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W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,
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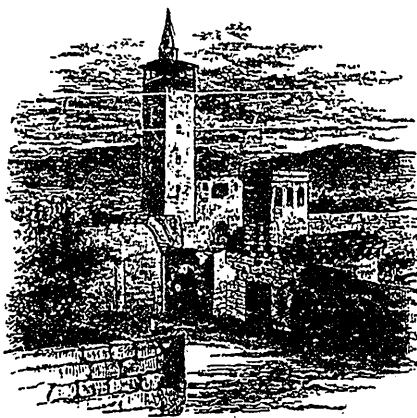
THE Methodist Magazine.

July, 1890.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

THE EYE OF THE EAST—DAMASCUS AND THEREABOUTS.



EAST GATE OF DAMASCUS.

THE lofty peak of Hermon is the most prominent landmark of Palestine. Its snowy summit, glittering white against the blue sky, may be seen from many distant points. It was called Sirion, the glittering, by the Sidonians, and Shenir, the clattering, by the Amorites—both these words mean breastplate. The scriptural name Hermon means the lofty peak, and the Arabs call it Jebel-es-

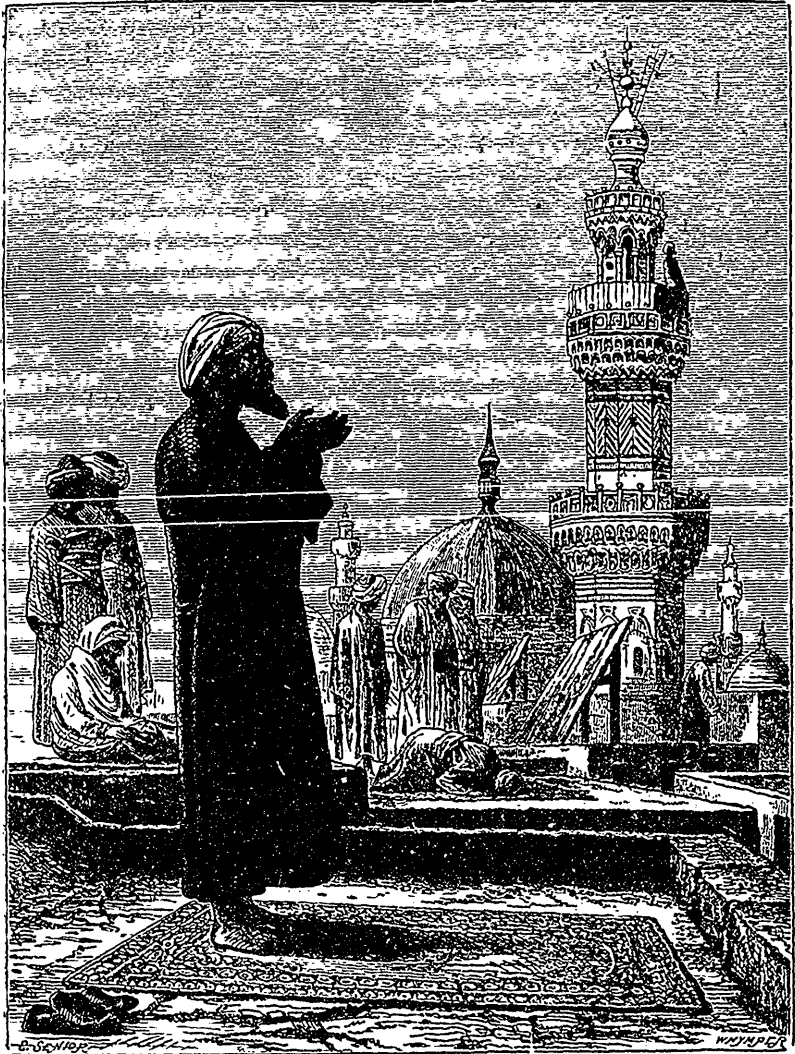
Sheikh—the chief mountain. Ten thousand feet above sea-level, it raises its snowy summit toward the sky. The three loftiest heights are some two or three thousand feet above the main chain; the highest on the north, the second three hundred yards farther south, and the third to the west, a quarter of a mile away. To the south it slopes down to the plain of Huleh, its foot hills buried in luxuriant foliage; on the north a ravine separates it from the long chain of Anti-Liban us. The snow never wholly leaves its summit, though the full whiteness of its winter drapery remains but in the ravines which streak its slopes when the summer sun has played upon it.

□ Having struck our camp at Baniās, we turned up the winding road—a very bad one—which trends steeply up its southern shoulder. Far above us, on our left, frowned the hoary walls of Khulat-es-Subeibeh, sharply defined in the clear morning air. Ere long we passed, still climbing, the white houses of the large Druse village of Mejdēl, the inhabitants of which came out to sell us *terebratulæ* and other fossils found in the neighbourhood; then up and on to and through a rocky table-land, until at length, after some hours' monotonous riding, we gained a point commanding an outlook northward, and halted for awhile to take in the splendid view. On our left and close at hand rose the hoary head of Jebel-es-Sheikh; below us, stretching away, till lost in the distance, a great plain broken by low hills—the plain of Damascus. Far away to left and right swept ranges of hills, Anti-Lebanon on the west, the Hauran, on the east. Then on again, we rode down the slope, till at the brink of an abrupt ravine, we halted again to look far down upon the white houses of a village, embowered in vivid green, with a streamlet, rippling and dancing in the sunlight, among the trees. The village was Beit Jinn—the House of Paradise—and the stream one of the two main tributaries of Nahr-el'-Awaj, the ancient Pharpar.

It was one of those scenes which impress themselves forever upon the memory. The gray, bare hills rising on every hand, the ravine falling steeply to the very margin of the stream, the white houses of the village clustering far down in the mountain cleft, and the lovely trees fringing the gleaming water, as it swept through the glen, all went to make up an exquisite picture of quiet beauty—the more striking because of the rugged and dreary path we had for some hours been travelling. Framed by the bare hills on which we were standing, it had more the appearance of a picture than of a real scene, as the westering sun lighted up its varying colours with unspeakable brilliancy.

By the banks of the stream, we rode on to our camp, pitched at some distance farther along the plain, and in the early morning were again astir, and riding over the monotonous and here barren plain in the direction of Damascus. There was not much of interest until early in the afternoon, we met an old Roman highway, converging with the road we had ourselves been travelling. It was the old highway from Egypt and Palestine, and just here, so tradition affirms, is the spot where, "as he drew near to Damascus," St. Paul, going to arrest and lead captive the Damascene Christians, was himself arrested and led captive by the Christ.

"And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there



MOSLEMS AT PRAYER.

shined round about him a light from heaven : and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me ? And he said, Who art thou, Lord ? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest, it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ? And the Lord said unto him, Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do."

Here, or hereabouts, certainly, with the same landscape around him, the same snowy crown of Hermon to his left, with the same blue sky and bright sunshine, appeared that light that paled the noonday splendour and that heavenly vision, which proved the turning-point of one of the noblest, purest, most perfect lives God ever enabled mortal man to achieve.

For some time we had seen before us a sea of green, and here we reached its edge. Away in front it stretched, bright and beautiful as a dream of paradise, glowing with a wealth of verdure and vivid life, the product of rich soil, hot sun and plentiful water. Villages, in the midst of gardens and orchards, acres upon acres of corn-fields, groves upon groves of olive and fruit trees.

It was on Good Friday that we rode along here, and our camp for the night was pitched close to a large village in the midst of these scenes of beauty and never-to-be-forgotten interest. We camped quite early in the afternoon, and, as usual, our quarters were the centre of curiosity and interest of a large but respectful and friendly crowd of natives. Some who had sick friends or relatives bringing them, as at other camping places, to present them for the examination and skill of the *hakim*, as they called our young American doctor.

In the night, some of the more wakeful of our party heard a tremendous fusillade in our immediate neighbourhood, and a considerable noise about our camp; and, in the morning, all of us were startled to hear that there had been a fray close by between a party of soldiers and some smugglers, in which three of the latter had been shot dead. One had sought refuge in our camp, and this had led to the noise, our muleteers and attendants, presumably, taking part against the government. It was sad, as we got into saddle and rode off in the bright sunshine that lovely morning, to think that, close by, in the brief hours of the past night, three fellow-creatures, albeit lawless, alien, and ruthless, had been suddenly and violently sent out of life.

We were within an hour or two now of Damascus, and its white minarets were glistening in the distance above the green sea of foliage which environed it. Quickly the villages increased in number, and the road began to wind among plantations fenced by huge blocks of concrete mud and filled with fruit trees, among which canals, filled with running water, glanced, in every direction, in the sun's rays. On and on, in the very depth of the ocean of green, we rode, until at length we came out by the waters of the Baruda, the ancient Abana, and close by its rapid and refreshing current, entered the gate of the oldest city in the world.

The origin of Damascus is lost in antiquity. Josephus affirms it to have been founded by Uz, the son of Aram, whose family certainly colonized north-eastern Syria, and whose name became the common name of the country. Aram Damesk, Aram of Damascus is mentioned in 2 Sam. viii. 6, and 1 Chron. xviii. 6; and Isaiah says the hand of Syria (Aram) is Damascus. In Abraham's time it was evidently a well-known place, for it is noted that the trusted steward whom he sent to choose a bride for his son, was "Eliezer of Damascus." Under the dynasty of the Hadads, it became the powerful rival of the Jewish kingdom, and it was in connection with one of the forays of this time, that the



DAMASCUS—A GLIMPSE.

little Hebrew maiden was taken captive, and became a slave in the harem of the great Syrian captain Naaman—"a great man with his master, and honourable . . . also a mighty man of valour, but he was a leper,"—whose kindly advice led to his journey to the prophet Elisha at Samaria, his bathing seven times in the Jordan, and his miraculous recovery. In the words addressed to Tyre by the prophet Ezekiel—Tyre was then, as Beyrout is now, the port of Damascus—we have an interesting indication of its commercial importance at that time: "Syria was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of the wares of thy making; they occupied in thy fairs with emeralds, purple and brodered work, and fine linen and coral and agate. Damascus was thy merchant in

the multitude of the wares of thy making for the multitude of all riches; in the wine of Helton and white wool."

The history of the old city is one of continuous change. Hazael murdered Benhadad, and usurping his throne raised the kingdom to a high prosperity. Tiglath Pileser, King of Assyria, called in by Ahaz of Israel, to his help against its encroachments, laid it waste, killed its monarch, and led its people captive, according to Isaiah's prophecy, to the banks of the Kir. A century before Christ it fell to the share of Cyzicenus, in the division of the kingdom of the Seleucidæ and, soon after, was conquered by the Romans under Pompey. At the time of Paul's conversion it was temporarily under sway of the Arabian King Aretas, but reverted speedily to its Roman conquerors. The work of Paul and his successors in the preaching of Christianity obtained a strong and rapidly increasing hold upon the city. Ere long its temple was converted into the Christian Church of St. John the Baptist, and for three centuries the religion of Christ was predominant.

In 634 A.D., came the Mohammedan invasion, and twenty-seven years later Moawyah the first khalif of the Omeiyades made Damascus the capital of the Empire of Islam, and the centre of that tremendous and warlike enthusiasm and effort, which threatened to lay not only Africa and Asia, but Europe itself, under the sway of the False Prophet. Eastward it spread to India, and westward to Spain, and Damascus was the head of a mighty territory, sweeping from the Himalayas to the shores of the Atlantic. Under the Omeiyades, the city was adorned with many splendid buildings, and the Great Mosque, formerly the cathedral of St. John the Baptist, refitted and decorated at vast expense. Four hundred years later we find the Crusaders at the gates of the city, but repulsed disgracefully. Then came the reigns of Nureddin and the chivalrous and famous Saladin. Two centuries later, Tamerlane—*El Wahsh*—the wild Beast, as the Arab writers call him, devastated the city and butchered its inhabitants. The descendants of the one Christian family that escaped tell, to-day, the awful story, handed down through five centuries from father to son. A hundred years later it fell under Turkish sway, and under the blight and bane of Ottoman rule, it still groaned and chafes.

Six different races have held it, and its history is thus divided into periods of longer or shorter duration, extending from the remotest part to our own time. And still it flourishes, as of old, despite the oppression of the Turk, and the stagnation of Moslem superstition. Embraced in the vitalizing arms of the Abana and Pharpar, fair and fresh and full as in those far-off days when Naaman boasted of them as better than all the waters of Israel,

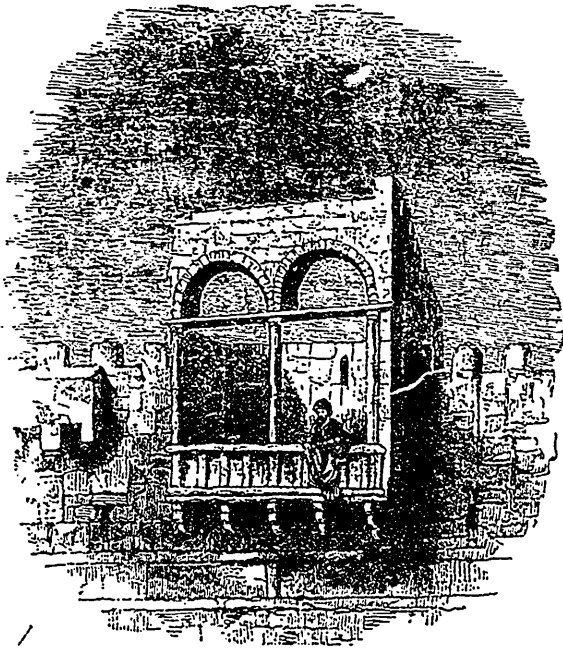
girt around with sheltering hills, on the borders of a vast plain of abounding fertility, the centre of intercourse and trade for the towns and villages in the glens and mountain slopes, and for the tribes of wandering Bedouins scattered in thousands through the inland valleys, Damascus is assured of an existence and an importance to the very end of time.

The present population of the city is about one hundred and fifty thousand, of whom one hundred thousand are Moslems, some six thousand Jews, and the rest Christians, mostly of the Greek Church. The Moslems are intensely fanatical, and bitter, and fear of the vengeance of Christian nations alone prevent a repetition of the awful massacres of 1860, when the Christian quarter of the city was devastated, the streets ran with blood, and thousands of defenceless people were barbarously murdered. /

The story, too long for me to tell in detail, reads like some hideous bit of ancient history rather than an event of the later years of the nineteenth century. The churches and convents, filled with refugees were put to the flames, the thoroughfares were choked with corpses. Women were outraged; girls snatched from their homes and sent off to worse than slavery; men, from the old and decrepit to the little boys, barbarously put to the sword with unimaginable atrocities. The fanatical mob, reinforced by wild hordes from the environs of the city, pillaged, and slew for hours and hours; and these unspeakable brutalities were connived at, if not assisted and led on to, by the soldiers of an empire only kept in existence by Christian bayonets! Six thousand inoffensive people murdered, twenty thousand homes devastated and plundered, the whole Christian quarter laid in ashes; and at least £2,000,000 sterling worth of property destroyed, such were some of the results of the Damascus massacre of 1860.

But for the arrival of the British and French fleets at Beyrout, and the prompt intervention of the Christian powers, every Christian in Syria might have been put to the sword. As it was, punishment prompt, indeed, but not so full as deserved, fell upon the ring-leaders. The governor of the city, three Turkish officers and a hundred and seventeen others were shot, fifty-six of the citizens were hanged, several others banished, and four hundred of the lower orders condemned to imprisonment and exile. The punishment, though inadequate to the frightful crime, has proved a salutary lesson, and no fresh outbreak of fanatic zeal has led to a repetition of the terrible tragedy. But the fire smoulders, and nothing but the influx of a purer faith and the establishment of a better government will ever quench it wholly, or prevent the danger of it bursting forth anew.

The Derb-et-Muskatim—"the street which is called straight" runs right across the city from west to east, and is a mile in length. Formerly it must have been a superb thoroughfare, straight as an arrow, and divided by Corinthian colonnades into three avenues. It is narrow now, and not straight by any means, and its splendid columns are either gone completely, buried in debris, or built into the rude modern houses which now line it. But it is the chief thoroughfare of the city still, and branching off from it are the other principal business streets, and the approaches to most of the places worth seeing.



CHAMBER ON THE WALL.

So, if you please we will take a walk down Straight Street, not forgetting the associations which have made it memorable, and with eyes and ears open to observe the quaint sounds and sights that greet us on every hand. The street is crowded with people, and the din is something tremendous sometimes, for your Oriental can get loud and excited of voice on very small provocation; and beside the ordinary hubbub of a crowd, the air is filled with the voices of the numerous street vendors, crying their wares in a score of keys, and a hundred intonations. Here are the sherbet sellers,

with great jars over their shoulders, full of the sweet mixture, supposed to be cooled with ice from Lebanon; and they rattle their brass cups between fingers and thumb, as they cry continuously, "Oh, cheer thine heart; oh, cheer thine heart!" Here are the bread sellers, crying out, "O Allah, that sustainest us, send trade." Here are sellers of nuts, fruits, liquorice water, sweetmeats, indeed, of everything that can be hawked around the street, and their peculiar cries sound above everything else. And such a crowd, such variety of feature and expression, such brilliancy of colour in dress. White turbans, kumbazes of softest texture and colour, kumbazes of vivid stripe and shade, loose outer robes of blue or lemon yellow, mingling and commingling in ever varying combinations. But it is the men who are thus brilliantly and gracefully dressed. Look at those bolster-like objects, all in white—shapeless, moving bundles—those are the women, and those other striped bundles, and black bundles are also women. They are without grace of form or motion, and utterly without dignity; these they possess, no doubt, but they are so securely tied up in these waddling bundles of Oriental propriety that you cannot even guess at their existence.

Here is a group of wild Bedouins from the plains come on their camels to make purchases, and the huge beasts pace gravely under the dark arches and through the crowded street making room for themselves and their great panniers. Yonder is a wild-looking horseman, a sheikh, evidently. Look at the gay trappings of his spirited little mare, his fine striped flowing abba, his gay *kefiyeh*, his huge morocco boots. There, in tall brown conical cap, a dervish stalks solemnly along, utterly unmindful of what is passing. "*Darach, darach!*" (Your back, your back!) you hear behind you, and you step aside quickly to let a carriage pass you, driving some tourist around to the sights of the city, and looking wonderfully incongruous in this Arabian-Nights-looking street.

The most interesting sight in Damascus is the bazaars. Imagine long avenues roofed over, lined on both sides with open shops, or rather stalls, for your eastern shop is very like a square packing-case, with a flat board in front as a counter, behind which the proprietor sits in solemn patience for the customers Allah may send him. These stalls are filled, shelf upon shelf, pile upon pile, with the wares to the vending of which they are devoted. In Damascus each trade or manufacture has a bazaar of its own. There is the saddler's bazaar filled with the gay trappings, and cumbersome saddles which the Arabs delight in. There is the silk bazaar, with piles and piles of gorgeous silks, brilliant in

colour and beautiful in design; robes of exquisite softness of texture and tint; shawls fit for the shoulders of an empress, sashes, kefiyehs, caftans. There is the fez bazaar, where stall after stall is devoted to the sale of tarbooshes, and all the variety of caps worn under the turban and *kefiyeh*.

Then there is the boot and shoe bazaar, full of bright red morocco shoes, with queer up-turned toes; and heavy ungainly looking red boots, such as the Bedouin chiefs affect; and great camel-hoof-soled, spike-nailed shoes, such as the mountaineers



DAMASCUS—STREET CALLED STRAIGHT.

wear; and delicate lemon-coloured slippers, soft as a glove, for the wear of ladies. There is the Greek bazaar, full of antiquities, some genuine and priceless, more, however, of very modern manufacture, and very small intrinsic worth. There you can buy a Damascus blade that will bend till point and hilt touch, and find, after you get home, and show it proudly, that some friend up to Damascus dodges affirms it to have been made out of a bucksaw, with the teeth filed away and an elaborate hilt fastened on!

And so, on you go, through labyrinth after labyrinth of interlacing avenues of stalls, bazaar after bazaar filled with the merchandise which Damascus sells to her vast constituency of cus-

tomers. One of the strangest of them all, is the silversmiths' bazaar, where the beautiful silver filagree, for which Damascus is famed, is manufactured. It is a huge square-roofed enclosure, tumble-down and dilapidated in appearance, its sides and roof begrimed with the ascending smoke of scores of little furnaces. Here sit the silversmiths, furnace and anvil and safe and shop close together, and all compressed into small space. There is no splendid display of jewellery; but get them to unlock their safes, and show you their wares, and you are charmed at the beauty and delicacy of design and workmanship.

Another feature of Damascus business life is the Khans or wholesale warehouses, great, gloomy, cavernous-looking interiors, entered by lofty portals, some of which are exquisite in architectural design and execution. Here the great, wealthy, wholesale merchants have their offices, and here are piled in immense value and variety, goods from many lands—silks from India, cottons from Manchester, manufactured goods from Germany, kerosene oil from America. One of the most curious sights to me was seeing a string of solemn-faced camels, driven by some swarthy son of the desert, marching along with a case or two of kerosene oil, on each side of their broad, humped backs. It was so incongruous to see the trim, neat Yankee cases marked, say, "Pratts' Astral Oil" and the archaic and utterly old-world surroundings of an Eastern caravan.

Apropos of the oil-boxes, I was told that they are very useful to Easterns after having served their legitimate purpose. The tin cans are used for holding water, or cut up by the native artificers for smaller articles of tin work; and, the country being so denuded of wood, the soft pine of the cases is used for all sorts of purposes. Tables, chairs, boxes of various sorts, are made from them, and sometimes coffins, though, as my informant told me, the remark was once wittily made by some one who heard of the last strange use of kerosene cases, that it was "making light of a grave subject!"

One of the most interesting sights in Damascus is the Great Mosque, a few years ago open to none but Moslems, but now open to Christians, by consular order, in parties of not more than twenty. It is larger than the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, and shows in its architecture the three great epochs of its history. The site is most probably that of the temple of Rimmon, spoken of by Naaman; and the massive stones and beautiful arches and entrances show the Grecian or Roman epoch which marked its existence as a heathen temple. Under Constantine the temple of Jupiter was dedicated to the worship of Jesus, and the building became the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist.

An inscription found on a stone at one of the principal gates, some fifty years ago, records that "This church of blessed John Baptist was restored by Arcadius the son of Theodosius." That was about A.D. 395, seventy years after the establishment of Christianity.

On the establishment of the Moslem Empire in the seventh century, the building was equally divided between the Christians and the Mohammedans; but, in less than another century, the latter, in defiance of a solemn treaty, seized the whole of it.

Through a trap-door in the roof of one of the bazaars which adjoins it, we climbed up on the roofs to see a doorway to the mosque which is built up with modern buildings. It is a portal of the early Christian period, richly ornamented with scrolls

and foliage, and having over its central arch a cross and the following inscription:

Η ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ ΣΟΥ, ΧΕ, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ ΠΑΝΤΩΝ ΤΩΝ ΑΙΩΝΩΝ, ΚΑΙ Η
ΔΕΣΠΟΤΙΑ ΣΟΥ ΕΝ ΠΑΣΑ ΓΕΝΕΑ ΚΑΙ ΓΕΝΕΑ

"Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

How wonderful that such an inscription should have been allowed to remain on this great Mohammedan mosque for twelve hundred years! What pledge and prophecy it has maintained, through all the centuries of desecration of His sanctuary, and despoliation of His people, and yet there shall be an end. He reigns, and He must reign. Despite frenzy and fanaticism,



ENTERING A MOSQUE.

despite death and dispersion, despite the power of opposing dynasties, and the might of superstition entrenched and established by the prestige and vantage of untold years, the Kingdom of Christ must come and must endure!

“Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God, within the shadow,
Keeping watch upon His own.”

Our hotel in Damascus occupied a fine position overlooking the chief square. Close beside it the Abana flowed, its strong current just at the corner of the building pouring into one of the subterranean aqueducts by which it is conveyed through the city, and from the windows of my bedroom I could look out upon its waters and out over the fine square, an ever-varying panorama of Eastern life. Opposite the hotel were the barracks of the Turkish garrison, and near by the post-office and other public buildings. This was the headquarters of my three days' stay in the city as a tourist, but after leaving the large party at Beyrout my friend M—— and I had the privilege of returning and spending a week in the old city as guests in a private family, and thus we had exceptional advantages for exploring and observing the real life of the place, such as we could never have had under ordinary circumstances.

Of the unique experiences of that delightful sojourn, when the kindness and hospitality of our host and hostess made us literally “At home in Damascus.” I have now neither time nor room to speak, but must reserve their recital for my next paper.



IN EXILE.

LIFE to me is as a station,
Wherein, apart a traveller stands;
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands.

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear approaching in the distance,
The tain for home.

—*Longfellow.*

ON THE YOUGHIOGHENY.

THIS strange-looking word may send Canadian readers to their atlases and gazetteers to find out where and what it is. But tourists over the magnificent route of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway will never forget its varied attractions of wild ravine, and environing mountains, and winding river. The word is not so hard to pronounce nor so unmusical as it looks. The accent is placed on the penultimate syllable, as in Alleghany, and the word soon slips quite smoothly off the tongue. This charming mountain region—one of the most secluded and picturesque to be found east of the Rockies—where the weary denizen of cities may get near to Nature's heart, and like Antæus of old renew his strength by contact with dear old mother Earth, is readily reached from either east or west, from Baltimore or Pittsburg. The better way we think is to take one of the fine Baltimore and Ohio trains at Philadelphia and to stop off a day or two at Baltimore and Washington. The attractions of these cities have been previously described in this MAGAZINE, as well as the magnificent scenery of the Potomac Valley, with its stirring memories of Harper's Ferry, and other scenes of conflict in the late war.

Near Harper's Ferry the Shenandoah Valley road is reached, by which line Luray Cave, sixty-six miles to the south is reached. The cave itself is but a short distance from the picturesque hotel, and once within its portals a new and peculiar existence is experienced, the strange fascination of which does not depart until, again in the sunshine, one is restored to a normal condition. Luray Cave is remarkable for its forms of stalagmite and stalactite, which latter is of great delicacy of shape, and is unique beyond all comparison. Mammoth Cave may be larger, but its attractions by no means compare with those of Luray; and while one may get his fill of the unearthly at the former in a day it is no uncommon thing for tourists to remain at the latter, for daily visits to the cave, for a week or more. The introduction of the electric light within the caverns has been productive of wonderful results, some of the larger openings presenting spectacles which only the inspired hand of Doré could reproduce.

At Cumberland, in Western Maryland, where a great gap, which, by a strange freak of nature, severs the mountain chain as if a gigantic power had cleaved it with a mighty axe, the Pittsburg division of the "B. & O." diverges to the right and penetrates a country of wonderfully rugged beauty and of historic interest—the famous valley of the Youghiogheny. This cleft, known as

LEADY CAVERNS—ON THE "R. & O." RAILROAD.

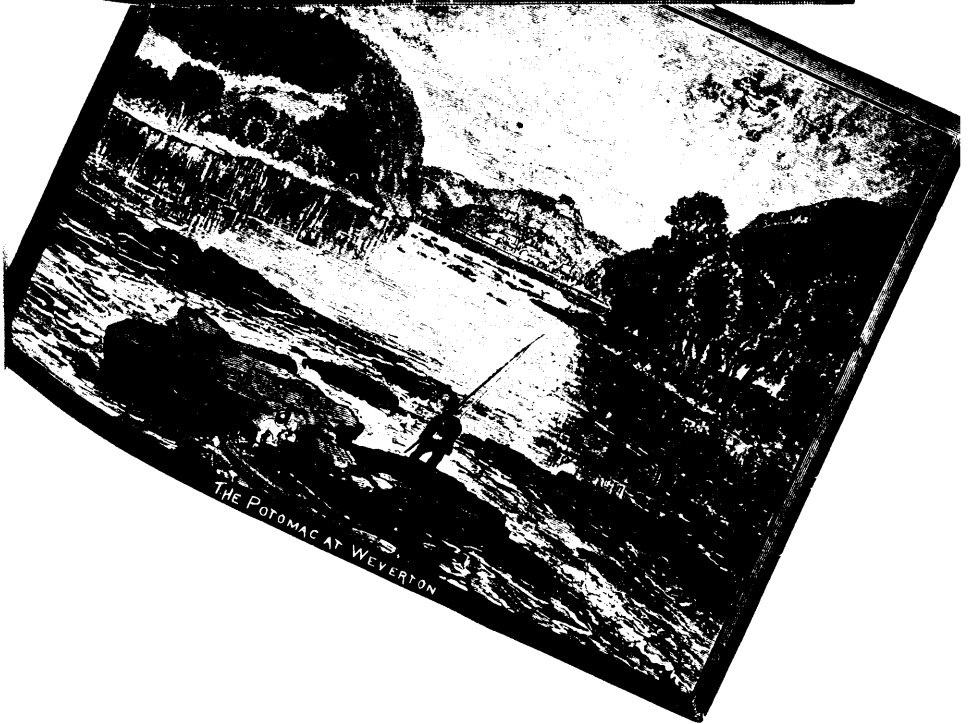
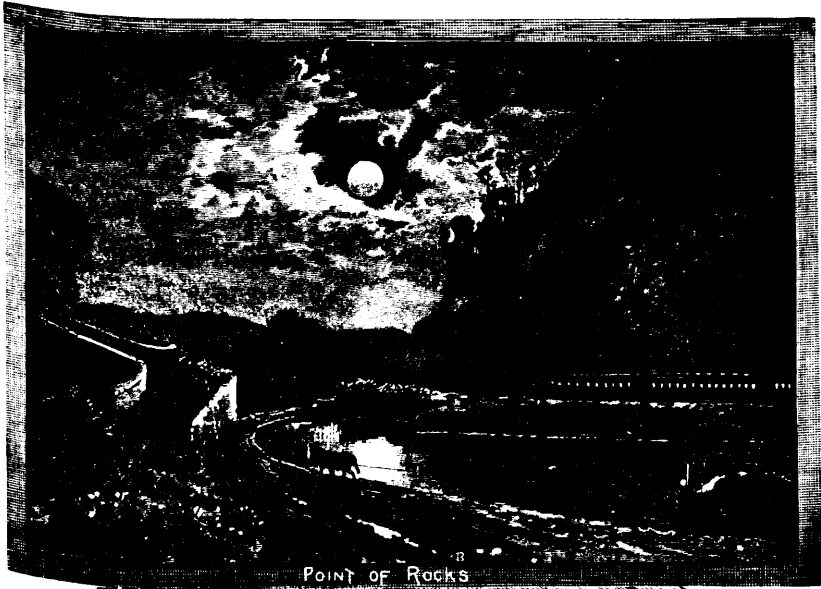


Will's Mountain Gap, appears to magnificent advantage as the threshold is approached. On either hand the cliffs tower into the clouds, their lines broken by ponderous ledges of rock over which hang trailing vines, and from which jut lean, lank and almost leafless pines. On the very edge of one of the highest of these projections some courageous hand has planted an observatory, the framework of which from below seemed too frail to support the weight of a child. A peculiar formation of rock demonstrates the violence of the volcanic action that threw it into its present position. The jaggedness of its edge led to its name, "The Devil's Backbone."

For mile upon mile the road follows a ledge cut into the mountain side, and from here the passenger looks away down upon the whirling rapids. The way through the Youghiogheny Valley is one of curves and long, sweeping turns, which open up new and wilder views of all that is fascinating in Nature in the way of mountain and valley, and forest, and river. He must be a writer of marked power who could bring the sight to the full realization of the reader. All along the valley the mountains which hem it in restrict the waters until they increase in fury sufficient to burst any ordinary barriers. Many of these ponderous boulders have tumbled thousand of feet to the beds of the stream, and are almost mountains in themselves; others have so long been subjected to the action of the water that their edges have been rounded to a symmetry of form closely assimilating the work of man. Gradually the aspect of nature grows in a measure less wild, and valleys are introduced, giving the scene something of a pastoral appearance.

Near Ohio Ryle, the Youghiogheny rushes and tumbles tempestuously over the ledge of rocks to the granite masses below, a distance of nearly a hundred feet. It is no puny, trickling stream, but the tremendous cataract, five hundred feet across, that dashes against the projecting rocks in its descent and flies off in fantastic shapes of spray. The whole body of the Youghiogheny here pitches over the precipice, and to say that it seems to boil with rage, or that it writhes and fumes to a white heat, is to express but feebly the whirling cauldron below. On one side the mountains exhibit a sheer height of hundreds of feet, and on the other is a romantic old mill, age-worn and moss-covered.

A moonlight ride through this romantic valley is a delightful memory. The peaks seemed to stand out to treble their ordinary proportions as the silvery rays announced the approaching disk. The phantom clouds anon glided athwart her pale beams; and as the empress of the heavens rose to her zenith the palpitating



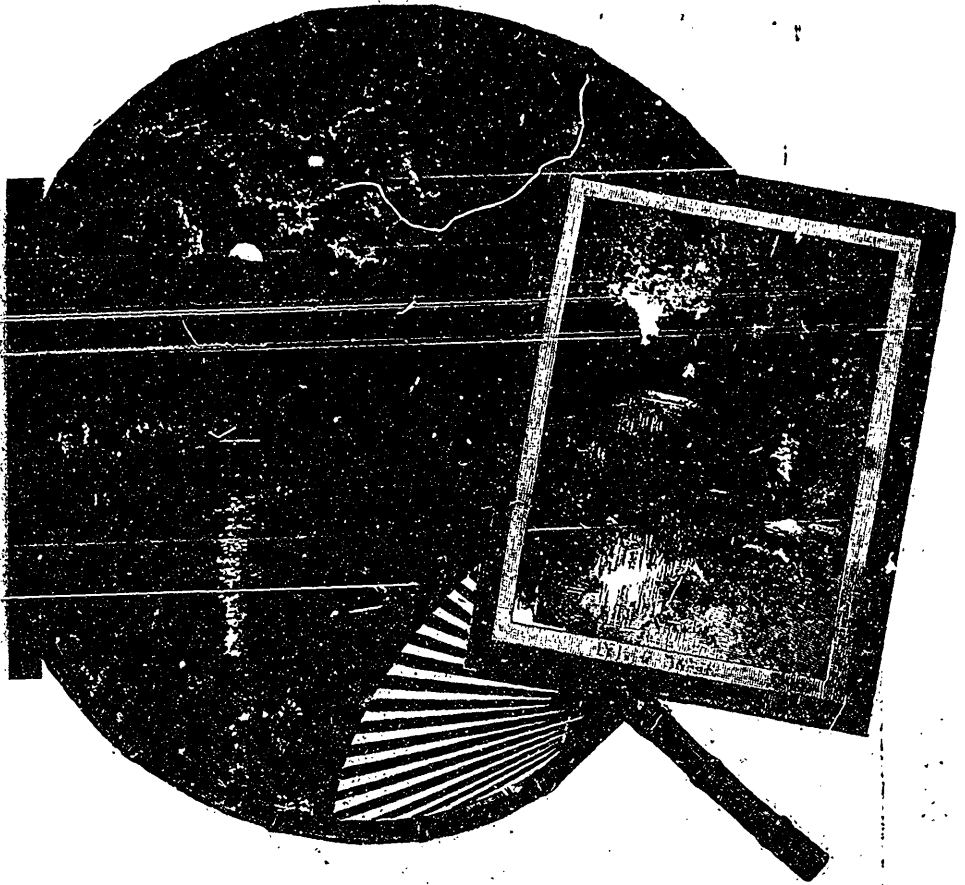
waters glistened as it were in the sheen of myriads of gems. The mountains on every side became stronger in outline, and every trembling leaf and intermingling bough was touched by the mystic spell. Now the base of the mighty range was in the glow, and the light creeping up soon the crest stood out in bold relief against the luminous sky, and the scene partook of Fairy land.

As one approaches Pittsburg the night is almost as light as day, the fierce glare of the innumerable coke-ovens, the high fire-vomiting chimneys of the iron-works, and the open furnaces, dispel the darkness and give the place a weird, unearthly appearance. First there are long lines of open-mouthed ovens sending their peculiar thin and noxious smoke upward on the right, and then a mile or two and another long line of these brazen-throated fire-eaters, the river just beyond assuming a hue as if molten streams of lava had been poured out upon its surface. It is directly between counter-fires, for upon the opposite side of the river are more coke-ovens; and so the line runs—coke-ovens here, there and everywhere, and the whole territory alive as it were with begrimed workers of the night.

At McKeesport, a thriving busy place where reside thousands of miners, the Youghiogheny meets the Monongahela, and the two rivers join in one continuous flow to their junction with the Alleghany River at Pittsburg forming the Ohio.

This romantic region is rich with historic memories. In 1754, the "Ohio Company," composed of London and Virginia merchants, had begun a settlement and fort at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, where Pittsburg now stands. A strong force of French, seized the fort, and having completed its defences, gave it the name of Du Quesne. Meanwhile, Colonel George Washington, then in the twenty-second year of his age, was despatched to hold the fort for the English. A small party of French soldiers advanced to warn him off what was claimed as French territory. Washington, apprehending that their purpose was hostile, and eager to distinguish himself, surprised them in a narrow valley. The French sprang to arms. "Fire!" cried Washington. "That word," says Bancroft, "kindled the world into a flame." It precipitated the earth-shaking conflict on the plains of India, on the waters of the Mediterranean and the Spanish Main, on the Gold Coast of Africa, on the ramparts of Louisburg, on the heights of Quebec, and here in the valley of the Ohio, which led to the utter defeat of the French, and the destruction of their sovereignty on this continent.

Washington threw up entrenchments, which he named Fort Necessity, and with four hundred men held his ground for a



YOUGHIOGHENY VALLEY BY MOONLIGHT.

month. Attacked by a superior force, he capitulated after ten hours' resistance, leaving the entire Ohio valley in the possession of the French.

The capture of Fort Du Quesne, was assigned to General Braddock. He was a brave soldier, but a martinet—arrogant, perverse, and obstinate. He attempted to wage war amid the wilds of America after the manner of a European campaign. With his little army of twenty-three hundred men and an immense baggage and artillery train, he hewed a road through the wilderness and over the Alleghany Mountains, over the route we have been following, pressed on with an advanced body of twelve hundred men, and on the ninth of July had reached the neighbourhood of the Monongahela. It was a gallant sight—the bannered array,

the scarlet uniforms, the gleam of bayonets, as the little army, with flying colours, unconsciously pressed on to its fate—the fife and drum corps making the forest ring with the inspiring strain of the "The British Grenadiers." As they entered a narrow defile, suddenly the deadly war-whoop rang, and a murderous fire was poured into their ranks by unseen enemies lurking amid the shadows of the primeval forest.

Braddock had five horses shot under him, and fell mortally wounded. "Who would have thought it?" murmured the dying man, "We will know better how to meet them again." His dear-bought experience came too late. That day was his last. The colonial troops displayed a steadiness that put the regulars to shame; but scarce one-fifth



CRANBERRY FALLS.—ON THE "B. & O." RAILWAY.

of their number left the field alive. Of the entire command more than half were killed or wounded. The fugitives fled through the night, and paused not till they reached the baggage camp forty miles

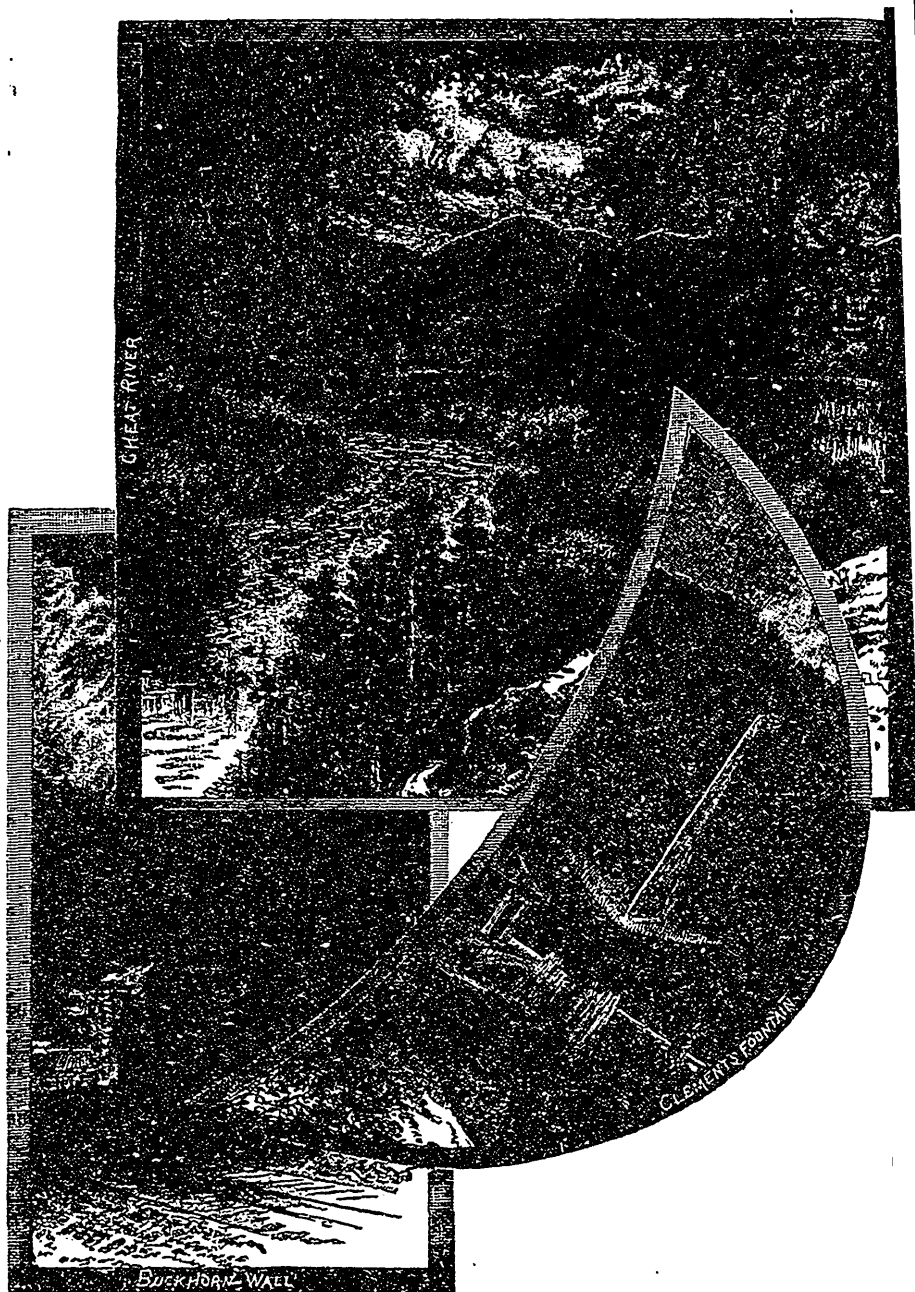
back. They broke up camp in dismay, burned their baggage, and precipitately retreated on Philadelphia.

But this picturesque valley is, after all, compared with the ride over the Alleghany Mountains, but as the work of the amateur likened to the *chef d'œuvre* of the master. Let us, therefore, return to the main line at Cumberland and scale the mighty barrier which the "B & O." was the first railway to overcome. Deeper and more sonorous the engine growls as it grasps the steel-clad slopes in its steep ascent, and more distant the river that runs in its rocky channel far below. Meanwhile the eye is delighted with what would seem to be an infinity of space were its width not limited by the walls of the gorge, on the rugged edges of which are to be found growing in scant soil the spruce and the pine. Progressing by slow degrees the engine is once more within the confines of mountain solemnity, and there is no other evidence of human existence than the scared rocks, the cross-ties, and the steel over which the way is made.

The ascent of the Alleghanies through wild mountain passes, where it would seem impossible to construct a road at all, is a very bold and striking piece of engineering—the glimpses of mountain glory and mountain gloom, of deep defile and towering hills, impress one with the majesty of Nature and the littleness of man. "How ever was that corn planted on the steep hill slope?" inquired a lady. "It must have been fired from a shot-gun," was the reply.

The ascent continues, and the aptly-named station Altamont comes into view. The mountains are now below, for the train has reached the summit and the eye roams at will over the billowy masses. The elevation is now nearly three thousand feet above tide-water, and the atmospheric change is at once perceptible.

Here, on the summit of the Alleghanies, a Chautauqua Assembly and summer resort has been established for the fugitives from the sweltering cities of Baltimore and Washington. Here is an ideal community occupying some two hundred wide-verandaed houses on a spacious area of 800 acres, enjoying an edifying, interesting and instructive programme of religious services, lectures and intellectual entertainments. It seems almost a veritable Mount of Transfiguration, above the world with its heats and its worries. One breaths an atmosphere of radiant purity and exhilaration and of moral elevation akin to that of heaven. The promoters of such assemblies, in thus providing for the families of their churches a summer home where they may acquire at the same time physical invigoration and moral inspiration, are doing a noble work for God and man.



THE ALLEGHANIES.—ON THE "B. & O." RAILWAY.

Here, too, are the two sumptuous hotels and summer resorts—Oakland and Deer Park—veritable mountain parks with miles of drives, well patronized by the best societies of Washington, Baltimore, and the heated cities of the plain.

The finest scenery is that descending the western slopes of the Alleghanias. The view of the tremendous gorge of the Cheat River, with its environment of lofty hills, is one that dwells forever in the memory as a vision of delight. The conductor kindly stopped the train—we had taken an accommodation train in the hope that he would—that a company of ladies and myself might go to the edge of Buckhorn Wall and look down into the profound abyss. The sunset light was dying on the surrounding hills, the twilight was filling the valleys, as a beaker is filled with wine. The winding river gleamed like silver far below, the shadows gathered over mountain and valley, and a solemn awe filled the soul. Down, down, as far as the eye could reach, the mighty torrent rushed and tumbled in great jumps over gigantic rocks that have broken away from above and settled in the narrow bed. The mountains on the other side rose abruptly thousands of feet in height. The river made a bold turn at nearly right-angles, and this opened up to view a deep canyon extending for miles, which was guarded by mountain peaks. Line upon line distinctly traced the contour of the mountains, until they became a labyrinth, the way between them indicated only by the stream which had become placid and smooth as ivory. He is indeed to be compassionated who could make the journey over the Alleghanias without having his heart stirred to the highest degree and his senses made willing captive to the wonderful scenery which belongs to them. We stopped over night at the little town of Grafton, in West Virginia, the steepest-streeted, worst-paved place we have seen in America, where the summer torrents from the surrounding hills make the streets like the dry bed of a river.

Thence we may follow an exceedingly picturesque branch of the "B. & O.," or rather the main line to Cleveland and Chicago, to Wheeling, Va.—another branch going to Parkersburg and Cincinnati. At Wheeling we reach the great river formed by the junction of the Alleghany and the Monongahela, and may return through western Pennsylvania to Pittsburg. We know of no more delightful summer trip for the Canadian tourist, or one so easily accessible as that which we have imperfectly endeavoured to describe.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VII.

BORNEO, MACASSAR AND CELEBES.

SULUS AT SILAM, BORNEO.

I HAVE before now been in tropical forests and jungles, and they always produce the same awe-inspiring, and indeed depressing effect on me. The almost solid green walls on either side of the narrow track; the awful stillness that prevails, only occasionally broken, or rendered more intense, by the shrill note of a bird, the cry, or rather pitiful wail, of a monkey, the crashing of some large creature through the dense undergrowth, as well as the profound solitude, will easily account for these feelings.

Continuing our difficult way, we at last emerged

from the green darkness of the forest and found ourselves within view of the limestone rock or mountain in which are the marvellous birds'-nest caves which we had come so far to see. The cliff presented a striking effect, rising white and shining in the bright sunlight. The dark entrance to the caves, stuffy as it was, and obstructed by the curious framework of rattans on which the nest-hunters sleep and cook and stow their arms, was a pleasant relief to the heat and glare without. Still more welcome was the sight of the coolies bringing refreshments and cooling drinks. If I, who had been carried all the way in comparative luxury, felt glad to see them, it can be imagined what must have been the feelings of the rest of the party, including Mabelle, who had walked the whole distance, and struggled gallantly over a most

uncertain and treacherous forest track. We were not able to get into the cave at the opening where the men were encamped, and had to go some way round to another entrance. From this point, the whirring, fluttering, and twittering of many birds and bats could plainly be heard in the larger caves, which were densely peopled with winged and feathered inhabitants, and the roofs and sides of which were blackened by their nests. Split palms



· RETURN OF THE HEAD-HUNTER.

were laid across the most awkward places; but it was extremely difficult to keep one's footing on this primitive causeway, and despite the assistance of the gentlemen, who carried me across many of the streams, it was impossible to escape an occasional wetting.

After tremendous exertions we reached the end of our climb, during which I had been not only once but many times sorely tempted, and even strongly urged, to turn back. When we paused to rest, our eyes, by this time accustomed to the "dim

religious light," could perceive human figures crawling and clambering about the roof and pinnacles of the vast cavern in which we now found ourselves, and could observe many narrow rattan ladders hanging in the most precipitous places, or stretching horizontally across almost unfathomable abysses.

Fixed among the rocks on every side were strong hooks and



RETURNING AT LOW-WATER.

pegs, to which the intrepid monkey-like nest-hunters attach their long, swinging ladders. Clinging to these, they proceed to prod all the nests within reach with a long bamboo pole, split into the shape of a three-pronged fork at one end, with a candle attached. They easily detach the nests, and rapidly transfer them to a basket hanging by their side. Having cleared the accessible space around them, they then unhook one end of their frail ladders and set themselves swinging like a pendulum, until they

manage to catch another hook or peg, and then proceed to clear another space in the same way. The ladders employed are sometimes, I was told, as much as 500 feet in length, and we saw some ourselves over 150 feet long. Truly the seekers after birds and their belongings, whether eggs, feathers, or nests, are a daring race, alike on the storm-beaten cliffs of St. Kilda and of Norway, and in the mysterious caves of Borneo and of Java.

Imagine our disappointment when, after another severe effort, we reached the fissure in the rock which admitted the light from above, and found that it afforded no means of egress except for bats and birds. Fortunately, however, we had not gone far before we met our guides with lights coming at last to look for us, and they led us to a comparatively easy exit from the cave; though in order to reach it we had to pass over horrible morasses of guano, into which we were only prevented from sinking by a path or bridge of two-inch palm stems affording a most uncertain foothold.

Arrived at last by the side of a clear running stream, we were glad to take the opportunity of performing some much-needed ablutions, and rest for a while. How tired we all felt I need not attempt to say. It required, indeed, a great effort of the will to take a few photographs and to carefully pack the birds' eggs and nests which we had collected, before resuming our journey.

We were sorry when it was time to leave our pleasant halting-place at Madai and start on our homeward way. The path through the jungle was, however, delightfully shady, and was altogether easier than our upward course. The last view of the cave, looking back from the little hill facing it, just before entering the jungle, will always remain in my mind, though I saw it somewhat hazily through the gauze veil in which my head was wrapped up, in order to protect me from the hornets, which had already stung several of our party severely.

Having overcome my first sensation of nervousness, caused by constant slips and slides on the part of my bearers, I had an excellent opportunity for contemplation until, in little less than two hours after leaving our last halting-place, we reached a spot close to where we had landed.

It was delightful to find that in our absence a charming little house had, by a piece of kind forethought, been built for us on the banks of the clear running stream. Raised as if by an enchanter's wand, this hut in the jungle was an inestimable comfort, and enabled us to rest quietly for a short time. At first it was proposed that we should certainly dine and possibly sleep in it; but when it was remembered that, pleasant and picturesque

as might be the situation, we were still in the midst of a malarious mangrove swamp, prudent considerations prevailed, and it was decided to move on. After giving time, therefore, to the coolies to cook and eat their well-earned repast, everything was put into the prahu, which lay half in and half out of the water. Mabelle and I then seated ourselves in the centre of the boat, while everybody else pushed and shouted; some wading, some occasionally swimming. Thus we proceeded down the shallow stream, the prahu frequently on her beam-ends on one side or the other, until righted by friendly hands; shipping comparatively little water, but still taking enough to make everything damp and uncomfortable.



THE SHOOTING PARTY.

It was a curious sight, the long boat, pushed by fifty or sixty natives and about a dozen Europeans, now in the water, now almost out of it. In the fast-fading twilight the scene looked picturesque and characteristic.

Resuming our now rapid voyage down the stream, we presently reached the spot where our own boats were waiting for us. Mabelle and I took possession of the cutter, the gentlemen of the steam-launch, and all proceeded, as far as circumstances would allow, to change our wet and dry clothes. Then we joined company, and as soon as the prahu had discharged all her passengers and cargo our little flotilla proceeded in the original order down the river.

At last we reached the mouth of the river, and were once more on the bosom of the open sea. Rather an agitated bosom it was too, just now, heaving in such a manner as to toss the cutter about a good deal and threatening to completely upset the native boat with its heavy load. In fact, the prahu behaved in the most alarming manner, absolutely refusing to steer, and turning broadside on to the constantly increasing swell. The islands, however, soon afforded shelter, and the moon rose over a scene of comparative calmness and repose. We found ourselves alongside the yacht before we had any idea that we were near her. It was half an hour after midnight, and Tom was delighted and greatly relieved to see us, having quite abandoned all hope of our appearing until morning, and having conjured up all sorts of gloomy forebodings as to the ill-effect of sleeping in mangrove swamps, besides attacks from hostile natives, and other horrors. With a grateful heart for pleasure enjoyed and difficulties overcome, I went to bed, completely worn out, at the end what may fairly be regarded as another red-letter day of the present cruise.

Tom had been unable to accompany us on our expedition, considering it a public duty to put together the very interesting information which had been communicated to him by the authorities charged with the administration of affairs at the numerous ports at which we had touched on the coast of Borneo. He wished to complete his work, so that it might be read to Governor Treacher before being despatched to England.

Friday, April 15th.—Although it was nearly two o'clock before I went to bed, I was up before seven this morning ready to go ashore with Tom and Mabelle to say good-bye to our friends, and to see how Silam looked by daylight. It is a neat, picturesque little village with most of its wooden houses standing upon piles. The people in Darvel Bay have evidently very little curiosity, for they scarcely turned their heads to look at us, though European ladies have rarely landed here before.

The bay looked quite animated this morning, a fleet of small boats having arrived during the night, filled with Sulus, Eraans, and Bugis. Each boat carried enormous outriggers projecting on either side, and had an awning thatched with kajang mats; while dried fish, arms, gongs, cooking pots, bags, and odds and ends of all kinds hung from the poles which supported the roofing.

Our friends at the bungalow were up and dressed, and none the worse for their fatigues of yesterday. Having mutually congratulated each other on the success of the expedition, we heard how lucky we had been in escaping the Borneo pest of leeches. Not content with attacking the passing traveller from the ground,

they drop down from every branch or leaf, and generally the first intimation of their presence is the sight of a thin stream of blood oozing from their point of attack. If an attempt to pull them off be made, their heads remain fixed in the flesh and cause festering wounds. The only way of getting rid of them is to apply a little salt, a bag of which is always carried by the natives when going on an expedition into the jungle.

We had now to return to the *Sunbeam*, leaving the curios which we had purchased to be sent home by the earliest opportunity. Our friends complimented us with a salute of nineteen guns; to which we could make but a feeble return, as our armament only consists of two brass guns for signal purposes. None the less did we quit the shores of North Borneo with grateful appreciation of its beauties and a vivid sense of its countless undeveloped riches of every kind. Pleasant reminiscences of almost everything did we carry away with us, except of the intense heat, which I believe has been rather unusual this year, even the oldest inhabitant complaining nearly as much of it as we did. We got

under way at 8.45 a.m, but at 9 p.m. we rounded the north end of Sibuco Island and entered the Celebes Sea at about 11 p.m.

Saturday, April 16th.—A very hot day. Rather an anxious time as regards navigation. Tom spends most of his time in the fore-top. About 10 p.m. we entered the Straits of Macassar. Throughout the day we had been exposed to the danger of collision with the submerged logs and trunks of trees carried down by the river Koti and floating on the surface of the sea. Those which



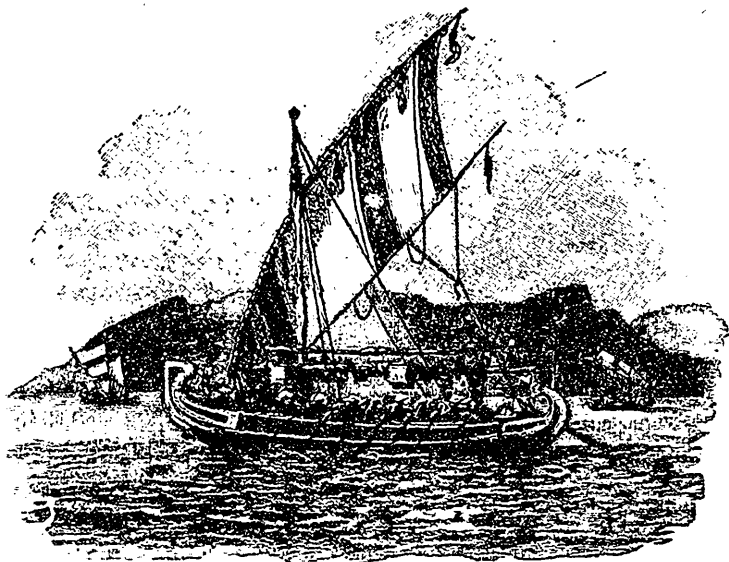
UNDER THE EQUATOR.

can be seen are not dangerous; it is only the half-submerged logs, almost invisible, yet large enough to sink a ship, for which a careful look-out has to be kept, both in the rigging and on the bows.

Sunday, April 17th.—Another fine calm day, but intensely hot. We crossed the equator about 7 p.m., and soon after eight sighted the high land of Celebes.

Monday, April 18th.—Only the faintest breath of air could be felt and even that soon died away.

Tuesday, April 19th.—The currents are exceedingly strong, and the soundings taken early in the morning proved that we



FISHING-BOAT, ALLAS STRAIT.

were in unpleasantly shallow water. Tom was at the masthead, endeavouring to pick up some landmark. At last he was able to distinguish the highest peak marked on the chart to the south of Macassar; whereupon he fearlessly gave the order to go full speed ahead in a NN.E. direction between that island and Satanga. This was much pleasanter than groping about by means of soundings. The scenery became lovely, and at 12.15 a.m. we reached our destination, and dropped anchor near the lighthouse.

The approach to the Dutch town of Macassar is very fine, and no doubt the beauty of its situation, as well as its convenience as a place of call for ships of all nations, caused it to be selected as the first European port in the East Indies. Pratt went ashore the

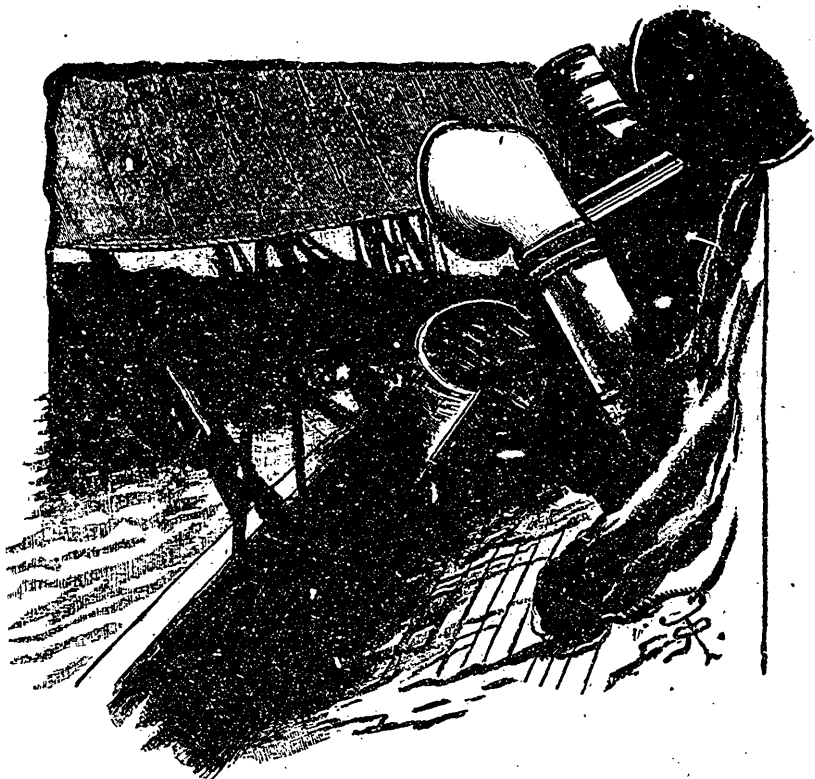
instant the health-officer and harbour-master had left, in order to find out the capabilities of the place; for we had been unable to gather anything from our first visitor, who could not speak a word of anything but Dutch, and contented himself with handing in a bundle of ship's papers, printed in every known language under the sun, and allowing us to select therefrom the one which suited us. Pratt soon returned, reporting, to our joy, that there was an ice-making machine ashore, and we were promised a thousand pounds of ice by 7 a.m. to-morrow, or half as much again by one o'clock.

About four o'clock we all landed, and under the guidance of the best interpreter to be found—a Chinaman who could speak nearly twelve words of English—we set off to inspect the ancient Dutch East Indian town. It is the oldest European settlement in the Eastern Archipelago, and has the air of respectability which belongs to old establishments of every kind and in every part of the world. The exclusive policy of the Dutch, the obstacles opposed to commerce, when not carried on under the national flag, have produced a lethargy and stagnation, with which the marvellous growth of free and untrammelled trade at Singapore offers a striking contrast. The Dutch have but a slender hold over the Celebes. The physical configuration of the island is singularly straggling. To this circumstance it is probably due that the population is divided, both in race and language, into several distinct tribes.

Having called on the Governor, we drove to the Hotel Macassar, where, with the assistance of the captain of a Norwegian ship, dinner got ordered. After taking this precaution we drove out into the country, or rather the suburbs, to look at a large collection of native arms, from this and the surrounding islands. Then we drove on, through more valleys and past more gardens, to the Government coal-stores, which Tom inspected with interest, and which, he was told, contained at that moment 5,000 tons of coal. Afterwards, some of the party went on board the Dutch gunboat *Bromo*, which acts as guardship, and is now coaling alongside.

Wednesday, April 20th.—Went ashore at 7.30. The morning was fairly cool. Mabelle and I went to one or two shops and tried to make some purchases; but, between our ignorance of the language and our poverty in the current coins of the country, we did not meet with much success. Having returned to the yacht, Tom and I were endeavouring to hasten such necessary preparations as coaling, watering, and provisioning. I vainly tried to get a little rest, notwithstanding a stream of visitors, including the Governor, Commandant, and many others.

Just before dark we got under way. After our long passage under steam everybody pulled at the ropes—Tom, children, and all—as if they had never seen sails set before; the men working with a will, and shouting their loudest and merriest songs. All sounded most cheery; but the wind was unsteady, and the result was that the sails, which had been set up with the fervent hope that they might remain set for the next six weeks, had to be lowered abruptly in as many minutes, and the anchor hastily



IN A STORM.

dropped, to avoid a Dutch brig moored close to us, into which we were rapidly drifting in consequence of a sudden shift of the wind. At 8.30 p.m. we started again, more successful this time, and proceeded quietly through the night.

Thursday, April 21st.—Muriel's birthday. A heavy roll throughout the day, with occasional strong squalls. At 7 p.m. the ship was put before the wind in order to let Neptune come on board, after which the crossing the line was again carried out with

due solemnity and with great success. The costumes were capital, the procession well managed, and the speeches amusing. Muriel was delighted with an offering of shells, and Neptune finally took his departure amid a shower of one rocket (we could not afford more for fear of accident) and a royal salute of eight rifles. We could watch the flame of the tar-barrel in which Neptune was supposed to have embarked, as it rose and fell on the crest of the waves for many miles astern, looking like a small phantom ship.

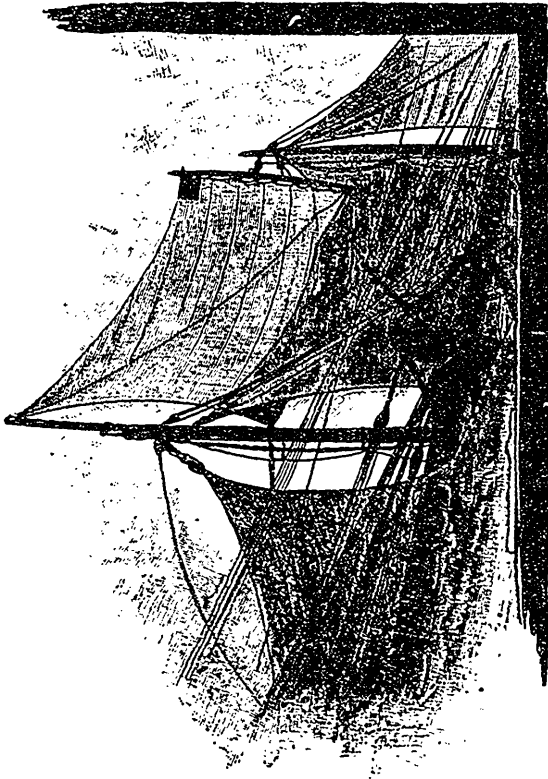
Friday, April 22nd.—Bad night; heavy squalls throughout the day. In the afternoon we made the entrance to the Allas Strait. The Strait of Allas is one of several navigable channels by which ships can pass from the confined waters of the Eastern Archipelago into the Indian Ocean. It divides the island of Sumbawa, famous for possessing the most active volcano in the world, from the island of Lombok. At the eastern end of Lombok, a magnificent peak rises to the height of 12,000 feet, and overshadows the narrow channel beneath with its imposing mass. The effects of scenery were enhanced by a sharp squall, which drove us into the strait at a thrilling speed, under half-lowered canvas. When the squall cleared away the peak of Lombok stood forth clear of cloud, in all its majesty and grandeur, backed by the glorious colours of the evening sky.

Saturday, April 23rd.—To-day proved lovely after the rain, but there was very little wind. I have felt wretchedly ill for the last few days, and seem to have lost both sleep and appetite. Every scrap of the Macassar ice has melted in three days, instead of lasting three weeks, as did the ice from Singapore. I fear that we shall run short of provisions before reaching our first Australian port, Macassar having proved a miserable place at which to take in stores.

It is a lovely, clear, starlight night, with no black clouds to threaten coming squalls of wind and rain. We are making all ready for the bad weather, which we may fairly expect to meet with when once in mid-ocean. All the big boats have been got in-board to-day, chairs have been stowed below, battening-down boards looked out, new ropes rove, and all preparations made for real hard sea work. How I wish I was going down the east coast of Australia, inside the barrier-reef, instead of down the stormy west coast! I dread this voyage somehow, and begin even to dislike sailing.

Sunday, April 24th.—Weather still calm, fine, and hot, but no wind. Our little stock of coal is running very low, for we have been obliged to get up steam again. At 11.30 we had the Litany,

at which I was able to be present, on deck. Tom is getting much better again, but is rather anxious at not having picked up the Trades so soon as he had expected. He now much regrets not having taken more coal and provisions on board. We had quite a serious consultation to-day with the head-steward on the subject of ways and means, for the strictest economy must be practised as to food and water, and the most must be made of our coal.



TOPMAST STUNSAILS.

You may imagine what the heat has been during the last few weeks, when, with the thermometer standing at 80° to-day, people found it so chilly that they could not even wait until to-morrow to get out their warm clothes!

Monday, April 25th.—Fine and hot, with alas! no wind.

Tuesday, April 26th.—A breeze sprang up in the course of the night, and increased almost to a gale, and we were closed-hauled, with a heavy swell, which made us all very uncomfortable.

Wednesday, April 27th.—At 4 a.m. went on deck with Tom. Weather much finer and wind fairer.

Thursday, April 28th.—I have been suffering very much from neuralgia, and last night could not sleep at all. At 5.30 p.m. we had the third nautical entertainment of the present voyage, which was quite as varied and successful as usual. Mr. Pemberton's recitation from Tennyson, and Tab's humorous account of Father Neptune's visit to the *Sunbeam*, were the novelties on this occasion. There were also some excellent songs by the crew, a pretty ballad by Muriel, and a reading by Tom; Mabelle being as usual the backbone and leader of the whole affair. I managed to sit through it, though in great pain, but was obliged to go to bed directly after.

Friday, April 29th.—The weather is now really lovely. Painting and varnishing are still the order of the day.

Saturday, April 30th.—After a very bad night, during which I suffered agonies from neuralgia, I woke feeling somewhat better. Everybody is full of spirits, and I hear cheery voices on deck with the least little bit of envy, I fear, as I lie in my bed below.

Sunday, May 1st.—The merry month of May does not commence very auspiciously, with a dirty gray sky, a still dirtier gray sea flopping up on our weather bow, and half a gale blowing. I was able to attend the Litany at 11.30, and evening service at four. Everybody is now feeling the cold, and all the animals and birds look miserable, although the thermometer still stands at 69° in the shade.

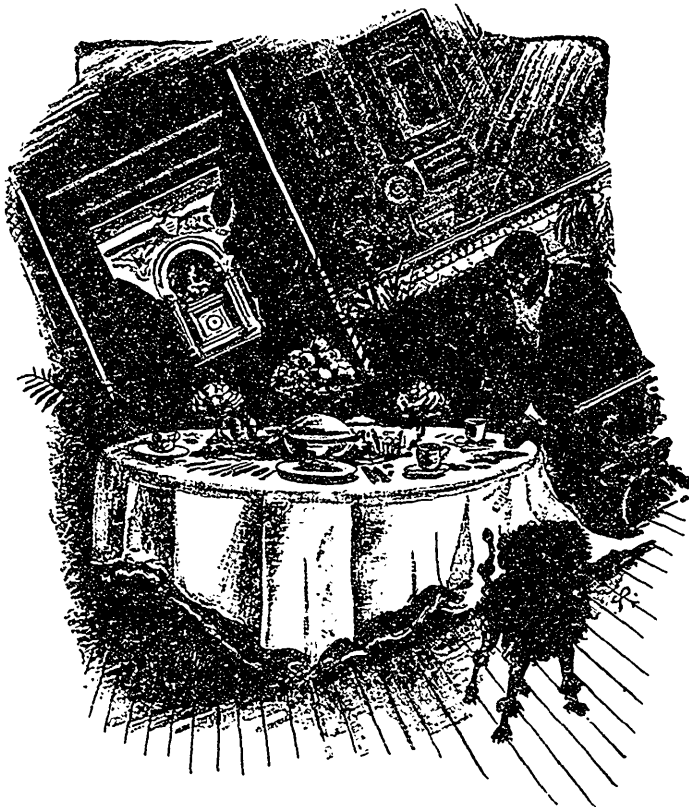
Monday, May 2nd.—The weather is still squally. I managed to go to the deck-house to-day for lunch, and remained on deck a little afterwards. Just before sunset we saw a splendid albatross with a magnificent spread of wing. It was wonderful to watch its quick turns and graceful skimming flight, so swift, and yet with hardly any perceptible movement.

Tuesday, May 3rd.—At 2.30 a large fish was observed close to the vessel. He was from twenty to thirty feet long, and must have been either a white whale or a shark swimming on his back, and so snowy white as to make the sea, which was of a beautiful clear ultramarine blue, look pale green above him, like water over a coral reef.

Wednesday, May 4th.—At 4 p.m. we saw a steamer hull down. In about an hour we had approached each other sufficiently close to enable us to ascertain that she was the *Liguria*, one of the Orient Line, bound for Adelaide. We exchanged a little conversation with signal flags, and, having mutually wished each other a pleasant voyage, parted company. We have just seen a splendid

lunar rainbow, and I suspect it forebodes a good deal more wind than we have lately had. It was perfect in shape, and the brilliant prismatic colours were most distinctly marked. I never saw such a rainbow, except as the precursor of a circular storm.

Thursday, May 5th.—At 5 a.m. I was awakened by being nearly washed out of bed on one side and by a deluge of water coming into the cabin on the other. A squall had struck us, and



EFFECTS OF A SQUALL.

we were tearing along with the lea rail under water, the rain meanwhile pouring down in torrents. The squall soon passed over, but there was every appearance of the wind increasing, though the barometer still stood high. Squall followed squall in quick succession, the wind increasing in force, and the sea rapidly rising. It soon became plain that we were in for a gale of some kind. About two o'clock the topmasts were struck; an hour later the skylights were covered over with tarpaulin, and a good

deal of battening down took place on deck. Before dusk the lee cutter was got in-board, more reefs were taken in, all was made snug on deck, and I might say stuffy below. Shortly after this was accomplished we sailed out of the influence of the storm, the centre travelling quickly away to the south-east of us. The glass continued to rise, and the weather improved throughout the night.

Friday, May 6th.—I was indeed delighted when, at dawn, it was thought safe to let us have a little light and air down below. Soon the sun rose, and all became bright and beautiful once more, though the air felt extremely chilly.

Tom had been deeply immersed in calculations all this afternoon, the best of the three chronometers on board having behaved in a very erratic manner since we got into a cooler temperature. Under these circumstances, it is difficult to know which to depend upon, and Tom is somewhat anxious about his landfall.

SHALL WE FIND THEM AT THE PORTALS.

BY THE REV. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

WILL they meet us, cheer and greet us,
 Those we've loved who've gone before ?
 Shall we find them at the portals,
 Find our beautiful immortals,
 When we reach that radiant shore ?

Hearts are broken for some token
 That they live, and love us yet !
 And we ask, Can those who've left us,
 Of love's look and tone bereft us,
 Though in heaven, can they forget ?

And we often, as days soften,
 And comes out the evening star,
 Looking westward, sit and wonder
 Whether, when so far asunder,
 They still think how dear they are.

Past yon portals, our immortals—
 Those who walk with Him in white—
 Do they, 'mid their bliss, recall us ?
 Know they what events befall us ?
 Will our coming wake delight ?

They will meet us, cheer and greet us ?
 Those we've loved, who've gone before ;
 We shall find them at the portals,
 Find our beautiful immortals,
 When we reach that radiant shore.

JOSEPH COOK.

BY JOY VETREPONT.



JOSEPH COOK.

"THE Chalmers of America," Joseph Cook, was born in 1838, at Ticonderoga, New York. His father, William Henry Cook, was a farmer of "considerable local reputation for mental attainments and fertility of speech, and, doubtless, much of Mr. Cook's gift of oratory, and, indeed, his bias toward theological speculation, as well as a certain fearlessness of opinion, come to him as a natural inheritance.

The ancestry of the family runs back to Plymouth Rock. Francis Cook being one of the settlers to whom ground was allotted in the oldest colony of Massachusetts, while back of this family is traced to England and to "the fiery men of Kent."

"I will be a teacher of teachers" said this young Chalmers to this young farmer-father who was "never wealthy, never poor," and whose ambition seems to have centered in his son.

"Very well, my son!" this father seems to have said: "Go ahead, and I will help you all I can." Accordingly we find the father helping his son in every way; determined on his having an education; choosing his schools and colleges, and sending him abroad.

First the boy studies at home and then at a school in Canada, "where, among other things, he acquired a knowledge of the French language."

At seventeen he enters Phillips Academy, Andover, and here a characteristic incident proves that he has not abandoned the idea of teaching teachers. As president of the Philomathean Society, he delivered an address on Oratory in which, besides propounding his own somewhat original views, he vigorously assailed the method of teaching elocution then and there practised by the professor in that department.

In 1858 he went to Yale, but after two years and a half, "attracted by the atmosphere of Cambridge," he went to Harvard and then graduated. Then came four years' study of theology at Andover. He entered also with great enthusiasm into the study of the physical sciences.

After leaving Andover he preached at Lynn, Abington, and other places, until in 1871 he went abroad. In Germany he studied for two years under special directions from Tholuck. He then travelled over Italy, Egypt, Syria, Greece, Turkey, Switzerland, France, England and Scotland.

Returning to the United States, he began lecturing in an informal way, whenever he was invited, on the subject to which his studies had been so long directed, the relations of science and religion. While delivering some lectures at Amherst he was invited to take charge of the Monday-noon meetings held in the Melonian, Boston, and here, on the 2nd of October, 1876, he began a series of "Monday Lectures."

The very first lecture, dealing with the evolutionary doctrines of Huxley and Tyndall, made such an impression, that with the fifth lecture the lectureship had to be transferred to Park Street Church, and, later, to Tremont Temple, where he has since continued to attract immense audiences.

Mr. Cook's lectures have been put in permanent book form by the firm of Houghton & Mifflin. The thirty-two lectures delivered in 1876-'77 are contained in the first three volumes of "Boston Monday Lectures, entitled respectively "Biology," "Transcendentalism" and "Orthodoxy."

In "Biology" he opposes the materialistic, and not the Theistic, theory of "Evolution." In "Transcendentalism" he discusses the views of Theodore Parker.

The thirty lectures given in 1877-78 are on "Conscience," "Hereditv," and "Marriage." The twenty in 1878-79 on "Labour" and "Socialism."

In 1880 Mr. Cook began a journey round the world, lecturing as he went. To this he was urged by the enthusiastic old father, who, even in urging him, confessed afterwards that he did not expect to see his son again. He gave his boy a letter to be read at sea, and in it this watchword:

"Far over sea and land,
'Tis our Lord's command,
Bear ye His name.
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door,
Silence is shame."

The son took this as his inspiration in work and travel, and came back after nearly three years to find the old man yet alive. From this last tour result the lectures "Occident" and "Orient."

The object of Mr. Cook's lectures in the first place was "to present the result of the freshest German, English and American scholarship in the most important and difficult topics concerning the relation of science and religion. Later, it became "The foundation of a new and true metaphysics resting on a biological basis, that is the proof of the truth of philosophical theism, and of the fundamental ideas of Christianity."

Mr. Cook has been accused of "the too hasty crystallization of immature thoughts into a theological system to be defended against all comers," and this is, possibly, a just accusation, for how can even such a brain as Joseph Cook's arrive at "maturity of thoughts" on so wide a range of subjects as he has compassed in so few years? But no one can deny that he has stimulated the thoughts of the whole civilized world, and, "there must be accorded to him the faculty of lending popularity and attractiveness to philosophic problems and scientific phenomena usually dry and abstruse."

Mr. Cook has been called a natural orator. "Dr. George M. Beard, a fellow student and friend of Mr. Cook's, says: 'Admirers of his oratory may be interested to know that in his early boyhood he was accustomed to practise extemporaneous speaking in the open air, in company with a friend. Their habit was to write down a number of topics on slips of paper, put them in a hat, draw one at random, and speak upon it a specified number of minutes. . . He has all the physical qualities of an orator . . . but no man of his age I am sure has studied oratory more thoroughly than he!'" Having travelled all over the world, he puts on the first page of his "Occident": "The sky is roof of but one family. I will be citizen of the whole earth."

To show his earnestness and position on the doctrines of future probation, take this, the opening sentence of his "Occident":

"Give me no guess for a dying pillow. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right arm drop from its socket rather than that either should be employed under the head of any man, woman, or child, as a support in death, a mere conjecture, however plausible, which may nevertheless, prove to be false."

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN IN PAGAN LANDS.

BY JOSEPH COOK.

WHEN in the Southern Pacific Ocean, I was pacing the deck of my ship, and looking toward the Fiji Islands, I was told on indisputable authority, that in this paradise of the great deep young girls were once fattened and sold in the public market as stalled cattle, for food. We are informed by entirely trustworthy African travellers that sometimes when a king of the tropical regions of the Dark Continent dies, a river is turned out of its course by artificial means; a deep and broad excavation dug in its dry channel; a score or more of the king's male servants beheaded, at the edge of this pit, and another score of women called his wives, put into the pit alive; a platform of wood constructed above them; other wives placed on the platform alive, and clasping his limbs from the four corners of the support on which he lies as a corpse, and then the earth is shoveled into the pit upon all this mass of humanity and the river is brought back to its course. In India I have seen worse things than these. You think I am declaiming; but the exact statistical fact is that between Cashmere and Ceylon, according to an authentic and most recent official statement, which I hold in my hand, there are 21,000,000 of widows, and half of these were never wives. Even under the rule

of a Christian empress, paganism makes the condition of widows in India yet so desolate that it is a common remark among Hindus that the old form of immolation by fire was preferable as a fate for a young woman, or even for an old one, than widowhood. Distressing beyond our conception must be a life compared with which suicide is a blessing, and yet suicides are occurring in India almost every week, prompted only by the terrible sufferings incidental to enforced widowhood.

The mischief begins with child marriages. On the great theme of woman's work for woman in Asia, notice, first, the evils in her condition, and, next, the remedies for them. First among these monstrous mischiefs I mention child marriages and desolate enforced widowhood for life. How early may a Hindu girl be married? At eight years; perhaps earlier. She may be betrothed, possibly, when she is in her cradle. Her intended husband is often an aged Brahmin, who soon dies. But the Hindu rule is that, if the person to whom the girl is betrothed, and whom it may be, she has never seen, dies, the girl must remain a widow for life. The theory is that it is honourable in a woman to do all she can for the preservation of the health and the advancement of the temporal and spiritual prosperity of her husband. If evil befalls him a suspicion falls upon her; if he dies, the extreme Hindu teaching that it is right to treat her with disrespect, and that all the honour you give the husband should rebound into dishonour shown to his widow. The multitude of widows who never were wives shows how many persons betrothed have been separated by death before marriage occurred.

It would require weeks for me to picture in detail the desolation of enforced widowhood among orthodox Hindus. In the first place, the widow must "eat her jewels." She must take off her ornaments and sell them to maintain herself. At least this is expected of her in the more bigoted populations. I do not affirm, by any means, that these rules of the pagan orthodoxy are always carried out to-day with the higher classes of Hindus; but with 250,000,000 of people in Hindustan, there are, excluding Mohammedans, probably 150,000,000 among whom the rules are very thoroughly followed. When the widow has "eaten her jewels," she may be supported by the family to which she belongs; but not before. Even when the time comes in which she may legally be supported, she is expected to practise very frequent fasts. The rule is that she shall take but one meal a day. Whether ill or well, when her fast-day occurs, she must abstain wholly from food for twenty-four hours. She shaves her head. A Hindu woman is naturally proud of the glorious ornament of her black

tresses, and, when she loses them and all her ornaments, she is degraded in social standing—not in the sense of dropping into infamy, but she becomes almost a thing in a family. She is really the drudge of the household in which she obtains a precarious support. She may be kicked and cuffed; she may be thrust into corners with the rats and bats and the rubbish of the house; she may be made to undergo the severest physical labour of which she is capable. All this, in most cases, does not touch at all the pride of the head of the household nor his sympathy. She is a widow; she is a thing.

Twenty-one millions of widows in India! Half of them never wives! All of them doomed by custom to lives such as these. I affirm that this series of facts is more horrible than cannibalism in the Fiji Islands, for that was a temporary affair and passed away swiftly. It is more horrible than the occasional occurrence of such a scene as I have described out of the records of tropical Africa. Here are 250,000,000 of human beings in an Oriental empire, permeated by civilization to a great extent; here is a people under British power; here are subjects of Queen Victoria living lives to which suicide by fire in many cases are preferred. All through Northern India I saw little white stone monuments at various spots on hill-slopes, and in the vicinity of temples, and occasionally by the sea-shore, to those who had performed suttee; that is, to widows who had burned themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands. A certain honour was attached to this act. A lady well acquainted with the opportunities of observation which I had in the East, was told by a cultured Hindu gentleman in Bombay that suttee is in very many cases undoubtedly preferable to enforced widowhood, and that, as the government forbids suttee and does not forbid enforced widowhood or child marriages, an old remedy for one of the miseries of Hindustan has been taken out of the hands of its population. A remark of that kind may be a bubble, indeed; but it shows which way terrible currents of distress run. Suttee has destroyed its thousands, but the custom of child marriages its tens of thousands.

The British Government ought to prohibit child marriages, as it did suttee. It should prohibit them, as it did the crushing of men and women under the wheels of the Car Juggernaut. It should prohibit them, as it did the exposure of the aged and of the very sick on the banks of the Ganges, and the filling of their mouths and nostrils with the sacred mud, even before life was extinct, and occasionally, no doubt, for the purpose of bringing life to an end. Just as the British Government has prohibited thuggery and hook-swinging; so the best reformers are now claim-

ing it might and ought to prohibit the child marriages, which are the pedestal on which enforced widowhood stands.

If the noble women of the various American Women's Missionary Societies should unite with their English and Scottish coadjutors in sending to Her Britannic Majesty a memorial urging the prevention of child marriages in India by the law of the empire, they would, in my judgment, be doing not only a benevolent, but also a timely and dignified act.

It is impossible to speak frankly on many delicate portions of my theme; but who doubts that child marriages explain a portion of the physical weakness of the Hindus? Who doubts that this race, which came from the north-west side of the Himalaya Mountains and belongs to the same stock with ourselves, would be developed under far more favourable circumstances for the production of strength if child marriages were abolished? Who doubts that medical science ought to be carried to the doors of Hindu households by women?

A man is not consulted as a physician by a woman in a Hindu household. You find some of the poorer classes of the Hindus ready to go to the hospitals that the missionaries open and obtain medicine; but, as a general rule, a Hindu woman had rather die than receive assistance from a man as a physician, at least, if the assistance requires that he should enter the zenana, the sacred female apartments of the Hindu home. An American medical missionary was not long ago called on to save the life of a wife of a prominent Hindu gentleman, after the native physicians had failed to be of service. He could not see the patient; he was refused admission to the zenana. Finally, as the case was urgent and the head of the household had a somewhat unusual freedom from Hindu prejudices, the physician was permitted to go into the room where the woman lay ill. She stretched her arm through a curtain. He was not allowed to feel the pulse; but the husband felt it, under the direction of the physician, and thus a certain amount of information was obtained in dubious style. A slit was cut in the screen, and the poor patient made to protrude her tongue through it; and so the physician obtained further knowledge as to her physical state, prescribed the proper remedies, and her life was saved. But that husband would rather have seen his wife on her funeral-pile than have allowed this missionary to see her. Who can remedy these terrible mischiefs endured by women in Asia, except female medical missionaries? They are wanted all through India. They are wanted in large numbers. They are wanted for zenana work, in teaching, for all kinds of instruction in mission schools and secular establishments of various kinds. An angel from heaven itself, as has been often

said, would not be welcomed in many Hindu zenanas more cordially than a well-instructed female physician.

There comes a new life into the household, and in those sacred hours when a mother trembles between this world and the next, she is usually treated like a thing, even in the best orthodox Hindu-pagan families. She is put into the worst room, probably, and for days and weeks no one is allowed to go near her. The air of the room may be like that of a miniature Black Hole of Calcutta, and yet there is no attempt made to purify it. She has only coarse food. Any touch of this mother by other members of the household is pollution. Many lives have been lost simply by this barbaric exposure under circumstances when all human instincts called for the use of the highest medical skill. Send India, then, medical missionaries, equipped with the best learning of our Occidental science. Send medical missionaries, females, with their hearts aflame with the gospel, and, beyond any doubt, you will be doing for India what Christ our Lord meant that His disciples should do, when he said to them: "Heal the sick, preach the gospel." The two duties go together, and we are to follow them to the ends of the earth.

It is only possible here and now for me to mention among the evils of woman's condition in Asia, and ask you to keep long and often in your thoughts, the almost total neglect of the education of daughters, the arbitrariness of divorce, the bondage to coarsest physical toil, infanticide, especially in China, the binding of the feet of Chinese women, the vices of the scoundrel whites in the sea-ports of the Orient, and, lastly, polygamy.

Consider, my friends, how vast Asia is, and how populous with brothers and sisters, and little children, as innocent and sunn-eyed as yours. After five lectures, in four consecutive days, under a vertical sun, and to great assemblies, in the rustling paradise of Ceylon, I left that island on the last day of March, a little over a year ago, and soon found myself in the mighty port of Singapore, near the Equator. Blue Sumatra lay in the distance; Borneo, with its pagan tribes and its birds of paradise, was not far away. British fleets were there, almost a squadron of powerful vessels, and I saw a similar sight in the majestic harbour of Hong Kong. British power is visible in half the outlooks on any coast of the globe, in the ocean highways in the Eastern hemisphere. And so pausing at Canton and giving a lecture, I drifted, after nearly a month's voyage, into Japan—an idyl of nature seen in the idyllic season of May. There was much, of course, to give cheerfulness; much, of course, to awaken encouraging thought as to the future of Asiatic reform; but, as I coasted along Ceylon, and the Malay peninsula, and vast China, day after day,

I seemed to hear across the roar of the waves the turbulent sound of the billows of humanity, breaking with a wail on the stern coasts of our yet barbaric days. Three hundred million billows in China, half of them women; two hundred and fifty million such billows breaking on the shores of India, multitudes upon multitudes coming out of the unseen and storming across the ocean of time to break on the shores of eternity; and the sound of that sea was a wail from servile labour, the dwarfing of the loftiest capabilities of the soul, through ignorance and false faiths, infanticide, polygamy, concubinage, enforced widowhood, and many a nameless condition preventing the development of woman into that angelic thing she is by nature, even without education. I heard the wail of the hosts until I found myself resolved, whatever else I might do or might not do, to echo the sound of that ocean in the ears of Christendom, until, if God should permit, some adequate enthusiasm for the reform of woman's condition in Asia is awakened in the Occident. I wish every city of 20,000 inhabitants in America and Europe would send one female missionary into pagan lands.

Your sisters, your brothers! Come near enough to them, and they seem quite human. The last meal I took in China was with a magnificent native, who had founded a Christian College and was a millionaire. He had bird's-nest soup for breakfast, each cup of which cost five dollars, and each guest had two cups; a house more palatial than I ever saw in Boston. A man of vigour, as well as of refinement, of large quantity, as well as excellent quality; speaking English brokenly; but a prince in his manners. I saw a large number of persons of that type. General Grant is said to have made the remark that the ablest men he saw abroad were Bismarck, and Gladstone, and Li Hung Chang, prime minister of China. I found China close at hand, looking as if she might be able ultimately to insist on the keeping of treaties with even domineering Britain and haughty America.

Notice, my friends, eight remedies for the evils of woman's condition: zenana teaching by female missionaries; homes for temporary assistance to women; female medical missionaries; female schools; admission of women to university examinations; abolition of child marriages by law; a pure gospel taught to the whole community; native helpers in abundance; new fashions set by imperial courts and by the upper classes.

The Empress of Japan, who is childless, is making herself the patroness of female education. Most of the great missionary bodies are opening vigorous schools for young women. The Parsees of Bombay, a remnant of the old Persians, are beginning to educate their daughters almost as thoroughly as their sons.

All through Asia the cry is rising that women must be taught the elements of education. The most surprising and, perhaps, the most significant increase in missionary work in India, in the past decade, has been in the department of woman's work. Not only have four new ladies' societies entered the field since 1871, but there has been an amazing development of indigenous workers. In 1871 there were 947 native Christian female agents engaged in missionary work. In 1881 there were no less than 1,944. The number of European and Eurasian ladies reported is 541. The successors of Lydia and Priscilla and Phœbe and Persis and the daughters of Philip already outnumber the 586 men who not many years ago monopolized the use of the title—missionary. The progress of zenana work has been most astonishing. Ten years ago Bengal had more zenana pupils than all the rest of India put together. Now the north-west provinces have the largest number of this class of pupils. The total number of female pupils has increased from 31,580 to 65,761. A new leader of reform has lately appeared in India, in the person of a learned young Brahmin widow, Ramabai, whose eloquence holds great audiences spell-bound in Bombay and Poonah and other important cities, as she dwells on the evils of child marriages, the education of females, the re-marriage of widows, and the folly of the caste system. Since the Ganges began to roll, no such figure as Ramabai has been reflected in its waters! Japan, however, has gone further of her own impulse in the direction of education for woman than any other Asiatic nation, and the reform has there the patronage of the highest persons in the court. It will not go backward. Put female education in Japan into the hands of Almighty God, and under His guidance the reform in that empire may become the day-star of the amelioration of woman's condition throughout the millions of Asia. This wail of the billows of humanity in India, in Ceylon, in the Malay peninsula, in Asia at large, especially in China, in the East Indies, in the Fiji Islands, and even in the Dark Continent, may one day turn into a shout of rejoicing. Provided only that the Occident does its duty, this transition may be swift; but, if the wail goes on for a century or two more, I believe it will sound in our ears at the Judgment Day. We have power to send medical missionaries to these populations; we have power to send both secular and sacred education to women throughout Asia; and he who knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is a sin. Let this wail sound in the ears of sensitive women! Let it sound in the ears of strong men! Let it fill the whole atmosphere of Occidental Christendom, until we are aroused to make God's opinion our own as to what should be done for women in Asia, Africa, and all the isles of the sea!

THE EXCEEDING RICHES OF HIS GRACE.*

BY THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS, D.D., LL.D.

It is recorded of Dr. Chalmers, the prince of the Scottish pulpit, that the inspiration and charm of his ministry did not so much consist in any grace of person or art of delivery, as in the fact that whatever subject he touched, he raised it—he ennobled and sublimated it by the mastery of that intelligence which was the wonder of his age. In a higher sense and more prominent degree this was the attribute, the distinguishing attribute, of the Pauline mind. Take for example the words of our text, with what comprehensive dignity are they endowed. Though penned some two thousand years ago, yet they seem to anticipate every objection raised by modern thought against the fundamentals of our Christianity. “Is there a God in the universe? and, if so, can His character be known?” are the questions of the hour. Our text affirms in the pronoun He that God is, while the exceeding riches of grace and kindness adore and beautify His character. Is man a spirit, destined to the immortal? or is he nothing but organized matter, doomed to extinction amid irretrievable decay? Extinction! Our text asserts that he shall abide through the ages to come, blossoming by grace and kindness into higher conditions of being. And then, is it not baseless credulity to believe that God is sympathetic and helpful to man? Baseless it is not, since the revelation of Christ Jesus and His kindness authenticate divinest compassion with our race. Thus we see that the inspired intellect of Paul anticipated and answered here the crucial questionings of our times. Now, beneath and behind all this I ask you to observe that the great underlying thought of the text is the transcendence of man as first in the thinkings, and work of God, as he should be first in the thought and work of the ministry.

It is a familiar objection advanced by the sceptic science of the day, that Christianity altogether over-estimates the importance of man, that it is essentially an egotistic system assigning to him a place peerless in our known universe, whereas he is but a feeble thing, vanishing before the magnitudes in time and space. Now, in vindication of the transcendence of man, I ask you to ponder the twofold proposition: 1st, that the workings of God in the ages of the past find their ultimate purpose in the advent of man; and,

* “That in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.”—EPHESIANS ii. 7.

2nd, that the workings of God in the ages of the future will find their ultimate design in the eternal development of man.

THE ADVENT OF MAN.

1. That the workings of God in the ages of the past had for its ultimate design the advent of man. When the botanist plants what is to you an unknown seed, you cannot tell what will be the nature of its wood, the form of its leaf, its blossoms or its fruit, and thus it is with every work of man. You can never determine its end from the sign of its beginning.

Yonder, in a vacant lot in our city, is a man. With rod in his hand he is measuring out its areas. He commands, and men begin to excavate; he commands, and in remote quarries workmen are fashioning the stones; he commands, and the forests of the Ottawa give their timber. What meaneth all this activity? Wait. A stately building begins to rise. At his bidding art fills the windows with tinted glass, and skill develops an instrument with its thousand melodies, while tapestries adorn the interior of the edifice. What was the ultimate design in that artistic mind? To create a building stately and magnificent, arched and aureoled? What was the ultimate design? It was the adjustment of that building for the physical convenience of man, in which he might catch the inspiration of the place and ascend to the worship of the Divine. Time explains the design.

Now, I ask you to turn from the works of man to the works of God, which will demand the ages to come to determine their final meaning. You will bear with me while I here take an unusual liberty. I would for the moment close this Book of Inspiration and open the book of nature. I would dispense with the teachings of Moses, Isaiah and Paul. I would leave these and invoke the leadership and guidance of those great masters of science who are solving the problems of the universe. I would do this, and I want just here to say that the pulpits of Methodism ever desire to be in accord with all true science. Come then with me. Under the guidance of these masters we roll back the surface of the earth, and what do we find? An orderly arrangement of rocks. Leaves are they in God's great volume of the cosmos. Turn over the first of these stony leaves and you come to a mighty strata of death. There is not a slab of marble, not a fragment of chalk or shale but is built up of animal remains belting this world with decay and making it a vast charnel house of death.

Turn over the leaf and you come to the great primitive granites, which give evidence of having been fused and twisted and crys-

tallized by fire. Thus far we are conducted by science, and now on the adventurous wings of inductive thought we are carried into the eternities of the past and reverently take our stand beside the Infinite Creator and primal cause of all. He thinks, the ideal of the universe is born. He speaks, and a fiery mist comes into being. He commands, and every atomic element begins to move, to vibrate. He ordains, and that elemental mist rolls itself into fiery orbs, that begin their flaming march along the infinities. Before this display of Almighty energy we stand with tremulous heart, and in reverent spirit exclaim: "The thunder of His power, who can understand?"—thankful that "this awful God is ours—our Father and our love."

Turning now to the history of our own planet, through long millenniums it is believed to have cooled and condensed. By the ministries and interaction of air, fire and water, its rocky elements are dissolved into the soils of our earth. Behold now the first of the great life epochs of God. The mystery of life is revealed in its vegetating form. The earth is mantled in green and enamelled in beauty. Beauty, did I say? Yes, when the daffodil, and the heliotrope, and the many-tinted rose, and the festooning vine blossom into splendour, while the eucalyptus tree and the Calivera pines wave their leafy crown in the summer air. Oh, the graciousness of our God, in putting the impress of beauty on every form in nature.

But was it the ultimate purpose of God's creative work to make this world merely a garden ambrosial without an eye to take in the beauty, without a sense to inhale the fragrance, without intelligence to apprehend its order? It could never be. Behold again, another and higher epoch of God. The silences of this world are broken by the aboundings of animal life. Listen to the mocking-bird and to the song of the amorous nightingale, to the chorus of the mighty army of the living. From the leviathan downwards what infinite kindness is manifested in ordaining the laws of paternity. in waking the mother love, so that the seal of the North Sea will weep for the sufferings of her young, and the very tiger of the jungle will fondle with her cubs.

But was this world built up for no higher purpose than to be the hunting ground of the leopard and the eagle, where animal forms should appear and then vanish away? A grander design than this was in the original thinking of God. Who is that? do you see him? Walking amid the trees of the garden with erect form, with the uplifted brow, with kindling eye, with intelligence on every line of the countenance, with a mind that apprehends the design of nature and a heart that throbs with emotion? Who is

that? Behold the mystery is explained, the ultimate design of God's purpose is made manifest. This world was made for man. For him the tulip is striped and the amethyst warbler sings. For him "the last sunshine of expiring day in summer's twilight weeps itself away." For him the mountains defile into lines of grandeur and the hanging heavens in their galaxied splendour tell their tale of infinite power. Contemplating the scene, he rises to a conception of a Father Divine and stands confessed as transcendent over all. Transcendent over all? Yes; for what is opening before the research of our age? Young man, read Norman Lockyer on the chemistries of the sun. Every gas and element on this earth is found there, and it is believed that the substance of our world is that of all worlds; that the history of this earth will be duplicated throughout the universe; that the order of life here will be the order in all worlds, finding its consummation in the form and likeness of man.

Why does speculative thought tend in this direction? Why? Because man is made in the image and likeness of God, and can anything in His universe be found better than His image? Out of the eternities there comes the echoing cry, "Nothing, nothing can ever surpass the image of the Divine."

And then, as the final possibility beyond which God Himself can never pass, He takes man into the bonds of a union with His essence—a bond which shall be perpetuated forever.

Oh, strong Son of God, the Alpha and Omega in the universe, we now understand in higher measure than ever before the deep significance of the question thou dost ask, "What shall a man, transcendent man, give in exchange for his soul?"

THE ETERNAL DEVELOPMENT OF MAN.

2. The working of God in the ages to come will find their ultimate design in the eternal development of man.

The history of our humanity is a volume, held by two golden clasps, bound at one end by the Paradise of Eden, bound at the other by the eternal life of Heaven, while the literature it contains tells out the mystery, the grandeur and the Divine uplifting, which marks His immortal being.

How low and inadequate are the conceptions which obtain relative to man. You see him in the arenas of life, walking in the street, toiling in the shop or office, handling the materialities of commerce, absorbed in the littlenesses of domestic conditions. All is animal and material. It is a question of food, of raiment, of shelter, of immunity from want, and this is the realm in which

most men habitually live and move. If the capacities of man were limited to the animal and material how could we vindicate his radical transcendence? But our nature has a diviner side.

Would you see the transcendence of man? Look at his physical being. When God made the lower animal forms, such as lizards or fishes, He gave, says Agassiz, but a single segment of brain power. When God brought forth the higher mammalia, as seen in the domestic animals, he added another and active segment to the brain. When God introduced man, He completed the arch and crowned him with the finished dome of thought, so that he stands as the highest and final type of organized life on this earth. Behind this organized, this visible man, there is the great invisible, invisible as God Himself.

Invisible man! What is that? We call it spirit. Spirit? You cannot see it. You cannot handle it. You have no chemistries that will detect it. How do I come to the knowledge of matter? It is by my senses, revealing its form, its size, its colour. How do I come to the knowledge of spirit? It is by the consciousness of thought, of will and of emotion within my being. It is this spiritual nature, this august and unseen personality that constitutes the essential royalty, the jewel of the man.

Where do you dwell? You say, "in this house or in that street." Nay, that is not the place of your abiding. You dwell in the tabernacle of the body. Its every member and organism is your servant. You are behind the eye, and look out upon the plenitudes of nature. You are behind the ear, and catch up the tones of friendship or wake to the raptures of melody. You employ the tongue to tell your tale of love or sorrow and articulate the thought that outreaches to the Infinite, while the hand that creates works of utility or of art is but the slave of the autocrat that dwells and dictates from within. Survey the process of man's development. A child comes into being—a Toronto babe. At first it is only a palpitating fragment of living matter. You look into the eye, it is vacancy, but in a given time, a light comes into that eye, a point of intelligence flashes there, which indicates that the in-born dweller has come to consciousness and has begun his march on to the immortalities. In twenty swift-winged years the child is a man, with mind kindled and cultured with all knowledge, from the highest heavens where God doth dwell down to the atomic dust beneath his feet. In fifty years the child is rounded out into finished proportions with the light of eternity on his brow, a being of stupendous beginnings, which will demand the forever for his development. O mother, do you realize that the infant lisper who looks up in your face is immortality in your arms?

Would you see the transcendence of man? I ask you to go back in thought to the hour when man appeared as the consummating touch of God's creative work. On the authority of God's Word we believe that man began not lowly, but lofty. Not that he climbed out of the slimy depths and struggled through the monad, the mollusk and the monkey to manhood. The theory that intelligence and moral consciousness came out of such materialistic beginnings is an outrage on reason and all true science, and, says Prof. Calderwood, will doubtless in time be modified or disappear. Man began so high, so divine was the impress which he bore, that for his coming the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy. But how stupendous was his descent, how appalling his ruin no tongue can ever declare. In the Duke of Argyll's great work on the "Unities of Nature," we learn that man is the only discordant anomaly in the universe. Worlds swing in their orbits without collisions. Plants and trees of the like species harmonize with each other. The very hyena is kindly to its kind. But when you come to man, you find that whether as nations, tribes or individuals, the destruction of man by man is the great historic record. I am not citing Scripture, but science, when I say that intellectual and moral manhood, like a mighty dismantled, roofless, deserted temple, stands ruined and degraded.

Ring out the fall of a Nineveh, Babylon or Thebes, with their royal splendour. Wreck, if you will, the astonishing magnificence of unintelligent creation and leave it void. The ruin of any man, any poor drunkard or victim of vice, with archangel powers and Titan forces that can defy the Infinite is a calamity greater far.

Oh, regal man, son of the morning, with the nimbus of divinity around thy brow, how art thou fallen, utterly fallen!

Would you see the transcendence of man? We close the chapter of ruin and despair and open the vision of the coming redemption. Simultaneous with the apostacy of our race omnipotent provision was made for his recovery. The very death of the Triune God of love was moved to achieve his deliverance. In the epochs of the past the Persons of the Godhead took our humanity by the hand and led it up the hills of time out of the barbaric into the civilized, waking those great powers of his nature which had been slumbering through the ages. As sure as God gave skill to Bezalul to fashion the curious work of the tabernacle, he gave science to the dwellers on the banks of the Nile. As sure as God directed the Hebrew temple-builders, He fired the barbaric Greeks with a sense of beauty as expressed in Corinthian architecture, in Phidian sculpture, in the raptures of Homeric verse and in the rhythm of that language which God

elected to be the vehicle of His most spiritual revelation, and to which we still go back to come nearest to the thinkings of God—the wondrous language of the Greek. As sure as God gave wisdom to Solomon He gave direction to the band of robbers on the banks of the Tiber how to aggregate Roman power and formulate those philosophies of justice and law to which tribunals still appeal. Intellect! Knowledge! These alone can never save.

Never, says Paul, for the world by wisdom knew not God, and without God we must abide in moral ruin.

Would you see the transcendence of man?

Sing, O heavens and rejoice, O earth, the Lord hath spoken. "I dwell with the humble and with the contrite. Behold the tabernacle of God is with man" in the person of Emanuel—God with us.

"No man hath seen God at any time, the only begotten of the Father, He hath declared Him."

Oh, divinest moment in the history of the universe, when the incarnate Jesus became the interpreter of God and the deliverer of man. Deliverer? Tell me, if you can, the price which must be paid to become a reformer or deliverer of man. To attain the adoration of future generations, to ascend the altars of history, to reach the apotheosis of immortality, your deliverers have to sweat great drops of blood in their Gethsemanes, to endure insult in courts of justice, to receive the buffet of infamy from an insolent populace, to drain to the dregs the cup of gall and ingratitude, to wear the crown of thorns and stretch their limbs upon a cross amid the cries of "Away with him!"

In diviner sense and superlative degree amid the agony and wailing of "Lama sabacthani, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me," the Ancient of Days, the Son of the Father, walked alone the royal road, the *via dolorosa*, to achieve our deliverance from curse and shame. Dead! cried the Roman guard, as he thrust his gleaming spear into the silent heart. Dead! sobbed the daughters of Jerusalem in their grief. Dead! dead! as an atonement.

"Stung by the scorpion, sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole.
See there my Lord upon the tree,
I hear, I feel He died for me."

Beneath the shadow of the cross we trusting stand, justified, accepted, reconciled to God.

Would you see the transcendence of man?

Thou mystic Spirit Divine, that moved upon the face of the water, bringing order out of chaos, and renewing the face of the earth, we glorify Thy mission and ministries to man as the

sequel of the cross. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Sons of God, gifted with fellowship, with the power of all-commanding prayer. And this is Thy work, Thou adopting and indwelling spirit of all grace.

Can you count the stars of heaven? Can you number the drops of the ocean? As soon as tell out our sonship's great inheritance in the thirty thousand promises of this Book which are applied and sealed by the Spirit Divine. Who was with you when you hung over the sufferer and closed the eyes in death, when with desolated heart you felt lone and forsaken? Who whispered to thy spirit, "Be of good cheer, I will be with thee and comfort thee?" Who surrounds our pathway with those softening and helpful influences that sweep like tidal waves toward a nobler life?

But lately in our city a worthy father lay shrouded in death. When his prodigal boy looked into the serene face of that father whose heart he had well-nigh broken and beheld his sorrowing mother, overwhelmed with grief he fell upon his knees and sobbed out his anguish, while the mother clasped him around the neck and rained her mother tears upon his head. Who was there to help that prodigal homeward to goodness and to God? It was the Spirit Divine.

Dew of the night, unseen by mortal eye, falling through the centuries, ever falling, on the continents and islands of the sea, lifting up the drooping blade, brightening the face of the hidden flower, freshening every plant and leaf and robing universal nature in new life and beauty. Dew of the night, what art thou but a symbol of that Spirit of God who along the ages to come will ever lift to a nobler life and to a grander destiny the sons and daughters of our race? Oh, redeemed man, redeemed from barbaric degradation, in his physical; redeemed from mind limitation, by the opening up of universal nature, so that the very forces electric, that laugh at time and distance, are his servants. Redeemed into the beauty of holiness, the likeness of Jesus; redeemed, till the elastic soul, disdaining the limitations of the earthly, looks up with longing aspiration for an immortal state, and "still it doth not yet appear what he shall be."

Would you finally see the transcendence of man? Go back to the Toronto babe of whom I spoke. In sixty years the lattice is drawn, the crape is on the door. You say he is gone. Gone where?

"Out into the cold, into the black-blue air,
Into no man knows where,
Into nothing or despair."

Nothing or despair! This is unknown in the Gospel of our Christianity. We know, says Paul, that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Some years ago I stood by the dying couch of a well-beloved friend. As he was approaching his end, he turned and asked, "Oh, can you tell me where I am going, where, where?" I replied, "One thing I do know, you are going to be with Christ, for He hath said, 'Where I am there also shall My servant be.'" He answered, "That is enough, enough for me," and with a sublime confidence went to the bosom of his Lord.

Where heaven is we cannot tell, but of this we are assured, it will be the scene of eternal development. Yes, along the ages to come the exceeding riches of grace and kindness through Jesus Christ will lead our redeemed humanity up the Alpine heights of eternity, where the secrets of God's universe shall be disclosed, where the vision of God and of the saint shall open out to us such ascending avenues of thought, of holiness and of joy, and then when millions of ages have come and gone again and again, it will still be the unfolding of the exceeding riches of grace through Christ Jesus for ever and ever.

"In hope of that ecstatic bliss
We now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down
And smile at toil and pain."

Oh, when I look out upon this world, when I see men and women bowed with sorrow, mothers weeping for their children, and weary men in this weary world struggling to keep their hold of life, in my impatience I am ready to cry out, "Great God, why hast Thou made such a world, so full of sin, of suffering and of sorrow?" But then, a little beyond, the tents are taken down. I see the white-robed company, which no man could number. I see them; "they have come out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and therefore they are before the throne." When I see this my exulting soul cries out, "Thou art worthy O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power, for Thou hast created and everlastingly redeemed and glorified Thy favourite creature, man." My friend, holding this transcendent nature, will you be there?

I have heard of a dream where the dreamer thought he was falling—falling out of light into twilight, falling out of twilight into darkness, falling out of darkness into outer darkness; falling, ever falling. And as he descended his voice came up from the

depths, saying, "When shall I reach the limits of my fall?" and the answer that went down was, "Reach it! never, never, never."

As sure as there is a possibility of ever ascending higher and higher toward God, there is a possibility of falling, ever falling, from God into outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure—insensible.
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell."

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near—this night, in this house.

By the transcendence of man, I argue the greatness of the ministry, whose mission it is to seek and save the lost. I charge you to become enamoured with the work of soul-saving. Let this be your master-passion, your soul-enthusiasm, and then in the coming time the joy of the apostle will be yours; ransomed hosts gathered by your ministry will be your crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. Remember, remember our theme, that in the universe of God, in the ages to come, we will know nothing outside of divinity more transcendent than man.

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

A PERSIAN legend thus doth run :
The white-robed priests who serve the sun,
In long procession ready stand,
Each with a torch in his right hand.
A flame upon the altar burns ;
The nearest lights—then backward turns,
And to his brother giveth light.
Till countless torches, burning bright,
Make the dark night like dawning day,
While to the sun the robed priests pray.
We serve the Ever-living One :
The Persian worships the bright sun ;
Yet from his legend let us learn
How brother should to brother turn,
And with a brother's loving heart
Of his own blessedness impart.
Who helps to light another's path
Of heaven a double portion hath.

“JACK” THE FISHERMAN.*

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

I.

JACK was a Fairharbour boy, a fisherman, and the son of a fisherman. Jack was born at sea. His father was bringing his mother home from a visit at a half-sister's in Nova Scotia. She was coming home, partly because Jack's father came for her, and partly because he happened to come sober, which was a great point, and partly because the schooner had to sail, which was another—she was coming home, at all events, when a gale struck them. It was an ugly blow. The little two-masted vessel swamped, in short, at midnight of a moonlit night, off the coast, just the other side of seeing Cape Ann light. The crew were picked up by a three-master, and taken home. Aboard the three-master, in fright chill and storm, the little boy was born.

Jack's father kept sober till he got the mother and the child safely into the little crumbling, gray cottage in half of whose meagre dimensions the family kept up the illusion which they called home. Then, for truth compels me, I must state that Jack's father went straightway out upon what, in even less obscure circles than his, it is customary to call “a tear.” “I've stood it as long as I ken stand, and I'm goin' on a tear—I'm agoin' on a netarnal tear,” said Jack's father to his oldest dory-mate, a fellow he had a feeling for, much as you would for an oar you had handled a good many years.

In fact that proved to be, in deed and truth, an eternal tear for Jack's father. Drunk as a fisherman could be—and that is saying a good deal—he reshipped that night, knowing not whitner nor why, nor indeed knowing that the deed was done; and when he came to himself he was twelve hours out, on his way to the Banks of Newfoundland; and the young mother, with her baby on her arm, looked out of the frosty window over the foot of her old bedstead, and watched for him to come, and did not like to tell the neighbours that she was short of fuel.

She was used to waiting—women are; Fairharbour women always are. But she had never waited so long before. And when, at the end of her waiting, the old dory-mate came in one night and told her that it happened falling from the mast because he was not sober enough to be up there; Jack's mother said she had always expected it. But she had not expected it, all the same. We never expect trouble, we only fear it. And she had put the baby on the edge of the bed and got out upon her knees upon the floor,

* Abridged from the volume published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

and laid her face on the baby, and tried to say her prayers—for she was a pious little woman, not knowing any better—but found she could not pray, she cried so. And the old dory-mate told her not to try, but to cry as hard as she could. And she told him he was very kind; and so she did. For she was fond of her husband, although he got drunk; because he got drunk, one is tempted to say. Her heart had gone the way of the hearts of drunkards' wives: she loved in proportion to her misery, and gave on equation with what she lost. All the woman in her mothered her husband when she could no longer wifely worship him. When he died she felt as if she had lost her eldest child. So, as I say, she kneeled with her face on the baby, and cried as if she had been the blessedest of wives. Afterward she thought of this with self-reproach. She said one day to the old dory-mate:

“When my trouble came, I did not pray to God, I'd ought to have. But I only cried at Him.”

Jack had come into the world in a storm, and he began it stormily. He was a big, roaring baby, and he became a restless boy. Jack needed a man to manage him. He smoked at six; he lived in stables and on the wharves at eight; he came when he got ready, and went when he pleased; he obeyed when he felt like it and when he was punished, he kicked. Once, in an imaginative moment, he bit her.

She sent him to pack mackerel, for they were put to it to keep soul and body together, and he brought home such habits of speech as even the Fairharbour woman had never heard. From her little boy, her baby—not yet old enough to be out of short trousers, and scarcely out of little sacks, had he been yours, my lady at the pretty age when one still fastens lace collars round their necks, and has them under shelter by dark, and hears their prayers, and challenges the breath of heaven lest it blow too rudely on some delicate forming fibre of soul or body—from her little boy, at eight years old, the mother first learned the abysses of vulgarity in a sea-port town.

At his worst Jack regarded her as a species of sacred fact, much like heaven or a hymn. Sometimes on Sunday nights he stayed at home with her; he liked to hear her sing. She sang “Rock of Ages” in her best black alpaca with her work-worn hands crossed upon the gingham apron which she put on to save the dress.

But ah, she said, Jack needed a man to manage him. And one day when she said this, in spite of her gentle unconsciousness, or because of it, the old dory-mate to whom she said it said he thought so too, and that if she had no objections he would like to be that man.

And the Fairharbour widow, who had never thought of such a thing, said she didn't know as she had; for nobody knew, she said, how near to starving they had come; and it was something to have a sober man. So, on this reasonable basis, Jack acquired a step-father, and his step-father sent him straightway to the Grand Banks.

He meant it well enough, and perhaps it made no difference in the end. But Jack was a little fellow to go fishing—only ten. His first voyage was hard: it was a March voyage; he got badly frostbitten, and the skipper was rough. He was knocked about a good deal, and had the measles by himself in his berth; and the men said they didn't know they had brought a baby to the Banks, for they were very busy and Jack lay and cried a little, and thought about his mother, and wished he hadn't kicked her, but forgot it when he got well. So he swaggered about among the men, as a boy does when he is the only one in a crew, and aped their talk, and shared their grog, and did their hard work, and learned their songs, and came home with the early stages of moral ossification as well set in upon his little heart as a ten-year-old heart allows.

The next voyage did not mend the matter; nor the next. And though the old dory-mate was an honest fellow, he had been more successful as a dory-mate than he was as a step-father. He and Jack did not "get on." Sometimes Jack's mother wondered if he had needed a man to manage him; but she never said so. She was a good wife, and she had fuel enough, now; she only kissed Jack, and said she meant it for the best.

When he was twelve years he came home from a winter voyage one night, and got his pay for his share—boy's pay, yet, for a boy's share; but bigger than it used to be—and did not go home first, but went rollicking off with a crowd of Portuguese. It was a Sunday night, and his mother was expecting him, for she knew the boat was in. His step-father expected him, too—and his money; and Jack knew that. His mother had been sick, but Jack did not know that; she had been very sick, and had asked for him a great deal. There had been a baby—born dead while its father was off-shore after cod—and it had been very cold weather; and something had gone wrong.

At midnight of that night some one knocked at the door of the crumbling cottage. The step-father opened it; he looked pale and agitated. Some boys were there in a confused group; they bore what seemed to be a lifeless body on a drag, or bob-sled; it was Jack, dead drunk.

It was the first time—he was only twelve—and one of the Fairharbour boys took the pipe from his mouth to explain.

"He was trapped by a Portygee, and they've stole every cent of him, 'n kicked him out, 'n lef' him stranded like a monk-fish, so me and the other fellers we borried a sled and brung him home, for we thought his mother 'd rather. He ain't dead, but he's just as drunk as if he was sixty!"

The Fairharbour boy mentioned this circumstance with a kind of abnormal pride, as if such superior maturity were a point for a comrade to make note of. But Jack's step-father went out softly, and shut the door, and said:

"Look here, boys—help me in with him, will you? Not that way. His mother's in there. She died an hour ago."

And so the curse of his heredity came upon him. She never knew, thank heaven. She had asked for Jack, it seemed, over and over, but did not complain of him for not coming, she never complained of Jack. She said the poor boy must have stayed somewhere to have a pleasant time; and she said they were to give her love to him, if he came in while she was asleep. And then she asked her husband to sing "Rock of Ages" for her, because she did not feel very strong. He couldn't sing—more than a halibut, poor fellow; but he did not like to disappoint her, for he thought she looked what he called "miser'ble;" so he sat down by the bed and raised his hoarse, weather-beaten voice to the tune of Martyn, as best he could, and she said once more that he was to give her love to Jack; and went to sleep afterward; and by-and-by they could not wake her to see her boy of twelve brought to her drunk.

If the curse of his ancestry had come upon him, its compensatory temperament came too. Jack had the merry heart of the easy drinker.

Born with his father's alcoholized brain-cells, poor baby, endowed with the narcotined conscience which this species of parentage bequeaths, he fell heir to the kind of attractiveness that goes with the legacy.

He was a happy-go-lucky fellow. Life sat airily on him. He had his mother's handsome eyes dashed with his father's fun; he told a good story; he did a kind deed; he was generous with his money, when he had any, and never in the least disturbed when he hadn't. Every crew wanted him. Drunk or sober, as a ship-mate he was at par. It was usually easy for him to borrow. The fellows made up his fines for him, there was always somebody to go bail for him when he got before the police court. Arrested perhaps a half-dozen times a year, in his maddest years, he never was sent to the House in his life. There were always people enough who thought it a pity to let such a good fellow go to prison. He had—I was going to say as a matter of course he had—curly hair. One should not omit to notice that he was splendidly tattooed. He was proud, as seamen are, of his brawny arms, dashed from wrist to shoulder with the decorative ingenuity of his class. On his left arm he bore a very crooked lighthouse rising from a heavy sea. This was considered a masterly design, and Jack was often called upon to push up his sleeve and explain how he came by the inspiration.

Upon the other arm he wore a crucifix, ten inches long; this was touched with blood-red ink; the dead Christ hung upon it, lean and pitiful. Jack said he took the crucifix against his drowning. It was an uncommonly large and ornate crucifix.

Jack was a steady drinker at nineteen. At twenty-five he was what either an inexperienced or a deeply experienced temperance missionary would have called incurable. The intermediate grades would have confidently expected to save him.

Of course he reformed. He would not have been interesting if he had not. The unmitigated sot has few attractions even for

sea-faring society. Jack was always reforming. After that night when he was brought home on the bob-sled, the little boy was as steady and as miserable as he knew how to be for a long time; he drew the unfortunate inference that the one involved the other. By the time his mother's grave was green with the scanty Fairharbour church-yard grass, rank weeds had overgrown the sorrow of the homeless boy. He and his step-father "got on" less than ever now, as was to be expected; and when one day Jack announced with characteristic candour that he was going to get drunk, if he went to Torment for it, the two parted company; and the crumbling cottage knew Jack no more. By-and-by, when his step-father was drowned at Georges', Jack borrowed the money for some black gloves and a hat-band. He had the reputation of being a polite fellow; the fishermen spelled it t-o-n-y.

Jack, as I say, was always reforming. Every temperance society in the city had a hand at him, when they failed they turned him over to the churches. One ardent person, a recent convert, coaxed him into a weekly prayer-meeting. It was a very good, honest, uninteresting prayer-meeting, and there were people sitting beside him with clean lives and clear faces whose motives Jack was not worthy to understand, and he knew enough to know it. Jack was terribly bored. He ran his hands through his curis, and felt for his tobacco, and whispered to the young convert to know if there weren't any waits in the play so a man could get out without hurting anybody's feelings. But just then the young convert struck up a hymn, and Jack stayed.

He liked the singing. His restless, handsome face took on a change such as a windy day takes on toward dusk, when the breeze dies down. When he found they were singing "Rock of Ages," he tried to sing it too—for he was a famous tenor on deck. But when he had sung a line or two—flash! down in one of the empty pews in front, he saw a thin old lady with blue eyes, sitting in a black alpaca dress with her hands clasped on her gingham apron.

"That's my mother. Have I got the jim-jams?" asked this unaccustomed worshipper of himself. But then he remembered that he was sober. He could sing no longer after this, but bowed his head and looked into his old felt hat, and wondered if he were going to cry, or get religion. In point of fact, he did neither of these things, because a very old church-member arose just then, and said he saw a poor castaway in our midst to-night, and he besought the prayers of the meeting for his soul. Jack stopped crying. He looked hard at the old church-member. He knew him; had always known him. The fisherman waited till that prayer was through—it was rather a long prayer—and then he, too, sprang to his feet. He looked all around the decorous place; his face was white with the swift passion of the drinking man.

"I never spoke in meetin' in my life," said Jack in an unsteady voice, "I ain't religious. I drink. But I'm sober to-night, and

I've got something to say to you. I heard what that man said. I know him. He's old Jim Crownoby. I've always knowed Jim Crownoby. He owns a sight of property in this town. He's a rich man. He owns that block on Black Street. You know he does. You can't deny it. Nor he can't neither. All I want to say is, I've got drunk in one of them places of his, time and again; and if there ain't anybody but him to pray for my soul I'd rather go to perdition.

Jack stopped short, jammed on his hat, and left the meeting. In the shocked rustle that followed, some one had the tact to start "Rescue the perishing," as the fisherman strode down the broad aisle. He did not go again. The poor young convert followed him up for a week or two, and gave him an expensive Testament, bought out of an almost invisible personal income, in vain.

"I've no objections to you," said Jack, candidly; "I'm much obliged to ye for yer politeness, sir. But them churches that subleases to a rum-seller, I don't think they onderstand a drinkin' man. Hey? Don't he do the heft of the payin' and the tallest of their crowin', consequent? Thought so. Better leave me go, sir. I ain't a pious man; I'm a fisherman."

"Fishes," said Jack, "is no fools."

He gave voice to this remark one day in Boston when he was twenty-five years old. He was trying to entertain a Boston girl; she was not familiar with Fairharbour or with the scenery of his calling; he wanted to interest her; he liked the girl. He had known her a long time; as much as three months. When the vessel came into Boston to sell halibut, he had a few days there, drifting about as seamen do, homeless and reckless; dashing out the wages just paid off, in ways that he sometimes remembered and sometimes forgot, and that usually left him without a dollar toward his next fine when he should be welcomed by the police court of his native city on returning home.

Jack thought, I say, gravely of this girl. She was a pretty girl, and she was very young. She had a gentle way, with Jack; she had trusted him from the first, and he had never once been known to disturb her trust. That was the pleasant part of it.

On this evening that we speak of, Jack was sober. He was often sober when he had an evening to spend with the Boston girl; not always—no; truth must be told. She looked as pretty as was in her that night; she had black eyes and a kind of yellow hair that Jack had never seen crinkled low on the forehead above black eyes before. The girl's name was Teen. Probably she had been called Christine once, in her country home; she even told Jack she had been baptized.

"I wasn't, myself," said Jack; "I roared so, they darsen't do it. I was an awful baby."

"I should think likely," said Teen, with candour. "Do you set much by your mother?"

"She's dead," said Jack, in a subdued voice. Teen looked at

him; she had never heard him speak like that. So is mine," said the girl.

The two took a turn in silence up and down the brightly lighted street; their thoughts looked out strangely from marred young faces; they felt as if they were in a foreign country.

"Was you always a fisherman?" asked Teen, feeling, with a woman's tact, that somebody must change the current of the subject.

"I was a fisherman three generations back," Jack answered her; "borned a fisherman, you bet! I couldn't 'a' ben nothin' else if I'd drownded for it. It's a smart business. You hev to keep your wits about you. Fishes is no fools."

"Ain't they?" asked the girl, listlessly. She was conscious of failing in conversational brilliancy; but the truth was, she couldn't get over what they had been saying: she was always sad when she remembered her mother. Jack began to talk to her about his business again, but Teen did not reply; and when he looked down at her to see what ailed her, there were real tears rolling over her pretty cheeks.

"Why, Teen!" said Jack.

"Leave go of me, Jack," said Teen, "and let me get off; I ain't good company to-night. I've got the dumps. Leave go of me, and I'll go home."

"I won't leave go of you!" cried Jack, with a sudden blazing purpose lighting up all the corners of his soul. It was a white light, not unholy; it seemed to shine through and through him with a soft glow like a candle on an altar. "I'll never leave go of you, Teen, if you'll say so. Will you marry me?"

"Marry you?" said Teen.

"Yes, marry me. There, now! It's out with it. What do you say to that, Teen?"

With one slow finger-tip Teen wiped away the tears that fell for her mother.

"I wouldn't cry about it, Teen. You needn't have me if you don't want to."

"But I do want to, Jack."

"Honest?"

"Honest it is, Jack."

"Will ye make a good wife, Teen?" asked Jack.

"I'll try, Jack."

"Will you swear it, Teen?"

"If you'd rather, Jack."

"What'll you swear by, now?" asked Jack. "You must swear by all you hold holy."

"What do I hold holy?" mused Teen.

"Will you swear," continued Jack, seriously, "will you swear to me by the 'Rock of Ages'?"

"What's that?" asked the girl.

"It's a hymn-tune. I want you to swear me by the 'Rock of Ages' that you'll be that you say you will, to me. Will you do it, Teen?"

"Oh yes," said Teen, "I'll do it. Where shall we come across one?"

"I guess I can find it," Jack replied. "I can find 'most anything I set out to."

So they started out at random, in their reckless fashion, in the great city, to find the "Rock of Ages" for the asking.

Jack led his companion hither and yon, peering into churches and vestries and missions, and wherever he saw signs of sacred things. Singing they heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad, and sad; but not the song for a girl to swear by, that she would be a true wife to a man who trusted her.

Wandering thus, on their strange errand whose pathos was so far above their own dream or knowledge, they chanced at last upon the place and the little group of people known in that part of Boston as Mother Mary's meeting.

The girl said she had been there once, but that Mother Mary was too good for her; she was one of the real kind. Everybody knew Mother Mary and her husband; he was a parson. They were poor folks themselves, Teen said, and understood poor folks, and did for them all the year round, not clearing out, like rich ones, when it came hot weather, but stood by 'em, Teen said. They kept the little room open, and if you wanted a prayer you went in and got it, just as you'd call for a drink or a supper; it was always on hand for you, and a kind word sure to come with it, and you always knew where to go for 'em; and Mother Mary treated you like folks. She liked her, Teen said.

"I guess, she'll have what I'm after," said Jack. "She sounds like she would. Let's go in and see."

So they went into the quiet place among the praying people, and stood staring for they felt embarrassed. Mother Mary looked very white and peaceful, she was a tall, fair woman; she wore a black dress with white about the bosom; it was a plain, old dress, much mended. Mother Mary did not look rich, as Teen had said. The room was filled with poor creatures gathered about her like her children, while she talked with them and taught them as she could. She crossed the room immediately to where the young man stood, with the girl beside him.

"We've come," said Jack, "to find the 'Rock of Ages.'" He drew Teen's hand through his arm, and held it for a moment; then moved by some fine instinct mysterious to himself, he lifted and laid it in Mother Mary's own.

"Explain it to her, ma'am," he said; "tell her, won't you? I'm going to marry her, if she'll have me. I want her to swear by somethin' holy she'll be a true wife to me. She hadn't anything particularly holy herself, and the holiest thing I know of is the 'Rock of Ages.' I've heard my mother sing it. She's dead. We've been huntin' Boston over to-night after the 'Rock of Ages.'"

Mother Mary was used to the pathos of her sober work, but the tears sprang now to her large and gentle eyes. She did not speak to Jack—could not possibly, just then; but, delaying only for the

moment till she could command herself, she flung her rich, maternal voice out upon the words of the old hymn. Her husband joined her, and all the people present swelled the chorus.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

They sang it through—the three verses that everybody knows—and Jack and Teen stood listening. Jack tried to sing himself; but Teen hid her face, and cried upon his arm.

"Thou must save," sang the praying people; "Thou must save, and Thou alone!"

The strain died solemnly; the room was quiet; the minister yonder began to pray, and all the people bowed their heads. But Mother Mary stood quite still, with the girl's hand trembling in her own.

"Swear it, Teen!" Jack bent down his curly head and whispered; he would not shame his promised wife before these people. "Swear by that, you'll be true wife to me!"

"I swear it, Jack," sobbed Teen. "If that's the 'Rock of Ages,' I swear by it, though I was to die for it, I'll be a true wife to you."

"Come back when you've got your license," said Mother Mary, smiling through her tears, "and my husband will marry you if you want him to."

"We'll come to-morrow," Jack answered, gravely.

"Jack," said Teen in her pretty way—for she had a very pretty way—"if I'm a good wife to you, will you be kind to me?" She did not ask him to swear it by the "Rock of Ages." She took his word for it, poor thing! Women do.

Mother Mary's husband married them next day at the mission meeting; and Mother Mary sat down at the melodeon in the corner of the pleasant place, and played and sang Toplady's great hymn for them, as Jack had asked. It was his wedding march. He was very sober and gentle—almost like a better man. Teen thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen.

"Oh, I say, Teen," he nodded to her, as they walked away, "one thing I forgot to tell you—I'm reformed."

"Are you, Jack?"

"If I ever drink a drop again, so help me"—But he stopped.

"So help you, 'Rock of Ages'?" asked the new-made wife. But Jack winced; he was honest enough to hesitate at this.

"I don't know's I'd darst—that," he added, ruefully. "But I, m reformed. I have lost all hanker for liquor. I shall never drink again. You'll see, Teen."

Teen did see, as was to be expected. She saw a great deal, poor thing! Jack did not drink—for a long time; it was nearly five months, for they kept close count. He took her to Fairharbour,

and rented the old half of the crumbling cottage where his mother used to sit and watch for him on long, late evenings. The young wife did the watching now. They planted some cinnamon rose-bushes by the doorsteps of the cottage, and fostered them affectionately. Jack was as happy and sober as possible to begin with. He was proud to have a home of his own; he had not expected to; in fact, he had never had one since that night when his mother said they were to give her love to him, if he came home while she was asleep. He had beaten about so, sleeping for the most part in his berth, and sailing again directly; and the kitchen fire a luxury greater than a less good-looking man would have deserved. When he came home, drenched and chilly from a winter voyage, and Teen took the covers off, and the fiery heart of the coals leaped out to greet him, and she stood in the rich colour, with her yellow hair, young and fair and sweet as any man's wife could look, and said she had missed him, and called him her dear husband, Jack even went so far as to feel that Teen was the luxury. He treated her accordingly; that was at first. He came straight home to her; he kept her in flour and fuel; she had the little things and the gentle words that women need. Teen was very fond of him. This was the first of it—I was going to say this was the worst of it. All there was of Teen seemed to have gone into her love for Jack. A part of Jack had gone into his love for Teen. Teen was very happy, to begin with. The neighbours came to see her, and said, "We're happy to make your acquaintance." And her mother came on to make her a little visit; and Teen cried her soul out for joy. She was very modest and home-keeping and loving; no wife in the land was truer than this girl he had chosen was to the fisherman who chose her. Jack knew that. He believed in her. She made him happy; and therefore she kept him right.

All this was at first. It did not last. Trouble came, and poverty, and children, and care, and distaste. Jack took to his old ways, and his wife to the tears that they bring. The children died; they were poor sickly babies who wailed a little while in her arms, and slipped out because there wasn't enough to them to stay. And the gray house was damp. Some said it was diphtheria; but their mother said it was the will of God. She added: Might His will be done! On the whole she was not sorry. Their father struck her when he was in liquor. She thought if the babies lived they might get hurt. A month before the last one was born she showed to Jack's biographer a bruise across her shoulder, long and livid. She buttoned her dress over it with hasty repentance.

"Maybe I'd oughtn't to have told," she said. "But he said he'd be kind to me."

Jack was very sorry about this when he was sober. He kissed his wife, and bought a pair of pink kid shoes for the baby; which it never grew large enough to wear.

Alcoholized brain-cells being one of the few bequests left to

society which the heirs do not dispute, Jack went back to his habits with the ferocity that follows abstinence. Hard luck came. Teen was never much of a housekeeper; she had left her mother too early; had never been taught. Things were soggy, and not always clean; and she was so busy in being struck and scolded, and in bearing and burying babies, that it grew comfortless beside the kitchen fire. The last of the illusions which had taken the name of home within the walls of the crumbling half-cottage withered out of it, just as the cinnamon roses did the summer Jack watered them with whiskey by a little emotional mistake.

In all her sickness and trouble and slackness, and in going cold or hungry, and in her vivid beauty that none or all of these things could quench, Teen had carried a sweet dignity of her own as the racer in the old Promethean festival carried the torch while he ran against the wind. Jack knew—oh, yes, he knew. But he grew sullen, suspicious. When he was drunk he was always jealous; it began to take that form. When he was sober he still admired his wife; sometimes he went so far as to remember that he loved her. When this happened, Teen dried her eyes, and brushed her yellow hair, and washed up the kitchen floor, and made the coffee, and said to the grocer when she paid for the sugar:

"My husband has reformed."

One night Jack came home unexpectedly; a strange mood sat upon him. He had been drinking heavily when he left her, and she had not looked for him for days; if he sailed as he was, it would be a matter of weeks. Teen went straight to him; she thought he might be hurt; she held out her arms as she would to one of her children; but he met her with a gesture of indifference, and she shrank back.

"She's here," said Jack "Mother Mary's in the town. I see her."

"I wish she'd talk to you," said Teen, saying precisely the wrong thing by the fatal instinct which which so often possesses drunkards' wives.

"You do, do you?" quoth Jack. "Well, I don't. I haven't give her the chance." He crushed on his hat and stole out of the house again.

But his mood was on him yet. He sulked and skulked about the streets alone for a while; he did not go back to the boys just then, but wandered with the apparent aimlessness in which the most tenacious aims are hidden. Mother Mary and her husband were holding sailors' meetings in the roughest quarters of the town. There was need enough of Mother Mary in Fairharbour. A crowd had gathered to hear the novelty. Fairharbour seamen were none too used to being objects of consideration; it was a matter of mark that a parson and a lady should hire a room from a rich fish-firm, pay for it out of their own scanty pockets, and invite one in from deck or wharf, in one's oil-clothes or jumper, to hear what a messmate of Jack's called a "high-toned

prayer." He meant, perhaps, to convey the idea that the petition treated the audience politely.

Jack followed the crowd in the dark, shrinking in its wake, for he was now sober enough not to feel like himself. He waited till the last of the fellows he knew had gone into the place, and then crept up on tiptoe, and put his face against the window of the salt-cod warehouse where the little congregation was gathered, and looked in. The room was full and bright. It wore that same look of peace and shelter which he remembered. Mother Mary stood, as she had stood before, tall and pale in her black dress, with the white covering on her bosom. Her husband had been speaking to the fishermen, and she, as Jack put his gnarled hand to his excited eyes and his eyes to the window-glass, turned her face full about, to start the singing. She seemed to Jack to look at him. Her look was sad. He felt ashamed, and cowered down below the window-sill. But he wanted to hear her sing—he had never heard anybody sing like Mother Mary—and so he stayed there for a little while, curled against the fish-house. It began to rain, and he was pretty wet; Jack felt that he cut a poor figure even for a drunken fisherman; all the self-respect that life had left him shrank from letting Mother Mary see him. Jack would not go in. A confused notion came to him, as he crouched against the warehouse, in the showers, that it was just as well it should rain on him; it might wash him. He pushed up his sleeves and let the rain fall on his arms. So he crouched listening. The glimmer from the prayer-room came across the fisherman's bared right arm, and struck the crucifix. Jack had the unconscious attitude of one sinking, who had thrown up her arms to be saved.

At this moment Mother Mary's yearning voice rang out above the hoarse chorus of the fishermen, whose weather-ragged and reverent faces lifted themselves mistily before her, as if they had been the countenance of one helpless man:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

"Oh, my God!" cried Jack.

THE FRUIT.

HE liveth long who liveth well ;
 All else is life but flung away ;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last ;
 Buy up the moments as they go ;
 The life above, when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

XIII.—JOE RISES IN ESTEEM.

“Now then, Perkins, if ta hes any questions to ask, thou may git all ta can out o’ me.”

The two men were walking and smoking in the beautiful alleys of the rose garden. Two world-worn beings they looked, amid the unspeakable freshness and loveliness which surrounded them.

“Well, Mr. Braithwaite—”

“Ay, thou hed better call me Mr. Braithwaite, I am got to where it’s t’ right thing to do. A man wi’ t’ overcharge o’ Bevin and Bradley on his mind, deserves a bit o’ respect, I think.”

“Did I understand you to say that you had the charge of the Bradley estate, sir?”

“I’m not going to mell in thy business, so thou need not look so turkey-gobbler like. I’m taking my daughter’s place, not thine. That is, I’m taking Joe’s place; and, I must say, not a minute before t’ right time. There’s four houses on Kattal Moor unlet for two years; now then, how does that come about?”

“If you have any right to ask—”

“To be sure I hev, did ta iver know me bother my head about other folks’ concerns? But if ta wants to, thou can draw me up a power of attorney.”

“Then I answer that I cannot force people to rent houses. They are there, if they want them.”

“But thou could do summat to mak’ people want them. Tell Darley to tak’ his paint pots there, to-morrow, and hev t’ garden palings put up, and t’ flower beds weeded, and t’ window glass put in; mak’ them look comfortable, and they’ll rent; I’ll be bound they will. There’s more o’ t’ same kind too. That mill on Sorbey beck has been empty for five years.”

“As a mill; that’s likely; but I’ll tell thee what! T’ Wesleyan Methodists want a chapel at Sorbey—I know they do, for they came to me for a subscription. Offer them t’ building on a long lease. They’ll nobbut hev to put t’ seats in and paint it up a bit. Give ’em their own terms if they are any way near t’ figure.”

“That is a good idea, Mr. Braithwaite.”

“Ay, I think it is. I mostly know what I’m doing. And I don’t want a mill there; it won’t suit my plans. If they say t’ building is too big, thou may tell them that ta knows there will be plenty o’ men and women to crowd it before varry long.”

“Whatever does ta mean?”

“I understand my awn meaning, which is more than many folks do. Now, thet is all about Bradley at this time, only I’d

advise thee to keep a sharper lookout for Bradley, for I'll tell thee one thing, I sall keep a varry sharp lookout for thee."

Perkins laughed, but not very pleasantly. "I know what your lookout is, Mr. Braithwaite. I'm not a bit afraid of it. What is all this I hear about Mr. Joe?"

"What has ta heard?"

"That he hed deserted his wife and child. I heard also that you hed followed him to Liverpool, but could not induce him to come home."

"Thou hes been fooled wi' a pack o' lies. Who told them to thee?"

"I am not at liberty to name names."

"Ay, but ta will hev to name names to me. We aren't going one step further till ta does." And Amos was so red and belligerent-looking that Perkins thought it wisest to answer:

"If you insist on knowing, it was Tommy Arncliffe of t' Bell Ringer's Inn."

"I'll sue him for defamation o' my son's character. Thou may lay t' damages at £10,000.

"Nonsense, Braithwaite. It isn't slander saying what you've heard to your lawyer. I'm Arncliffe's lawyer. I could not, and would not, be witness against him."

"Hes ta heard any one else say such things?"

"I'm not varry likely to tell thee now what I hev heard. But it is easy to see that there is something more than usual at Bradley, and of course people, knowing how I stand to Bradley, will ask me questions. I think it's only fair that I should know how to answer them."

"Now thou talks common sense. If any one asks you where Mr. Joe is, tell them he is with his godfather, Samuel Yorke, of Spinning-Jenny Street, Manchester. They'll mebbe ask, too, why he is there, and ta can tell them he hes gone to learn Yorke's business. Thou can add that his awn family approve he hes done, and that I hev promised to tak' his place as far as I can, till he gets through his 'prenticeship. If they want to know any more, send 'em to me. I'm none too old to thresh a few ideas into their bones, that won't go in through their ears.

"Mrs. Braithwaite, at any rate, seems quite happy and satisfied."

"Mrs. Braithwaite is an extraordinary woman, sir. How owd Bradley iver came to have such a daughter caps me. She must hev taken after t' mother. And Mrs. Braithwaite is quite set up with her husband's energy, and his determination to go in for making money."

"Still, you can't help people wondering why Mr. Joe did not go to his own father, if he wanted to be a spinner."

"Nobody can help being born meddlers and foolish busybodies. Does ta think I want another woollen mill so near my awn? Does ta think I want my son for a business rival? Does ta think I want to hear old customers say, 'If ta can't let me hev this yarn at such a figure, I sall go to thy son for it?' But a cotton mill! That is thread of a different colour. I'd like to hev a cotton mill

about as far off as Bradley. It won't do me a mite o' harm. It will be rather a good thing for my property; it'll raise t' price of it, and I hev, as ta knows, a goodish bit o' property in that direction."

"Mr. Braithwaite, give me your hand. You are the most far-seeing and sensible man I happen to hev among my clients and acquaintances. I respect you, sir."

"I thought ta would choose to find out t' truth about me, some-day or other. Now we'll walk a bit down t' park. I want to hev a talk wi' thee about it." Rather reluctantly Perkins acquiesced. He did not relish this interference, but if Amos was acting for the lady of the manor he was in no way over-stepping his power; and it became Perkins' duty to listen to his instructions. Still, Amos was undoubtedly irritating. He was not conscious of his authoritative air, nor of that excessive faithfulness to Edith's interests which was natural to the newness of his relationship to her; but Perkins was conscious of it. In his heart he was calling him very uncomplimentary things as they returned from their walk.

It was then twilight, and they met Edith in the hall as they entered it.

"Go into the parlour, Mr. Perkins," she said; "we shall have tea directly; and, father, you must please come with me a few minutes."

She put her arm through that of Amos and took him with her up the stairway. Perkins stood a moment, watching with amazement and some scorn, the old man's excessive politeness, and the air of pride and satisfaction which he unconsciously betrayed. Then he sat down in the parlour, and watched the footman bring in some exquisite tea-cups of royal Worcester upon a silver salver. He reflected, that though he had frequently taken tea at Bradley, the royal Worcester had never been brought out in his honour. The circumstance, slight as it was, gave him the key of the position. It was evident that Amos had come to Bradley as a favoured ruler, and that it would be to his interest to endorse all that Amos desired. Since he could not supersede him, the next best move was to work with him.

In the meantime Edith had taken Amos to a large, lovely room, profusely ornamented, and draped with pale pink. In the very centre of it stood a little cot, a drift of snowy linen and lace, and fast asleep within it the loveliest of babies.

"Look at little Joe, father!"

"My word! Hey, Edith, he is a beauty!"

And the proud mother, and equally proud grandfather, stood silent a few minutes before the small monarch, and then tiptoed themselves gently out of his presence. The innocent babe, the lovely mother, the shrewd, world-worn old man—what telling contrasts they unconsciously made!

After tea, Perkins rose to depart. "Take a seat in my gig," said Amos. "We'll tie thy horse behind it."

"Father, you are surely not going to Bevin to-night?"

"Why, yes, my lass. I niver thought of any other thing, but going back to-night."

"But I must go to church to-morrow; I was not there last Sunday, and I really cannot go unless you go with me."

"Oh, but ta knows, I niver go to church. I hev got out of t' way of such doings. Aunt Martha will go wi' thee, I'll warrant."

"I shall go to t' Wesleyan Chapel, Amos. It is thy place to go wi' Edith. I don't see how ta can get off going."

Perkins was listening with an amused face to this discussion, and his smile decided Amos. "Varry well," he answered, "I'll go; I'm t' right person to go, I dare say, and there's varry few that wouldn't like to be in my place, I'm sure."

So Perkins rode home alone, and the next morning Amos escorted his daughter-in-law to Bradley Church. They made a little sensation when they entered, for Amos Braithwaite was a well-known man, even far beyond Bradley. And he was, also, a much respected man. His public and commercial character stood very high, and his domestic and religious character was so comfortably negative that no one felt compelled to regard him through it.

Perhaps the service did not do him much good, as it only intensified his complacent satisfaction with himself; but he paid scrupulous attention to it, and he left a golden token of his presence in the offertory plate, which was gratifying to the churchwardens. As he was coming out of church, while waiting in the crowded porch for the Bradley carriage, he had one of those small social triumphs to which he was keenly sensitive. The Hon. Mr. Latrays, M.P., for whose election Amos had done a great deal, came forward and accosted him with much apparent pleasure. Edith asked the stranger to dinner, and the invitation was at once accepted; and it is certain that things of far greater importance would not have given Amos half the pleasure that driving away with the M. P. by his side did.

It was a Sunday full of satisfaction to him. Mr. Latrays remained all night at Bradley, and on Monday morning went back to Bevin with Amos, in order to examine some improvements in the machinery of Bevin mill. They had had long and delightful discussions on all the subjects so perennially interesting to men of the world. Amos had again done himself justice, and had been complimented on his noble daughter and grandson, and almost extravagantly so upon the extraordinary self-denial of his energetic son.

"How few men in England, owning a place like this," said Mr. Latrays, with a grand sweep of his white hand—"how few men would ever have thought of learning the working-man's needs and feelings by entering personally into his labours and limitations. Your son will make an irresistible Radical candidate, sir, I assure you."

This was a view of Joe's conduct which had never before struck his father, but he immediately recognized its importance, though

he contented himself with looking wise and sympathetic, and saying nothing. For he remembered that Perkins had once spoken of Joe running on the Radical side of politics, and he admitted to himself that Perkins was a far-seeing man, with a faculty of allying himself with good fortune, and drifting towards successful sides.

Aunt Martha's departure followed close on that of Amos. She had determined to sell her furniture and go back to Bevin Hall. "I lived with him twenty years, and I can live with him twenty more," she said to Edith. "Besides, I hev thee to help me, now, and when thou says yes he seems to hev forgotten to say no, though contradiction used to be natural as breathing to him."

"And you will not be so lonely, Aunt Martha, for little Joe and I will come every week to see you; and also you will be among all your old acquaintances at Market Bevin."

"I hev been a bit lonely sometimes," said Martha.

"And in any dispute I shall always agree with you. When there are two women against one man, he can't impose very much on either of them."

"As to that, it's mebbe better to hev one man ordering around than to hev to fight for your own with ivery penny tradesman you deal wi'. I hev hed a hard time wi' butchers, and grocers, and milkmen. At Bevin they know they'll hev to settle wi' Amos, and they're particular both as to quality and quantity. Bless your heart, Edith, there's no one in this world more to be pitied than a lone woman trying to mak' her awn living. If she's clever, all the fools hate her; if she isn't clever, then they cheat her. I've seen worse folks than Amos Braithwaite since I began to tak' lodgers, and I'm not sorry to be going back to Bevin."

"When may I come and see you there?"

"I sud think a week from next Wednesday, I sall hev some comfortable place for thee."

But Martha found things much worse than she had expected. The whole house had to be refurnished, and she was astonished to find that Amos took quite eagerly to the idea. He took pleasant counsel with the two women about it, and let Edith drive him here and there in search of papers, and damasks, and new ornaments. In a few weeks the old house was thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and Edith could go there and drink tea in as handsome a parlour and out of as exquisite china as at Bradley.

In the same interval, Joe and Edith were getting into closer sympathy with each other than they had ever before known. Long, loving letters, in which each told the other, not only the minutest incidents of their daily lives, but also their struggles with discouragements, weariness, their longings, resolves, successes and failures; led them gradually to understand how much of nobility there had been in each heart, unguessed by the other. Every such letter was a link of the chain binding them more closely together. They grew familiar with each other, accus-

tomed to saying affectionate words, not ashamed to confess how sadly they had undervalued their past, how eagerly they looked forward to their future. Joe was as anxious for his letters as the most eager lover, and though Samuel Yorke had been quite right in saying that Joe would be too tired to want anything but his bed, he nevertheless found writing to his wife as refreshing as sleep.

After a while, Edith began to read portions of Joe's letters, describing his life and work, to Amos as he smoked his pipe by the parlour fire, or strolled with her in the garden after dinner. They were certainly very fine letters, and both the wife and father grew to wonderfully respect the writer. Edith always praised them extravagantly; Amos said very little, but as he stroked his chin complacently he congratulated himself upon having such a remarkably clever son.

One day, Joe had been sent to Liverpool to buy cotton. He had gone frequently with his godfather, but this time he had been trusted to use his own judgment. The result had been very satisfactory; and Joe's letter described so vividly the cotton exchange, with its crowd of eager merchants and cautious buyers, that Edith could not wait for her usual visit. She ordered her carriage and went at once to Bevin Hall.

Amos was much impressed by the letter, for he knew, if Yorke trusted Joe to buy cotton, he had great reliance on his abilities, and the witty, pithy descriptions of life and character interested him very much. When Edith had left, he remained a long time silent, occasionally lifting his eyes to Martha, who was busy hemming some of the fine damask just bought. Finally, he took his pipe from his mouth, and said:

"Martha, we hev been a bit in t' dark about Joe. He seems to be a varry unusual young man."

"Speak for thysen, Amos. I allays said Joe was a varry unusual young man. If he sud go to Parliament and sit at t' Queen's right hand, I sud not feel a bit of surprise at it."

"Joe tak's after me a good deal. I used to hev just such ideas about men and things as he hes."

"Thee!"

"To be sure I hed. But I niver hed any education, and I couldn't write them down on paper, and I nive. hed any one to talk to."

"Tell the truth Amos. Thou wert far too busy making money to either write or talk; and if such thoughts iver did come into thy head, thou sent them packing to the tune of £. s. d. I'll warrant thou did."

"I say Joe takes after me, Martha."

"Joe takes after his mother. He's got all t' talents he hes from her."

"I say Joke takes after me."

"When he settles down to money-making, he will take after thee; not until then, Amos."

XIV.—CALUMNY.

“There’s noan sa blind but they can see
Sum fawts i’ other men ;
I’ve sometime met wi’ folk ’at thought
They saw sum i’ theirsens.”

Occupation is the best armour of the soul, and these affairs had kept Edith busy during the first weeks of her separation from Joe. At the very time when that rateful journey to Manchester took place, she had been trying to decide upon some plan for the summer.

But the first decision Edith came to, when she was left to her own decisions, was, that she must remain in her home. Under her own roof, with such protection as her husband’s relatives could give her, she felt sure no one would dare to interfere in her personal affairs or darken her good name.

Her very position made her fearless of offence on this ground. Over her manor her sway was in a measure absolute. No one had ever presumed to discuss her doings. Even her marriage had provoked no adverse criticisms. She could scarcely imagine people interfering in her private affairs, much less making her in any way conscious that they had been guilty of such presumption.

And in another way, Amos was quite as proud and comfortable. It was a well understood thing in his circle that those who meddled with Amos Braithwaite would be apt to get more than they looked for. Amos never forgave such interferences, and he had arrived at a position which generally enabled him to make prompt and severe reprisals. If Luke Bradley had been alive in those days, he would have found a quarrel with Amos Braithwaite a very serious matter. So Amos, during these summer months, had gone on re-furnishing his house, and devoting all his spare hours to his daughter-in-law, without any idea that people were expressing themselves in no very flattering terms concerning them.

True, Perkins had told him what Arneliff had said, and even intimated that others had ventured on similar opinions; but Amos had understood that all such adverse criticism referred to Joe; and he was not very sure but Joe deserved it; though he always concluded such a private admission with the muttered threat—“Let me hear tell o’ them saying aught against Joe. My word! but I’ll mak’ ’em sorry for it.”

However, when the summer was over, when the rector and his wife returned from Norway, and Lady Wilson from the Rhine, and Lady Charlton from the Scotch Highlands, and other lesser social lights from the English watering places, it was not long before Edith was compelled to notice how far she had fallen in the sight of such exclusives.

And, as it happened, the first Sunday when Edith met all these

adverse critics in church, was just the very first Sunday Amos had been prevented from accompanying her. She had become by this time so accustomed to Joe's absence that it had ceased to be a matter of consideration with her how it affected others than herself. She had not even now the slightest objection to appear in her pew alone. She was perfectly satisfied with the position and prospects of her affairs, and she had quite forgotten, or quite ignored, the fact that society considered she owed some explanation, perhaps even some apology to it, for circumstances so unusual. Coming out of church, the rector's wife was the first of her own set whom she encountered. But she dropped her short sentence as if each word had been iced, and turned away with an "excuse me," which palpably meant, "I consider your attentions something very like an impertinence."

Many eyes had watched this interview. It was rigidly copied by some, while others took it as a license for still more marked disapproval, so that the aisle and porch of Bradley Church was a place of intolerable humiliation to Edith that day.

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" she cried in the solitude to which her wounded feelings drove her,— "Oh, Joe, Joe, if you had been here!"

For long it was all she could say, all she could think of, if only Joe had been there. And it is in precisely such trials as these that women suffer without help. Even very good women, socially wronged and humiliated, do not feel as if they have any right to carry such troubles to the ear of God Almighty. A sort of false shame holds them back. "How can God care whether Mrs. A— or Lady B— speaks to me or not?" If Edith had put her thoughts into words, they would have been on that wise.

But God does care. No matter how small the thorn that hurts the feet of His child, He cares about the wound. He knows that it is precisely these small thorns that cause the bitterest, often the most depressing, suffering.

So Edith chafed and suffered all that day, as she had never suffered in her life before. Yet, though she wrote a long letter to Joe, she had the wisdom and patience to say nothing of her trouble. Her heart ached for his love and his protection, but why should she ask him to leave plans and projects for their future which were full of profit and pleasure? She would not trouble herself, and certainly she would not trouble Joe about their liking or their disliking.

Still, she did not sleep at all that night; and the whispering of evil thought about her made her ears tingle and her heart ache. Edith knew, as certainly as if she had been actually present, how her name and her affairs were thrown from one spiteful mouth to another.

It was a dreary day, also, one of those wet days which at the end of September are so unspeakably dreary. The servants who had been going out were disappointed, and they contrived to infuse some of their own discontent through all the house.

"What a perfectly wretched day it has been!" said Edith, as she at length recognized the fact that the whole cross, weary

household had gone to sleep. "To-morrow morning, wet or fine, I shall go and tell father every thing. There is one comfort about him; he always knows what to do, and he is not afraid to do it."

The next morning was bright and lovely, with just a suspicion of frost in the air. Edith had partially recovered her mental strength and tone; and her rich and careful toilet was in sympathy with the mood of self-assertion which had followed her collapse of the previous day.

When she arrived at Bevin Hall it was about noon. A few minutes after Edith's arrival, he came in dusty and hungry, and in one of his crosser moods.

"Oh," said Edith, rising up impetuously, "I am so glad to see you, father."

"Happen ta is, but, to tell t' truth, I'm none so glad to see thee at this time of t' day. My mind is full o' yarns and Israel Sutcliffe. Sutcliffe has been up to meanness, and I'll hev to teach him that honesty is t' best policy, even if a man thinks of it as low down as that."

"I am sorry you are busy, for I am in trouble, and I counted on your help."

"Why, then, folks that count on me aren't apt to find me worth naught. Whatever trouble is ta in now? Joe and thee again?"

"Father! Joe never gave me any trouble."

"Oh, he didn't! Then I'm far mistaken. I might hev known, though, thou would go back on me. That's what folks get, and deserve to get, who meddle with man and wife. Who's troubling thee, then? Perkins, I'll be bound. If it's him, he'd better take care; I'd like a fight wi' him, oncommon well."

"It is not Perkins, father. It is the rector's wife, and Lady Wilson, and Lady Charlton, and Mrs. Lumley, and Mrs. Pennington—"

"Will ta be quiet? What am I to do between thee and a lot o' women? I know a deal better than to touch a job o' that kind."

"But you must make them behave themselves, father."

Then Amos laughed with a heartiness that finally made both Martha and Edith join him. "Mak' t' rector's wife, and Sir Thomas Wilson's wife, and Major Pennington's wife, and Squire Lumley's wife behave themselves! Why, my lass, I niver managed to mak' my own wife do as I wanted her to do, and—"

"Thou had better say nothin' about my sister Ann, Amos."

"And how does ta think I can manage other men's wives? Thet is a bit o' wool above my spinning, Edith, or mebbe I'd like to try it."

"Listen, father." Then she described to him, as well as she could, the ordeal through which she had been made to pass on the previous day; and soon she saw from the gathering colour in his face, and the quick, passionate flashes in his eyes, that he was catching fire at her anger.

He was eating his dinner as he listened, a process usually thought to induce kindly feeling; but Amos rose from the table

full of wrath. And when Edith added, with a look of reproachful love, "You see, father, it is partly your fault, because if you had been with me no one would have dared even an insulting glance." Amos was deeply roused.

"My lass," he answered, "I'm sorry I didn't let ivery thing go, and tak' thee to church, as I sud hev done. And thou art right; I'll tak' varry good care neither man nor woman insults thee as long as I hev t' charge in Joe's place. Go thy ways home, and do just as thou hes allays done; and go wheriver ta likes to go, and leave t' rest to me. My word! If they want to talk badly about thee, they'll hev to pay a high figure for it—thet is their husbands will, for I'll tak' it out o' them ivery way. I'll warrant I can mak' both a horse-whip and a lawyer's bill varry unpleasant things."

Then he went off to his mill again, and the man who was wanting time on his yarns, and the hands whose pieces had a flaw in them, had a bad settlement that afternoon with Amos.

That night he was usually silent over his pipe, but Martha let him alone. She knew that sooner or later he would seek her advice. About eight o'clock he sent a note to Perkins, and then he turned to her and said,

"Martha, thou ought to know what mak' of stuff is in women. What does ta think they hev been saying about our Edith?"

"Why then, Amos, I don't hev to guess what they hev been saying. Eliza Yates hes a sister living at Lady Charlton's; and Eliza heard a good bit from her."

"Does ta mind telling me?"

"Why, Amos, there's no good in repeating ill words."

"I'll be bound thou repeated them to Edith?"

"No, I didn't. What does ta tak' me for? Does ta think thou hes a monopoly of all t' sense and kindness there is in this part o' Yorkshire? But if ta wants to know how women talk, I'll tell thee. One said there was no wonder that Edith and thee suited each other so well, two bad-tempered, self-willed tyrants that niver let poor Joe Braithwaite hev a thought o' his own nor a half-penny o' his own to spend.

"They ought to be ashamed o' themselves! Such lies."

"They said, too, that thou hed driven Joe from Bevin, and that Edith had driven him from Bradley."

"As if Joe was such a feather-weight fool as to be driven from pillar to post by an owd father and a young wife—he would deserve it."

"Driven from both places wi' tempers, and black looks, and ordering ways as no man could stand."

"Well then, aught else?"

"Ay, Jeremiah Wade told some one, who told Major Pennington, that he had been in Samuel Yorke's factory, and hed seen Joe in a flannel shirt and blue apron, working in a dye-vat—and his wife living in t' lap o' luxury, as they say—and such and such like."

"Well, then?"

"Oh, it's all nonsense. Ta knows Eliza heard some queer talk about thy friend Mr. Latrays being there so often; and Mr. Latrays hed said in a room full o' company at Sir Thomas Wilson's that he considered Mrs. Joe Braithwaite a most remarkably beautiful woman."

"Ay, that 'ud hurt 'em badly, no doubt. So she is! A most remarkably beautiful woman. Mr. Latray thinks right. He thinks as I do. So Mr. Latrays said she was beautiful, right to their faces. He shall hev my vote as long as I live.

"And ta sees, Amos, he kind o' slighted other ladies in praising her so much; and people thought it varry improper of him. It was foolish, I'll say that mysen."

"It was honest, and true, and friend-like. If Jack Latrays wants a thousand pounds for his next election he can hev it."

"People thought his praise of her very improper, Edith being, they said, as good, or as bad, as a deserted wife."

"Deserted wife, indeed! She nowt of t' sort! I'll mak' them eat their own words, and it will be a meal as will mak' them a bit sick, I think. What else did they say?"

"Well, they gave thee thy character too. Lady Charlton thought there had been a mistake, and that Edith would hev done better if she hed married t' father instead of t' son. Oh, ta knows how they would talk, what's t' good of saying more?"

"No, that's enough, I'm sure! Did ta hear tell of t' men saying either this or that?"

"Squire Lumley said Edith had a temper like that biting, kicking hunter of his that he calls Satan, but I know how that comes. He hed too much wine at t' last Hunt Ball, and he spoke to Edith, and she said a few words to him that he well deserved from every woman. But he is taking it out of her to-day."

"Never mind! I'll tak' it out o' him to-morrow. He went off this summer about t' time Joe went, and he doesn't know, happen, that Edith hes me at her back. But I hev some paper o' his, and I know where to buy plenty more, and if he doesn't mind I'll hang a red flag out o' his windows varry soon. Men that owe money should keep a civil tongue in their heads. I'll teach Lumley that lesson, if he niver learns another."

THE MOMENTS.

THE past is beyond control;
Leave it and go thy way;
To-morrow gives no pledge to thee;
Thy hope lies in to-day.

Even to-day is not all thine;
Its ending none can tell.
God gives the moments onè by one;
Take them and use them well.

OUR SABBATH.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE Sabbath in this country is no better kept than it should be; indeed, so far from this being the case, there are many things connected with it which call for humiliation and reformation. There is, no doubt, much labour performed on the Sabbath that might be avoided, and classes of toiling people are deprived, either in whole or in part, of the rest and the religious privileges which they have a right to enjoy on that day. But in comparison with other countries, while we have no cause for pharisaical self-laudation, we have a right to be devoutly thankful for the manner in which the divine institution is observed among us. There is nothing in this country, and especially in this city, which makes so deep and favourable an impression upon the minds of visitors from abroad, and sojourners among us, as the comparatively orderly and quiet character of our Sunday, and the largeness of the proportion of our people who, as a consequence of this, are found attending the places of worship. There is probably no other country under the sun that is so well supplied as this is with churches, and, so far as we are aware, there is none where they are so well filled every Lord's day. And this is doubtless owing, more largely than to anything else, to the reverence in which this sacred day is held among us.

But eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty—as it was affirmed to be by a distinguished statesman,—but of everything else in this world, that is of real value and importance. This is true of the Sabbath, which is fraught with so many and such incomparable blessings. If we are to keep it, it must be sacredly guarded; and this is rendered all the more necessary by the very progress of the age, and the circumstances of the times. A larger proportion of the western world, especially, live on water and on wheels

than ever before. Steamboats and railroads have interlaced and bound together distant localities and communities, and made them reciprocally dependent upon one another to an extent that was never realized before. The life-blood of commerce flowing through these great arteries and veins becomes almost too imperative in its flow to be interrupted in deference to any institution, whether human or divine. The moving mass includes not only the perishable but the living, and rapid transit is not only a matter of convenience, but often a matter of necessity, in order to avoid loss and to prevent suffering. And mammon, ever on the alert to find means to further its own interests and accomplish its own designs, is prompt to take advantage of these works of mercy and of necessity to get a great deal done upon the Sabbath that is neither merciful nor necessary.

The result is that Sabbath observance is no longer the simple question with us that it once was. It has come to partake to a greater extent than ever before of the general complexity of our social and commercial life. In order, therefore, to deal with it as it should be dealt with, requires a degree of intelligent discrimination which it never called for before. And both the delicacy and the difficulty of the problem is increased by our international relations. Our great railways and canals, though theoretically ours, practically, scarcely belong less to our neighbours than they do to ourselves. And, of course, international courtesy requires in the arrangement of a matter in which they are interested almost equally with ourselves, that they should have something to say. The transmission of mails, though not perhaps a matter of necessity, is a matter of such urgency that it is not easy for those in authority to resist the pressure brought

upon them to provide for it on the Sabbath as on other days of the week. Then, furnishing the regular food supply for the great cities, as, for example, the supply of milk, creates a sort of *quasi* necessity for the means of transit at least in the early hours of the Lord's-day. Then the enormous extent of our modern cities—a matter which is only beginning to touch us in this country—raises the clamour for cheap and expeditious means of communication on all days of the week.

These are only a few of the perplexing elements which have been imported into this difficult question by the progress of events. They are mentioned here not for the purpose of entering upon their discussion, but simply to indicate the perplexity of the problem, and the intelligent discrimination required in its practical solution. At the same time, what has been said shows the many points at which encroachments may be, and are likely to be, made upon the sanctity of the Sabbath, and which must be carefully and sacredly guarded if this part of our glorious heritage is to be preserved in its integrity.

Of course, the State can do but little in respect to this matter without the Church. Besides, there is an aspect of the Sabbath with which the Government of the country has nothing to do. It is the duty of the State to guard the rights and privileges of all classes of the people, among the rest the right to rest on one day out of seven, and to spend it as their respective consciences may dictate, without suffering loss of employment or any other disability on account of their so doing. And the legislation which has taken place during the last few years in this Province, and the bill bearing upon this subject, introduced into the Dominion Parliament by Mr. Charlton, though its consideration was unfortunately postponed in consequence of the pressure of other matters, show that our public men are alive to this matter, and if they do not always act with the promptness and decision with which they ought to act, it is probably because there

is not, or they think there is not, the degree of intelligent conviction on the subject that there should be. Under a representative form of government, such as ours is, it is useless to expect the men in authority to go farther in these matters than the sentiment and feeling of the people will warrant them in going. And it is the function of the Church to form that state of public opinion which will furnish the right sort of legislation on this and all other matters in which morals are concerned.

Besides, the religious observance of the Sabbath is a matter which belongs exclusively to the Church. With it the State has no right to meddle. The more these two great forces are kept within their own respective spheres the better will it be for both the one and the other, and the more likely are the great interests committed to their charge respectively to be effectually promoted. We are pleased, therefore, to observe that the Ministerial Association of this city, instead of consenting to bring pressure upon the Government in order to have street parades, with brass bands and other noisy demonstrations on Sunday, prevented by law, resolved to bring the full power of the pulpit to bear upon the subject, taking it for granted that if the Government did not go as far as it ought in this matter, the cause was not in any disinclination on the part of the men entrusted with the management of our public affairs, but in the apathy of the people. It was a happy thought with the Association to set apart a day for the special discussion of this important subject, and we venture to believe that, in this, it has set an example worthy of being followed in other localities. The simultaneous presentation of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and its proper observance, to the Christian congregations of the entire community, if it is done with intelligence and earnestness, can scarcely fail to produce a profound impression. But whether it is done simultaneously or not, the pulpits of the land must give no uncertain sound upon this subject, and it must be set prominently before the people

ever and anon if our Sabbath is to continue what it has been, and especially if it is to be so improved as to become all that it should be.

In the cities of the United States the sanctity of the Sabbath has had no greater enemy than the Sunday newspapers, occupying the hours of the sacred day, and flooding the minds of their readers with secular thought. We are, fortunately, free from this evil—long may we remain so. The running of the street cars on the Lord's-day, under the specious plea of facilitating attendance at the house of God, there is reason to believe, would be used chiefly as a means for godless amusement. With the wide distribution of churches throughout our cities, the need of street cars for that purpose is quite unnecessary.

Few things will so contribute to break down character and estrange from moral living, and from the house of God, as a neglect to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Under the plea of business necessity, in some places the post office is opened for at least a part of the Sabbath. That this plea is utterly groundless may be seen from the fact that in London, the commercial metropolis of the world, the post office is closed, the letter carrier

enjoys his day of rest, and, so far as mail delivery is concerned, the busy wheels of work stand still. If this can be done in London, where is it that it cannot be done? There is an injustice to God-fearing men who wish to keep holy the Sabbath in opening the post office on that day. If the mails are delivered, the unscrupulous merchant, who has no respect for the commandment of God, has the advantage of being able to forestall his more scrupulous fellow merchant, and—so keen is the competition of modern trade—of tempting him to adopt the same business methods, to the breaking down of other religious barriers and institutions. The best friend of the workingman is he who most strictly seeks to maintain the sanctity of the Sabbath. If its hours of rest be invaded on the plea of giving him recreation and pleasure, soon the greed of mammon will seek to employ those sacred hours in the drudgery of toil.

There is a moral sublimity in the fact that throughout our land on the blessed seventh day the weary wheels of toil stand still and attest the recognition of the divinely appointed day of rest, a day set apart for the moral and physical welfare of man, as well as for the worship of Almighty God.

WILL O' THE WISP.

BY H. STAFFORD.

THE night had entered through the open gate
That Eastward stands eternally ajar
To Light and Darkness, and a traveller,
Lost from the beaten track, was wandering late
In the black wilderness. He paused to wait
The fortunate coming of some shining star
Or crescent moon, when, weirdly, from afar
The Will o' the Wisp allured him to his fate.

The sky, alas, is full of evil lamps,
And life of ill philosophies and creeds,
As false as that torch in the dismal swamps :
Ye who find life a losing of the way
Be falsely guided not, but wait the Day,
Though long in coming, for it only truly leads.

CHICAGO, 1890.

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN, NEW YORK.

BY EDWARD BARRASS, D.D.



METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE history of Methodism in the New World is replete with interest. Its progress has been marvellous, and its present position may well call forth the inquiry, "What hath God wrought?" Among all the factors which have contributed to the success of Methodism, not the least important is the Book Concern.

This institution was commenced in 1789. The first Book Steward, as the agent was then called, was John Dickens, who began the enterprise with a capital of \$600, of which he was the lender. Philadelphia was the seat of the "Concern," but for some time its career was far from successful, inasmuch as that at the end of nine years debt had accumulated to the amount of \$4,500 and at the same time Mr. Dickens died. No blame was attached to him for the lack of success.

Rev. Ezekiel Cooper was elected successor to Mr. Dickens and found himself in an unenviable position, but in two years he reduced the debt one-half. Some wanted the

"Concern" to be removed to Baltimore, and doubtless would have succeeded, but for the opposition of Mr. Cooper, who did not want to remain in the city of Brotherly Love, where he had endured much anxiety, but had succeeded not only in making the Concern solvent, but had secured a net capital to meet all demands.

New York was chosen as the home of the Book Concern, but it does not appear that any of the citizens of the "empire city" were anxious about receiving it. The "Concern" has now become one of Mammoth dimensions, but for several years it was only a sojourner and had no certain dwelling-place. In 1830 five lots were purchased in Mulberry Street, on which premises were built, which were occupied from 1833 until 1839, and was continued as a printing-house until 1890. In three years after the Mulberry House was opened it was burned to the ground at a loss of \$250,000. Only a small amount of insurance money was received, but the Methodist people

contributed \$89,996.98 to aid in erecting a new structure.

From this time the "Concern" has had a career of unparalleled prosperity. In 1820 a branch house was opened in Cincinnati, which was a small room fifteen by twenty feet; the agent combined in himself the functions of manager, buyer, stock-keeper, salesman, entry-clerk, book-keeper, packer, and shipping clerk." In 1839, this house was made independent of New York House, and is now known as the "Western Book Concern," with depositories at Chicago and St. Louis. The Western House has had its share of disasters. It lost by fire in Chicago in 1871, \$102,221.48, and paid as the result of the suit of the Methodist Episcopal Church South \$92,926.61. It now has a net capital of \$739,161.18, and during the last quadrennium the sales amounted to \$2,582,464.91.

The New York Book Concern has had more than twenty agents, all of whom, except Dr. Lanahan and the present incumbents, are dead. Five of the number became Bishops. All were ministers except one, the late Mr. J. M. Phillips, who, with the exception of Rev. T. Charlton, was the longest in office.

It has sometimes been said that the Methodist Episcopal Church has been exceedingly wise in its selection of men for the office of Bishop. Of all the honoured men who have held the office of Bishop not one has ever been charged with the smallest breach of morality. No stain has ever been brought upon the Church by any act of personal indiscretion. A similar remark might truthfully be made respecting the Book Agents. Considering that with one exception they were all taken from the ministerial ranks, it is marvellous that they have displayed such rare business ability. The wonderful success of the "Concern" is largely to be attributed to the business talents of the honoured men who have sustained the position of book agents.

So far as we know there has always been the best of understanding between the agents, of whom there have always been two since 1804. During one period an unhappy dif-

ference broke out between the incumbents which occasioned much strife and litigation and led to a lengthened controversy in the Church. The referee to whom the whole business was consigned for thorough examination, reported that only in one department "were there irregularities and evidences of slight loss," and he was of opinion that "it is a matter of wonder that in so large business as the "Book Concern" has been doing for so many years, the frauds and irregularities after scrutinizing examinations are so small—smaller than would be found, on the average in houses of equal business and employing as many persons."

The "Concern" has depositories in the following cities: Boston, Pittsburg, Buffalo, San Francisco, Syracuse, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburgh and Detroit, besides those heretofore named connected with Western House. In addition to all these there are numerous book-stores sanctioned by the annual Conferences where all the publications of the "Book Concern" are always kept for sale, so that every means is adopted to circulate good books and spread religious knowledge among the people.

The object contemplated by establishing the "Book Concern" was not primarily to make money, though money has been made. The capital has increased since 1836, from \$281,650.74 to \$1,653,197.76, in addition to which more than \$2,000,000 have been paid to various objects by order of the General Conference, which would make the total profits amount to \$3,371,567.02. Including the two houses, the profits have exceeded \$4,000,000 since 1836. One writer questions "whether there is a religious publishing establishment in the world that can furnish such a record."

A fear of extending this paper beyond a reasonable limit compels the writer to omit many valuable statistics respecting the "Concern," but, the reader may consult this MAGAZINE for April, 1890, page 379, where he will find much interesting information.

The year 1888 will be memorable in the annals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as at the General Conference of that year the corner-stone of the grand building was laid which is now known as the headquarters of Methodism in New York, situated on Fifth Avenue.

The magnificent structure "is a solid building of granite, brick and iron." It has been erected at the cost of \$1,000,000 (including cost of site) by money received by the sale of the premises on Mulberry Street, and Broadway. The Missionary Society has its offices here. All the publications such as *Christian Advocates*, *Sunday-school pub-*

lications, *Methodist Review*, and all the volumes of books are edited, printed and bound in this establishment, and on the day when it was dedicated there was not one cent of debt to trouble the agents, so that with the unparalleled facilities for publishing valuable literature may we not hope that there will go forth from this important centre a constant stream of pure intelligence which will be felt to the ends of the earth for generations yet to come.

The writer of this paper acknowledges his indebtedness to several articles in the *Methodist Review*, also to Atkinson's "Centennial History of Methodism."

THE FOUNDERS OF CANADA.*

It is somewhat remarkable that one of the most voluminous of historical works ever written is devoted to the period of the French *regime* in Canada. The noble series of books enumerated below is not exceeded in extent nor, we think, in fidelity to truth, in careful research, in ability and interest by the great works of Gibbon, Grote, Hume, Macaulay, and several others of the master-pieces of history. Every Canadian, who can afford the time and the modest cost of the books, should study the fascinating story of the founding of Canada by the brave pioneers of empire whom the genius of Parkman has made to live and move and act again in the pages of these goodly volumes. We have in previous numbers of this *MAGAZINE* reviewed most of this series, except the volume on Frontenac, to which we purpose to give a brief space. The success of the

book is shown by the fact that the copy before us is the eighteenth edition.

Frontenac was one of the most conspicuous actors in the long conflict between France and England for the possession of the New World. He played his part in one of the most critical periods of that conflict, the latter quarter of the seventeenth century. He was a soldier, of old and noble family, brave but haughty, and alternately condescending and overbearing, generous and violent, pious and vindictive. His imperious temper soon involved him in disputes with Laval, now raised to the dignity of bishop, and with the Intendant, and rendered his whole administration of tumult and strife. The chief glory of Frontenac's administration was the spirit of daring exploration and discovery by which it was characterized. The pathfinders

* *France and England*, in the New World, by FRANCIS PARKMAN. *

1. The Pioneers of France in the New World.
2. The Old Regime in Canada.
3. Jesuits in North America.
4. La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West.
5. Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.
6. Montcalm and Wolfe. 2 vols.
7. Conspiracy of Pontiac. 2 vols. each.
8. The Oregon Trail.

The Series of 10 vols, 8vo, cloth, in box, \$15.

Boston: Little & Brown. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

of empire in the New World were the Jesuit missionaries. With breviary and crucifix, at the command of the Superior of the Order at Quebec, they wandered all over this great continent from the forests of Maine to the Rocky Mountains, from the regions around Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Mississippi. Paddling all day in their bark canoes, sleeping at night on the moss-covered rock, toiling over rugged portages or through pathless forests, pinched by hunger, gnawed to the bone by cold; often dependent for sustenance on acorns, the bark of trees, or the bitter moss to which they have given their name; lodging in Indian wigwams, whose acrid smoke blinded their eyes, and whose obscene riot was unutterably loathsome to every sense; they yet persevered in their path of self-sacrifice for the glory of God, the advancement of their Order, and the extension of New France. "Not a cape was turned, not a river was entered," says Bancroft, "but a Jesuit led the way."

During the ten years of Frontenac's first colonial administration, his haughty and overbearing manners involved him in perpetual disputes with the Bishop, the Intendant, the Council, the Jesuits—in fact, with all who opposed his often arbitrary will. He maintained his position chiefly through his relationship to Madame de Maintenon, and through the influence of his wife, a reigning beauty at the court of Louis XIV.

The veteran soldier, now nearly seventy years of age, was reappointed governor in 1684, and was hailed as the deliverer of Canada. He arrived at a critical period. The peril of the colony was increased by the declaration of war between France and England. In midwinter, Frontenac organized three expeditions to ravage, with fire and sword, the British colonies. In May, 1690, a congress of colonists, the first ever held, assembled at New York to concert a scheme of combined action. A vigorous attack on Canada, both naval and military was devised. Frontenac was now startled at learning that an English fleet under Sir William Phips was carefully sounding its way

up the St. Lawrence. Early in the morning of October fifth, the snowy sails of the fleet were seen by the anxious watchers on the ramparts, slowly rounding the headland of Point Levi. Anchoring near the town, Phips sent a haughty summons to surrender in the name of William of Orange, King of England. Led blindfolded into the council chamber of the Chateau of St. Louis, the envoy, laying his watch upon the table, demanded an answer in an hour. "I will answer by the mouth of my cannon," defiantly replied the choleric Frontenac, and he soon opened a damaging fire on the fleet. Phips ineffectively attempted to reply. His assaulting party of twelve hundred men was repulsed with loss. Nine vessels of Phips' squadron were wrecked in his retreat. This signal victory was commemorated by a medal bearing the inscription *FRANCIA IN NOVO ORBE VICTRIX, KEBECA LIBERATA, A. D. MDCXC*; and by the erection of a church dedicated to "Notre Dame de la Victoire," still standing in the Lower Town.

With the aid of their Iroquois allies the English made another dash at Montreal, and the remorseless savages infested the French settlements along the Richelieu, the St. Lawrence, and the Ottawa. A reign of terror and sorrow, of desolation and death prevailed. "No Frenchman shall have leave to cut a stick," threatened the revengeful Mohawks; "they shall find no quiet even in their graves,"—and to a fearful degree they made good their threats. Along the frontier every house was a fortress, and every household was an armed garrison. Many were the deeds of daring done by lone women in defence of their hearths and babes, and pitiful the sufferings they endured. The footprints of civilization were marked with blood. The deadly ambush lurked on every side, and the death-dealing bullet from the unerring marksman concealed in the thicket menaced the starving peasant if he attempted to sow or reap his scanty acres. The culture of the soil was impossible, and famine threatened the land. In both New England and New France a lavish paper

currency was issued, and crippled trade languished almost to extinction. Society was returning to a state of savagery. Christian men, despising the vast heritage of virgin soil with which the great All-Father had dowered His children, red or white, in their mutual jealousy, and hatred, and unhallowed greed for gain, hounded their savage allies at each others' throats, and, a tariff of prizes was offered for human scalps—from ten to fifty louis by the English, from ten to twenty by the French. Amid such horrors were the foundations of the Canadian nationality laid.

The treaty of Ryswick, signed September twentieth, 1697, put an end to the war in the Old World and the New, and restored to France and

England the respective possessions held at its outbreak. The bloodshed and pillage, the wretchedness and ruin of eight long years counted for nothing; and the irrepressible conflict for the possession of a continent had to be fought over again and again. Frontenac soon after died at Quebec in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was respected or admired by his friends for his energy and daring of character, and feared or hated by his enemies—and he had many—for his stern and haughty manners and cruel temper in war. His lot was cast in troublous times, and he had at least the merit of preserving to France the colony which he found on the very verge of ruin.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The May meetings were numerous and well attended, some travelling hundreds of miles to be present. On behalf of foreign missions, there was the usual Chinese breakfast meeting, the annual missionary meeting in Exeter Hall, at which the opening prayer was offered by the Rev. E. R. Young, and an adjourned meeting was held in City Road Chapel. Preparatory sermons were preached and the claims of missions presented.

It was a matter of universal regret that the income was deficient. Several returned missionaries took part in the various meetings, and related in a graphic manner what was being done in the "regions beyond."

Probably the most enthusiastic May meetings were those held in connection with the "Forward Movement." From some of the speeches made there is evidently great need for the work to be extended. Rev. Peter Thompson said, "that in the whole of England every

ninth person who dies is a pauper," in the whole of London every seventh person who dies is a pauper, but in St. Georges-in-the-East, every second person who dies is a pauper, and why, because there is a public-house to every 360 persons."

The Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund is doing a good work. Two chapels have been opened, three re-opened, and three others nearly ready for occupancy, with twelve sites on which to build. In 1861 there were only sixteen commodious metropolitan chapels, now there are ninety-six.

From the returns published respecting the membership of the Church, there is a net increase of 2,573 members. There have been 5,368 deaths; eighty-five young men were recommended as candidates for the ministry.

Rev. Owen Watkins hopes soon to have fifty native students preparing for the work of the ministry in the Transvaal, Africa.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

In eighty years this denomination has reported a decrease of members at twelve of its annual Conferences. To the surprise of everybody, the Conference of 1890 is of the number. Some of the districts report large increases, but these have been more than counterbalanced by heavy decreases in other parts of the Connexion. Several ministers will apply for a superannuated relation at the approaching Conference; some have travelled more than forty years.

The Superannuation Fund is in a perilous condition. Had it not been for the grant of \$4,500 received from the Book Room profits it would have been impossible to provide for the deficiency. To place the fund in a safe condition an additional amount of \$4,000 is required annually.

During the past ten years \$1,688,545 debt have been paid off the churches. It is estimated that the Connexion owns \$17,000,000 of church property.

Mrs. Shaw, of Gateshead, who died a short time ago, bequeathed \$5,000 to the Primitive Methodist churches in the locality.

The profits of the Book Room for the past year exceed \$20,000, being an advance of the former year.

We are glad to learn that John Cowan, Esq., has been appointed Justice of the Peace. He is the first Nonconformist in the city of Durham who has thus been honoured. The present writer knew him in boyhood.

The last General Mission Committee resolved to procure land for a college in Nanking, China. Noble men in Boston, Mass., intend to provide for the literary department, which they intend to call "Sleeper-Hall," in honour of Hon. Jacob Sleeper. Mrs. Philander Smith, of Oak Park, Ill., intends to erect another building which will be like that already built at the expense of the same lady in Tokyo, Japan.

Bishop Fowler, through whom the Chinese project was inaugurated, has also succeeded most marvellously in educational work in Nebraska, where the Lincoln College now rejoices in a fine paid-for building

worth \$100,000, a campus of forty acres, not far from the capitol building, and an endowment of \$100,000. There are in reserve 500 lots, which may presently yield \$750,000 or even more. A gentleman has recently died in Kansas city and left \$25,000 on condition that the 500 lots shall be preserved.

Bishop Hurst is actively engaged on behalf of a university at Washington. The Bishops at their late meeting resolved that at least \$2,000,000 and suitable buildings should be procured before the university is put in operation.

Methodism has lately made gigantic strides in Michigan. A Deaconess Home, located in the delightful "Cass Farm" region of the city of Detroit, has been formally dedicated. There are four resident deaconesses, with a number of visiting and nurse deaconesses.

At the recent Wyoming Conference Dr. Van Schvick, Presiding Elder, gave the following statistics in proof of the advance made in his district during the previous five years:

"There had been 9,777 conversions; paid for pastors, presiding elders, and bishops, \$224,198; paid superannuated preachers, \$9,249; for Missions, \$45,756; Woman's Foreign and Home Missions, \$6,545; Church Extension, Freedmen, Educational, Sunday-school Union, Tracts and Bible Society, \$12,731; other collections, \$11,777; Sunday-school expenses, \$28,171; current expenses, \$55,111; building and improving churches and parsonages, \$110,324; old indebtedness on churches and parsonages, \$59,621; furnishing district parsonages, \$392; Preacher's Aid Society, estimated \$9,000. Total, \$572,872.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The General Conference met during the month of May in St. Louis, which was the eleventh quadrennial gathering of the Church. One of the General Superintendents, Bishop McTyiere, had died since the last General Conference. The Board of Bishops recommended that one

should be elected to fill the vacant place, but the Committee on the Episcopacy thought that two were required. The Conference concurred in this opinion, and Dr. Haygood and Dr. Fitzgerald were duly elected, though neither of them were members of the General Conference. They are both eminently qualified for the important position to which they have been elevated.

For the first time in the history of the Church a fraternal delegate was present from the Parent Body of Methodism, in the person of the Rev. D. J. Waller, who ably represented those who sent him. Rev. Dr. Bristol and ex-Governor Patterson represented the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. S. G. Stone, D.D., was the fraternal messenger from Canada, and delivered an admirable address.

The Church appears to be in a prosperous condition. Three missionary secretaries were elected, viz., the present incumbent, the Rev. Dr. John, and Rev. Drs. Coke Smith and Morrison. One is intended to attend to the office and the others are to attend the Conferences and the Church at large.

Rev. Dr. Barbee was re-elected Book Agent, and Mr. D. M. Smith was elected assistant.

Rev. Dr. Hoss was elected Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and Rev. Dr. Bounds, assistant.

Our old friend, Dr. W. P. Harrison, was re-elected Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He was also Secretary of the General Conference. Rev. Dr. Cunningham was re-elected Editor of the *Sunday-school Magazine*, with \$2,500 appropriation to spend in payment of such services as may be found necessary.

A new Editor, Rev. Dr. Walker, was appointed to conduct the *Pacific Christian Advocate*. Rev. Dr. McAnally was one of the wonders of the Conference. He is eighty years of age, and yet he edits *St. Louis Advocate*.

It was voted to postpone the subject of Methodist union in Japan.

The Conference closed May 27th, which was the nineteenth day.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Victoria University has had a prosperous year. The degree of B.A. was conferred on thirty, six the degree of B.D., six others M.A.; thirty received M.B. and C.M., ten M.D. and thirty-eight L.M. Rev. W. A. Strongman, Guelph Conference, was honoured with the title of LL.D. The same degree was also conferred on E. H. Harris, M.A., Ph.D. The Rev. W. McMullen received the degree of D.D.

There were two unusual graduates, viz., Mr. Juyo Kono, a young Japanese, who received the degree of B.A. and a gold medal for general proficiency. He is the first Asiatic scholar ever presented for laureation at a Canadian University. He is a native of Tokyo and a gentleman of high rank. Miss E. O. Woods also received the degree of B.A., and is the first lady graduate of Victoria University to receive a gold medal.

At the recent examinations at Osgoode Hall for solicitor and barrister, Mr. C. W. Kerr, B.A. (1887), son of Vice-Chancellor Kerr, obtained second place in a large class for the former and first place for the latter. Mr. J. R. L. Starr, B.A. (1887), son of Rev. J. H. Starr; F. L. Webb, B.A. (1887), and Mr. W. J. Williams, son of Dr. W. Williams, Bay of Quinte Conference, all creditably passed the same examinations. These are great honours for Victoria's sons.

The Alumni Association at its late meeting appointed a committee to prepare a jubilee volume for the semi-centennial of the university.

Deloraine Mission, Manitoba Conference, has taken itself from the list of missions, and henceforth will be known as a self-sustaining circuit for two men.

A copy of the *Japan Gazette* has come to hand. It is full of news. A lengthened report is given of the visit of His Royal Highness the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Her Royal Highness laid the foundation stone of St. Hilda's Hospital. Among those who were present were the Rev. Dr. Cochran and Dr. Macdonald. The Japanese civil authori-

ties are doing their best to discover the murderers of our Missionary, the Rev. T. Large, more than \$1,000 has been expended by the detectives and two men have been arrested. The *Gazette* contains a report of a lecture by Dr. Eby, which fills seven columns. The theme is "The Social Evil" in Japan. The Doctor takes a lecture by a medical doctor on the same subject as his text. Those who know Dr. Eby will readily believe that he speaks plainly. It is amazing that any member of "the healing art" can lend himself to the defence of the degrading subject on which he treats. Dr. Eby demolishes his arguments, and at the same time describes the monster vice in hideous terms, and quotes facts taken from authentic sources to confirm all that he states. The moral tone of Japan must indeed be fearful, and our heroic brother has done well to sound a bugle-note, which we hope may cause all Christians to combine to put down an evil of such enormity.

A second new church has been dedicated at Woodstock. Five years ago a small frame church was erected as a result of a new mission, and now a beautiful brick church has been built capable of seating 1,200. It is pleasant coincidence that the Rev. Dr. Stone preached the dedication sermon at both churches.

Rev. David Savage proposes to continue his tent meetings this season. This agency is being extensively used in Michigan.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. George Hughes, of the Wesleyan Conference, England, died at Carlisle, April 19th. He spent forty-three years in the ministry. He was laborious to the last, and on the Sabbath prior to his death he preached twice.

Rev. John Myers, of the United Methodist Free Churches, has finished his course. He held a prominent place in the denomination. He was

one of a deputation who was sent out to visit the missions in Jamaica, and was one of the best debaters in the Church. His death is greatly lamented by those who knew him best.

Rev. Dr. Wylie, the well-known Protestant champion, has recently passed away, at the age of 82. He was in the midst of literary work when the summons reached him. All through his long career he received the esteem and confidence of the general Christian public. He was a man of extensive reading, and was an able controvertist.

Mr. Fletcher Harper, of the firm of Harper & Brothers, and a son of Fletcher Harper, the youngest of the four original brothers who established the well-known publishing house of that name, died a few weeks ago after a lingering illness, at the age of 61 years.

Rev. A. Mackay, the famous missionary, died of fever at Uganda. He was a true Scotchman, and bravely endured many of the severest vicissitudes that fall to the lot of a missionary. He was a hero of the highest type, and might truly be classed among the number of those of whom the world was not worthy.

Rev. Calvin Shaw, of the Toronto Conference, died May 27th. He commenced his ministry in the late Methodist New Connexion, in 1857. He was a man of fine spirit and was never disposed to push himself into prominence. His family received a liberal education, and some of them occupy good positions in society.

Mrs. German, wife of the Rev. O. German, missionary at Whitefish Lake, recently passed away. She was a great sufferer from cancer, which baffled all the medical skill that could be secured. She was for some time in the hospital at San Francisco. Her death is a sad bereavement to her husband and four children.

Book Notices.

The Life and Times of General John Graves Simcoe, First Governor of Upper Canada. By D. B. READ, Q.C. 8vo., pp. 304. Toronto: George Virtue, publisher, Price, cloth, \$3.50.

The accomplished author of this book has previously rendered valuable service to his country by his admirable volume of "Lives of the Judges of Upper Canada and Ontario." The present work is of still broader and more general interest. It traces with graphic pen the principal events in the founding of Upper Canada. It is well to revive the memory of those heroic days. No country ever had a more noble and illustrious band of pilgrim fathers than those true-hearted U. E. Loyalists who forsook lands and home, and braved the perils of the wilderness that they might found a new province, where they might worship the God of their fathers under the old historic flag which they loved so well, and for which they had fought and bled. Our author traces the heroic exploits of the "Queen's Rangers," under General Simcoe, during the revolutionary war, and describes the exile for consciences' sake of the pilgrim fathers of Upper Canada, recounts the founding of the first capital at Newark, the historic Niagara, the exploration of the western peninsula, the removal of the seat of government to York, and other events in the early history of the Province. It is well for the people of this "Queen City" to look back at its early beginnings and to discern the elements of the moral strength of the Province in the elevated and patriotic character of its original founders. A trustworthy account is also given of the ill-fated Major André, and of the able forest statesman, Captain Brant. Fine steel portraits of Simcoe and Brant are given, also portraits of Sir George Yonge, after whom Yonge Street

was named; of Captain Brant; Major André, from a pen sketch made by himself the morning of his execution; several engravings made from water-colour drawings of Canadian scenery, by the wife of Governor Simcoe on first coming to Upper Canada with the Governor in 1791, and other sketches.

The Provincial Letters: the Moral Teachings of the Jesuit Fathers opposed to the Church of Rome and the Latin Vulgate. By BLAISE PASCAL. Toronto: William Briggs, and Methodist Book-rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Pp. 400; price \$1.50.

The most illustrious name in the noble muster-roll of Port Royal is that of Blaise Pascal. He united in his own person the wit of Rabelais, the sublimity of Milton, and the terse vigour of Junius. He seized the French language when it was little better than a barbarous dialect, and made it classic forever. Such an achievement is accomplished only by men of the loftiest genius—by a Dante, a Luther, or a Shakespeare. The inimitable wit of his Provincial Letters stung to the very quick the Jesuit party. The sublimity, the pathos, and the piety of his lofty "Thoughts" on "the greatness and the misery of man," on God, and on eternity, awe and thrill the soul of every reader. Never did so precious a literary freight come down the stream of time in so crazy a bark, and with so narrow an escape from shipwreck. They were written on scraps of paper or the backs of letters, often amid paroxysms of pain, frequently breaking off in the middle of a sentence or of a word. These Sibylline leaves were then filed on a wire for future arrangement. This, however, was prevented by the hand of death, which cut off their distinguished author at the early age of thirty-nine.

Dr. Briggs has done good service to the cause of Protestantism by reprinting in such handsome style these classic letters, which overwhelmed with ridicule the Jesuits two centuries ago, and led to their banishment from France and Canada. The study of this book will be an admirable antidote to the revived aggressions of this unscrupulous order which has won renown and execration in every land.

The Mormon Delusion; Its History, Doctrines, and the Outlook in Utah. By REV. M. W. MONTGOMERY. Pp. 352. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price cloth, 75 cents.; paper, 50 cents.

In this book we have Mormonism brought down to date. Other books on this same topic, more or less valuable, have appeared at different times; but they are incomplete in that they deal only with certain periods of Mormon history, or with special phases of the Mormon problem. This is an all-round treatment of the whole subject, which is peculiarly satisfactory in the full information which it gives. But the book is not pleasant reading. There is hardly a page which does rouse one's righteous wrath. From the first imposition of the Book of Mormon as a divine revelation down to the Mountain Meadows massacre, the story is one that stirs one's deepest indignation.

After a perusal of all the facts contained in this volume, the wonder increases as to how such a barefaced fraud ever could have gained any following. The founder of the Mormon Church, Joseph Smith, self-styled a prophet, as a boy was dull-eyed, vagabondish, and remarkable only for his exaggerations and untruthfulness. He began his prophetic career, by telling fortunes for pay, locating underground veins of water with a forked stick, and disclosing the places where hidden treasures were buried. From first to last he was a conscienceless impostor, pretending to work miracles, to receive revelations, and, although often ex-

posed, still securing fresh dupes and widening his sway.

That which Joseph Smith began, Brigham Young carried on with a still stronger hand. Joseph Smith but laid the foundations; Brigham Young built the mighty superstructure. More unscrupulous, more daring, more a leader, more despotic, Brigham Young, during his life, compacted the believers in Mormonism into an organization which implicitly obeyed his will. No matter how horrible the deed, he had but to indicate his wish, and it was done.

It needs that just such facts as are narrated in this book should be known everywhere in order that public sentiment shall dictate to the authorities at Washington such radical and continued action as shall eradicate this evil entirely. The book is published at an unremunerative price, because of the fact that it is desired that it shall be widely read and scattered as an educative document.

The Dream of Agnoscens: a Poem of the Times. By WILLIAM HUDSON. London: Huxtable and Galway. Pp. 245, price \$1.10.

This is a very remarkable book. It is cast in the form of a dramatic poem of very free construction. It is largely lyrical in form, and introduces scenes in the invisible world, in a west-end club, in a wayside inn, in a country mansion, in Westminster Abbey, in Whitechapel, in a hospital, in Tartarus, in Paradise and in Heaven. Among the characters are representatives, past or present, of Agnosticism and Pessimism, of Prayerless Culture and the Worship of Humanity, of Godless Evolution and the Worthlessness of Life, and of the Criticism that destroys confidence in teachers as well as faith in God.

The design of the poem is to restate the doctrines of Providence, the ministry of angels, and the mystery of sin; to exhibit the profanity of irreverence, the necessity of revelation, and the insufficiency of opinion; to illustrate the power of revealed truth, the grace of the Christian life, and the victory of faith;

and to bring into view the certainty of the promises of God; and there is added a speculative glance in the glories of the future.

There is much of human interest, and at times a vein of sublimity in the book, and it is a timely message to young inquirers.

By Canoe and Dog-Train Among the Cree and Salteaux Indians. By EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG, Missionary. Pp. 367. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

The Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young has little need of an introduction to the Canadian public. We have heard and read his stirring stories of missionary trial and triumph till our hearts have thrilled within us and we have rejoiced in the trophies of the Gospel of Christ. We are glad that in the providence of God he has been called to recount these *gesta Christi*—these achievements of Christ—in the fatherland whence came the first Methodist missionaries to the Indian tribes of our great North-West. This book recalls the heroic days of those pioneer missionaries. And not a whit behind them was our brother who followed in their footsteps and endured hardships and privations even greater than their's. We remember how our blood stirred as we read in the *Guardian* years ago the account of his perils in the wilderness, and he concluded his narrative with the characteristic remark, "nevertheless I think this mission the best in the whole world." That sentence is the key-word of this book. It voices his spirit of consecration and of rejoicing that he was permitted to do and dare and suffer for the cause of his Divine Master; and to help to lay, broad, and deep and stable, the foundations of empire in the Great Lone Land of far north-western Canada.

This book, while of intense interest to the people of the Old Land, will have still greater interest to the people of Canada. We know the man; we know his work; we know something of the country in which he laboured, and of the tribes whom

he helped to raise from pagan savagery to Christian civilization. All these give it patriotic interest to us that it cannot have to others. The fascinating narrative, the tales of "hair-breadth 'scapes" by land and by water, in winter's frost and summer's heat, the accounts of the triumphs of grace in the Indian's wigwam, and of the fidelity in the faith of the red sons of the forest, will thrill our hearts with missionary enthusiasm. The admirable printing and illustration of the volume will make it as attractive to young as to the old. We bespeak for it a place in every Sunday-school library and at many a domestic fireside.

Selected Sermons and Lectures. By the late WILLIAM STEPHENSON. With portrait. Pp. 192. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 75 cents.

The many friends of the late William Stephenson will be glad to have this interesting *souvenir* of his life and labours. Few men had a wider range or warmer circle of friends. In Kingston, Woodstock, Simcoe, Toronto (east and west), in Hamilton and New York, he occupied foremost pulpits. He was a man of brilliant parts and rare eloquence. Here are all the characteristics of the man. In some of the sermons there is a fine vein of pathos, as that on the "Death of God's saints," and on "The soul recalling its old songs." The lectures are, a stirring one on "Martin Luther," one on "Woman, her Position and Influence," and one in lighter vein on "Curiosity and Curious People."

Noon-Day Addresses Delivered in the Central Hall, Manchester. By the REV. W. L. WATKINSON. London: C. W. Kelley. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 35 cents.

This volume is another result of the forward movement in English Methodism. These sermons are just such as are adapted to catch the ear of busy men at a busy hour of the day—full of pith and vigour, and admirably suited as well for closet reading.

Kilgarvie. By ROBINA F. HARDY, Author of "Jock Huldiday," etc. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs.

Any one who has a drop of Scottish blood in his veins will read this book with delight, and even if he have not, he cannot resist the spell of its blended humour and pathos. The pictures of grave Dr. Grierson, the village pastor, and his winsome wife; of the dour and grim mistress of the kitchen; of the honest carrier, Gibbie Gow, and his shrewish wife; the sad fortunes of the "big house," castle Kilgarvie; the austere Lady Lindores; the deeply wronged and deserted Italian wife—magnanimous, devoted, self-sacrificing to the last; and the helpful motherly "Margaret" Oliphant—these are all distinct and valuable additions to our acquaintance with human nature, and with village life in the "Auld Kingdom of Fife." This charming book beguiled for the writer a weary day of illness, and gave an abiding memory of God's providential guidance and overruling that makes us thank the author for her helpful story, and the publishers for the handsome way in which it is presented.

The Gospel Commentary: A Complete Connected Account of the Life of Our Lord woven from the Text of the Four Evangelists, with Notes, Original and Selected. By JAMES R. GILMORE (Edmund Kirke) and LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D. Pp. 837. New York: Ford, Howard & Hulburt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

We often lose much of the vividness and life-like colouring of the life of our Lord from our habit of reading it not as a whole but piecemeal, chapter by chapter, isolated from the rest of the sacred text. This book obviates that difficulty by bringing into one connected and flowing narrative the accounts given by the different evangelists of the life of Jesus. A copious selection of notes from several scores of writers make this a very compendious and

useful commentary. Excellent indexes make it more easy of reference.

The Puritan Spirit. An Address. By Rev. R. S. STORRS, D.D. Pp. 72. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Publishing Society. Price 75 cents.

This oration is already famous. The handling of the subject by Dr. Storrs was simply masterly. There has been no such an all-round setting forth of the Puritan character. Dr. Storrs' analysis of it is discriminating, as well as eloquent; it is just—not merely laudatory. His portrayal henceforth will dominate our conception of the Puritan. The book has an excellent portrait of Dr. Storrs, and a picture of the famous St. Gauden's statue of the Puritan.

The One Gospel; or, The Combination of the Four Evangelists in One Complete Record. Edited by Rev. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. 12mo. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 75 cents.

This is a similar book to that last noted, but without any indication of which of the Gospels the several passages are taken from, and without note or comment. Both books use the authorized version.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Dr. Holmes, in "Over the Teacups," in a recent *Atlantic*, talks about modern realism, and says that the additions which have been made by it "to the territory of literature consist largely in swampy, malarious, ill-smelling patches of soil, which had previously been left to reptiles and vermin." After falling afoul of a romance which has been lately quoted by a brother-author as "a work of austere morality," he says, "Leave the descriptions of the drains and cesspools to the hygienic specialist, and the details of the laundry to the washerwoman." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.