and infuriated, savages maddened through drink, howling like dervishes, veritable Bedouins of the prairie. Never before the introduction of beer have I witnessed such scenes. When an Indian becomes inebriated he will give all his earthly possessions for a bottle of liquor. It is the curse of the Indian, and the begetter of debauchery and crime. Well might Manistokos, the Blood Indian Chief, say publicly, in the old log Methodist Church at McLeod, at the conclusion of a temperance sermon by the writer:

“In the old buffalo days the Indians were rich in robes and horses, and had plenty to eat. Whiskey made them poor and unhappy, for many were killed. The Mounted Police came, and no longer could we get whiskey. The buffalo went away, and we were very poor; but we are happier in our poverty, because the whiskey is gone, and we look upon the Mounted Police as our friends.”

Law and order were established through the efforts of the police. Whatever unruliness existed was abolished, and a new era of peace was ushered in, beneficial alike to the red and white races. The settlers respected the dignity of the law, as represented by the Canadian red coats, the riders of the plains; and the Indians were taught gradually, but nevertheless surely, that the law was alike applicable to the red man and the white. Difficult, indeed, was it for them at first to learn this, as they could not understand the power of one hundred and ninety men against several thousand Indian warriors. Brute force they could respect, and the man who could ride a horse and shoot a gun better than an Indian warrior was esteemed a man worthy not only of their confidence but also of their reverence. It was commonly reported that, after the detachment reached McLeod, the Indians were invited to the fort and were shown the cannon,

and then they were told to look at a tree over one mile distant; the cannon was fired, and a branch of the tree was shot away. From that moment the Indians became devoted friends of the police.

After the buffalo left the country it would have been impossible for the settlers to have lived in the country, unless there had been an armed force to protect their property. Attempts have been made by Indians to defeat the ends of justice, but they have failed, and, consequently, every victory gained aroused the bitter antagonism of the red men, but ultimately resulted in a higher appreciation of the courage of the police, and the strength of the Government of the white man. When Captain Dickens, a son of the great novelist, was stationed at Blackfoot Crossing with about a dozen men, including Wm. Gladstone, the interpreter, an attempt was made to arrest one of the Indians, but the Blackfeet opposed the police, and with such a small number of men nothing could be done. A message was sent to Major Crozier, at Fort McLeod, ninety miles distant, and with a mere handful of men the Major started, making a forced march. They reached the Blackfoot Agency at night unnoticed by the Blackfeet, erected a stockade, and made a defensive fortress on a limited scale, and at five o'clock next morning, when Crowfoot and some of his young warriors appeared upon the scene, they were astonished, and not only greatly surprised, but the valour and energy of the white soldiers increased the admiration of the red warriors for the police. When Chief Crowfoot asked the Major what he had come to do, the answer was short and decisive, "To take the prisoner or fight." Crowfoot turned away, muttering, "We shall fight." "All right," replied Major Crozier, "get ready," and he retired to prepare his men for any emergency. A low war-whoop from Crowfoot would have brought to his lodge a hundred dusky warriors. Did they come? Nay! In half an hour the prisoner was handed over, and in broad daylight they took him through the Blackfoot camp and onward to McLeod, where he was tried. A signal victory was won on that day over the Blackfeet.

Victories of this kind raised the police in the estimation of the Indians. There was one thing, however, no policeman could do, and that was to capture an Indian after he escaped from any of the police forts. Allow him one hundred yards start on foot, with a fringe of small trees about twenty yards wide running along a river, and fifty mounted men would not be able to catch him. They were similar in trait to some of the natives of India, as slippery as eels and as cunning as foxes.

Our Canadian people have ever favoured a policy of peace.

Far rather would we feed the Indians than fight them. Ours is not a policy of extermination, but rather of justice and continuance. We treat the Chinese more harshly than we do the Indians. We have had one Half-breed war, but we do not wish to have another. Nothing but disaster can come from insurrection. It is cheaper to ration all the Indian tribes than to have another rebellion. The rebellion of 1885 cost the Government \$7,000,000, the lives of some of her noblest citizens, retarded the settlement of the North-West, and unsettled the minds of the Indians. Its suppression, however, taught the red men a lesson, but not as lasting and good as the trip given the Indian chiefs to Ontario, where they beheld tokens of the power, wealth, and glory of the white men. Almost single-handed the police can go upon the reserves of the most savage of our Indian tribes, and take to prison men who have committed crime.

Different, indeed, have been the policies of the Canadian and United States Governments in their treatment of the Indian tribes, from a military point of view. The United States Indians have been watched with suspicion, their footsteps dogged by the military, after they have been inhumanly treated by the settlers and speculators who have coveted their lands and worldly possessions, and upon the smallest pretext an Indian war has been started, and the Indians deprived of their lands after defeat. It is a sad story of the survival of the strongest. The story of Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce war is a record of oppression and dire cruelty unworthy of a civilized nation in the nineteenth century. During the early history of Arizona the Indians believed that the soldiers were sent to protect their interests, and to defend them against intrusion and the encroachments of the white adventurers, but they soon learned that the military were the white man's protectors and friends. Whenever any depredations have been committed the white man looks for justice in the courts, and demands the liberty and protection of the American flag; but the Indian does not seek the counsel and upright dealing of the lawyers and judges, the laws of the land treating the red man as an alien, and more as an inferior being to whom human laws cannot be applied, than a ward of civilization. Insults and cruelties have repeatedly been committed against the Indians by American soldiers, without any punishment being meted out to the perpetrators of crimes as savage as ever have been done by the most inhuman warrior of the Indian tribes. Many of the red men have been employed as volunteers in the Union Army, notably the Delawares, and they have remained loyal and become good soldiers. Such a policy, however, has not been the best that

could have been adopted in the interests of the country and the Indians. It is one thing to have Indian police on the reserves, and another to employ them as regular soldiers.

In our Dominion, "that sanctuary of refuge for the Indian as well as for the slave," as Helen Hunt Jackson calls it, the soldiers are trained to treat the Indians as human beings, whom they are bound to respect, and whose rights must never be taken from them. The settlers may covet the beautiful Indian reservations in Quebec, Ontario or the North-West, but they can never obtain them except by purchase, and only at such times as the Indians are willing to sell. Coercion is not allowed with any Indian tribe in the Dominion of Canada. Indians and white men are equally protected by the laws of the land, and the officers of justice are compelled to carry out the spirit of the law. The courts of justice are open to the Indian as well as his white brother, and depredations committed against an Indian will be as severely punished, and for some crimes with greater severity, as injuries inflicted upon white men by Indians. Let an Indian belonging to any Canadian tribe report to the authorities that a white man has stolen his horse, or insulted his person, and right speedily justice will be meted out. Let a member of the Mounted Police force insult an Indian woman or child, and the case be reported to the authorities, and not many hours will pass by before the culprit is arrested, the full import of the law being applied to the criminal.

In the war of 1812, the Canadian aborigines were found fighting side by side with the Canadian and British soldier, but never since the death of the brave Tecumseh and his noble followers have the Indians fought as allies upon Canadian soil. The days have long since passed by, and never again shall we see the red man and white man bearing arms together against a common foe. Indian wars are very expensive matters to deal with; the small episode beginning with the Messiah craze and ending with the tragedy at Pine Ridge Agency, covering a few weeks, cost the United States Government \$2,000,000, beside the lives lost, and the unsettled state of the country.

Would it be advisable to place our Indians under military rule, and remove them from the influence of the Indian Department? Ours is a peace policy, and the farther removed the Indians are from carbine, powder, police force, and village or town, the better will it be for the advancement of the Indian personally, the morality of the Indian camp, and the progress of the native farms. We have never fought the Indians, and we shall not now begin. The last rebellion was not an

Indian war. Never have we had an Indian war; an Indian massacre is unknown in the annals of our history; we are too poor to seek glory by fighting the natives born upon our soil, and we are too proud to defame our national character or stain the escutcheon of our fair Dominion. Let others glory in their Indian wars, far be it from us to gloat over the suppression through bloodshed of men and women who loudly call for the protection of the British flag, and rejoice in saying, in their native tongue, the name of our beloved Queen, "Our Great Mother," and "The Great Woman."

May we not, however, employ the Indians who have been warriors in their savage state as scouts, interpreters, guides, or allies, in small numbers, with the Mounted Police, or our militia? During the late rebellion some of the Stonies and Crees were employed very successfully as scouts. The Blood Indians wished to be allowed to go, as an allied force, with their own officers to fight against the Crees, who had joined the rebels, but very wisely and justly their services were refused. Jerry Potts, a Piegan Indian chief, has been guide and interpreter at Fort McLeod for the past fifteen years, and no truer or more loyal man can be found in the country. Calf Shirt, a Blood Indian chief, and Star Child, a Blood Indian, have acted as scouts and detectives, and they have done well. It is true, they are like white men in one respect, namely, a tendency to go astray occasionally, a trait of human nature which belongs to both races. There are some men to be found upon the reserves who would, with judicious training, become good scouts, being more efficient at this kind of work than white men, as they can find out crimes among the Indians which a policeman could never detect. These men have discovered liquor, and although Indians love it intensely, they have reported the discoveries, and the liquor has been seized. Yet an indiscriminate use of Indian scouts would be injurious. As policemen upon the reserves, honest and faithful men could be chosen who would do excellent service, and these can easily be obtained upon any Indian reserve. The Indians had their own native policemen who brought forward any one guilty of transgressing the native laws; and buck or chief, maiden or mother, were punished according to the degree of the crime committed. The same can be done again under the administration of the white men.

The Indians will always work better under a master than if they were to toil independently. There is no reason why many of them could not be employed, after a short time in training, as cow-boys on the ranches and as herders on small farms. This would agree better with our peace policy than enlisting them as

soldiers, and the steady employment would develop the powers of endurance, the Indian's keenness of discernment upon the prairies and his nomadic habits.

It would be the height of folly to attempt to disarm them. Next to his life the red man loves his gun, and nothing but the arts of peace and the benefits of civilization will ever induce him to lay it down. And should we attempt to disarm them when many of them believe that it is the intention of the white men to exterminate them? and I am sorry to say, that there are white monsters base enough to teach the Indians such a doctrine. Should Canada ever attempt to disarm the Indians of the West, there will be a repetition of the Pine Ridge massacre, when five hundred United States soldiers confronted one hundred and fifty Indians, was, rather than give up their guns, engaged in battle, and ninety-two were killed besides several wounded. Rather disarm them by kindness and humane treatment. Never will they dig up the hatchet and fight against the white man, if promises are kept, and justice is given them. Let the Mounted Police keep the unruly and vicious upon the reserves, but hinder not the peaceful and honest from going to the towns or settlers for purposes of trade. We are all subjects of the same sovereign and we have our rights. Whenever Indians become troublesome by prowling around towns, treat them as we would treat tramps, or other obnoxious persons. Give them the alternative of going home or being imprisoned. The sentiments of our Canadian people are in favour of the continuance of this peace policy. The very thought of an Indian war, or Indian allies, causes a feeling of horror in the Canadian mind. Kindly and sympathetically do they feel for the red men. Indeed, it would be much better for the natives if there was not so much sentimentality displayed about the Indian question, and if we had less heart and more head in the treatment of this problem. Nevertheless, it is our honest boast that wherever the Canadian Indian beholds the Union Jack he recognizes safety. If the national flag is borne by a white man, he welcomes him as a friend; and if it floats in front of fort or shanty, mansion or mission house, he boldly enters, assured that there above any other place in the world he has found a refuge. Let *justice to our Canadian Indians* be our motto, and the Indian question will solve itself.

MOOSE JAW, Assiniboia.

THE means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected.

King Richard II., iii. 2.

THE TOOTH OF TIME.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D.

As the vital force employs itself in the demolition of the organic structures and the simultaneous repair of all the wastages, so the gigantic energies of geology have busied themselves in one age or place in demolishing the rocky fabrics consolidated with incredible labour in another age or place. The grain of sand upon the rivulet's border may have been incorporated successively into a dozen different formations, each in turn disintegrated to be inwrought in the rocky sheets of the next succeeding age.

Has the reader ever inquired whence came the materials for twenty-five miles of sedimentary strata? It is a question which geology is compelled to answer. The first and lowest great system of strata—the Laurentian—is in Canada thirty or forty thousand feet thick. This system is supposed to embrace nearly the entire globe, passing beneath the Paleozoic, Mesozoic, and Cenozoic strata, and extending, probably with greatly diminished thickness, under the beds of the existing oceans. It must have been accumulated while yet the primeval sea was well-nigh universal. It is perfectly plain, however, that these vast beds of sediment must have had an origin in pre-existing rocks lying within reach of the denuding agencies of the time. How enormous a bulk of solid rocks was ground to powder to furnish material for these Laurentian strata may be imagined when the reader is reminded that the mean elevation of North America is but about twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea; and if the entire continent were ground to powder down to the sea-level and distributed over an area of the ocean's bottom equal only in extent to North America, it would afford a bed of strata not one-twentieth the thickness of the Laurentian system over the same region. Whence, then, the materials for so vast an accumulation of sediments? Where were the lands which must have disappeared during the Laurentian Age? Although we may not be able to indicate their location, the facts suggested serve to remind us of the gigantic scale of operations of the denuding agencies of primeval time.

Every succeeding geological age must also have had its source of supply to the contemporaneous sediments. The ever-growing continents were ever wearing down. As the increasing pressure of the accumulating oceans crowded higher the summits of the continental axes, the ceaseless demands of the insatiate sea for

more sediments wore thinner and thinner their denuded scalps. It is no wonder that included fires burst forth at the summits of the highest mountains. These are the exposed points, where the earth's crust has been reduced to the greatest degree of tenuity, while the ocean's floor is the most solid portion of the globe.

The Appalachians, that once lifted their multiplied folds to the heights of the Andes, have been planed down to the level of third-rate mountains, and the dust and rubbish scraped from their worn heads has been deposited in the troughs between the ridges, or strewn along the coast to form the foundations of the Atlantic States.

I have already alluded to the monuments of destructive action around the shores of the great lakes. Even mimic oceans like these, in the era of their strength, have performed labours which excite our astonishment. And that Titanic power which geology dimly pictures to us as moving in glacier-masses from parallel to parallel, riding over primeval forests, obliterating ancient river-beds, plowing out lake-basins, to the depth of nine hundred feet, and crushing to powder countless cubic miles of obdurate granite and quartz—that power of which we can little more than dream, though the records of its marvellous march are scattered about on every side—a power which may have been summoned into exercise at more than one period in the world's history—that power whose movement was resistless as fate, and destructive as the crash of worlds, can serve at least to impress our minds with the energy of geological agencies, and the resources at Nature's hand for the scooping of lake-basins, or the carving of mountain cliffs.

Even the humble river stream—humble by comparison, but terrific as Niagara in unwasting and untiring power—has accomplished work at which the highest human engineering stands appalled. The Kentucky and the Cumberland, in traversing the States which they drain, have worn their channels to the depth of hundreds of feet below the general level of the country. But these all are pigmy works compared with those of the streams which traverse the "Great American Desert." The region is a vast plateau stretching for hundreds of miles in either direction. The floor of the plateau is a mass of horizontal strata. Far in the hazy horizon may be seen the bold wall, which rises to a more elevated table-land composed of overlying strata. These higher strata were once continuous over the surface of the lower plateau, but have been swept off by denudation. Still farther in the horizon looms up another gigantic terrace, rising to the upper plateau of the desert. The traveller journeying across this ap-

parently monotonous and desert plain finds himself suddenly standing on the brink of a precipice. It is the wall of a deep gorge. Down into this gloomy chasm he endeavours to cast a look. It is like a vertical rent through the strata to the appalling depth of more than a mile. Far down at the bottom winds the sky-lighted stream which has executed this tremendous piece of engineering, quiet now as a lamb, but in spring-time roaring and destructive as a lion. This is the Colorado. Its immediate banks are fringed at intervals by a narrow border of grass, and these meagre grass-plots down in the rocky cleft are the occasional abode of the desert Indian. The great Black Canyon of the Colorado is a gorge with perpendicular walls of rock three hundred miles long, and from three thousand to six thousand feet high! The lateral streams have cut similar gorges, and these almost impassable chasms constitute formidable difficulties in traversing the country. The Colorado has cut through the entire series of formations, and sunken a thousand feet into the solid granite.

What æons have rolled by while this unparalleled river-work has been in progress! And yet this work must have been limited to the later ages, since the gorge cuts through Cretaceous strata. There was a time, during the Cenozoic ages, before yet the ridges of the Rocky Mountains had been elevated to their present altitudes, when this vast desert had just become dry land—upheaved from the bottom of the Cretaceous sea. Now the Colorado began to gather its forces and to irrigate the surface of the new-formed land. Now began the great canyon; but for many ages the surface features of the region were normal; and not improbably it was clothed with a soil, and watered by streams which sustained a luxuriant growth of vegetation. But man was slumbering in the voiceless future, and lazy reptiles held possession of the fair domain.

Who can tell but similar gorges have been cut in the strata of more eastern states. Here was land—permanent land—covered with vegetation, while yet the great desert was but ocean-slime. Here, too, were rivers—rivers like the Ohio and the Mississippi—with their numerous tributaries. What prevented these streams from scoring the strata to the depth of ten thousand feet? We know that during this interval the Niagara cut an ancient gorge. We know that an ancient river-bed stretches from Lake Michigan down through the valley of the Illinois. The subterranean explorations of the well-borer's auger have disclosed multitudes of ancient gorges which are now filled up with drift. If such tremendous gorges were ever cut, they were filed up and obliterated

by the great glacier. And may not this reparation of the surface have been one of the beneficent operations of the glacier? We are told no glacial action is detected west of the Rocky Mountains. Had the great glacier been moved over the deep-cut gorges of the great desert, they must have been filled and blotted out, and the new-formed streams, on the advent of man, would have been just in the act of surveying new channels for themselves. The bare rock would have been clothed with soil, and the "desert" might have been the garden of the continent.

UNTO THE DESIRED HAVEN.

WHAT matter how the winds may blow,
Or blow they east, or blow they west?
What reck I how the tides may flow,
Since ebb or flood alike is best?
No summer calm, no winter gale,
Impedes or drives me from my way;
I steadfast toward the haven sail
That lies, perhaps, not far away.

I mind the weary days of old,
When motionless I seemed to lie;
The nights when fierce the billows rolled,
And changed my course, I knew not why.
I feared the calm, I feared the gale,
Foreboding danger and delay,
Forgetting I was thus to sail
To reach what seemed so far away.

I measure not the loss and fret
Which through those years of doubt I bore;
I keep the memory fresh, and yet
Would hold God's patient mercy more.
What wrecks have passed me in the gale,
What ships gone down on summer day;
While I with furled or spreading sail,
Stood for the haven far away.

What matter how the winds may blow,
Since fair or foul alike is best?
God holds them in His hand, I know,
And I may leave to Him the rest,
Assured that neither calm nor gale
Can bring me danger or delay,
As still I toward the haven sail
That lies, I know, not far away.

UNEXPECTED IMMORTALITIES.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

It is a strange and startling fact that many individuals in the far-off past have, unwittingly, become the objects of universal observation, and unconsciously have won an earthly immortality of which they never even dreamed. That is a marvellous book which makes a man's spiritual attainments and history visible from all after ages, and which so photographs his better life and deeds as to make them a source of inspiration, of comfort, and holy emulation to the last hour of time. And that is a thrilling and awful page which holds up a man's wickedness in the sight of all generations, and which brings down upon that wickedness the imperishable condemnations of myriads of the good and true as they come and go from age to age! Such is the Divine Word, and such is the eternal place it has given in history to the many lives and characters which come within its view.

To have that passing thought, look, word and attitude seized by some invisible power and flung into an everlasting picture or memory which shall be carried around the world and hung up before the intense, broadening gaze of all centuries, and to be again and again reproduced in the mental vision of countless multitudes, is a destiny which may make the stoutest heart tremble; and yet this is the wonderful fate to which all human lives referred to in the Bible-pages has been assigned. It is not too much to assume that few, if any, of all these characters, which have a place on the canvas of inspired story, ever even faintly imagined that their names and deeds, of good or ill, would be preserved in chronicles which should command the unmeasured, unparal- leled homage and attention of an ever-widening world, and be published with an impassioned and undying zeal to all the coming millions of the globe!

What a fate to be brought into touch with a book which should grasp the noble word, the helpful deed, and write it down on its deathless page; to seize the moral failure, the lapse of faith, the godless hope, the life impure, and place the man forever "pilloried on infamy's high stage," to meet the scorn and doom of all mankind.

Did Cain, Abraham, Pharaoh, Moses, Joseph's brethren, David, Solomon, Ruth, Herod, Pilate, Priest and Levite, Judas, the little Disciple band, and numbers of the faithful ones in obscure places of old, in their highest moods, dare to think of such an im-

mortality as this Book has given them? Their most brilliant and audacious expectations never, we think, marked out for themselves a destiny of publicity and notoriety like this. The thing forever transcends, even their most splendid or their most dreadful dreams. Many of the heroic and noble ones in those distant years were poor, tired and lonely amid all the barbaric grandeur and tumult of those largely pagan ages, and when compared with the might and magnificence of the reigning emperors and kings whose fame and deeds resounded through the earth, they were, indeed, little and unknown.

When Nero's name was filling the world, who ever spoke of Peter whom he crucified, or of Paul whom he decapitated under the cloudless skies of an Italian June? But the verdict of time is being given, and when all the monumental magnificence of Rome's vast empire, with its arches, temples, palaces, and pillars have been buried in the darkness of a mighty grave, and Nero's fame is only an immortal disgrace, the names of the once obscure and martyred moral noblemen shine out on ever-brightening pages, and command the admiration and esteem of all true-hearted men when two millenniums have rolled away.

It is forever true that

“When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad Earth's aching
breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from East to West ;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong ;
Whether *conscious* or *unconscious*, yet humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame,
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim.”

Perhaps we congratulate ourselves and are secretly glad that no such record as the Bible comes so near us to-day, to snatch the idle word, the reckless deed, the unworthy attitude and give them immortality throughout the world on its wondrous and persistent page. May be, there comes a sense of relief that our lot comes in an age when the process of making up the documents of the world's great Book was finished some eighteen hundred years before we took our place in the drama of human life, and therefore escaped the current and sweep of its undying chronicles.

We are glad, if our lives have been poor and unsightly,

that there is no hand at work to put it all down in some deathless record, and see that the report shall be circulated and published in nearly all the languages of the world. With some it must be almost a rapture that they have escaped a fate like this, to be pounced upon and then to be gibbeted forever before the gaze of generations we cannot name.

And yet with all this congratulation, is it not true that there is another register just as real and in some respects even more important than this greatest book of time? A register in God's own keeping, nothing lost in all the march of life! A record yet to be read out in "that day for which all other days were made." The destiny will be in harmony with the record. What will the writing be?

BEDEQUE, P.E.I.

I DARE NOT STAND IDLE.

I DARE not idle stand,
While upon every hand
The whitening fields declare the harvest near ;
A gleaner I would be,
Gathering, dear Lord, for Thee,
Lest I with empty hands at last appear.

I dare not idle stand,
While on the shifting sand
The ocean casts bright treasures at my feet ;
Beneath some shell's rough side
The tinted pearl may hide,
And I with precious gifts my Lord may meet.

I dare not idle stand,
While over all the land
Poor, wandering souls need humble help like mine ;
Brighter than brightest gem
In monarch's diadem
Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

I dare not idle stand,
But at my Lord's command
Labour for Him throughout my life's short day ;
Evening will come at last,
Day's labour all be passed,
And rest eternal my brief toil repay.

WOODEN VENICE.

BY E. H. STAFFORD, M.D., C.M.

I SUPPOSE very few people now read Washington Irving's "Astoria," for it is not what can be called a very interesting book. It is not exactly a history nor yet a romance. It is not even an historical romance, but it is very good English taken purely as a given bulk of "literature," and Addison would very probably have written with no more elegance and certainly with no more effect. It is a book of information, however. In 1811, it appears that John Jacob Astor, of New York, having for long looked to the western coast with wistful eyes, and being governed, perhaps, by the sentiment of Bishop Berkeley's poem, beginning, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," organized a company of hardy adventurers for the purpose of trading in furs with the Indians of the Pacific coast. Among this band of path-finders Canadians were conspicuous, and are constantly being mentioned in the pages of Irving's "Astoria."

They chose for their post a spot at the mouth of the Columbia River, upon the southern bank and within the bar. From this spot, which they called Astoria, after their patron, could be seen the white foam of the surf without, and the blue Pacific ocean. The eternal thunder of the breakers could always be heard on the air. So the city was founded while the ground was yet territory disputed by Great Britain. The leader of the Astorians married Chief Concumly's daughter, and the years passed away. War and peace and peace and war, it was all one to the little settlement on the Pacific, for no echo from the east ever reached it. In 1865 it was a thriving little fishing village.

To-day a city of some ten thousand people nestles in the rear of the lighthouse. Salmon canneries are the leading industry. The shores of the noble Columbia River are very rugged, and the present Astoria is situated at the foot of a hill about the size of Mount Royal, Que.; but to make an accurate mental picture of the city, it must be supposed that the water reaches to the very foot of the cliff, and that the city instead of being built upon the lower ground in front, as in the case of Montreal, is built upon the water itself. Thousands of piles are driven down, and streets and houses erected upon them. The houses are, unfortunately, built of wood, which dispels any strained idea of Venice which one may have, and to make things still more un-Venetian, the streets are in great part boarded over. The noise of the rising and falling tides makes a murmuring amid the piles beneath,

but to that one soon becomes accustomed. Churches, shops, public and private buildings are all built upon the water, and everything is about the same as in any other city except the vacant lots, which have a watery, unhealthy appearance, and are the resort of sea-gulls. These lots are practically rectangular lakes, in which rubbish and garbage may be deposited.

On the face of the hill *perches* (known in real estate circles as dry land lots) may be purchased. These perches are more or less accessible from other parts of the world and from the city beneath. By making a wide and laborious detour they may be approached from the cliffs above, and jumped at. From beneath streets arise falteringly, at an angle like that of a Swiss roof. Firemen would do well upon such a promenade. Though some streets run up, as it were, and build regular staircases, others scorn to do so, though, in the majority of the up-hill streets, the sidewalks are made like a treadmill, and it is very like driving a treadmill to walk up them. It is on the same principle as the staircase, only wider, and not nearly so convenient. I have often thought what a conservation of energy it would be if some machine were made on each of these breakneck avenues, whereby one fat man going down could elevate one lean one going up. Such a system would be at once economical and diverting.

The population of Astoria consists chiefly of retired sea captains, but a large number of Chinese and fishermen must not be overlooked. Socially the city is full of a very distressing amount of flashy cheap-John sin. There are a great many men of the stamp that get "broke" at faro. A good deal of crime is committed in the more disreputable parts of the city, where seamen fresh in port are got drunk and let down through a trap-door in the floor into the water beneath. This mode of extermination is called "Shanghai-ing," and it is very difficult to bring the perpetrators to account.

The surroundings of the city are very beautiful. The Columbia River is some fourteen miles wide, and meets the ocean with majestic resignation. The coast ranges of the Rocky Mountains lie all around, but the Cascades, with Mount Hood, lie a hundred miles to the east in plain outline. There is a quiet grandeur in Mount Hood that impresses one at once. Near Astoria is Saddle Mountain, which has very much the shape of a Mexican saddle.

The Astorians were wise when in the year 1811 they chose this place for their lodgment, for the position is good and the environs sublimely beautiful. The ocean ships pass to and fro. The sun shines warm all the year around; and yet there is something hopelessly ridiculous about a wooden Venice.

ASTORIA, 1891.

HOW JOE MARTIN TOOK UP THE CROSS.

A NEWFOUNDLAND STORY.

BY A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

It was a dark Monday night in November. The wind whistled drearily through the fir-tops, and the sea, breaking on the beach, had that mournful undertone which always precedes and presages a storm. But still Joe Martin paced up and down a lonely bit of cart-road, leading from his home to some potato fields at a little distance. He had come here to be alone, for the struggle in his heart was one which could only be fought out in solitude.

There are moments in the lives of most men of strong and earnest nature when all companionship is pain, and such had now come to Joe Martin. He was only a fisherman: a big, burly fellow, rough and outspoken, ready for hard work, and equally ready for fun and frolic when they came in his way. The eldest son of the family, he had been his mother's stay since, five years before, his father, the skipper of the *Rolling Wave*, had been washed off the deck of his schooner, while coming home from Labrador. Dearly did he love his mother; and to her eyes there was only one thing wanting in her boy, and that was the "one thing needful." For Joe was not a Christian.

To-night Mrs. Martin sat at home in her tidy kitchen, wondering at her son's unusual absence, and breathing many a whispered prayer for him as she plied her knitting-needles; and Joe was out in the wild night, fighting the great battle of his life. For weeks he had been conscious of a vague unrest, a longing for something, he knew not what. He had tried to drive this feeling away; he had busied himself with his work, to no purpose; he had gone to greater lengths than ever in mischief and merry-making, but under all there was the unsatisfied feeling and the yearning for something better.

And lately he had found out what it was he wanted. A young man, one of his boyhood's most intimate companions, had recently died. Joe had often visited him through the lingering weeks of his illness, and had marvelled at the peace and joy with which George looked forward to death. One day he had asked him how it was that he was not afraid, but so calm and satisfied about everything. Would he ever forget the answer, given in a tone of unwavering trust and assured triumph?

"Why, Joe, I have Jesus with me all the time, and I can't be afraid when I know I'm goin' to see Him face to face."

Then Joe knew that what he wanted was that same Saviour who was so precious to George.

Two weeks had passed since the knowledge had come to him. His friend had gone to the presence of Him whom, having not seen, he had loved; and his death had served to deepen the im-

pressions made on Joe's mind. He had begun to acknowledge to himself, though he had said no word to any other, that the greatest desire of his heart was to find the Saviour. God's Spirit was working, breaking up the fallow ground, so that it might be ready for the seed of the kingdom. And then the message came. Joe had often boasted "that he was no great hand for listenin' to sermons, an' most times forgot every word the parson said before he got half-ways home." But this night it was different. What had happened to the hymns? They seemed to voice his secret thoughts! How did Mr. Bryant come to tell God all about *him* in the opening prayer? He never remembered feeling like this before. It never struck him that it was the working of the Spirit—till afterwards.

When the minister rose to give out his text, Joe almost held his breath. Would it be a message for him, he wondered, as he looked up the passage; and then he read, following the voice of the preacher, words which were to change his whole life: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple."

Mr. Bryant proceeded to speak of the happiness, safety, and peace of those who were among the number of Christ's disciples. How poor Joe longed for those blessings to be his! Nor did he stop at longing; but silently there rose from his inmost heart the vow, "By God's help, those blessings shall be mine! I will be a Christian!" As the minister pointed out the conditions of discipleship, Joe began to think it was a harder matter than he had imagined.

"You may go round the cross; you may refuse to carry it, you may be cowardly, disobedient, weak. You may hate your enemies and those who have wronged you; you may prefer your own advantage or pleasure or gain to what you know is right; but if you do so, listen to the words of Christ to you, 'Ye *cannot*, ye *cannot* be My disciples!'" Up to this point Joe had listened; now he heard no more of the minister's words. He gave one look across the church to where sat a young man of about his own age, by name John Vaughan, and then fixed his eyes on the back of the pew before him, and sat, with hands locked together and lips compressed, through the rest of the service. Over and over again the words of the text rang in his ears, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross cannot be My disciple;" and other words came after them as an echo, "Love your enemies!" "Forgive them that trespass against you!" But over and over again in answer Joe said within himself, "I want to be Thy disciple, Lord, but I cannot forgive John Vaughan!"

The service was ended at last; and, fearing that he would betray his feelings, Joe left the church at once, and went home, longing for solitude, that he might think it all out. He slept little that night. His thoughts went back to his childhood, where he and John Vaughan had been rivals in their class at school. He remembered quite well the day when he had spelled a word

which John had missed, and so got above him. He saw again the dark frown on John's face, and heard his muttered words, "I'll pay you for getting above me, Joe Martin!" And well had he remembered his boyish threat. Never since had he neglected an opportunity of doing Joe all the injury which lay in his power, and which his mean, petty spite could suggest. As a boy, he had poisoned Joe's favourite dog, had thrown into the sea a new knife which Joe's carefully hoarded pennies had bought, and done well-nigh innumerable tricks of similar character. As a man, he had deliberately stood in Joe's light on every possible occasion. Once when the seals were off the shore in spring, he had stolen several of those killed by Joe; at another time he had so injured his herring-nets as to render them all but useless; and worse than all to the proud spirit of the young man, he had recently set in circulation such reports of Joe's treatment of him, that most looked upon John as the aggrieved instead of the aggressor. Joe had borne it all, not patiently indeed, but because of his mother's entreaties; and now as the thought of all the wounds which his enemy had given him, came over him in the silence of the night, he felt that though he might bear it, he could never, never forgive. And yet, how strong was the longing which had sprung up in his heart for the forgiveness and friendship of the Saviour!

At last, worn out with the mental struggle, he fell asleep; but his rest was broken by strange dreams. One he never forgot. He saw a crowd, a surging, angry crowd, pressing out through the gate of a city; and in the midst was One upon whom all their fury and hate seemed to centre. His face was full of sorrow and of love unspeakable, not a trace of anger or of fear was to be seen; and staggered under the weight of a heavy cross. He looked so weak and worn with suffering, and withal, so gracious and so loving, that Joe, drawn by an irresistible impulse, sprang forward to help Him with his load. But ever as he drew near, the wooden cross seemed to change into the hated form and features of John Vaughan; and Joe shrank away, but, turning, caught the sorrowful gaze of the Christ, and heard His voice saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple!" and Joe awoke.

But the morning brought no peace to his heart; and as he went about his work that Monday, it was with the consciousness that the storm within him only waited its time to burst forth again in all its madness; and when night came, Joe sought a solitary spot and began his conflict again. Thus this story found him at its opening. He was alone, and yet not alone. He was dimly conscious of two opposing forces, whether in him or around him he scarcely knew. Now before his eyes there floated the Christ of his dream, with the look of sorrowful love on His pale face; and anon the vision was replaced by the hated features of his enemy. But through it all he heard the words of the text which had so moved him, with an awful emphasis on that one word "*cannot.*"

The wind seemed to howl it at him in every gust, the sea seemed to fling it up at him from every wave. But his mother was praying for him at home; Joe knew she was, though he had said nothing to her. After awhile, he got somewhat calmer. There stole into his heart the remembrance of the promise he had made the night before, the secret vow that he would be Christ's disciple. True, he had made the vow without counting the cost; but Joe Martin had always been a man of his word, and he thought himself bound by this promise. A great peace stole in upon his soul. "I've promised to be Thy disciple, Lord," he said, "and that settles it. I must take up the cross Thou givest me to carry. I must forgive John Vaughan!"

But victory was not yet, though the enemy was daunted. Joe said afterwards that every ill turn John had ever played him, "came up to his mind in the twinklin' of an eye;" and for awhile he thought it as impossible as ever to forgive. But he held to his decision. "I *must* do it," he said, "there's no way to help it. I must be Christ's disciple, and I cannot unless I take up my cross and follow Him!"

Then there came thoughts of his own life, how he had sinned against his Heavenly Father, how he had never loved Him, but slighted and rejected all His calls, and taken His blessing as a right. He thought, too, of how all this had been atoned for; of the great love of the Son of God, as shown on Calvary; of the cross borne and the humiliation endured for him, yes, for *him*, Joe Martin. He saw himself in a new light. "Why," he said to himself, "I do believe I'm worse than Jack! I've never loved him, nor tried to do him good, so I couldn't expect he'd have much love for me! But the Lord Jesus has been loving me all these years, an' I've never given Him nothin' for it, but black ingratitude an' downright disobedience. O God, forgive me! for Christ's sake, forgive!" And God heard and answered.

So, at last, as of old in the Judean wilderness, "the devil, having ended all the temptation, departed for a season," and Joe, kneeling out under the starless sky, said, "O Lord Jesus Christ, as Thou hast forgiven me, I forgive John Vaughan!" And "there was joy in the presence of the angels of God!"

It was close on midnight when Joe got up from his knees and went home. He had been heedless of the flight of time, but not so his mother; and when he entered the kitchen, he found her still waiting for him by the embers of the dying fire. She turned as he came in, and was beginning some question as to his prolonged absence on such a wild night, but the look in his face stopped her. Coming forward to where she was sitting, he knelt down by her side, and putting his arms round her neck, said softly, "Mother, God has forgiven me, and I have forgiven Jack Vaughan."

Then there was joy on earth as well as in heaven.

Worn out by the struggle through which he had passed, Joe slept soundly, all unconscious of the storm, which had by this

time increased to indescribable fury. The night was dark with that awful blackness which is unrelieved by moon or star; the wind raged fiercely among the trees, bending their lofty tops, and ever and anon uprooting some of those most exposed to its onset, while the houses in the village rocked to their foundations. The rain fell in almost unbroken sheets; and mingled with the noise of its downpour, and the weird shrieking of the wind, came the deep bass thunder of the big Atlantic "rollers," as they broke at the foot of the cliffs, and flung up the incense of their foam towards heaven. Many an anxious heart and many a wakeful eye were there in Chimney Cove that night, for many had friends who might be on the water, who might be in peril; but among them all no heart was so anxious as that of John Vaughan's mother. Her son had left his home at day-break that Monday morning, to join a schooner lying in a neighbouring harbour, and about to sail for St. John's. Over and over Mrs. Vaughan said to herself, as she tossed restlessly upon her bed, listening to the wild storm-voices without:

"They never sailed in the face o' this storm comin' on," she said, "Stripper Tom King is mighty careful, an' knows the look o' the sky wonderful well!"

But even as she thus strove to comfort herself, the question would come,

"If they *have* sailed, where are they now?"

Again and again she rose, and going to the window, peered out into the night, but no eye could pierce the black pall which hung over the sea.

Slowly the long night wore away, and the late November dawn began to creep up the eastern horizon; but still there was no abatement of the storm, except that the rain fell somewhat less heavily. Mrs. Vaughan, waking from a short and troubled sleep, again sought her window, and looked out over the wild waste of angry waters, black and foam-crested in the distance, but in the Cove a seething mass of white surf, rushing far up the beach. On the northern side of the Cove the shore sloped gently to the sea, but on its southern side high precipitous cliffs rose sheer from the water, and it seemed as if the waves, urged on by the fierce "north-easter," spent the utmost force of their rage in the impotent endeavour to overleap those rocky barriers.

At first it was impossible to distinguish anything distinctly in the dim light, but as the day broadened, the awful grandeur of the scene became apparent to the watching mother. And then the vision that had been before her eyes all night became terrible reality; for she saw, dimly at first, but unmistakably, a schooner, driving at the mercy of wind and wave, straight in toward the rocks. A few minutes more, and she would be upon them; no earthly power could stop her; and then—God help the souls on board!

There was no possibility of distinguishing what vessel it might be which was thus surely hurrying to her doom, but the mother's

heart was wrung with the terrible fear that it might be the one in which was her boy. Hastily wrapping a shawl about her, she roused the still sleeping household, and leaving the house, hurried through the village and across the beach towards the cliffs, her agonized soul meanwhile sending up many a cry to heaven for the safety of her son, and the lives of those on board the doomed vessel.

But others had seen the perilous position of the schooner, and on her way Mrs. Vaughan was joined by many, among whom was Joe Martin. The distance was but a short one, and in a few minutes the entire population of Chimney Cove were gathered on the cliffs. The schooner was now scarcely her own length from the rocks; the men could be seen upon her deck, clinging to any frail support which they found available, to keep themselves from being washed away by the big waves that were surging over her. It was a fearful sight; and the worst part of it, to the watchers on the cliff, seemed their utter inability to help those who were in such dreadful peril. No boat could live in such a sea near those rocks; and even if it could, the tragedy would be all enacted ere one could be launched from the beach.

"There's just one chance for 'em," said Joe Martin to Mr. Bryant, who was standing beside him. "Right under here there's a ledge big enough for four or five to stand on. I reckon she'll strike just by it, an' if they can only jump, we'll perhaps save some of 'em; if not —"

He was stopped by a shriek, a woman's shriek: "It's my boy, my John! Oh, my boy, my boy!"

Joe knew the voice even before he turned to see who was speaking. It was John Vaughan's mother; then John was on board; his mother had recognized him among those figures clinging to the deck. The memories of last night came back; a great love for his enemy surged through his heart. Quick as thought, he sprang to the edge of the cliff, and throwing himself down on the grass, leant half over. The vessel was directly underneath, and he thought he could distinguish John's figure from the others through the clouds of foam which were dashing over her. Raising his powerful voice to its highest pitch, he shouted, "Jump for the ledge!" He was only just in time, for, even as he spoke, a tremendous roller drove the schooner right upon the cliffs. The surf hid her for a moment from view, but the watchers beheld her presently drawn out again with the receding wave, only to be caught and flung in with the next incoming one. Joe Martin, though almost blinded by the spray, still leant over the cliff edge, striving vainly to discover if any human form were on that ledge of rocks below; but so terrific was the onset of the waves just then that it was entirely hidden by the surf.

When for the second time the ill-fated vessel was carried out a few yards from the rocks, no men were visible on her deck. Again and again the sea flung her back to the rocks, and the rocks

gave her back to the sea, like a forsaken toy, despised now that their cruelty had been wrecked upon it. It seemed to all in that crowd, even to John Vaughan's heart-broken mother, that there could be no hope for any soul on board—to all but one. In Joe Martin's heart there was a conviction, born of earnest desire, that John was yet alive, and might yet be saved. In less time than it takes to tell it, he had possessed himself of a coil of rope brought by some of the fishermen, and was fastening the end of it securely round his waist.

"I'm goin' down to that ledge, boys," said he. P'raps there's some one on it that we can't see for the surf. I've a sort of feelin' that Jack Vaughan is down there; anyways, I'm goin' down to see. Pay out the rope gently, lads, and when I jerk hard, stop; an' when I jerks again, haul up!"

Strong, careful hands lowered him gently down the face of the cliff. There had been no time to reason; but all knew the fearful risk he was running, and all wondered at his running such a risk for his bitterest enemy, and that, too, with such slight chance of there being any one alive to save. No one knew of the vision which was before Joe's eyes, no one heard the words so clearly sounding in his ears: the vision of the Christ, fainting beneath the cross, treading His way to Calvary; the words spoken by those divine lips, which had come to him so often during the last few hours, "Whosoever doth not take up his cross and follow Me, cannot be My disciple."

"This is *my* cross," he thought. "Blessed Saviour, if Thou didst go to certain death for me, I can surely *risk* my life to save John." For still the conviction was strong upon him that John was there upon the ledge.

Down, down, down, towards that seething mass of waters; down, with the spray blinding him, and the wind driving him against the solid wall of rock till his body was bruised and bleeding; down, till at length his feet touched the ledge, and he gave the signal to stop.

And now, for the first time, doubts of the success of his undertaking assailed him. The ledge was only a narrow projection, running for a few yards along the face of the cliff. Just above high-water mark in calm weather, the waves were breaking fiercely over it now. Twice Joe lost his foothold as he edged his way along it; and, but for the rope, could never have regained it. He saw that even if John had succeeded in jumping from the wreck, he had probably been washed off by the next wave. One thing was certain, there was no one on the ledge. He had come in vain, but at least he had done what he could. The schooner, now fast going to pieces, was within a few yards of him. He stopped a moment to look at her before giving the signal for ascent. Perhaps Mrs. Vaughan might have been mistaken, and it was not John's vessel after all. He would try to see her name. Just then a huge wave broke over the ledge, and once more swept him off his feet. Another followed, and, as he struggled to regain

his foothold, some dark object washed up against him. Instinctively he grasped it; it was the body of a man, limp and apparently lifeless.

Hastily pulling the rope, Joe clasped the body in his arms, and the ascent was commenced. Up, up, up! very slowly, for the double weight made it no easy task for those above; up, with the surf blinding him and the wind buffeting him; up, with that seemingly dead man clasped tightly in his arms, though it was by a great effort that his fast-failing strength could support the burden; up, till at last the top was reached, and rescuer and rescued were drawn over the cliff edge into safety by eager hands. Throughout the ascent, Joe had not seen the face of the man whom he had saved; but now, as they took his burden from him, and laid him for a moment on the grass, he beheld the well-known features of him from whom he had suffered and for whom he had risked so much. It was John Vaughan himself.

They carried the half-drowned man to the nearest house, and by dint of rubbing and restoratives, slowly brought him back to life and consciousness. And perhaps the happiest moment in all Joe Martin's life was when, a few hours after, he knelt by the bed where lay his former enemy, now broken down and repentant, and heard his whispered words:

"I didn't deserve it from *you*, Joe. I've treated you very bad. Can you, will you, forgive me? And oh, may God forgive me, too!"

FINDING GOD.

BESIDE a mighty city's gate,
Where passed at morn the proud and great
To seek a sacred shrine that stood
Within the precincts of a wood,
A crippled beggar sat, and loud
Besought the ever-passing crowd.
His need was sore, but they denied;
"We seek to find out God!" they cried,
As by the altar, on the sod,
They knelt—"We seek to find out God!"

The day declined. The great and proud,
Who sought that morn the shrine and bowed
Their heads as though in reverence there,
Forgot the shrine, forgot the prayer.
But, lo! the man whom they denied
A pittance as they passed in pride,
Dead by the gateway, knew what they
So vainly sought, as, day by day,
They toward the holy altars trod.
He—he alone—had found out God!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE story that Reynolds Bartram had "stood up for prayers" went through Bruceton and the surrounding country like wildfire. Scarcely any one believed it, no matter by whom he was told; the informer might be a person of undoubted character, but the information was simply incredible. People would not believe such a thing unless they could see it with their own eyes, and hear it with their own ears. So the special meetings became at once so largely attended that they were held in the body of the church instead of the little basement called "the lecture-room."

The most entirely amazed person in the town was Deacon Quickset. Never before had he been absent, unless sick, from any special effort of his church to persuade sinners to flee from the wrath to come; but when Dr. Guide had announced that he should ask Sam Kimper to assist him in the special meetings the deacon's conscience bade him halt and consider. Dr. Guide was wrong, there could be no doubt of that; would it be right, then, merely for the sake of apparent peace and unity, for him, the deacon, to seem to agree to his pastor's peculiar views? The deacon remained at home.

That Reynolds Bartram had been the firstfruits of the new special effort was a statement which the deacon denied as soon as he heard it. Frequent repetition of the story, however, soon began to impress him with its probability; and, finally, a brother deacon, who had been present, set all doubt at rest by the assertion that Bartram had not only been converted but was assisting at the meetings. When, however, the attending deacon went on to inform his absentee brother that Bartram had attributed his "awakening" and "conversion" to the influence of Sam Kimper, Deacon Quickset lost his temper and exclaimed, "It's all a confounded lie! It's a put-up job!"

"Brother Quickset," exclaimed the astonished associate, with a most reproving look.

"Oh, I don't mean that *you* lie," exclaimed the angry defender of the faith. "If you heard Bartram say it, he *did* say it, of course. But there's somethin' wrong somewhere. The minister's kind o' lost his head over Sam Kimper, just because the wretch isn't back in his old ways again, and he's got a new notion in his head about how the Gospel ought to be preached. New notions have been plenty enough ever since the religion started; there's always some man or men thinkin' out things for themselves, an' forgettin' everythin' else on account of 'em. There was meddlers of that kind way back to the days of the Apostles, an' goodness knows the history of the Church is full of 'em. They've been so

set in their ways that no sort of discipline would cure 'em—they've even had to be hanged or burned to save the faith from bein' knocked to pieces."

"But, Brother Quickset," pleaded the other deacon, "every one knows our pastor isn't that sort of person. He is an intelligent, thoughtful, unexcitable man that——"

"That's just the kind that always makes the worst heretics," roared the deacon. "Wasn't Servetus that kind of person? And didn't Calvin have to burn him at the stake? I tell you, deacon, it takes a good deal of horror out of those times when you have a case of the kind come right before your eyes."

"What! Somebody being burned!" exclaimed the other deacon, raising his hands in horror.

"No, no!" testily replied the defender of the faith. "Only somebody that ought to be."

"But where does the lying come in that you were talking about?"

"I'll tell you just what I believe," said Deacon Quickset, dropping his voice and drawing close to his associate. "I believe Dr. Guide believes just what he says. Of course nobody's going to doubt that he's sincere, but when it's come to the pinch he's felt a little shaky. What does any other man do when he finds himself shaky about any other important matter of opinion? Why, he consults a lawyer, an' gets himself pulled through."

"But you don't mean to say that you think Dr. Guide would go to a rank young disbeliever in anything—but himself—like Rey Bartram, do you, in a matter of this kind?"

"Why not? Ministers have often got lawyers to help 'em when they've been hauled up on points of orthodoxy. What the lawyer b'lieves or don't b'lieve hasn't got anythin' to do with it; it's his business to b'lieve as his client does, an' make other folks b'lieve so too. Rey Bartram is just the sort of fellow a man would want in such a case. He's got that way of lookin' as if he knew everythin', just like his father had before him, that makes folks give in to him in spite of theirselves. Besides, he'll say or do anythin' to carry his point."

"Isn't that putting it rather strong, Brother Quickset?"

"Of course it ain't. Don't I know, I should like to ask? Don't I always hire him myself?"

"Oh!" That was the only word the other deacon spoke, but his eyes danced, and he twisted his lips into an odd grin.

"Oh, get out!" exclaimed the pillar of orthodoxy. "You needn't take it in that way. Of course, what I ask him to do is only right—if I didn't think so I wouldn't ask him."

"Of course not, brother. But think a moment. Do you really believe that any fee, or any professional pride, would persuade that young man, proud as Lucifer, and just as conceited and headstrong, a young man who always has argued against religion and against every belief you and I hold dear, to rise for prayers in an inquiry meeting, and afterward say it was the Christian

life of Sam Kimper—a man whom a high-born fellow like Bartram must believe is as near the animals as humanity ever is—to say it was the Christian life of Sam Kimper that convinced him of the supernatural origin and saving power of Christianity?”

“I can't believe he put it in that way; there must be somethin' else behind it; I'm goin' to find out for myself, and do it at once, too. This sort of nonsense must be stopped. Why, if men go to takin' ev'rythin' Jesus Christ said just as He said it, ev'rythin' in the world in the way of business is goin' to be turned upside down.”

Away went Deacon Quickset to Bartram's office, and was so fortunate as to find the lawyer in. He went right at his subject by saying, “Well, young man, you've been in a nice business, haven't you? Tryin' to go up to the Throne of Grace right behind a jailbird, while the leaders an' teachers whom the Lord had selected have been spurned by you for years.”

Reynolds Bartram was too new a convert to have entirely changed his old self and manner, so he flushed angrily and retorted, “One thief is about as good as another, Deacon Quickset.”

Then it was the deacon's turn to look angry. The two men faced each other for a moment with flashing eyes, lowering brows, and hardset jaws. The deacon was the first to recover himself; he took a chair, and said, “Maybe I haven't heard the story rightly. What I came around for was to get it from first hands. Would you mind tellin' me?”

“I suppose you allude to my conversion?”

“Yes,” said the deacon with a look of doubt, “I s'pose that's what we will have to call it, for want of a better word.”

“It is a very short story,” said Bartram, now entirely calm, as he leaned against his desk and folded his arms. “Like every other man with any brains, I've always been interested in religion intellectually, and had to believe that if it was right, as I heard it talked, it had sometimes got away from its Founder in a manner for which there seemed to be no excuse. Everything was being taught by the servants—nothing by the Master. When I wish to know your wishes, deacon, about any matter in which we are mutually interested, I don't go to your back door and inquire of your servants—I go to you direct. But when people—you among the number—have talked to me about religion, they've always talked Peter and Paul and James and John—never Jesus.”

“The Apostle Paul——” began the deacon, but the lawyer snatched the word from his lips, and continued:

“The Apostle Paul was the ablest lawyer who ever talked. I've studied him a great deal, in past days, for style.”

“Awful!” groaned the deacon.

“Not in the least,” said the lawyer, with great earnestness. “He was just the man for his place and his time; 'twas his business to explain the new order of things to the hard-hearted Jews, of whom he had been so noble a representative that to convert him it was necessary that he should be knocked senseless, and

remain so for the space of three days—you remember the circumstance? He was just the man, too, to explain the new religion to the heathen and pagans of his day, for those Greeks and Romans were a brainy lot of people. But why should he have been quoted to me, or any other man in this community? We don't have to be convinced that Jesus lived—we believe it already. The belief has been born in us; it has run through our blood for hundreds of years"—here the young man raised his head proudly—"for there were ancestors of mine among the Crusaders. Do you know what I have honestly believed for years about a lot of religious men in this town—you among the number? I've believed that Jesus was so good that you've all been making hypocritical excuses, through your theology, to get away from Him."

"Get away from my Saviour!" gasped the deacon.

"Oh, no; you wanted enough of Him to be saved by; enough to die by; but when it came to living by Him—well, you know perfectly well you don't."

"Awful!" again groaned the deacon.

"When I heard of that wretched convict taking his Saviour as an example of daily life and conduct, it seemed ridiculous. If better men couldn't do it, how could he? I had no doubt that while he was under lock and key, with no temptations about him, and nothing to resist, he had succeeded, but that he could do it in the face of all his old influences I did not for an instant believe. I began to study him as I would any other experiment, and when he did not break down as soon as I had expected, I was mean enough—God forgive me!—to try to shake his faith. The honest truth is, I did not want to be a Christian myself, and had resisted all the arguments I had heard, but I was helpless when dear friends told me nothing was impossible to me which was being accomplished by a common fellow like Sam Kimper."

"Nothin' is impossible to him that believes," said the deacon, finding his tongue for a moment.

"Oh, I believe; there was no trouble about that; 'the devils also believe.' You remember that passage, I suppose? Finally, I began to watch Sam closely, to see if, perhaps, he wasn't as much of a hypocrite on the sly as some other people I know. He can't make much money on the terms he has with Larry, no matter how much work reaches the shop. I passed his shop scores of times early and late, and found him always at work, except once or twice when I've seen him on his knees. I've hung about his wretched home at night to see if he did not sneak out on thieving expeditions; I've asked storekeepers what he bought, and have found that his family lived on the plainest food. That man is a Christian, deacon. When I heard that he was to make an exhortation at the meeting, I went there to listen—only for that purpose. But as he talked I could not help recalling his mean, little, insignificant face as I'd seen it again and again when I was a younger man, dropping into justices' courts for a chance to get

practice at pleading, and he was up for fighting or stealing. It was the same face; nothing can ever make his forehead any higher or broader, or put a chin where nature left one off. But the expression of countenance was so different—so honest, so good, that I got from it my first clear idea of what was possible to the man who took our Saviour for a model of daily life. It took such hold of me that when the pastor asked those who wanted the prayers of God's people to rise I was on my feet in an instant. I couldn't keep my seat."

"Then you do admit that there are some God's people besides Sam Kimper?" sneered the deacon.

"I never doubted it," replied the lawyer.

"Oh, well," said the deacon, "if you'll go on, now you've begun, you'll see you've only made a beginning. By the way, have you got that Bittles mortgage ready yet?"

"No," said the lawyer, "and I won't have it ready, either. To draw a mortgage in that way, so the property will fall into your hands quickly, and Bittles will lose everything, is simple rascality, and I'll have nothing to do with it."

"It's all right if he's willin' to sign it, isn't it?" asked the deacon, with an ugly frown. "His signature is put on by his own free will, ain't it?"

"You know perfectly well, Deacon Quickset," said the lawyer, "that fellows like Bittles will sign anything, without looking at it, if they can get a little money to put into some new notion. A man's home should be the most jealously guarded bit of property in the world; I'm not going to deceive any man into losing it."

"I didn't s'pose," said the deacon, "that gettin' religious would take away your respect for the law, an' make you abuse the law."

"It doesn't; it makes me resolve that the law sha'n't be used for purposes of the devil."

"Do you mean to call me the devil?" screamed the deacon.

"I'm not calling you anything; I'm speaking of the unrighteous act you want done. I won't do it for you, and, further, I'll put Bittles on his guard against any one else who may try it."

"Mr. Bartram," said the deacon, rising, "I guess I'll have to take all my law business to somebody else. Good morning."

"I didn't suppose I should have to suffer for my principles so soon," said the lawyer, as the deacon started, "but when *you* want to be converted come and see me, and you'll learn I bear you no grudge. Indeed, you'll be obliged to come to me, as you'll learn after you think over all your affairs a little while."

The deacon stopped; the two men stood face to face for a moment, and then parted in silence.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Eleanor Prency heard that her lover had not only been converted, but was taking an active part in the special religious meetings, she found herself in what the old women of the vicinity called "a state of mind." She did not object to young men becoming very good; that is, she did object to any young man of whom she happened to be very proud becoming very bad. But it seemed to her that there was a place where the line should be drawn, and that Reynolds Bartram had overstepped it. That he might some time join the Church was a possibility to which she had previously looked forward with some pleasurable sense of anticipation. She belonged to the Church herself; so did her father and mother; and she had long been of the opinion that a little religion was a very good thing for a young man who was in business and subject to temptation. But as she regarded the events of the few past evenings, as reported by people who had been at the meetings, she became more than ever of the opinion, that a little religion would go a long way. Reynolds Bartram had more than was necessary.

Like a great many other girls who are quite affectionate daughters, she neglected to make a confidante of her mother, and Mrs. Prency was, therefore, very much surprised on entering the room, after a short shopping tour, to discover the two young women in utter silence, Eleanor looking greatly vexed, and the new sewing-woman very much distressed about something. The older lady endeavoured to engage the couple in conversation. After waiting a little while for the situation to make itself manifest, but getting only very short replies, she left the room and made an excuse to call her daughter after her.

"My dear child, what is the matter? Doesn't Jane know how to sew?"

"Yes," said Eleanor, "I s'pose so; but she knows how to talk, too, and she has done it so industriously, and made me feel so uncomfortable, that I have not had any opportunity to examine her sewing."

"My daughter, what can she have said to annoy you so much?"

To add to her annoyances, some of her intimate acquaintances, who knew that if the two young people were not engaged they certainly were very fond of each other, and who regarded the match as a matter of course in the near future, began to twit her on the possibility of her lover becoming a minister, should he go on in his present earnest course of trying to save lost souls. The more they talked about her in her presence as a minister's wife, the less she enjoyed the prospect. Minister's wives in Bruceton were sometimes pretty, but they never dressed very well, and Miss Eleanor was sure, from what she saw of their lives, that they never had any good times.

Fuel was added to the fire of her discontent when her mother announced one morning that Jane Kimper had arrived, and would

assist the couple at their sewing. To Eleanor, Jane represented the Kimper family, the head of which was the cause of Reynolds Bartram's extraordinary course. Eleanor blamed Sam for all the discomfort to which she had been subjected on account of Bartram's religious aspirations, and she was inclined to visit upon the new seamstress the blame for all the annoyances from which she had suffered.

"Oh," exclaimed Eleanor, savagely snatching to pieces a bit of delicate silk she held in her hand, "what every one is talking about. What does any one in this town have to talk about just now, I wonder, except Reynolds Bartram and the Church? Why is it that they all think it necessary to come and talk to me about it? I am sure I am not especially interested in church work, and I don't believe any one who has talked to me about it is. But I hear nothing else from morning till night when any visitor comes in. I was congratulating myself that I had an excuse to-day, so that I need not see any one who might call, but that dreadful girl is worse than all the rest put together. She seems to think that because her folks at home haven't anything else to talk about, and that her father is so delighted at the 'blessed change,' as he expresses it, that has come over Bartram, that I should feel just as happy about it."

"Well, daughter, don't you?"

"No, mother, I don't; I suppose it's perfectly dreadful in me to say so, but I don't feel anything of the kind. It's just horrid, and I wish you and father would take me away for a little while, or else let me go off on a visit. People talk as if Rey belonged entirely to me—as if I had had something to do with it; and you know perfectly well I haven't."

"Well, dear, is that any reason why you should be jealous of poor Sam Kimper?"

"Jealous!" exclaimed Eleanor, her eyes flashing, "he is the worst enemy I ever had. I haven't had so much annoyance and trouble in all my life as have come to me during the past two or three days through that wretched man; I wish him almost any harm. I even wish he had never gone to the penitentiary."

Mrs. Prency burst out laughing. The young woman saw the blunder she had committed, and continued, quickly: "I mean that I wish he had never got out again. The idea of a fellow like that coming back to this town, and talking and working on people's sympathies in such a way as to carry intelligent people right off their feet! Here you and father have been talking about him at the table almost every day for a long time."

"Well, daughter, you seemed interested in everything we said, and thought he might do a great deal of good if he were sincere, and remained true to his professions."

"Great deal of good! Yes, but of course, I supposed he'd do it among his own set of people. I had no idea that he was going to invade the upper classes of society, and make a guy out of the very young man that——"

Then Eleanor burst into tears.

"My dear child," said the mother, "you are making altogether too much of very little. Of course, it is impossible that everybody in the town sha'n't be surprised at the sudden change that has come over Mr. Bartram; but it ought to comfort you to know that all the better people in the town are very glad to learn of it, and that his example is making them very much ashamed of themselves, and that instead of the meetings being conducted almost entirely by him and Sam Kimper, hereafter——"

"Him and Sam Kimper! Mother, the idea of mentioning the two persons in the same day!—in the same breath!—how can you?"

"Well, dear, they will no longer manage the meetings by themselves, but a number of the older citizens, who have generally held aloof from such affairs, have resolved that it is time for them to do something, so Reynolds will very soon be a less prominent figure, and I trust you will hear less about him. But don't—I beg of you—don't visit your displeasure on that poor girl. You can't imagine that she had anything to do with her father's conversion, can you, still less with that of Mr. Bartram? Now do dry your eyes and try to come back to your work and be cheerful. If you can't do more, you at least can be human. Don't disgrace your parentage, my dear; she has not even done that as yet."

Then Mrs. Prency returned to the sewing-room, and chatted a little while with the new seamstress about the work in hand, and Eleanor joined them in a few moments, and the mental condition of the atmosphere became somewhat less cloudy than before, when suddenly a stupid servant, who had only just been engaged and did not entirely know the ways of the house, ushered directly into the sewing-room Mr. Reynolds Bartram. Eleanor sprang to her feet, spreading material, and needles, and spools of silk, and thread, and scissors, and thimbles all over the floor. Jane looked up timidly for an instant, and bent her head lower over her work. But Mrs. Prency received him as if she were the Queen of England sitting upon her throne with her royal robes upon her.

"I merely dropped in to see the judge, Mrs. Prency; I beg pardon for intruding upon the business of the day."

"I didn't suppose he was at home," said the lady. "You have been at the office?"

"Yes, and I was assured he was here; I was anxious to see him at once. I suspect I have a very heavy contract on my hands, Mrs. Prency. What do you suppose I have agreed to do? I have promised, actually promised, to persuade him to come down to the church this evening and take part in the meetings."

Eleanor, who had just reseated herself, flashed an indignant look at him.

"I am sure I wish you well in your effort," said the judge's wife, "and if it is of any comfort to you I promise that I will do all I can to assist you at it."

Then Eleanor's eyes flashed again, as she said, "Mother, the idea of father——"

"Well?"

"The idea of father taking part in such work!"

"Do you know of any one, daughter, whose character more justifies him in doing so? If you do, I shall not hesitate to ask Mr. Bartram to act as substitute until some one else can be found."

Then Eleanor's eyes took a very different expression, and she began to devote herself intensely to her sewing.

"If you are very sure," said Bartram, "that your husband is not at home, I must see him elsewhere, I suppose. Good day. Ah! I beg pardon; I did not notice—I was not aware that it was you, Miss Kimper. I hope if you see your father to-day you will tell him the good work that he began is progressing finely, and that you saw me in search to-day of Judge Prency to help him on with his efforts down at the church."

And then, with another bow, Bartram left the room.

If poor Jane could have been conscious of the look that Eleanor bent upon her at that instant she certainly would have been inclined to leave the room and never enter it again. But she knew nothing of it, and the work went on amid oppressive silence.

Mrs. Prency had occasion to leave the room for an instant soon after, and Jane lifted her head, and said: "Who would have thought, miss, that that young man was going to be so good."

"He always was good," said Eleanor; "that is, until now."

"I'm sorry I mentioned it, ma'am, but I s'pose he won't be as wild as he and some of the young men about this town have been."

"What do you mean by 'wild'? Do you mean to say that he ever was wild in any way?"

"Oh, perhaps not," said the unfortunate sewing-girl, wishing herself anywhere else as she tried to find some method of escaping from her unfortunate remark.

"What do you mean then?—tell me! Can't you speak?"

"Oh, only, you know, ma'am, some of the nicest young men in town came down to the hotel at night to chat, and they'd take a glass of wine once in a while, and smoke, and have a good time, and——"

Eleanor looked at Jane very sharply, but the sewing-girl's face was averted, so that questioning looks could elicit no answers. Eleanor's gaze, however, continued to be fixed. She was obliged to admit to herself, as she had done to her mother several days before, that Jane had a not unsightly face, and quite a fine figure. She had heard that there sometimes were "great larks," as the young men called them, at the village hotel, and she wondered how much the underlings of the establishment could know about them, and what stories they could tell. Jane suddenly became to her far more interesting than she had yet been. She wondered what further questions to ask, and could not think of any. Finally she left the room, sought her mother, and exclaimed: "Mother, I am not going to marry Reynolds Bartram. If hotel servants know all about his goings-on in the evenings, what stories may they not tell if they choose? That sort of people will say anything they think of. I don't suppose they know the difference between the truth and a lie—at least, they never do when we hire them."

FROM SLAVE TO CONSUL-GENERAL.*

THE book noted below is the biography of a most remarkable man. Born a slave, kept in servitude till his manhood, with no school education, earning his living by the sweat of his brow and by the sweat of his brain, he became one of the most popular and eloquent of platform orators, a successful editor, a potent factor in the emancipation of his race, United States marshal in the District of Columbia, and United States minister and consul-general to the Republic of Hayti. The excellent portrait accompanying the volume exhibits a strongly-marked intellectual face. His complexion is very dark, but his face lacks the typical Negro cast.

"It has been a source of great annoyance to me," says Mr. Douglass, "that I never had a birthday." He was born in 1817, but no one knows the day and no one knows his father's name. "Such trifles as this," the biographer remarks, "were seldom recorded of slaves." He was early made acquainted with the cruelties of slavery. He saw his aunt receive thirty or forty stripes, each of which drew screams and blood. Others of his kinsfolk were beaten to death. The rations of an able-bodied slave were a quarter-of-a-pound of bacon, a peck of coarse cornmeal and a little salt each week. Young Douglass used to fight with the dogs for the crumbs which fell from the table, and, with a dozen other children, eat out of a trough like pigs. His mother lived at a plantation twelve miles distant, and sometimes walked four-and-twenty miles in a single night to see her child. His last remembrance of her was falling asleep in her arms. Before he awoke she had to go back to her work, and he never saw her again, for he was not allowed to stand beside her dying bed.

"When I was nine years old," he wrote in mature manhood, "I was just as well aware of the unjust, cruel, murderous character of slavery, as I ever became." He became a house-servant at the age of nine, and for the first time heard the Bible read. He was anxious to learn to read for himself, carried a Webster's spelling book in his pocket, and bribed or coaxed, with cents earned by blacking boots, poor white boys to teach him the letters. He used to scrawl letters with chalk on boards, and challenge the white boys to do better, or to show him other letters. He thus learned to read and, in time, to spell his way through the Bible and Methodist hymn-book. His literary aspirations were nipped in the bud as soon as his master heard that he was learning to read, by the total prohibition of that privilege.

As the lad grew up he experienced "conversion" at a Methodist camp-meeting, and helped to teach in a Methodist Sunday-school, but a ruffian mob put an end to that career of usefulness by breaking up the school. He was kept at work from early dawn to almost midnight in the fields, and under a cruel master was brutally beaten almost every day for six months. Douglass says it was then, if at any one time more than another, that he was "made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery. A few months of this discipline tamed me. I was broken in body, soul and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed, my intellect languished, the disposition to read departed; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me, and, behold, a man

* *Frederick Douglass, the Coloured Orator.* By Frederic May Holland. Pp. 423, with portrait. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street, and Methodist Book-Room. Price \$1.50.

transformed into a brute. I had neither sufficient time in which to eat or sleep, except on Sunday. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleeping and waking, under some large tree. I was sometimes prompted to take my life and that of my master, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear. The overwork and the brutal chastisement, combined with that ever-gnawing and soul-devouring thought, 'I am a slave, a slave for life, a slave with no rational ground to hope for freedom,' rendered me a living embodiment of mental and physical wretchedness."

At last the down-trodden victim of oppression revolted and, when next attacked, fought with his master for two hours. But he was too valuable a chattel to be hanged and quartered, as was the penalty for that crime. He opened a Sunday-school, which grew to the number of forty. In his nineteenth year he went to Baltimore to work in a shipyard. Here he was made the butt and sport of the white labourers, but he had learned to defend himself, and was soon left severely alone. The story of his escape is a very romantic one. He borrowed a sailor's suit, forged a pass, and made his way North. He says, "I was like one going to war without weapons—ten chances of defeat to one of victory. However, gloomy as was the prospect, thanks be to the Most High, who is ever the God of the oppressed, at the moment which was to determine my whole earthly career, His grace was sufficient: my mind was made up."

He at length reached New York, and sent for a former fellow-slave to join him and become his wife and helpmeet. Their wedding trip was taken, in part, on the deck of a steamer at night, *en route* to New Bedford, where he went seeking work. He had no money to pay for breakfast, so his baggage was placed in pawn. At last he found work, and was struck with the immense superiority of free to slave labour. His wife went to service and he to sawing wood. He joined the Methodist Church, but found the caste feeling very strong. Being a man of unusual intelligence and ability, he soon became an Abolitionist, the champion of the rights of his people, and editor of the *Liberator*. A reward of \$5,000 was offered by the State of Georgia for his capture, but his zeal glowed all the warmer. "I have need to be on fire," he said, at the remonstrance of a friend, "for I have mountains of ice around me to melt."

New England had little more sympathy with the slave than had Georgia. A Connecticut lady was imprisoned for teaching coloured girls to read. A Philadelphia mob destroyed forty-four houses of coloured people and murdered a black man. In 1836, in New England, a clergyman was sentenced to four months' hard labour for lecturing on anti-slavery, and another was shot in Illinois for a similar offence. But with tongue and pen Douglass championed the rights of his people till, after years of trial and persecution, the civil war swept away the last relic of American slavery.

The narrative is full of dramatic interest. No passage is more so than his interview, when United States marshal, with his old master, who was very ill and nigh unto death:

"Not Marshal, but Frederick to you as formerly," said Douglass. They shook hands, the master burst into tears, and both for awhile were speechless. The son of his old master was among the applicants for service under the ex-slave. He was an agent of the underground railway, and through his help many slaves found their way to Canada. He was in demand at public meetings, in order, as he said, "to give colour to the occasion."

MISSIONARY FINANCES.

BY BISHOP NEWMAN.

WE need a simple, all-pervading financial system whereby every member will lay aside two cents "upon the first day of the week" for the conversion of the world, and call upon 20,000 holy women to consecrate themselves to the cause of missions, to collect these funds, and remit through the pastor to the treasurer quarterly. On every charge in the Connexion there is some holy woman who would thus gladly join the ranks of the missionaries of the Cross. Let the rich continue to give their thousands; let us have the monthly concert of prayer and the grand missionary Sabbath; but let us see to it that each member of the Church makes annual contribution. I know one presiding elder who is asking from each church member a postage-stamp a week for Christ. Wesley looked after the English penny; we have neglected the dimes that make the dollar. The givers are too few. If a father with ten in his family can give only a dollar, let him have the generous humility to allow each one to give a dime.

We must deluge the Church with missionary intelligence. Let in the light, give the people pictures and figures and facts. There is no reading more thrillingly interesting than intelligence about the customs, habits, and countries where our missionaries are living. Rely upon it, you can stir the great Church of our choice by these missives from afar.

The preacher in charge who gets the most money for all the authorized collections is the best paid man in the Connexion; while he who worries about his salary and fears that he will fall short if he is active for missions, does fall short, and he should. Look at the facts. Study the statistics. He who looks after God's cause God looks after him. Oh, for faith, for trust, for courage! "Seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." I sympathize with a preacher who has a family to provide for and educate in his solicitude for his salary; but his solicitude may be his poverty, while interest, burning, shining interest, for the universal cause of God will be riches to him. Our weakness is, we have no financial system. As a Church, we are thrifty. Many of our people are rich. We have the means to take the world for Christ. Were each pastor, at the beginning of each Conference year, to estimate how much is needed for all objects, and apportion the sum, according to ability, among all the members of the church and congregation, and then assign to each official member persons from whom the apportionment is to be collected, two results would follow: the official members would have a chance to do something officially for the Church, and there would be no lack for any lawful object. Activity in our official boards would be an increase in the revenues of the Church. Our people are willing to give, and will give largely, when invited in the name of Christ. Oh, for a divine baptism of sympathy with Jesus for the conquest of this world in His glorious name!

A FRIEND should bear his friend's infirmities.

—*Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3.

Current Topics and Events.

LOCAL PREACHERS.

We fear that there is not as much use made of lay preaching in this country as there used to be, and as there ought to be. It was for many a year the right arm of the Church's strength, and where energetically employed, it is accompanied with incalculable advantages. There is in it something so unprofessional, so purely benevolent as to disarm criticism and prepare the way for the entrance of the truth. Even the most bigoted cannot say of the lay preacher, as they sometimes say of the ordained minister, "Oh, that's his trade; he preaches because he is paid for it."

It strikes us that our friends in Great Britain make far more wise use of this mighty agency for good than is done anywhere else in the world. We were very much impressed with this fact in reading the report of the part taken by the Local Preachers' Association in the recent Wesley Centennial in Great Britain. At this meeting Mr. H. O. Clough, F.R.G.S., President of the Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association, began a vigorous address with the expressed intention of building up certain facts, with a view of demonstrating that local preachers are, and will continue to be, an absolute necessity in the Methodist Church. He traced the origin of lay preachers in England, and declared that Methodism was impossible without lay helpers. In this connection he made the following striking statement: "The proportion of services taken by local preachers and ministers is as six to one. If we take our own Church, the 'old body,' our local preachers are eight times as numerous as travelling preachers, and out of every seven services taken on Sundays five are taken by local preachers. We have 5,500 pulpits dependent upon lay help, and if we estimate these men's services as

worth five shillings a sermon—and if they are not worth five shillings they are not worth anything—they would cost Methodism £2,750 every Sunday, or £133,000 per annum. That is what it would cost if the local preachers went on strike. Now if we take the various branches of Methodism in Great Britain we have these totals—18,379 preaching places, 3,920 itinerant preachers, 39,972 lay preachers, or in the proportion of ten to one."

In England much is done for the better fitting of the lay preacher for his important work. A well directed course of reading and study has been provided, and an admirable Local Preachers' Aid Association has been in existence for over thirty years. The report in the *Methodist Times*, of the above-mentioned, proceeds as follows: "Mr. Clough urged the formation of centres in every circuit, where the local preacher may submit himself to wisely-directed study, adapted to his every-day life and duties. These men had under God and the guidance of ministers aided largely in the building up of the Methodist Church; their services were gratuitous; they had much to do, and, as a rule, received little thanks for what they did. Still, they were glad to do it, and he could not help feeling that their services would be better appreciated if they cost Methodism something. Mr. Clough traced the history of the Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association from its foundation in 1849, and showed that since then it had paid £166,175 to necessitous local preachers; that they now had on the funds 377 aged members, and 97 widows; and that at the present time the annual payments to these necessitous ones amounted to £4,712 10s."

It strikes us that something more might be done for the still more effective demonstration of a system

which has accomplished such great good in the past, and whose day of usefulness is by no means over. District or city local preachers' associations might be organized where these brethren might meet from time to time, say once a quarter, for the discussion of themes pertaining to their office, for the exchange of views and for the general promoting of the spiritual interest of Methodism. While other Churches are more largely than ever employing lay preachers, elders and deacons, it is surely wise for Methodism to make the best possible use of this agency, to which she is so greatly indebted for her success in the past.

HOW TO SUPPORT THE CHURCH.

Berkeley Street Methodist Church, Toronto, issues a card like the following, whose suggestions might be adopted with advantage in many other places :

It has been ascertained that there are many people in our congregation who give but little for church and religious objects; but who, if the church will provide convenient methods, and they be induced to contribute only ten cents a week regularly, would give an amount aggregating to hundreds of dollars annually. Thus three persons giving \$1 each, amounts to \$3 per week, or \$156 per year; fifty persons giving fifty cents each, amounts to \$25 per week, or \$1,300 per year; one hundred persons giving twenty-five cents each, amounts to \$25 per week, or \$1,300 per year: one hundred and fifty persons giving twenty cents each, amounts to \$30 per week, or \$1,560 per year; two hundred persons giving ten cents each, amounts to \$20 per week, or \$1,040 per year; fifty persons giving five cents each, amounts to \$2.50 per week, or \$150 per year; total \$5,486. Each person receiving this card will do well to study the Scriptural injunctions on the margins, consider their obligations to God—to the church they attend—and enter in the spaces pro-

vided, their free-will offering, name, date, etc., and return the same at once, on the collection plate, or to the recording steward, receiving therefor a package of numbered envelopes, which are to be used every Sunday to convey their offerings to the treasury of the church.

On the other side is the following: I will devote to the Lord for the use of _____ \$ — cents — weekly, and present the same on the first day of each week, at that place of worship, as my offering to Him.

Also the following verses in the margin :

“Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

“Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store: as God hath prospered him.”

“Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it.”

“Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.”

“The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.”

“Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.”

“And none shall appear before Me empty, saith the Lord.”

CORRECTION.

We are sorry that the revised proof with corrections of one of Miss Amy Parkinson's touching poems, “The Pure in Heart Shall See God,” miscarried. On page 33 of our last number, second verse, third line, unadorned—read *undimmed*; also, third verse, fourth line—await, read *awaits*.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

THE METHODIST CHURCH—ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

June is the Conference month in Canada. Most of the annual Conferences then meet and review the labours of the past year. At the time these notes are being prepared, we have not heard any intelligence from the Maritime Conferences or Newfoundland, but between Montreal in the east and British Columbia in the west, there are eight Conferences, and the net increase of the membership amounts to nearly 4,000, so that, like Paul, the brethren may "thank God and take courage."

Toronto Conference.—The Queen City of the West is always the place of meeting for this Conference. Toronto appears to be a place of universal attraction. It would be a matter of great difficulty to secure such an attendance at any place outside of the city. The number of Conferences held here since 1831—the date of the meeting of the first Conference—is very great. Of those whose names are found in the Minutes of Conference that year only the following survive, viz., Rev. E. Evans, D.D., H. Shaler and James Brock.

The *personnel* of the Conference is greatly changed. Since 1890, Revs. S. Rose, D.D., R. Clarke, T. W. Jeffery, M. B. Conron, H. M. McMillan and R. Pinch have joined the great majority, and since the Conference adjourned, the Rev. J. W. McCallum has also followed the departed.

The ministerial session was a new departure, but seemed to work well. One brother, who had become somewhat heterodox on the question of future punishment, was under arrest, but was given another year to calmly consider his position. There is good reason to hope that his views will then be in harmony with those of his brethren. Rev. LeRoy Hooker

retires from the active work for one year, and the Rev. W. A. V. Pattison tendered his resignation as a member of Conference, and purposes to connect himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. All were sorry to part with a brother so beloved, and prayers were offered for his future prosperity. He is the son and a grandson of Methodist ministers. Four brethren, Revs. E. B. Harper, D.D., E. Barrass, D.D., C. Taylor and S. Down were added to the list of superannuates. The two first-named have been fifty years in the itinerancy, and delivered suitable jubilee addresses.

There were six young men received and ordained for the Christian ministry. Notwithstanding the large number of candidates received, there was no overplus of ministers, though happily permission was granted to a goodly number to attend college.

For the first time in the history of Methodism in Canada, a layman was appointed Secretary of Conference, and from the manner in which Mr. Warring Kennedy discharged his onerous duties, the Conference had no cause to be sorry for adopting the new departure.

Great interest is always felt in the election of President. This year the Rev. H. S. Matthews was the almost unanimous choice of the brethren. He was master of the situation, and performed his duties very satisfactorily.

The anniversary meetings were full of interest, but the meeting for the reception of young men who had completed their probation was probably the most enthusiastic. The addresses of Revs. M. L. Pearson and W. J. Maxwell were very powerful.

The young people of the Epworth Leagues in the city gave a welcome to

the Conference. More than 1,000 people took tea, after which a public meeting was held. The singing consisted solely of Methodist hymns. A great impetus was thus given to the Epworth Leagues, which have become very popular.

Several members of other Conferences visited the Conference, all of whom were welcome, but, none more so than the Rev. Dr. Douglas, whose eloquent words on the state of the country and gambling in high places produced great emotion.

The lecture before the Theological Union was delivered with great ability by the Rev. A. M. Phillips, B.D., who chose for his theme, "The Solidarity of Methodism."

Montreal Conference.—The ancient town of Brockville was the seat of this Conference. Rev. J. C. Antliff, D.D., was the choice of the brethren for the highest office at their disposal. His election was peculiarly gratifying to the present writer, who knew him when he was a boy in his father's house.

Rev. W. G. Henderson was elected the successor of the Rev. D. Cook Sanderson in the Secretariat. An apology is due Mr. Sanderson, inasmuch as another brother was reported as Secretary last year. We are sorry for this mistake. The business was conducted with great despatch. Great sympathy was felt for the aged brethren who could not be present.

The members of this Conference are very heroic. Some of them labour in hard fields. The noble manner in which they have denied themselves to sustain Stanstead College is greatly to their credit. It was resolved to reopen Valleyfield; and one brother who has been in the ministry more than forty years volunteered to go to the place, though there is neither church nor parsonage, nor a member of society. The brethren, lay and clerical, subscribed several hundred dollars, and pledged themselves to render pecuniary aid to Brother Armstrong so long as he held the fort.

Some of the anniversaries which we attended were seasons of great

power, especially the Missionary and Educational. The church was crowded on both occasions. The addresses of Revs. Dr. Potts and W. Hall, at the Educational, and the missionaries-elect to China, and "Bishop" Huntingdon at the other, were all of a superior kind.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness were held every morning at eight o'clock, and were numerously attended. They were seasons of great spiritual power. Many of the ministers in this Conference give great prominence to holiness. We were gratified to hear the testimonies of several of the younger men on this theme.

Rev. Dr. Ryckman delivered the annual Theological Lecture before the Conference, which was commended as a clear exposition of justification by faith. Eight young men were received on probation, one of whom, Rev. G. E. Hartwell, will soon start for China. A large number were permitted to be employed under chairmen. In addition to six ordained at the Conference, six others were allowed to be ordained for special purposes. The harvest is great.

Niagara Conference.—Brantford was the place selected for this Conference to meet. The Stationing Committee did not last much more than one day. One probationer was dropped in silence, as he had left his work irregularly, another resigned in consequence of ill-health.

Drs. Withrow and Briggs were present. The former was full of enthusiasm respecting the Epworth League business and Sunday-school literature. The Conference was glad to learn that three hundred Leagues had been formed in eighteen months, and that the increase of Sunday-schools during the past quadrennium was 498 with 34,000 scholars. In eight years the Sabbath-school papers had increased in circulation from 130,000 to 252,000; 10,000 volumes were given to poor schools during the last quadrennium. The *METHODIST MAGAZINE*, too, was steadily increasing in circulation, and strongly recommended for Sunday-schools and the laity.

Dr. Briggs, in his usual pleasant manner, delighted the Conference with the state of the Book Room affairs. He pleased the brethren most by the announcement that \$6,500 had been donated from the profits to the Superannuation Fund.

Dr. Dewart, Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, pleaded in his usual earnest manner for increasing support, as he reminded the Conference that the *Guardian* was their paper, and that its circulation largely depended upon their efforts.

Rev. James Gray, the faithful custodian of the Superannuation Fund, gave some thrilling facts which should prompt both ministers and laymen to sustain the fund upon which both aged ministers and widows are largely depending.

Rev. A. M. Phillips, B.D., pleaded on behalf of the *Quarterly Review*.

Rev. John Wakefield was elected for the second time to the office of President. He has travelled nearly forty years. Rev. J. Van Wyck was elected Secretary. At this and all the other Conferences great sympathy was felt for Lady Macdonald, and while the Premier lived earnest prayers were offered on his behalf.

The mortality in some of the Conferences has been unusually great. Not less than twenty ministers have died. God buries His workmen but carries on His work. Three probationers were ordained and fifteen candidates were received on trial.

London Conference.—Windsor, opposite Detroit, was the place of meeting. This afforded a fine opportunity for brethren to visit the city. Some of them occupied pulpits there on the Conference Sabbath. A few of the Detroit ministers visited the Conference, among others the Rev. W. W. Carson.

In the ministerial Conference, a probationer was discontinued. Four probationers were received into full connexion with the Conference and ordained. Six candidates were received.

Chancellor Burwash addressed the Conference on behalf of the Educational Fund and the claims of Uni-

versity Education. He said the past year had been the most successful in the annals of Victoria University. There were 201 students in arts, 101 in theology, and 432 in all faculties; \$474,790 had been subscribed for the Federation Fund, and \$110,710 paid.

Rev. B. Clement was elected President, and the Rev. W. W. Edwards, Secretary.

Only one minister had died, of whom honourable mention was made—Rev. W. H. Fife, who had travelled twenty-two years.

The missionary meeting was one of thrilling interest, and was addressed by Rev. C. T. Cocking from Japan, Dr. Hart, the Superintendent of China mission, and G. Boyd from Newfoundland. Mr. Kobayashi, a native of Japan, who is attending Victoria University, addressed this and other Conferences on behalf of a scheme for the speedy evangelization of his native land. He is an earnest Christian, and gives promise of great usefulness.

All the Conferences spoke strongly on behalf of Temperance, and forwarded petitions to Ottawa respecting prohibition, and also appointed delegations to the World's Temperance Convention, to be held in Chicago in 1892.

Guelph Conference.—The Conference met at Berlin. Rev. A. E. Thornley and J. T. Legear received letters of standing, and withdrew from the Conference.

A minister from England applied for admission, but as there is no special opening, his case was not entertained. Rev. James Casswell, who has travelled forty-seven years, was superannuated. Three probationers were received into full connexion and ordained; eight candidates were received.

Rev. J. W. Holmes was elected President, and Rev. Wesley Casson, Secretary. Brother Casson is the son of a deceased minister who was a successful revivalist, and one of Brother Casson's sons is also a probationer in Guelph Conference.

The town council of Berlin was

introduced, and welcomed the Conference to their town.

Death had also visited this Conference, and snitten down the Rev. James Broley. He was highly esteemed, and was a minister of more than ordinary ability.

Bay of Quinte Conference.—This Conference assembled at Napanee. Rev. Osborn Lambly, M.A., was elected President. There was a numerous attendance both of ministers and laymen.

Only two probationers had completed their course and were ordained. The addresses of Professor Wallace and Rev. C. Parker were among the best we ever heard. Two districts were transferred to this Conference from Toronto Conference at the last General Conference, which caused some anxiety at the time; but, we were glad to see that the brethren particularly concerned were very cordially received, and were awarded a fair share of the honours of Conference.

British Columbia Conference.—This Conference and that of Manitoba were the only Conferences that the General Superintendent, Dr. Carman, and the Missionary Secretary, Dr. A. Sutherland, were able to attend. Their presence greatly pleased the brethren.

The city of Victoria was the place of meeting; twenty-five ministers answered to their names at the first

roll-call. One minister resigned; thirteen young men had agreed to go to British Columbia, and should they all be transferred they will be a great accession to the ministerial ranks. A Chinese brother, Chan Sing Kai, was received on trial for the ministry.

Rev. C. Watson was elected President, but as he declined the honour, the Rev. J. F. Betts was chosen to occupy the position, and the Rev. J. H. White was elected Secretary.

The Boys' Home at Port Simpson is doing much good; seven boys are now being cared for, though there is accommodation for twenty. A delegation from the Woman's Missionary Society addressed the Conference.

Bishop Cridge, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, visited the Conference, and delivered a very kind, fraternal address.

Rev. Dr. Driver, from Oregon, also visited the Conference, and preached on the Sabbath. His address to the Conference was full of pleasantries.

Six new missions were recommended to be formed, and suitable supplies were strongly urged to be sent immediately to Port Simpson, Naas and Kit-a-maat.

A lecture was delivered by the Rev. Jos. Hall, on "Points of Comparison in Methodist Theology with that of other Churches."

The Conference adopted a very hearty resolution, asking Rev. Dr. Douglas to visit them next year.

Book Notices.

Civilization, an Historical Review of its Elements. By CHARLES MORRIS. Author of "The Aryan Race," "A Manual of Classical Literature," etc. Two volumes, 12mo, over 1000 pages. Chicago. S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

History nowadays has come to be studied, not so much as a record of facts, but as the philosophy of experience, and elucidation of great principles, trends and tendencies.

Professor Morris takes a broad view of the sweep and development of civilization in the past, and anticipates therefrom its progress in the future. He treats almost every aspect of the progress of the race, from its primitive condition to its highest civilization. He shows the influence of environment, the effect of political isolation in China, Egypt and India; progress promoted by commerce, and in less degree by war. He traces the principles of political progress

from the Aryan village community, through the Imperial systems of the Orient and the Occident, the rise of the Feudal System, Commercial Supremacy, and the Municipal Organization of the free cities of Europe.

War, though in a moral aspect barbarizing and decivilizing, yet stimulating the intellect, as in the great movement of the Crusades, brought back from the older civilization of the East much science and learning, art and literature for the culture of the Northern tribes. Among the more striking agents of civilization have been those of religion and law, leading to the development of morality and organization of society. In recent times, the industrial conditions of society have greatly promoted civilization, especially the introduction of labour-saving machinery and the discoveries of inductive science. Labour has been ennobled at the expense of the fighting and do-nothing classes.

Several important chapters are devoted to "The Intellect and Its Instruments," "The Evolution of Ancient Literature," "The Development of Fine Arts," "The Expansion of Science," and "The Progress of Education." These are all treated with philosophical insight and discrimination. We strongly dissent from some of the author's views as to the primitive condition of mankind, but, with this abatement, there is much that is just and true.

The influence of Christianity on the development of morality and progress of civilization is duly recognized. Above the ancient religions of Confucius, Brahma and Buddha, rise the sublime morality and altruism of Christianity. "In the whole history of the modern world, from the time of Christ to the present, we perceive the working of a new thought, the all-sufficient principle, which has lifted men of all levels." The amelioration of mankind, the abolition of slavery, the elevation of woman, the modification of the penal code, the passionate charity which remembers the forgotten, which visits the forsaken, is recognized as the direct outcome of the religion of Jesus.

The author's outlook on the future is grandly optimistic. The pursuit of knowledge and truth is more and more dominating the world. "To the degree that the love of knowledge grows," says our author, "that of money must decrease. But there rises another element into civilization, into human force. The warm government of human feelings, the grandest of all forces—that of kindness and brotherly sympathy is already making itself felt. This first became a power with the mission of Christ and the establishment of the religious system which bears His name, giving rise to the unity and fraternity of the whole human race.

. . . The whole range of selfishness is rapidly approaching its end. . . On either side we see abundant evidences that the reign of sympathy is verily inaugurated upon the earth. In the golden age of the future, poverty must be succeeded by comfort, suffering from disease be reduced by medical and hygienic knowledge, injury by accident be diminished by greater care and skill." The final condition of moral development will be one of general sympathy rather than one of general charity. The reign of intellect will be supplanted by the fervour of sympathy, and selfishness will cease to be the moving power in the heart of man. "Such may be 'the second coming of Christ upon the earth.' At what remote period in the future it will be reached is beyond the powers of human prophecy to predict, but towards its coming all the lessons of human history point, and all the paths of thought and action tend." Such is a brief outline of the scope and purpose of this remarkable book.

The New Empire: Reflections upon Its Origin and Constitution, and Its Relation to the Great Republic.
By O. A. HOWLAND, of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-law. Toronto: Hart & Co. Pp. 630. Gilt top. Price \$2.00.

The first impression of this volume is that it is an *edition de luxe*. Its beautiful Old English type, its clear page, wide margin, uncut edges, and

superior mechanical execution, are a high tribute to Canadian printing and publishing. The examination of the text confirms the judgment that this is a work of superior literary merit and of pre-eminent historical value. The author is master of a picturesque and graceful English style. He has broadly and profoundly studied his subject, and has clearly and cogently, in argument and illustration, set forth his thesis. He claims that he is not an "Imperial Federationist," but he is a believer in a united empire. The aim of the work, he states, is to show that the empire actually possesses a federal constitution, requiring rather to be declared than created, and easily susceptible of such amendments as seem to be required. The author suggests that these amendments should be made. He also traces the growth of the spirit, upon which the modern constitution rests, to its beginnings in the struggle with the old colonies, and shows how the modern empire realizes the dreams, not only of the U. E. Loyalists, but of the best of the American Revolutionists.

The chapter on the Treaty of Partition deals with the influence the treaty of 1783 had upon both countries, freeing them for progress and development, and, indirectly, helping forward the creation of the new constitutional empire. It also brings forward an argument, from the history of the treaty, to show that a reciprocity treaty is required to fulfil its spirit and the representations upon which the favourable terms of the treaty of 1783 were obtained by the United States. It also suggests a method for the prevention of the international disputes between the two countries as a further fulfilment of the intentions of the negotiators of the original treaty. The work is intended to draw attention to some great questions before the Canadian people, which are appropriate to be considered in this the centenary year of the new empire. The table of contents is as follows: The Fall of the Old Empire; The Treaty of Par-

tition and Its Fulfilment; The Constitution of the New Empire; Our Centenary Year; The Crisis of the Empire.

The book appears at a singularly appropriate time when the death of the great Premier strikingly marks an era in Canadian history. Such writers as Professor Goldwin Smith, and Mr. Howland render good service to Canada in the broad arena of letters.

The Church: The Household of Faith.

By the REV. PRINCIPAL SHERATON, D.D.

Dr. Sheraton, the accomplished principal of Wycliffe College, is one of the most thoughtful and judicious writers of his Church in Canada. Of this the Convocation Lecture on "The Church: The Household of Faith" is evidence. It is a satisfactory setting forth from a Scriptural ground of the Church as a Christian fellowship. It shows how sacerdotalism subverts the Gospel, and how the evangelical doctrine conserves the true unity of the Church.

Crime and Responsibility. By DR. DANIEL CLARK, Toronto.

Dr. Clark is one of the highest authorities on this continent on physical and mental alienation, and in this pamphlet he strongly expresses his convictions on this important question of jurisprudence. Like everything that Dr. Clark writes, this pamphlet is clear, strong, cogent, and of much scientific interest.

Sermons and Addresses. Queens' University, Kingston, Ontario.

This pamphlet consists of three discourses by Principal Grant on "How to Read the Bible," full of wise counsel. Other papers treat on "The Ideal Life," also "Christianity and Modern Life," by Prof. John Watson; "Too Late," by Prof. T. McNaughton; "The Evangelization of the Earth," by Rev. James Ross.