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THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS, LL.D.

THE
Methodist Magazine.

APRIL, 1894.

THE REV. DR. DOUGLAS.—A MEMORIAL SERMON.*

BY THE REV. DR. POTTS.

“An eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures.”—Acts xviii. 24.

“KNOW ye that a prince and a great man is fallen in Israel?” Yes, you know it, and it is sadly known to-day all over this North American continent, and far beyond its bounds. The prince and great man of our Methodist Israel has fallen, but fallen in harmony with his oft-repeated desire:

“My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.”

A minister is a gift of Christ to His Church. A richly-endowed minister is God's greatest gift, if he be a true man, who is as good and consecrated as he is intellectually great. The ministry as an institution is for the Church, and it is for the Church in its individuality of character, of talent, and of influence. “Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, all are yours.” It is difficult for us to think of Canadian Methodism without the presence and power and leadership of George Douglas. He was our kingly preacher, our famous orator, and our sagacious ecclesiastical statesman, or, as Lord Dufferin put it, “the Bismarck of Canadian Methodism.”

The 10th of February of this year of our Lord 1894 was a sad day in our Israel, for it was flashed over the land that George Douglas was dead. We shall see his face no more, we shall hear no more that voice which was in itself a marvellous gift of God,

* A deeply impressive memorial service was held in the St. James' Methodist Church, Montreal, in honour of the late Dr. Douglas. The admirable portrait which accompanies this memorial is borrowed from the “New History of Methodism,” by the Rev. Dr. Hyde and Rev. Dr. Johnston, published by William Briggs, Toronto.

and we shall never again be spellbound by the majesty of his extraordinary eloquence. It is said George Douglas is dead, let me rather say George Douglas is glorified. It is not our dear friend who is dead. The casket of the immortal jewel, the body which enshrined the lofty spirit, lies in Mount Royal, but the soul, the real George Douglas, is "absent from the body, present with the Lord." He lives to-day with Jesus, he lives to-day with us in memory and affection, and how influentially he lives in the spirit and work of the hundreds of young ministers who sat at his feet in their theological and homiletical preparation for the work of the Christian ministry. That unique personality in its beautiful life, in its distinguished career, and in its martyrdom of suffering—unmurmuring suffering, for who ever heard Dr. Douglas complain of his thorn or stake in the flesh?—must be fruitful in blessing to all who think of him, and of his life and work. It is written, "that we be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." I propose that we recall the characteristics and ministerial success of Dr. Douglas in the light of the characteristics and success of Apollos, who was "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures." In all my ministry I never shrank from a service as from this one. It has seemed to me that it required a Dr. Douglas to preach a memorial sermon of Dr. Douglas. I have at least one qualification for this oppressively responsible service, and that is the qualification of loving, almost filial admiration for the man of God, who captured and captivated me by his wonderful pulpit power in the days of my youth.

We know but very little of Apollos compared with Paul. He has but little space accorded to him in the New Testament. What is known of him, however, is good. Apollos appears in relation to Paul in the early part of 1 Corinthians. He was no party to the divisions of the Corinthian Church. He evidently looked upon Paul as leader and superior, and Paul loved him as a successful co-worker in building up the Church of Christ in the first century. (1) Apollos was an eloquent man. Eloquence is a rare endowment. Eloquence is in part a gift of nature, but it may and should be assiduously cultivated. Eloquence may become a great power for good, and sanctified eloquence may largely multiply ministerial usefulness. Eloquence in statesmanship and patriotism, in reforms and in law, has been a powerful factor in the history of civilization. What a field for eloquence—eloquence of the highest order—in the discussion of the themes of our holy religion. . . . Great themes inspire and give elevation to thought and to style. There

are many kinds of eloquence: the rhetorical, the profoundly thoughtful, and the persuasively influential. The pulpit of Church history and of to-day will compare favourably with the bar and with politics in the highest type of eloquence. Church history is rich in its records of distinguished orators. Not naming those of antiquity, think of Chalmers and Guthrie, of Parsons and Binney, of Melville and Liddon, of Beaumont and Punshon, of Spurgeon, who was called by a little girl of London the Prime Minister of England; of Beecher and Brooks, of Simpson and Bascom, and of our own prince of pulpit and platform orators, George Douglas. Moses complained that he was not an eloquent man, and therefore dreaded the mission urged upon him by the Lord. Luke, the sacred historian, designates Apollos "an eloquent man." His was a high, perhaps the highest, style of eloquence.

Apollos was a native of Alexandria, and that may account in no small degree for the perfection of his oratory. Alexandria was one of the most noted cities of antiquity for colleges and libraries. There were three colleges—a pagan, a Jewish, and a Christian. Eminent teachers were attracted there, and students had every facility afforded them for intellectual development, and for the cultivation of the art of popular address. Young men of ability, athirst for knowledge, could rise to distinction in the various walks of life. Of the ambitious young men who studied philosophy and literature, no doubt Apollos won fame in the colleges of his native city. It was an unintentional preparation for the great work of his life. All learning can be made subservient to the illustration of the truth, and the success of preaching the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Apollos evidently used the great gift of oratory to attract men to Christ, as George Whitefield did in the days of the Wesleys. See you not the resemblance in this respect of our eloquent preacher to Apollos? What most impressed the hearers of Dr. Douglas was the grandeur of his eloquence. It was lofty in conception, it was great in thought, great in language, great in sentiment, and while his propositions were argued with strong reasoning power, his illustrations were characterized by rare beauty, and not seldom by tearful tenderness.

We grant that Dr. Douglas owed much to his wonderful voice, yet if his voice had been only ordinary his mind would have won all hearers, for his memory was well stored with all manner of precious things, and his imperial imagination could take its eagle flights into the starry heavens of knowledge and wisdom and beauty. But with all these advantages, he had a powerful in-

strument for the music of oratory in his strangely fascinating voice. He had the elements also of fearless courage and heroism which are needful to an eloquence which shall tell upon his age and country. There are sermons and speeches of Dr. Douglas which are written upon the heart and memory of Canadian and continental Methodism.

(2) Apollos was mighty in the knowledge of the Scriptures. In the Jewish college of Alexandria, where Apollos most likely spent much of his time, he would be led into a thorough study of the Hebrew Scriptures. No matter what a minister is mighty in, if not mighty in the Word of God. Faulty there, he must be a failure in the pulpit. Let him be mighty in science, in literature, and in social and moral reforms, but if he be weak in the Scriptures, he is feeble in the work of the Lord. . . . Apollos was mighty in the Scriptures. Surely the resemblance again appears in the case of Dr. Douglas. It was not so much in the exact and oft-repeated quotation of texts, as that the main body of his discourses was penetrated with the spirit of revelation, and with the far-reaching principles of the Gospel. All his pulpit teaching appealed to the law and to the testimony, and was made authoritative to the multitudes that hung upon his ministry with a "Thus saith the Lord."

(3) Apollos was fervent in spirit—by which I understand that Apollos was intense, earnest, enthusiastic in his work for God. His heart was all aglow with the zeal of the constraining love of Christ. Logic on fire, rhetoric on fire, all the powers of his intellectual and moral being were inflamed with holy zeal in the cause of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. Why not? Is there any theme that should arouse as the imperilled condition and salvation of mankind? Is sin a reality? Is unsaved man in deep and deadly danger? Is life uncertain? Is death a reality? Is the judgment seat of Christ a reality? Is eternity a reality? Shall politicians plead for their party—shall lawyers plead for their clients—shall patriots plead for their country—shall reformers plead for better laws—and shall all these plead with earnestness, whole-souled earnestness, and shall a man dealing with the claims of God and the interests of immortal souls not be intensely and terribly in earnest? Surely the place of the preacher of the Gospel should be enough to induce all its occupants to warn, to persuade, and to invite with a fervency of spirit becoming the solemn transactions of salvation and eternity.

Like Apollos, our glorified friend was marked by great fervency of spirit. This fervency of spirit appeared in his most elaborate discourses. But how it blazed forth in his more

hortatory addresses, when he was urging men to decide for Christ. At such times he was often irresistible in his appeals to conscience.

(4) Apollos was diligent in teaching. Diligence is a law of success. No place for drones in the ministerial hive. What need of it; What room for it? In the study of the Bible, with all the literature bearing upon the sacred text, and in direct pulpit preparation. If Paul said, "Who is sufficient for these things?" then surely ordinary men may well confess their need of the most painstaking diligence in the supreme work of the ministry, that of preaching the Gospel of salvation. In the care of the flock, and in the affairs of the Church, there are both space and work, involving continuous and undivided attention. Ministers owe it to their Lord and Master, to the Church of God, and to themselves, that they be diligent in being about their Father's business.

Diligence was a prominent feature of Dr. Douglas, from the alpha to the omega of his ministry. Impressed with the importance of better educational equipment for the work of the ministry, he left Montreal for the purpose of attending the Wesleyan Theological College in London, England. At that time there was a vacancy in one of the mission fields, and the Mission House authorities urged upon Dr. Douglas to consent to enter upon that work without taking the college course, believing that he was even at that time well qualified for the work of the ministry. He toiled with apostolic fidelity, and with apostolic success, in the mission-work of his early ministry in Bermuda. In the great service he rendered to the Church, as pastor in Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton and in this city of his love, he was emphatically a man of one work, and that work was performed with a diligence which made him an example to his ministerial brethren.

But his diligence in teaching in the Wesleyan Theological College, with which his name shall be forever connected as its first principal, commands unqualified admiration. The successive classes in systematic theology and homiletics bear testimony to the professorial diligence which marked their great teacher, as he led them with masterful guidance into the deep things of theological science. Think of that diligence, under difficulties which would have utterly discouraged most men. In spite of protracted suffering, in spite of physical darkness, he threw himself with enthusiastic earnestness into the college routine of daily preparation and teaching.

(5) Apollos, although an eminent teacher, was willing to learn the higher spiritual truth of Christianity from the Spirit-taught disciples of Jesus. This was a sign of true greatness in Apollos.

The day of affected superiority in the pulpit is past, and should be only a memory now. In some things, the pulpit is ahead of the pew, and in its own domain of biblical teaching should be worthy of respectful attention, but in many things the pew could teach the pulpit. Pulpit and pew should act upon the Pauline teaching, "In honour preferring one another." While Apollos was preaching at Ephesus, eloquently, scripturally, fervently, diligently, there sat in the congregation two members of the Church, husband and wife, Aquila and Priscilla. They loved Apollos, they prayed for him, but they saw his spiritual immaturity. Aquila and Priscilla had been taught by Paul, and they knew more than Alexandria could teach Apollos, and more than the baptism of John. They expounded the way of God more perfectly. Apollos saw it, and entered into the richer, fuller blessedness of the Christian dispensation, the dispensation of the Holy Ghost. Like Apollos learning from Aquila and Priscilla, our eloquent Apollos was glad to sit at the feet of any who could lead him into the holiest of all of the higher spiritual truth of the Gospel. How he yearned for the realization of the beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." His attitude was thirsting for God, and often he referred to the helpfulness of those in the ministry and laity of the Church who were unknown to fame, but who knew the secret of the abiding comfort of the Holy Ghost, and who had inscribed upon their hearts, "Holiness unto the Lord."

In the second division of this discourse let me refer to the success of the ministry of Apollos. Here we see what Apollos did with his eloquence, with his large Scriptural knowledge, his fervency of spirit, and his diligence in teaching. The success of the ministry of Apollos was twofold. (1) It helped the Church. The historian puts it thus: "Helped them much which had believed through grace." What a glorious mission that is! The Church is out in the world all week, the Church is tempted, is chilled in its fervour, and is often discouraged. A voice says to the preacher, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem." How successful was the ministry of Dr. Douglas along the line of helpfulness to the Church. His Sunday morning and week-day evening services were specially adapted to establish the Church in holiness, and to refresh and comfort the children of God. As they sat under the tender and stimulating ministry of our friend, they could truthfully say, as one of old testified, "He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love." They departed from the house of God, not only glad in heart, but invigorated and strengthened for the burden-bearing of life.

His was a helpful ministry to the conferences of our Church. Aged ministerial veterans, under the spell of that ministry, were drawn up to 'labor exaltation, where they were prepared to cry out, "Lord, it is good for us to be here," and the younger brethren felt inspired to aim at greater things for God, while representative laymen saw new beauty and grandeur in the service of the Lord. How blessed it is to have the gift and grace to edify the Church of God.

(2) The ministry of Apollos was characterized by convincing power. His mission was to the Jews, and it is recorded that he mightily convinced them of the Messiahship of Jesus the Christ. His large knowledge of the Scriptures, the Scriptures of type and prophecy, of Levitical ritual and historical records of the Hebrew people, coupled with his argumentative way of putting it, and all enriched and adorned with his magnificent oratory, combined to make him wise to win souls.

The ministry of Dr. Douglas was like that of Apollos, a ministry of convincing power. The law, the sterner aspects of Revelation, had a prominent place in his Sunday night sermons. Multitudes trembled as they sat in almost breathless awe before the man of God who reminded them of an Elijah, of an Isaiah, or of an Ezekiel, in the messages which he bore, and in the sins which he denounced. If the ministry of Apollos mightily convinced the Jews that Jesus was the Christ, the ministry of Dr. Douglas mightily convinced the Gentile sinners of Ontario and Quebec of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. That sin was no trifling infirmity of human nature, but that it was damnable and damning; that there was no salvation from it but by the Cross, and no saviour from it but the Christ of Gethsemane, of Calvary, of the resurrection, and of mediatorial sovereignty—that Saviour who said, "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of Hades and of death," and who is "able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him." Already the minister of Jesus Christ, whose memory we honour, has been welcomed to the skies by those whom he helped heavenward, and by those whom he induced to become reconciled to God.

The ministry of Dr. Douglas was a ministry fruitful in the building of immortal character, and the introduction of sinners out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel. I am not satisfied to think of Dr. Douglas and to speak of him only as the golden-mouthed Chrysostom of Canadian Methodism. In the more familiar relations of life, he was equally attractive to his friends, and they are legion all over this country. Where

could I speak of Dr. Douglas in the social aspects of his character better than in Montreal? All Canada claimed him, but he belonged to this city most of all. Standing here, at the heart of Montreal Methodism, where many are who knew and loved Dr. Douglas from the days of childhood, I find it difficult to say anything that will be strange or new to you. The love you bore to him was reciprocated to the full. Beyond any pastor of this city, he was identified with your personal and family history, and in times of trouble you found in him a throbbing heart of sympathy. The old Montrealers who have joined the ranks of the general assembly and Church of the first-born were proud of his position in the Church and of the distinguished service he rendered to the cause of God. It is equally true of you who revere his memory to-night. You think of his peerless career of eminent service to the Church, and you glorify God in him. Many are the reminiscences of him which shall never fade from your hearts.

I, too, have precious memories of my beloved friend. It is forty years save one since I first saw his face, and felt the strange power of his grand, solemn, highly intellectual, yet deeply spiritual ministry. It was on a Sunday in the July of 1855, in Sydenham Street Methodist Church, Kingston, that I found myself one of his hearers. While his unusual pulpit oratory fascinated me, his faithful presentation of truth impressed me as no preacher had ever done before. The ministry of Dr. Douglas made sin to be exceedingly sinful, and deep down in my heart I felt that he faithfully warned me to flee from the wrath to come. Although I was not converted under his preaching, I was powerfully awakened to think of the claims of God upon the homage and service of my life. Then an acquaintance was formed, which, in the course of years, ripened into a most confidential friendship, which continued down to his latest breath. I owe much to Dr. Douglas for advice in the early part of my ministry, and for sympathy and counsel all through my public life. While I admired the eloquent preacher, the gifted debater, the mighty man in the councils of the Church, I loved the Dr. Douglas of his own home and study, where we often met and exchanged views upon all manner of subjects, and where we never forgot the higher fellowship of Christian discipleship. Rarely, if ever, was I allowed to leave him without some tender spiritual hint calculated to help me in my ministry and in my own spiritual life. In this respect he was more like Dr. Myerson than any minister I have ever known.

I saw him on what proved to be his death-bed, and then he

testified to me of the presence of Christ and the sweet contentment of his mind. I did not speak to him as to a dying man, for I indulged the hope that, as he had so often resisted disease, he might do so again. Had I known that it would be the last interview, I might have asked for a dying sentiment, or for a message to the Church he loved so well, and to the Church that delighted to honour him. We have what is better, the record of his life. The family informed me that he often referred to the beautiful sentiment of Whittier as expressive of his feelings as the end drew near:

“ And when the angel of shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar,
Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the holy city,
The chimes of eternal peace.”

What is the ground of our comfort to-night? Not that George Douglas was a great man, not that he was gifted in eloquence beyond any man in the Dominion of Canada. Our comfort is rather that he was a good man, a sinner saved by grace, a believer made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, and a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus, ready to give an account of his stewardship with joy.

What lesson shall we carry away from this memorial service as the result of reviewing the life and labours of Dr. Douglas? Surely such a life must be fruitful in practical suggestion and instruction. It was intellectually and religiously heroic. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, work would have been given up over twenty years ago, and it would have apparently been justified. If ever a man might have murmured at the coming darkness, and at the realized darkness, it was Dr. Douglas, because of the importance of his life plans for the Church of God; but his most intimate friends were often surprised and delighted by his hearty enjoyment of life, and his keen relish for knowledge of all current events. What did it all mean? What factors contributed to such heroism? Royal will-power, inflexible purpose to work on to the end, and a sublime faith in God. Had Dr. Douglas enjoyed perfect health and perfect vision, the work he did for over forty years would have been a grand record for any man, and would have been a legacy of example to the Church and country worthy of all praise and imitation. But when we think of his serious limitations, the whole rises into

the region of the morally sublime. I venture to say that nothing but the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ could have enabled our friend to do what he did in church and college.

To our dear friend, as to the great apostle who had a thorn in the flesh, there came the all-encouraging and all-sustaining word, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and under the inspiration of that unexhausted and inexhaustible promise, our suffering brother felt that he could glory in infirmity, because the power of Christ rested upon him. Paul's apostolic motto might have been his, "But none of these things move men, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God." Added then to indomitable will-power, let us gratefully recognize the spiritual power of a living Christianity in his heart and life, and thus glorify God in him. Compared with the genuineness of his Christian character and his life-long work for Christ and His Church, how insignificant all else appears. Greatness of position, greatness of ability, and greatness of popularity—these are like a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal compared with his faith, hope, and charity, which abideth and enricheth for this life and the life that is to come, and which has already come to our departed friend and brother.

This age may not see another George Douglas. Such gifts are rare both in Church and State. We want no small editions, no feeble imitations of Dr. Douglas, either in the pulpit or on the platform. It is comforting, however, that our responsibility is measured by our ability and opportunity of service—"every man in his own order." Let us therefore gird up the loins of our minds and be "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Time is short. Time for work is short. Eternity is at hand for most of us. Let the resolve be made here and now that we shall live in obedience to the counsel of Solomon, who said, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest," and to follow the example of a greater than Solomon, who said, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." Then may we hope to say with Jesus, although in an infinitely subordinate sense, "I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF DR. DOUGLAS.

BY REV. DR. CARMAN.

SOME men are so unrealistic, speculative, rationalistic and transcendental, that when a man is dead the lesson or ideal is all that remains. Adam never existed : he simply stands for the origin of things. There is neither Serpent nor Devil : they simply mean temptation. There was no deluge really : it is simply retribution. All there was of Abraham was the idea of faith, hardly faith itself : so he was simply the idea of an idea. Moses represents meekness, and Jacob craft. There are no victuals, they simply represent hunger ; there is no water, it only suggests thirst. There are no ships, or courts, or cannon : they are just emblematic of commerce, justice or war. Talk to one of those unctuous supernals for a little while, and if his softness at all impresses you, you will be quite persuaded that neither yourself nor himself is a fact, but the relation betwixt you stands for conversation. So there is the conversation, and back of that the relation, and back of that the idea of yourself ; that is, you are an idea of an idea of an idea.

It was to such Gnostics, or Agnostics, or Will-o'-the-Wisps on the bottomless morass, the rolling marl, that John wrote in his first epistle : "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life ; for the life was manifested, and we have seen it. . . . That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you." Somehow or other in John's conceptions our Lord Himself was the basal fact of radiant facts and truths ; and so central to them all, that if you would take our Lord in His own person and being out of the system, the whole system must collapse and vanish into thin air. So every eminent servant of God is constituted to be a vital fact to the influences and institutions that arise out of his life, person and labours. For example, John Wesley is not a myth, but a vital fact to Methodism. We may draw lessons from such a man's spirit, toil and work ; but while the lessons may be instinct with the man, the man is not dissolved or sublimated into the lessons. Though at this writing George Douglas has been dead and buried out of sight for nearly a week, I venture, even in this age of skepticism, to believe that such a man as our Douglas, beloved and revered, has lived upon the earth, and to affirm that we have seen him with our eyes and heard him with our ears, and have shaken that infirmity-bound hand that would, if it could, have given the soulful grasp : and, moreover, to affirm

that he was a genuine man, mighty in word and deed, and did not merely in mythical existence stand for such qualities and qualifications as courage, eloquence, purity, faith and patience. It was the man that was the reality, and, under God, he trained the qualities out of an heroic soul. Self-discipline, by Divine grace, made him what he was. Henceforth his life is historic in our Methodism. He stands with the worthies that created our priceless heritage. That lofty personality, stupendous fact, like an Abraham, a Melchizedek, an Aaron, of the early ages; like a John the Baptist, or an Apollos of later days, sheds the lustre of a mild and fearless devotion throughout the entire firmament. Honouring the God-honoured man, I propose to infer:

I. That the truth and power of God are potent factors in the best humanity: that, notwithstanding all said to the contrary, Christian doctrine and spirit are indispensable to the highest type of true manhood. Christianity puts fibre, substance, vitality, endurance into manhood.

II. This truth must produce strong convictions in noble souls. It is given to some spirits to survey the world from heights that others never reach. They see more clearly and feel more deeply than their fellows. Social and national issues are to them tremendous, and they never entangle them with personal interests, or begot them with drifting mists. How much more tremendous the issues of the soul and eternity! Seers and patriots are enthroned on the light-crowned summits.

III. When a man has such convictions it is his solemn duty to speak them forth at suitable times with clearness and courage. To stifle honest, well-determined conviction is to weaken and damage the man's own soul, betray his trust, forfeit the benedictions of reason and conscience, and dishonour the cause of God and humanity. Further, to withhold or compromise honest convictions is to discourage the struggling ones, to embolden the tyrant, the deceiver and evil-doer, to provoke the anger of the justice-loving God, and smite humanity in its face amid its sweating toil and fight for freedom.

IV. Clear convictions boldly uttered are eminently beneficial. They clear the sky and stir the public mind. Partisans will cavil, and obsequious dependents will raise a clamour of resistance and reproach. The dog barks at the moon, yet the steady shining of even the silvery moon affords the traveller a grateful light. How is it when the sun ariseth in the heavens? With mighty impulse of clear conviction, better be at times somewhat extravagant or astray than forever suppressing the flame God made to burn or quenching the light God made to shine.

V. Strong conviction and fearless assertion are perfectly com-

patible with true gentleness of nature, meekness of spirit and kindness of heart. Who more outspoken than our Douglas in the face of wrong? Who with a gentler spirit and a kinder heart? And so may we see, as a man becomes more Godlike in character and experimental religion, he indeed becomes more like God in the wonderful exercise of those incomprehensible attributes as revealed in His Holy Word. Behold the goodness and the severity of God. God is love. Our God is a consuming fire. It is the same spirit that thunders against sin, and whispers entreatingly in grace. The same patriotism strikes down the country's enemy with the sword, and lifts the oppressed alien into the privileges and freedom of an honourable citizenship.

VI. Mind mounts superior to matter; soul flames upward though the body endure as a ruin. A majestic mind in an enfeebled body perhaps was never more plainly exemplified. Mind does not depend for its efficiency and vigour on mechanical or material organization, or the light of that great spirit would long ago have been shaded, clouded, eclipsed. But to the last, thrilling inspiration and heroic aspiration brightened the utterances and achievements of an illustrious career.

VII. Afflictions and physical disabilities need not be a crushing discouragement. Such providential dispensations, accepted aright, work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. The helpfulness of the family institution and the unity of the home in suffering and success have never been, than in this case, more clearly demonstrated. There never was greater patience and labour on the part of him that suffered. There never was greater love and fidelity on the part of them that helped. So earth's seeming woes brighten for heaven's real bliss. He that maketh all things right restoreth at length our loved and longed for.

IN MEMORIAM.

GREATNESS of soul was his, whose loss we mourn ;
 Endowed by nature with such wondrous store
 Of mental power, and sympathies that burn ;
 Resistless eloquence ! that loved to pour
 'Gainst giant wrong its sweeping, mighty flood,
 Ev'n though the wrong in highest places stood.

Douglas ! thou dost sublimest lessons teach,
 Of duty done, of princely gifts employed—
 Under affliction's veil—that men might reach
 Grand heights of truth, and wisdom unalloyed :
 Leaving thine impress on a nation's heart !
 And may we make thine utterance now our own,
 " Salvation's mine, through faith in Christ alone."

W. H. ROSEYEAR.

MEMORIES OF THE REV. DR. DOUGLAS.

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, LL.D.,

Principal, Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

WHAT marvellous men Canada has buried within the past generation! In 1869, D'Arcy McGee, generous, brilliant and loyal, the victim of most cruel assassination, was buried in Montreal, amid the mourning of more than 50,000 patriotic Canadians of all creeds. In 1884 Ryerson fell, and the eyes and hearts of all Canada turned to Toronto at the time of his burial, and all lips exclaimed, "How is the mighty man fallen!" In 1891 Sir John A. Macdonald died, and the heart of the whole Dominion pulsated with grief, and the representatives of all political parties assembled about his grave to honour the name and memory of one of our greatest statesmen.

But on February 13, 1894, there was buried a man in some respects mightier than any of these. By his own command his funeral was without pageantry. No nodding plumage, no sombre habiliments of mourning were there, but quietly his remains were taken to his tomb from his home and from the scene of his greatest toil, the halls of the Wesleyan Theological College. Greatest of all he was in natural endowment, in power of will, in gift of language, in fearless denunciation of what he deemed wrong, and in triumph of spirit over physical sufferings.

In complying with the request of the Editor of the METHODIST MAGAZINE to furnish some reminiscences of his life, I respond the more readily because so much of my life has been associated with his, enough to justify the intrusion into this article of some personal references. The Rev. George Douglas was stationed in Kingston, 1854-57. He had been received as a candidate for the ministry in 1848. Almost at once he went to England, whence he was sent after "special ordination" to Bermuda. In the British Minutes of 1849 and 1850, in which his name appears, this island was associated, as now and since, with Nova Scotia, though previously connected with the Bahama District.

After labouring in Bermuda for a year and a half, he returned to Montreal in 1853. On account of ill-health he then desisted from work for one year. Resuming his probation and being received into full connection, he was appointed to Kingston, 1854-57. From 1857 to 1863 he was in the pastorate in Toronto and Hamilton. In 1863 he superannuated for one year. He

then spent nine years in the pastorate in Montreal, 1864-73, when he entered on the work of the Wesleyan Theological College.

Out of the forty years since the completion of his probation, I have been associated with him for thirty years: twenty years in the College, seven years in pastoral work on the Montreal District, and three when he was my pastor in Kingston, so that I have known him in his young manhood, in the prime of his pulpit power and in the ripeness of his maturity. I remember him when he was a young man visiting at my father's house. I remember, when I was a boy of fifteen years attending the Queen's College School, how kindly interested he was in my work, at the same time wisely advising me not to allow even examinations to interfere with the prayer-meeting. I remember his skill in conducting a very large Bible-class, of which the Secretary was one called by us at school "Bill Curran," but more respectfully afterwards known in the Anglican Church as the Rev. W. B. Curran. I remember Dr. Douglas at prayer-meetings, especially on Sunday night, standing on a plain bench in the old Sydenham Street Church basement, and with overwhelming power exhorting sinners to be reconciled to God. I remember his bringing to Kingston as his bride one of the noblest women that ever served God, or His Church, or humanity. He often conversed with me about his Kingston experiences, and loved to linger on the honoured names of Counter and Denn, my father and Anglin, the Chowns and Mrs. Doran, Patterson and Overend, Gardiner, Wharin, and others.

Many lessons have been forcibly inculcated the last few weeks in scores of Canadian pulpits, from this marvellous life. Some of these were most appropriately and ably presented at the funeral service in the Convocation Hall, by Drs. Carman and Jackson, in the presence of University dons and eighty ministers of different denominations, including a Jewish Rabbi. I can add nothing to these lessons so feelingly enforced. In addition to the points of character they have so appropriately emphasized, I may, however, mention two or three which have come within my own cognizance.

First, underlying all Dr. Douglas' thoughts and plans, there was intense devotion to Methodism. I do not mean that his relation to other Churches lacked in fraternal courtesy. On the contrary, when appearing in a representative capacity, as he had frequent occasion of doing, he always manifested the greatest brotherhood and catholicity. At the same time the absorbing thought was ever present with him: How can we advance the interests of our Church; most of all its spiritual and educational interests? How many scores of times we have counselled

together about schemes of suburban extension in Montreal, or proposals involving the increased educational influence of Methodism! In this connection he will be most painfully missed, and by no one more than by the writer.

Again, I have had the best opportunity of knowing what was his ideal of ministerial qualification. This was a point most vitally affecting our common work and one in which we were most cordially agreed. Divergence here would have painfully marred the pleasure of our twenty years of college association, but whatever diverse views we sometimes held on extraneous questions, inside the college walls we were absolutely one. Many problems often arose as to curricula, methods, and administration, and in these his practical wisdom was of incalculable value. Our axiomatic principles were these: 1st. No amount of culture could take the place of force of character and the power of the Holy Ghost. 2nd. That men of inferior endowments may be most effective in actual ministerial work. 3rd. These same men would be much more effective by being properly trained, and saved from early failure by discipline. The man conscientiously struggling against great odds as to lack of endowment and advantage had our sympathy as much, at least, as the man whose intellectual brilliancy gave us so much pleasure and pride. Many a man of the former class received from the Principal inspiration and encouragement, which will be to him a life-long benediction. In arousing the men to ambition for moral force and spiritual power, he has more than once wisely asked in his own characteristic manner, "What is the use of your Hebrew and your Greek, if you do not know how to preach?"

Another feature of his life within my observation was that he was a friend of the people. While respected by the rich and those in high official position, he was most kind and cordial in greeting those who socially were most obscure. At the close of the Good Friday love-feast, over which he generally presided, a sort of religious *levée* was held, at which dozens of old pilgrims, whose graces had increased more rapidly than their funds, would crowd around him, eager to grasp his hand. He most delighted to mingle with old companions with whom he had laboured in Griffintown and Quebec suburbs. In the St. James' Church there are some classes largely composed of these old-time Methodists. It was a delight to them and to him that he occasionally dropped in to one of these classes on a Sunday morning or afternoon. With a hatred of perfunctory conventionalities, and a love of revivals and sympathy with Christian socialism he became the idol of the people.

In his closing illness I saw him, when he was cheerful though very weak. I saw him when he lay unconscious in his closing hours; and five days before he died he dictated to me a note, showing how devoted he was to College interests, and alluding to some matters relating to our work. But the note begins ominously, "I write to you out of the darkness," and ends, "I fear I shall be long silent." No wonder just then it seemed dark, for he was battling hard for life and struggling with the King of Terrors, but he proved at length "At evening time it shall be light," and out of the darkness of years of blindness and sore affliction he passed into the glory of eternal day. Though literally true, "I shall be long silent," what an echo of his life message is still heard and will long be heard in millions of hearts, for "he being dead yet speaketh."

 COMING.

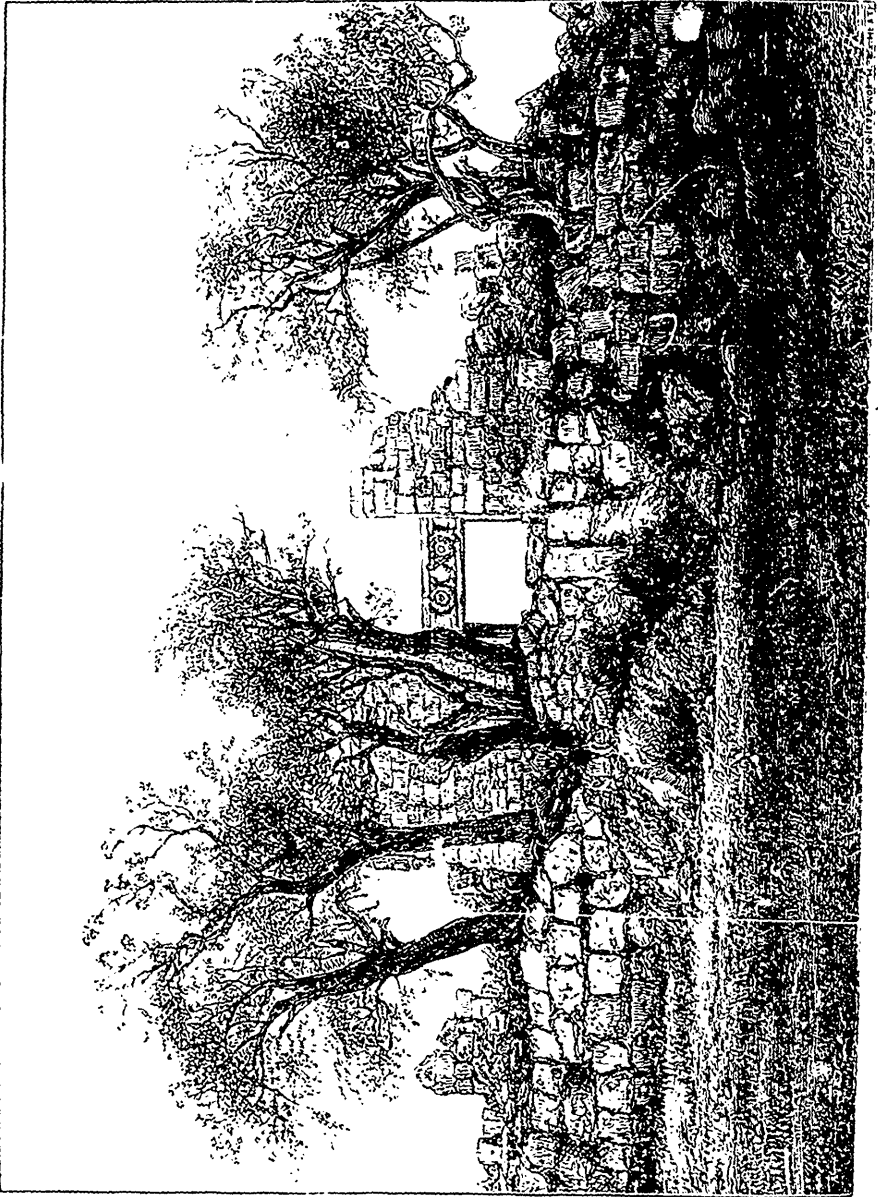
"Be ye ready, for ye know not the day nor the hour."

It may be in the evening,
 When the work of the day is done,
 And you have time to sit in the twilight,
 And watch the sinking sun,
 While the long, bright day dies slowly
 Over the sea,
 And the hour grows quiet and holy
 With thoughts of Me:
 While you hear the village children
 Passing along the street,
 Among those thronging footsteps
 May come the sound of My feet;
 Therefore I tell you—Watch
 By the light of the evening star,
 When the room is growing dusky
 As the clouds afar;
 Let the door be on the latch
 In your home,
 For it may be in the gloaming
 I will come.

It may be when the midnight
 Is heavy upon the land,
 And the black waves lying dumbly
 Along the sand;

When the moonless night draws
 close,
 And the lights are out in the
 house,
 When the fires burn low and red,
 And the watch is ticking loudly
 Beside the bed;
 Though you sleep, tired out, on your
 couch,
 Still your heart must wake and
 watch
 In the dark room,
 For it may be at midnight
 I will come.

It may be in the morning,
 When the sun is bright and strong,
 And the dew is glittering sharply
 Over the little lawn;
 With a long day's work before you,
 You rise up with the sun,
 And the neighbours come in to talk
 Of all that must be done.
 But remember that I may be the next
 To come in at the door,
 To call you from all your busy work
 Forevermore.



RUINS OF SYNAGOGUE AT SHILOH.

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THROUGH SAMARIA.

RUINS AT SHILOH.

We left our mountain eyrie at Singil early for one of our most interesting rides through Palestine. In about an hour we reached a mound covered with crumbling ruins—all that was left of the famous Shiloh. Near by is an Arab village which still bears the name of Seilun. This desolate hill is, then, the site of the earliest Hebrew tabernacle. Here, seven hundred years before the founding of Rome, the elders of Israel cast lots before the Lord in Shiloh for the division of the land, and here the tabernacle was set up. Here, for three hundred years, from the time of Joshua to Samuel, was the sanctuary and centre of Hebrew worship. On the shoulder of the mound is a levelled terrace where, doubtless, the tabernacle was pitched, for no other spot near by was of sufficient size. An open well, shown in our cut, is, no doubt, the spot where the daughters of Shiloh came out to dance and were carried away as brides by the Benjamites. From this well the youthful Samuel may have drawn water for Eli.

Among the most tender memories, coming to us through three thousand years, is that of the pious Hannah, coming over the



THE WELL AT SHILOH.

very route which we have traversed with her little three-year-old boy Samuel, the child of many prayers, to "lend him to the Lord all the days of his life," according to her vow, and bringing year by year his little coat into which was sewn so much of mother-love and care. Here were heard, in the silence of the sanctuary, the mysterious voices as God called the child and revealed that He would do a thing in Israel "at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle." And here was consummated the sad tragedy, as poor, blind old Eli fell backward and broke his neck through sorrow that the ark of the Lord was taken by the Philistines. It made the whole story very real to know that these deep ravines and rugged hills and spreading plains were those over which Joshua and Eli and Samuel had often gazed.

The desolation of this once sacred spot is a striking fulfilment of the statement, that God would "forsake the tabernacle of Shiloh, the tent which he placed among men." In the days of Jeremiah its overthrow was a proverb and a warning to the degenerate people of Israel: "Go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel." Jer. vii. 12.

In the neighbourhood are numerous rock-tombs, and in one of these, doubtless, still sleep the remains of the venerable, sorrow-stricken Eli. Truly "Ichabod" was written upon its ruined greatness and its glory has forever departed.

On the slope of the hill were the ruins of an ancient building, with thick walls and heavy buttresses, which is described as having been successively a synagogue, a mosque and a church.

The lintel over the door is ornamented with an amphora, like the conventional "pot of manna," engraved on many of the synagogues, with a scroll on either side. This is known as the Mosque of the Forty Companions of the Prophet. The entire mound is covered with shapeless ruins, over which we climbed and, assisted by Arab boys, dug up a number of bulbs of strange black lilies which grow there in abundance. They were exactly the shape of the Egyptian calla lily, but of a deep, velvety black. The following spring several of these bloomed beautifully in Toronto, and on Palm Sunday, a splendid specimen from the conservatory of Mr. H. A. Massey was placed on the pulpit of the Metropolitan Church.



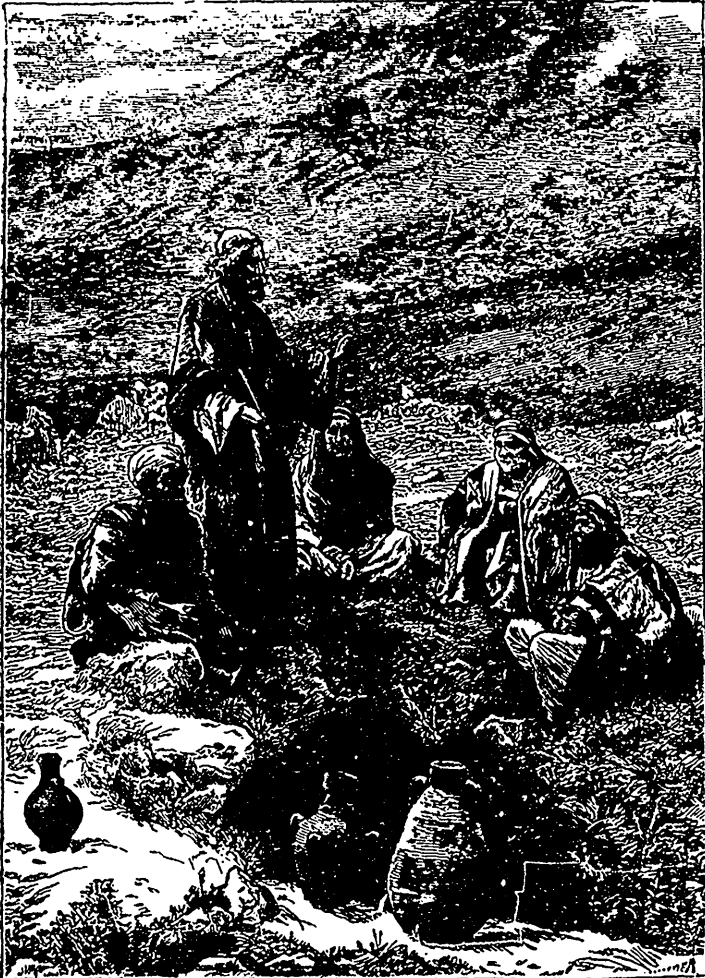
RUINS AT SHILOH.

We rode on over a broad plain, unbroken by wall or fence. Not a house was to be seen. Among the hills were the villages in which for security and company the peasants dwelt. Scores of ploughmen were in the fields upturning the red earth, reminding one that Elisha, when called by Elijah, was "ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth."

No wonder that the thrifty Jacob chose this fertile vale of Shechem, backed by the noble slopes of Ebal and Gerizim, as a dwelling-place, and "bought a parcel of a field," and dug a well for his flocks and herds which still bears his name.

The day was hot, as at noon we rode up to this sacred spot. The most potent memory was of Him, who "being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour." This is almost the only place which can be unquestion-

ably connected with the life of our Lord. It is strange that it should be left in such utter neglect as is shown in our illustration. An irregular opening in the ground admits one to a vaulted chamber, about ten feet square, in which is the real entrance to the sacred well. As late as 1838 it was reported by Robinson to



JACOB'S WELL.

be 105 feet deep. It is now only about 75, having been filled with rubbish which has fallen or been thrown in. It is seven and a half feet in diameter and lined with masonry.

Around lie the ruins of an early Christian church, buried under heaps of rubbish. But better far that the site should

remain thus neglected than to be overladen with paltry marble, like the sacred sites of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth. Doubtless, in the days of our Lord it had its surrounding curbstone, probably grooved, like that of Beersheba, with the leathern ropes by which water was drawn. It remains for ever the type of that living water "springing up into everlasting life."

It lends new vividness to the narrative to look upon the broad wheat fields and recall the words uttered here, "Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest;" and then to look upon Mount Gerizim, to which the woman pointed, saying, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship"

Near this place is Asker, the ancient Sychar, the home of the Samaritan woman. A few rods distant is a low, domed structure, which by Jew and Moslem alike is designated as the Tomb of Joseph. Within its single chamber is an ordinary Moslem tomb, identified as that in which Joseph was buried. After forty years of wandering in the wilderness the embalmed body of the beloved Joseph, wrapped in royal spices and encased in a costly sarcophagus, found its resting-place, although, as we have seen, Mohammedan tradition avers that it was subsequently carried to Hebron and placed with that of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the cave of Machpelah. "And the bones of Joseph which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem, for an hundred pieces of silver; and it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph." Josh. xxiv. 32. At Jacob's Well we partook of our frugal lunch without "sending into the city to buy bread."

It gives one a sort of mental shock to find on this very ancient site that very modern institution a telegraph station, linking the busy present with the remote past. To this fertile vale it was that Jacob came with his "two bands," after he had crossed the Jabbok and wrestled all night with the mysterious Unknown, and received his new name, no longer Supplanter, but Soldier-of-God. Charles Wesley's sublime hymn on this theme, "Come, O thou Traveller unknown," is one of the noblest ever written. Peniel we did not see, as it was in the lawless Bedouin region beyond the Jordan.

After lunch we rode through fields of flowering beans and young wheat up the steep ascent of Mount Gerizim, about one thousand feet above the plain, while the tents and baggage went forward to the camp at Nablous. The Judge protested vigorously

against our invasion of the property-rights of the peasant owners, and declared that if anyone should so trespass on his fields of growing grain he would prosecute them. But the fellaheen are



THE BROOK JABROK. GEN. XXXI. 22.

so accustomed to being bullied by the Turks that it never occurs to them to protest. As we climbed we could not but contrast the luxuriant growth on Gerizim with the sterility of the opposite Mount Ebal, as if the blessings and the cursings of which they

were the theatre still adhered to these mountains respectively. Could that be the reason one was chosen for the blessing, the other for cursing? It must have been an impressive scene, the great multitude of Israel in the valley, and the priests on the slope of the opposite mountains. It has been demonstrated by experiment, though infidels have made merry over the assumed incredibility of the narrative, that in the pure, vibrant air words uttered on Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim can be distinctly heard by a listener in the valley, and even from one mountain to the other.

Here, too, Jotham uttered from Gerizim his parable to the people of the town of Shechem below. We could observe the olive and the fig tree, the vines and the brambles, such as doubtless suggested the parable to his mind.



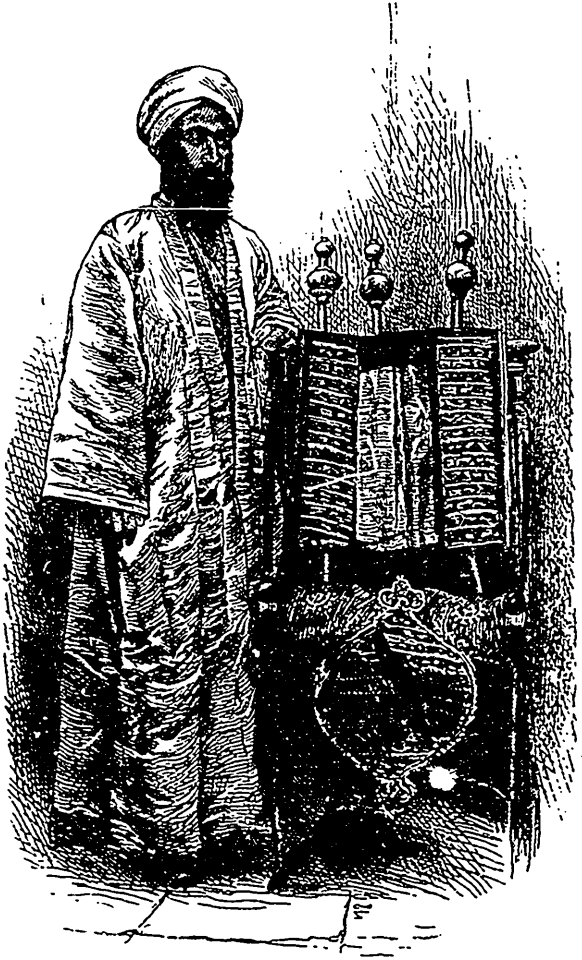
RUINS ON SUMMIT OF MOUNT GERIZIM.

As we climbed, the horizon widened till nearly the whole extent of Palestine was visible: in the west, the blue Mediterranean and coast-line from Cæsarea to Jaffa, and the great plain, with Mount Carmel standing boldly out to the north-west; in the east, the mountains of Bashan and Gilead, and the purple wall of Moab, the Valley of the Jordan, the hills of Galilee; and in the far north the snowy summit of Mount Hermon.

We had the good fortune to find encamped in tents upon the summit the whole community of Samaritans, the smallest and the oldest sect in the world, once a powerful people, with synagogues in Damascus, Cairo, Rome and elsewhere, now reduced to 150 souls. Through the jealous rejection by the Jews of the proffered aid of the Samaritans in rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem, the latter sect built and founded a Holy Sanctuary of their own. On the summit of Gerizim stood their temple, whose ruins still strew the ground. The breach widened until it became

a proverb, "that the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans." This gave a special point to the parable of our Lord, which has given to mankind forever that type of unselfish charity, "The Good Samaritan."

For eighteen hundred years since the destruction of Jerusalem



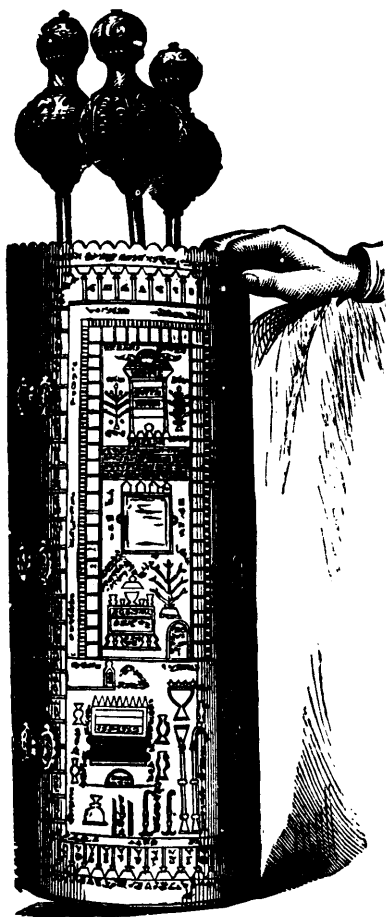
SAMARITAN PRIEST.

the Jews have ceased to celebrate their sacrifices, but the Samaritans keep them up to this day. The sheik and the high priest of the tribe explained the ceremony, and showed us the bare, scarp'd, sacred rock on the summit of the mount, where just at sunset the lambs of the sin-offering are slain and roasted and eaten. The Samaritans claim that this mountain is the Moriah

on which Abraham offered up Isaac. They also claim to have the oldest copy of the Pentateuch extant, said to have been written by Abishua, the grandson of Aaron, but it is really comparatively modern. For a consideration they showed it to us. It is a yellow parchment scroll, wrapped in red satin, embroidered with gold, preserved in a silver case, said to be of Venetian workmanship, as shown in the cut, with embossed designs of the tabernacle in the wilderness, with the ark, the altars of incense and burnt offering, the laver and sacred utensils, the table of shewbread, and the seven-branched candlestick.

The sheik conversed quite freely. I asked him his opinion about Jesus Christ who talked with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well, within sight. He said he didn't know anything about that. They believed only the five books of Moses. The Messiah was yet to come, no man knew when. There was a man in London (Dr. Cummings) who said He would come in twenty years, but that was thirty years ago. He expected to visit the World's Fair, at Chicago, he said, but I did not hear of his doing so. He was a venerable-looking man, and had, he said, five sons, yet there were no Samaritan girls to whom they could be married. He introduced us to the high-priest and elders of the people, handsome but effeminate-looking men. The boys and girls, however, were remarkably bright and beautiful, with dark eyes, black hair and creamy complexions.

A space about 800 feet long, on the summit of Gerizim, is covered with an inextricable mass of ruins, and crowned with a



CYLINDER, INCLOSING THE SAMARITAN PENTATEUCH.



SACRED ROCK OF THE SAMARITANS.

large castle 200 feet square, with flanking towers. Within this is an octagonal church, with side chapels, and white dome which shines from afar. In this space are a number of crusaders' graves. The church is said to have been built by Justinian, about 533. Near some old masonry are shown twelve stones, said to be those which Joshua brought from the Jordan. But these were said (Deut. xxvii. 4) to have been placed on Mount Ebal. I counted no less than seventeen terraces with stone retaining walls on the slopes of the hill. There are also the remains of a gigantic flight of steps which probably led down to Jacob's Well and Joseph's Tomb.

The Rev. Alexander B. McEwen gives in "Good Words" an account of a Samaritan passover sacrifice and feast which he witnessed last April :

"The High Priest was a grand-looking personage. He stood at the Tabernacle door, reading aloud, in a shifting monotone, passages from Exodus and Numbers with regard to the Passover. Huddled together at his feet were seven fat lambs, and a plentiful supply of hyssop was heaped upon them. Meantime, the hour of sunset approached, and all seemed to be ready. Then all was silent save the voice of the High Priest, whose words grew louder, rising rapidly from a low, plaintive groan into a fervent entreaty that the Lord would rescue His beloved from their slavery.

"When the sun came quite near the horizon, one of the turbaned men ran to the top of a neighbouring knoll, from which the Mediterranean could be seen, and watched the sinking sun. The High Priest's narrative had reached the very point at which the first celebration is described. He stopped and all was deadly still. Then suddenly the man on the knoll raised his arm to signify that the sun had touched the sea, and in a moment seven knives flashed into the air; the seven lambs sank with a gurgle on the grass; a great sigh or shout of thankfulness rose into the air; and the High Priest renewed his reading in a passionate and triumphant tone, as of a man who had heard that the Lord had smitten the first-born of Egypt.

“When he began to read, a turbaned man ran swiftly out of the Tabernacle with a bowl of the blood and a handful of hyssop, and passed from tent to tent, scoring the top of each tent door with a deep blood stain. The congregation fell upon one another's necks, and kissed each other with deep emotion, many with tears in their eyes, and a look of immense relief as of those who have passed through a crisis much to be remembered. Meanwhile some dozen men had fallen upon the carcasses. They fell upon them with a wild enthusiasm, pouring hot water over them, and dexterously removing the fleeces. When the unclean parts and the right shoulders had been removed, they were fastened on the wooden spits, placed carefully in the stone-built hole or oven.



SAMARITANS AT WORSHIP ON MOUNT GERIZIM.

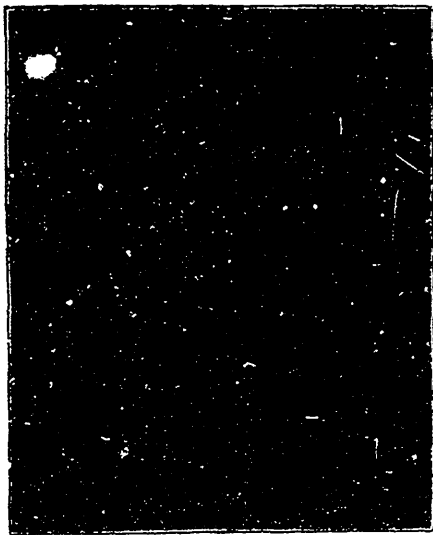
“Towards midnight, a cry arose that the lambs were nearly roasted. The noise of prayer grew louder, and the men gathered round the Tabernacle. At a sign from the High Priest the cover of the pit was removed. The lambs were lifted out and placed upon mats. The prayers ceased suddenly with the word, “Ye shall eat it,” and in a few minutes, without further ceremony, every man in the company had a chop or shank or piece of flesh in his mouth, eating rather greedily till the first burst of hunger was satisfied. They ate the lamb with herbs, unleavened bread, and liberal draughts of white wine. When the men were fully satisfied, portions were carried to the women, who had been standing in the doors of their tents, and then the fire was kindled again. Every scrap that had

not been eaten was brought together ; they hunted by torchlight for stray morsels, like men searching for gold. All was carefully burnt, for the law of Moses says : ' Ye shall let nothing remain until the morning ; there shall not anything of the flesh remain all night.' When this was over they met again in the Tabernacle for a long diet of prayer, which did not close till daybreak. Before midday their houses at Nablous were reopened, and they had returned to their ordinary avocations, leaving Mount Gerizim to be a grazing-ground for cattle till another feast-day should come round."

There is something exceedingly pathetic in the assembly of this 150 souls, all that is left of the once powerful Samaritan people, maintaining the sole survival, 3,400 years after its institution, of the old Mosaic passover, unheeding the momentous fact that Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us and that in the great antitype and substance all type and shadows are done away.

Although we had contributed liberally to the Samaritan school, the bright-eyed lads and lasses demanded further backsheesh. When we declined they followed us with curses and stones, which we rode off rapidly to avoid, especially the stones.

It was a glorious ride down the mountain to our camping - place, west of Nablous. Abdallah halted at the fine new Turkish barracks, and engaged a couple of soldiers to act as guards. The favourite camping - place being already occupied, we found



OUR TURKISH GUARD.

our tents pitched on the roadside on a terrace overlooking the closely-built city. The governor of the town and his orderly made a call of ceremony to our camp and talked with great fluency with Abdallah. Our guards, rather rough-looking fellows, kept up a monotonous drone half the night, and went to sleep the other half themselves. Our watchful Abdallah actually removed the fezzes from their heads. In the morning they looked very sheepish when they came for their pay.

Nablous, the ancient Shechem, one of the oldest cities of the world, strangely bears the name "New City,"—"Neapolis,"—

“Nablous,”—the name given on its conquest by the Emperor Vespasian. Shechem, it will be remembered, was one of the six cities of refuge, and has always been the centre of a busy population, commanding an important pass between the north and south, and is the centre of a rich and magnificent country. It has a population of about eighteen thousand, and is especially famed for its olives, from which quantities of oil and soap are made. Enormous mounds of ashes, heaped up outside the town, show the antiquity of this trade. Large quantities of cotton are also grown. A rippling stream near by made refreshing music and supplied a quaint old grist mill.



NABLOUS, THE VALLEY OF SHECHEM, WITH MOUNTS EBAL AND GERIZIM.

The air was fragrant with orange and lemon blossoms as we walked through the orchards to the ancient town, its narrow, stony, vaulted streets, and busy bazaars looking as old as the oldest parts of Hebron or Jerusalem. Abdallah bought some of the Eastern confectionery, for which the place is locally famous. Being the feast of Rameḏan it was not lawful to exchange money—our English gold for small coins—so Abdallah said to the money-dealer in the street corner, “I make you a present of a pound,” when he replied, “I make *you* a present of a pound,” and by this convention preserved the proprieties. Many of these coins were thin silver discs, beaten convex to fit the forehead, and strung on a cord. The Arab women often wore their fortunes in their faces, or rather in coins on their foreheads. For lack of the

genuine article one wore little discs of lead foil. Madame was a special object of interest in the bazaars, where an unveiled woman is seldom seen.

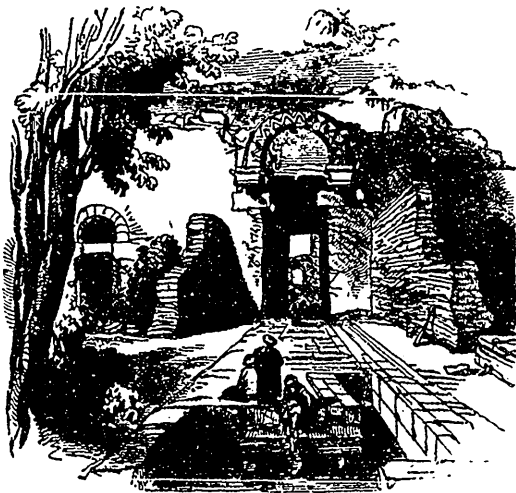
The great mosque was originally a church of the Crusaders, and its portal consists of three handsome arched recesses, with Romanesque sculpture. Within the court is a cistern for the usual Mohammedan ablutions. Another ancient church is *said* to mark the place where Joseph's blood-stained coat of many colours was brought to his father. In the first century Justin Martyr, the early Christian apologist, was born in Shechem.

I had engaged some Arab boys to procure for me some more lily bulbs like some I left drying in my tent. On my return the young rascals sold me a very fine collection which I found were my own bulbs which they had stolen. The hands of these children of Ishmael are still against every man.

A ride of six miles across limestone hills, with bands of

brown flint, brought us to extensive ruins on the slopes and summit of an isolated hill, about five hundred feet above the plain. This is Sebastiyeh, the ancient Samaria, a hamlet of about sixty houses. Riding up a steep slope we passed over mounds of ruins, in many cases beautiful columns and carved stones being imbedded in the road or rolling down the hillside. We rode through a colonnade, the remains of a splendid avenue of Corinthian columns, once, says Lieut. Conder, five thousand feet long, and forty feet wide, attributed to Herod the Great, leading from his own to his wife's palace.

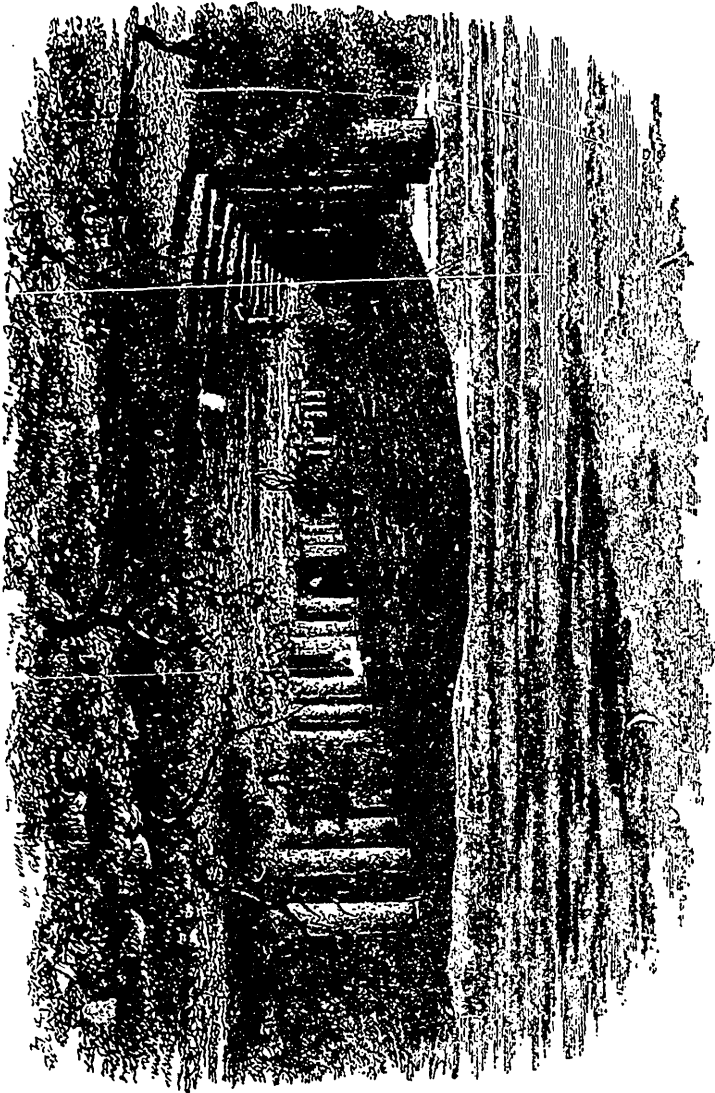
About eighty of these columns are yet standing, and many others prostrate. On an eastern slope are many additional columns which seem to have surrounded a great amphitheatre. These are all attributed to Herod, the great builder, to whom he city of Samaria was given by Augustus, and named, in



GATE OF NABLOUS.

honour of his patron, Sebaste, the translation of his title. The most conspicuous building is the ruined church of St. John, probably of crusading origin. We descended into an underground crypt, twenty steps below the surface. Tradition avers

COLONNADE OF HEROD THE GREAT, AT SAMARIA.



that here St. John was buried, although he was unquestionably slain at Machærus, in the land of Moab, and probably there buried.

As we climbed through the wheatfields and tangled growth of the Acropolis of old Samaria its tragic history came vividly

before our mind. Built by Omri, as the capital of the kingdom of Israel, about 925 B.C., it became the court of the wicked Ahab and Jezebel, and the seat of the flagrant idolatry against which Elijah and Elisha waged incessant war. The rugged route by which the army of Ben-Hadad marched all the way to the Jordan can be seen, and to the credulous is even shown the chamber without the gate where the lepers sat. The road had greatly changed for the worse since Naaman came "with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha" at Samaria.



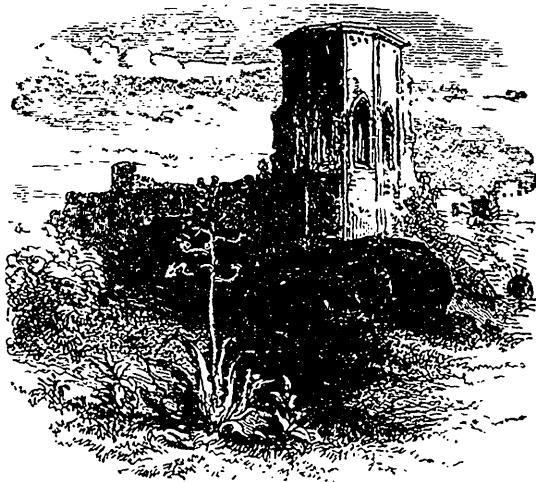
CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, AT SEBASTIYEH.

It lends new life to the old story to read on this site the account of the wonderful siege of Samaria by Ben-Hadad, of the leading of the blinded Syrian army from the hill of Dothan to the walls of the city, and of the dreadful famine, when woman forgot her pitifulness and devoured her own child. It was again taken and devastated by Sargon, the Assyrian, B.C. 722, after a siege of three years, and again by Hyrcanus in the time of the Maccabees, and here St. Philip preached the Gospel. (Acts viii. 5.) It afterwards became a Roman fortress, and I deciphered on a slab

a Latin inscription commemorating the fact that the sixteenth legion in the reign of Antoninus was quartered here.

The prophecies of Hosea have been literally fulfilled: "Samaria shall become desolate; for she hath rebelled against her God;" and also the prophecy of Micah: "I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard: and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof." And there they were, carved stones literally rolled down the hillside, the proud, wicked city become as an heap of the field, the wheat growing amid her marble palaces. We were summoned back to the realities of the present by the importunate Arab children begging for backsheesh. One pretty little girl had a rather nondescript doll.

In the afternoon we rode across a verdant meadow, enamelled with a profusion of poppies, white and scarlet anemones, and other familiar or strange flowers, and soon reached a large well and water-wheel in the midst of a plain which would afford pasture for thousands of sheep and goats. This was Dothan, whither



RUINS OF SAMARIA.

Joseph travelled from distant Hebron to "see if it were well with his brethren and well with the flocks." Here he was cast into a pit, doubtless like many dry vaults in which grain was stored, and then sold to the Ishmaelites for the paltry sum of about \$25.00. (Gen. xxxvi.) Yonder straggling caravan was probably like the very one by which he was carried down into Egypt. "Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass as it is this day, to save much people alive." How the old story came vividly before us across the intervening thirty-six centuries.

Here, eight hundred years later, this mound was begirt with horses and chariots and the great host of Ben-Hadad. "When the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone

forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." 2 Kings vi. 15.

Three hours' travelling brings us to a point where we have a splendid view of the great plain of Esdraclon, a threshing floor of the nations which has been fought over foot by foot, age after age, for three thousand years, from the time of Gideon and the Amalekites down to Napoleon and Mahomet Ali. It was the most fertile plain we saw in all Palestine. Beneath our eyes rolled away the green waves of a vast wheat field of 18,000 acres, without fence or wall or house. The blue vault of heaven was vocal with the songs of birds which swept with scythe-like wing through the air, some so high that they were fairly out of sight—a voice and nothing more. Though weary with the long day's ride we were fascinated with the beauty of the scene.

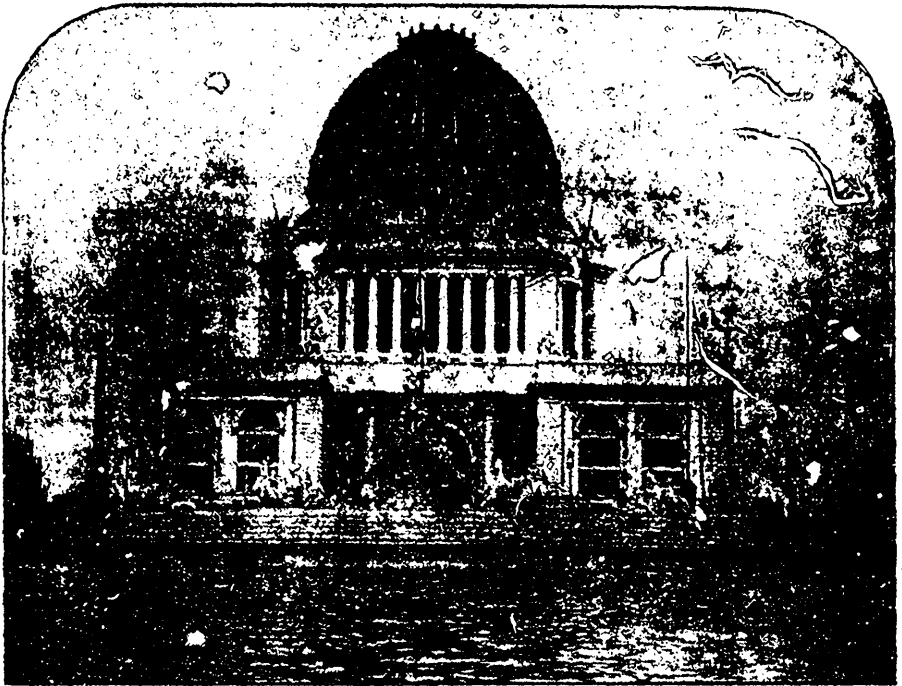
Just before reaching Genin, the ancient En-Gannin, "the Fountain of the Gardens," we had to ford an affluent of the swift-rolling Kishon—"that ancient river, the River Kishon,"—as bridges are unheard of under the corrupt Turkish Government. After much prancing and plunging we all got safely over, except our Chicago friend, who accepted an invitation to ride on the shoulders of one of our muleteers. In mid-stream his two-legged steed asked for backsheesh, and at the same moment, stumbling in the water, threw his rider over his head. Beyond a slight wetting nobody was a bit the worse, but the muleteer, felt very much chagrined, for a most careful and faithful creature he was.

Genin seems to have been named from a magnificent spring which nourishes the splendid palms and gardens. I observed a hedge of prickly pears—a giant cactus—twelve feet high. The town has a population of about 2,500. It is an important centre of trade with the trans-Jordanic Arabs and the post of a Turkish garrison, two of whom we again had as guards, for the neighbourhood has an unsavoury reputation. Here we met a handsome boy going to America to study for a medical missionary.

WHERE words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

THE WHITE CITY THROUGH A CAMERA.

I

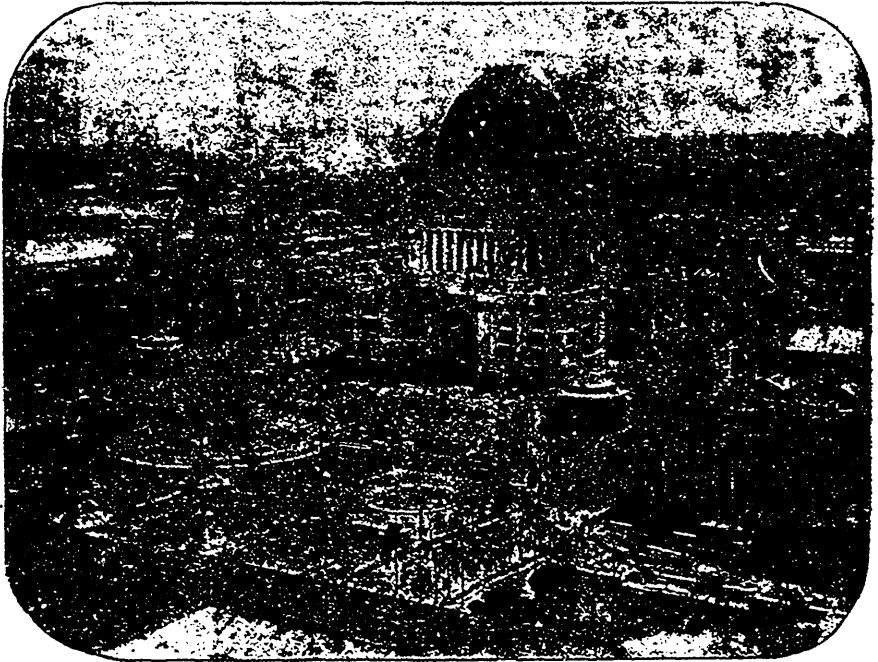


ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

THE interest felt in the beautiful White City on the shores of Lake Michigan seems to have increased rather than diminished since the close of the Fair. The great magazines and pictorial papers have been filled with illustrations, and quite an epidemic of limelight views has broken out in almost every city in the United States and Canada. We therefore give a very complete series of views of this phantom city, which rose like an exhalation on the earth and like an exhalation disappeared. The first and last and predominant impression was of the grandiose magnificence of the buildings and especially of the great group around the Court of Honour as seen in many noble vistas. The material of which these buildings was made contributed greatly to their impressiveness. The whole Fair seemed to be built of fairest Pentellic marble, although really only of plaster of Paris. We have heard of a little girl who, when she came upon the grounds, said, "Oh, mamma, this must be like heaven!" In a

certain accommodated sense, we suppose it was. All the nations of the earth shall bring their excellency and their glory into the New Jerusalem on high, and it shall be the eternal embodiment of righteousness and truth and the highest civilization of all the ages. So here the masterpieces of art, the achievements of science, the beauties of nature, the highest and best thought of the world found their embodiment.

The administrative skill, which created in a few months this vast and ordered system of grace and beauty, was one of the



PANORAMIC VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

most wonderful features of the great World's Fair. The heart and centre of the whole institution was the magnificent Administration Building shown in our first cut. Its conspicuous feature was the great golden dome, 120 feet in diameter, 250 feet high, a fitting crown and apex of the pavilions below. The interior beauty of arch and fresco rivalled that of the exterior. As lit up at night with hundreds of blazing lights, or as reflecting its golden radiance in the sunlight, it was a thing of beauty from every point of view. It might in one respect, however, have been improved. The corresponding dome at the Paris Exposition had a winged figure springing from the summit, and as illumined

at night by a circle of hidden lights, it seemed to float and soar in the ether, the very embodiment of lightness and grace.

On either side of the great arched doors were allegorical groups representing the elements—earth, air, fire and water—and above, figures of commerce, justice, religion, science, art, truth, education, theology, etc. Greeting one at the very entrance to the grounds, flanked on either side by stately façades, it was the culminating point of artistic magnificence. The building cost nearly half a million dollars.

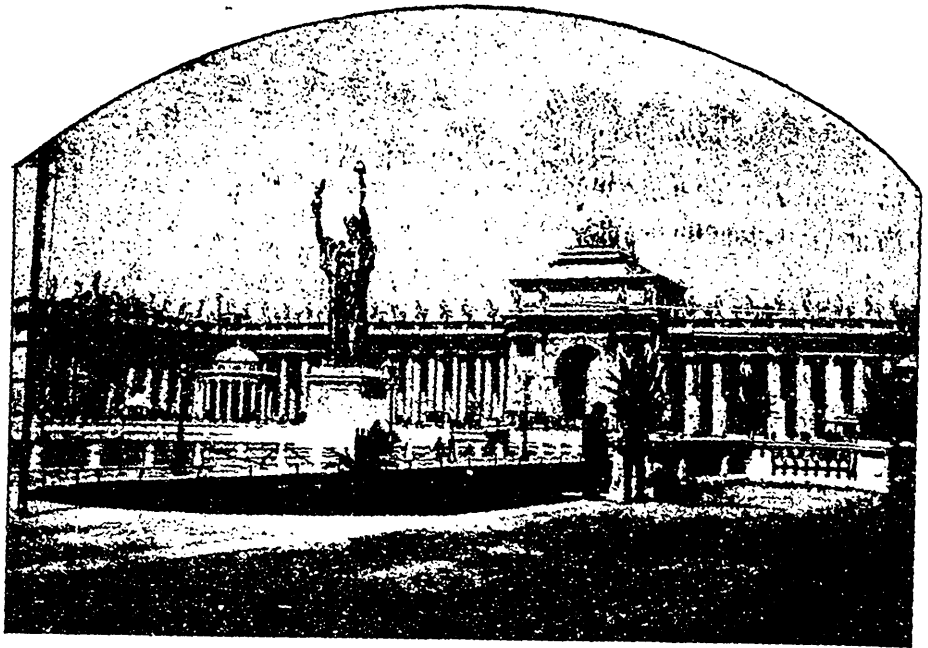
Another very impressive effect was that looking directly from this building over the Court of Honour to the peristyle at the extreme east. It was so arranged that in this Court of Honour the façades of all the buildings should be sixty feet in height—fifty feet being allowed for the columns and ten feet for the freize. This pleased the eye just as cadences softened by distance charm the ear.

In the middle distance was the magnificent statue of the Republic, isolated in the middle of the lagoon. Its stately beauty would satisfy the sculptors of the old Greek school. Apart from the pedestal it was sixty-five feet high, covered with burnished gold. The figure wore a look of majestic and serene content. Some idea of its size can be had from the statement that from the chin to the top of the head was fifteen feet, the arms were thirty feet long, the nose was thirty inches long, and the length of the forefinger forty-five inches. In the right hand there was room for four men. Inside the figure was a stairway to admit the attendant who saw to the lighting of the electric diadem on the head. He passed through the neck up a stairway and through a door to the top.

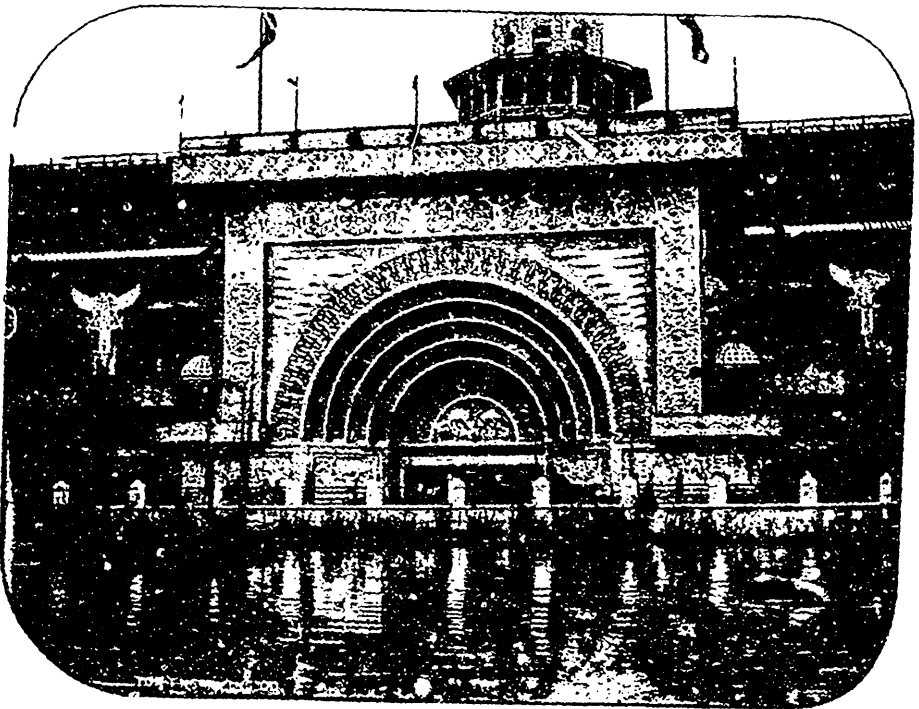
Behind this was a noble peristyle nearly five hundred feet long and sixty feet high, composed of a double row of forty-eight columns. Poised above these, the forty-eight symbolic statues.



STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC.



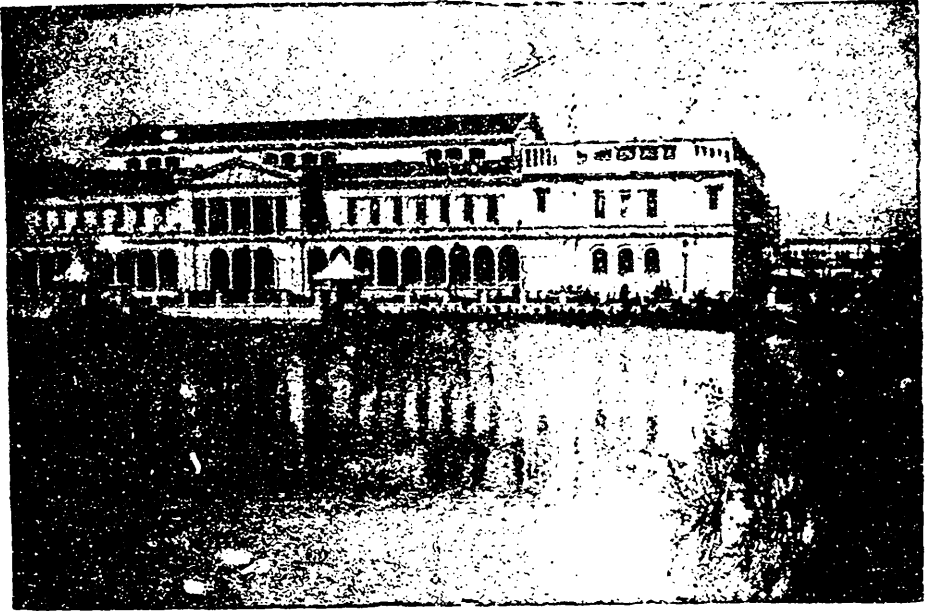
STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE GRAND PERISTYLE.



GOLDEN ENTRANCE TO THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

as seen against the background of the deep blue sky, were wonderfully impressive. Over the great arch was the famous Quadriga, or triumphal chariot, drawn by four magnificent prancing steeds.

The great Palace of Agriculture, five hundred by eight hundred feet in extent, shown to right of cut on page 365, was a wonderful demonstration of the unfailing food supply of the world, and the fact that "while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." The mighty dome rose two hundred feet in the air, and

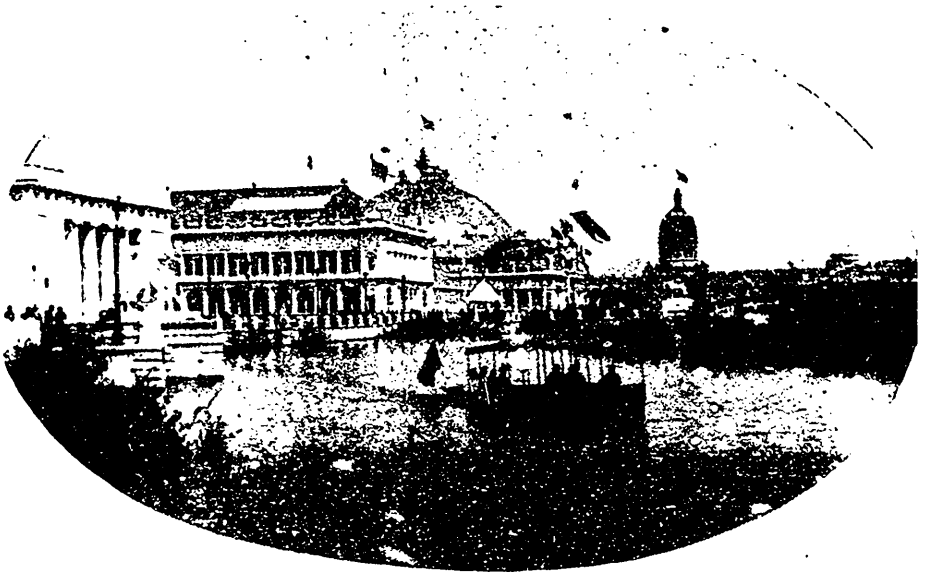


THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

from the top the figure of Diana, daintily poised, veered and swung with every breath of air. One humiliating feature, however, was the perversion of God's good grain into bad beer and worse whiskey, which seemed to be the predominant industry of many of the great cities of the West. It was gratifying to our patriotic pride to see that in this Palace of Agriculture our own country came prominently to the front, as she did in almost every other department—the Fishery Building, the Building of Mines, and in that glory of our land, its Educational exhibit. The largest exhibit of agricultural machinery in the entire building was that of our enterprising townsmen, the Massey-Harris Company,

whose elegant pavilion and wonderful exhibit were the admiration of all beholders. To the artistic skill of a member of this firm, Mr. Walter H. Massey, we are indebted for the beautiful amateur photos which accompany this sketch.

One of the most interesting exhibits was that in the Transportation Building. Here the whole history of transportation, from the rude ox-cart to the palace car, from an Eskimo kiak to the floating palace of the Atlantic steam fleet, were exhibited. Here the development of the locomotive, from the queer old John Bull and Puffing Billy to locomotive 999, which had drawn a train of cars at the rate of $112\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, was on exhibition.

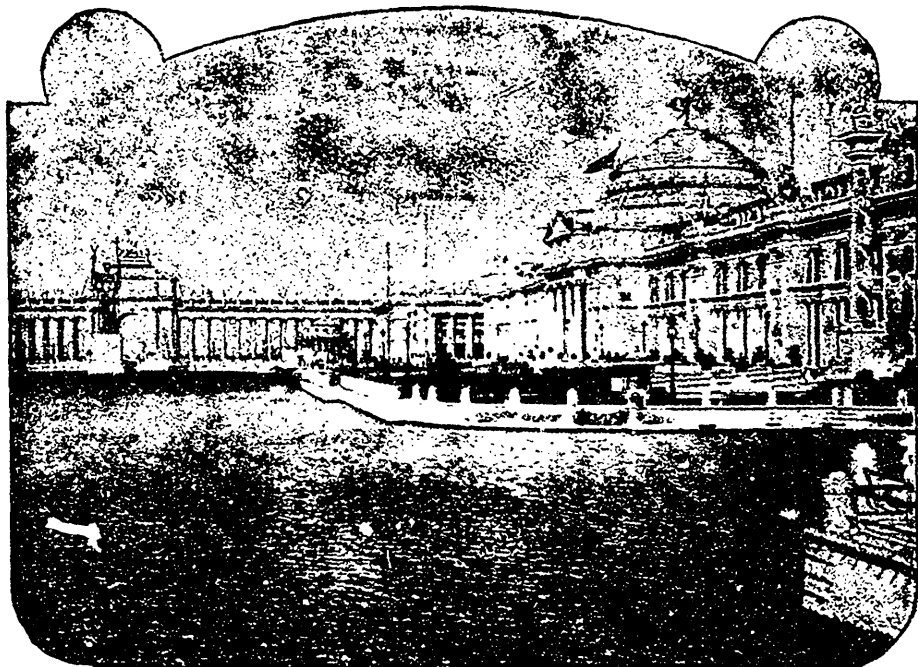


VIEW ON LAGOON, LOOKING NORTHWARD.

This was the only building in which any colour scheme was employed. Winged polychrome figures on a low-toned background were conspicuous on the façade. But the chief feature was the so-called Golden Door, which, by the way, was a misnomer, as the gold seems to have given out and it was covered with silver. Its arch within arch were elaborately decorated with allegorical figures and groups in bas-relief, showing the different modes of transportation from the earliest to the latest times. When strongly illuminated by the electric search-light, it was an object of the utmost magnificence.

To the fair sex the Woman's Building was one of the most attractive. It was a revelation of the capabilities of woman as

architect, as sculptor, as painter, such as the world had never seen before. This building was the headquarters of the many social and moral reforms, which are so conspicuously the crown of glory of womanhood in this nineteenth century. One of the most interesting exhibits in this building, and one which was continually crowded with spectators, was the kindergarten and the *crèche*. In the latter, children were left by their mothers in the care of kind nurses all day, and were duly ticketed and checked, so that the right babies might be returned to their proper owners in the evening.

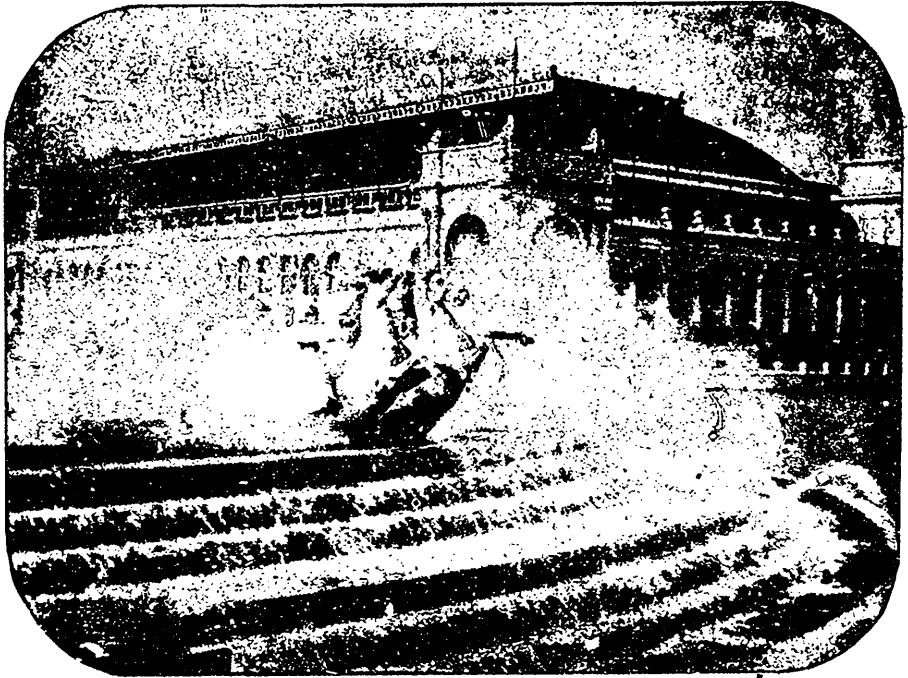


VIEW OF THE GRAND CANAL, AGRICULTURAL BUILDING ON THE RIGHT.

The vista looking northward, shown on page 364, was exceedingly impressive. To the left is the great Music Hall and the Horticultural Palace, with its noble dome 187 feet in diameter and so high that the tallest palms had ample room; beyond this the Woman's Building, and in the distance the coloured dome of the Illinois State Building, and more remote still, that of the Art Palace.

The presence of water, with its shifting lights, and the way in which it lent itself to splendid aquatic pageants, the gliding of the gondolas and the electric launches, added greatly to the

beauty of the scene. Among the most interesting exhibits in the Horticultural Palace were the magnificent double orchids, and all manner of rare and costly plants, also a Japanese garden with dwarf pines and other trees, some two hundred years old but very small for their age. By tying ligatures around the trunk and branches their growth is prevented, and though they have all the gnarled and knotted appearance of old trees, they are not more than two feet high.



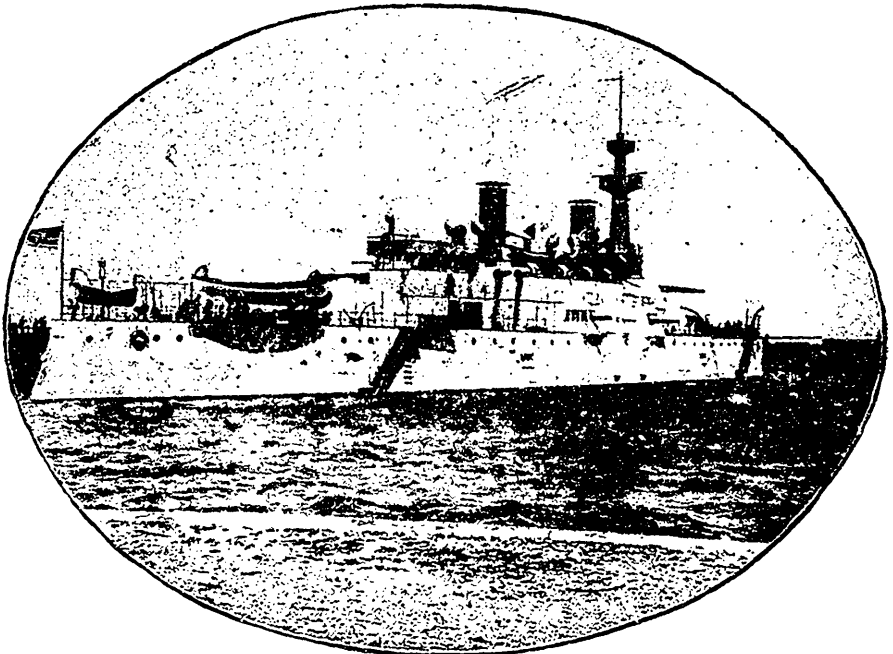
VIEW OF PART OF THE MACMONNIES FOUNTAIN IN FULL PLAY.

The MacMonnies Fountain, shown in part in cut on this page, was a masterpiece of sculpture. On either side were allegorical figures of the arts and industries, at the prow the figure of Progress peered eagerly into the future, while at the helm was Father Time, and aloft, in a very high and uncomfortable-looking chair, sat the figure of Columbia. The cascade and prancing steeds in the cut, and the many coloured electric fountains on either side were a dream of beauty, especially when the sculpture was strongly illuminated with the electric search-light.

That no aspect of national development might be overlooked, the United States Government constructed a full-sized model of

a battleship. It has been called the "fastest ship in the world—so fast that nothing can move it." It was built of brick and plaster, and in equipment and arrangement it was a complete model of a warship, except that it could not sail and could not fight. It would be a blessing to mankind if all the battleships in the world were reduced to the same condition.

From some points of view, one of the most interesting features of the World's Fair was the great congress of nations on the Midway Plaisance, a great street six hundred feet wide and nearly a mile long, lined on either side with reproductions of the

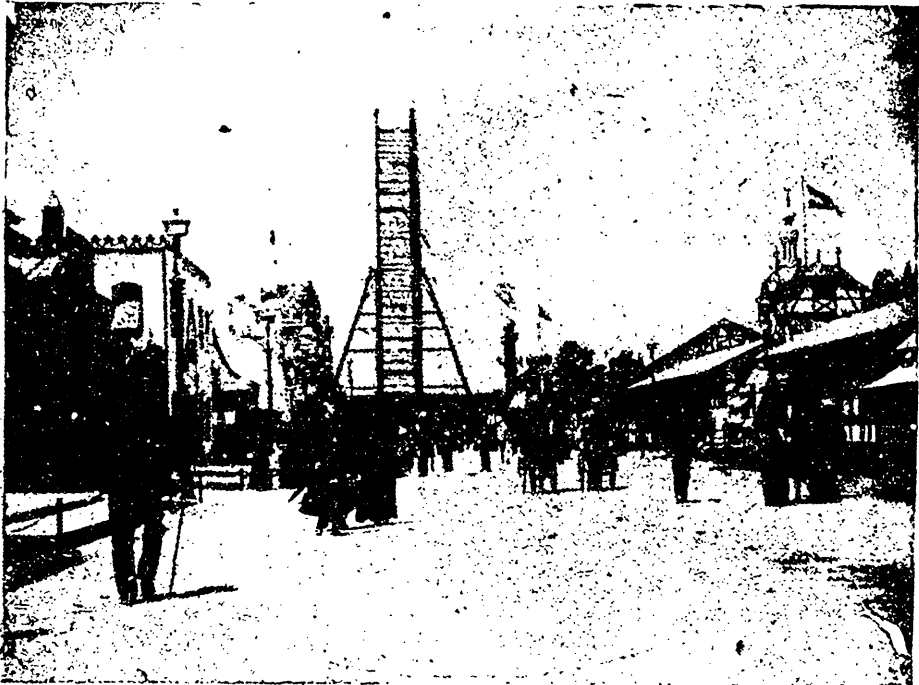


FULL-SIZE MODEL OF UNITED STATES CRUISER "ILLINOIS."

architecture and social conditions of about forty different nations. One of the most interesting of these was the Irish Village, constructed under the inspiration and direction of the accomplished Countess of Aberdeen. Its purpose was to bring conspicuously under the notice of the people of all nations the beautiful art and industry of the deft daughters of the Green Isle. The most delicate lace and embroidery and exquisite dairy produce were here evolved under the eyes of the spectators.

There were in the Plaisance a good many frivolous, not to say pernicious, exhibits, which were decidedly beneath the dignity of the great World's Fair. The reproduction of a street in Cairo,

of a German castle and village, a Javanese building, with its dainty, coffee-coloured people and airy bamboo structures; a Chinese village, a Japanese bazaar, Samoan, Lapland, Eskimo and Dahomey villages; Moorish, Algerian and Arab encampments, with a good deal that was instructive, had certain objectionable features, against which the women on the Directorate vehemently protested till a great improvement was made. We heard of a little girl who aptly described it as a mingling of Bunyan's "Vanity Fair" and the "Arabian Nights."



VIEW ON THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE FERRIS WHEEL.

The most conspicuous mechanical achievement was the famous Ferris Wheel, of which we show a segment in detail. The problem was much more difficult than that of the Eiffel Tower. In the latter all that was required was to provide a rigid structure that could resist its own weight, tension and the stress of wind. In the Ferris Wheel all this had to be secured, and a perfect adjustment in the relation of all its parts so that it might revolve. The whole huge affair consisted of two wheels, 250 feet in diameter, suspending between them thirty passenger cars, about thirty



VIEW SHOWING THE LOWER CONSTRUCTION OF THE FERRIS WHEEL.

feet long and holding sixty persons each. The huge axle, the largest ever forged, 33 inches in diameter, and 45 feet long, weighing 56 tons, had to be raised about 130 feet in the air. Yet so accurately were the calculations made, that we believe no accidents occurred in carrying the thousands who went round in this huge whirligig.

THE WORK OF OUR HANDS.

“ THE work of our hands—establish Thou it,”
How often with thoughtless lips we pray ;
But He who sits in the heavens shall say,
“ Is the work of your hands so fair and fit
That ye dare so pray ? ”

Softly we answer, “ Lord, make it fit—
The work of our hands, that so we may
Lift up our eyes, and dare to pray,
The work of our hands—establish Thou it
Forever and aye. ”

HOURS IN THE TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL.

BY THE REV. JOHN HUNT.

It affords me more than ordinary pleasure to give some account of the hours spent in the Toronto General Hospital. I trust, also, that others who may read this article may become interested in looking at the work which is done in that institution. I know of nothing which will draw one toward it, and call out our sympathy, equal to this. I am glad that we have not to go out of our own country, or even our own city, to witness the beneficial influences of such an institution.

The Toronto General Hospital every day of the year presents scenes of very earnest, active, benevolent Christian effort. I can also testify that similar scenes are witnessed in other like institutions within the limits of our city. This is true of Grace Hospital, and also St. Michael's, as I can state from personal experience. In the latter institution I have stately visited the Protestant patients, and have always met with a cordial welcome from the Mother Superior and other Sisters in charge. Thus we have before us continually abundant evidence of the happy practical influence of the religion of the New Testament, as it is only in Christian lands that we are taught to care for the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind, the aged; and to assuage the sorrows of the sad, the suffering and the dying.

We cannot overestimate the value of such an institution in our midst. I would like to dissipate the strong feeling of prejudice, which exists even among many intelligent people, against becoming inmates of the hospital in cases of severe illness or accident. This prejudice is a great error, an error which, after arriving there and receiving treatment, in almost every case is speedily corrected. I will venture to say this,—that such is the knowledge of medical and surgical science to which many of the gentlemen connected with this institution have attained, that the cures effected are really wonderful. The operations performed are perfectly marvellous. It was stated to me by an American gentleman, that a surgical operation upon his own person, in his estimation, was performed much better than a similar one had been performed in the great Bellevue Hospital in the city of New York.

As to opportunities for visiting the hospital, I desire to say that I have been afforded every facility of access I could wish for, by the hospital authorities. My plan has been to take the

name of every Methodist patient from the entrance book, and number of the ward, either public or private, where he or she was placed, who may have been brought in since my last visit, and to transfer it to a memorandum book of my own, and at the same time ascertain who have been discharged and take such off the list. It is in this way an easy matter to find anyone in the place indicated. While I have carefully refrained from obtruding services on those of other denominations, I am thankful to say that many such, and others, virtually of no denomination, have desired attentions, which were always freely given, and expressed their gratitude for such ministrations. In fact, denominationalism sinks into utter insignificance when one is consciously approaching the spirit land.

Discretion in visiting the sick and suffering is always necessary, and especially so in a large public hospital, which must be governed by fixed regulations. Not unfrequently there are those who, in consequence of severe operations or some prostrating disease, are not in a condition to be spoken to. Perfect quiet is absolutely enjoined by the attending physician. Any case of this kind can be readily ascertained from the head nurse in the department. I have invariably been governed by information thus obtained. A visit at such a time, if it should be made, would be very injudicious, but in the course of a day or two may be attended with much satisfaction. The benefits of such visits, especially to those who have come from homes of poverty, and others from remote parts of the country, separated as they are from their loved ones and former associates, and suffering also extreme pain, and perhaps doubtful of final results, can scarcely be overvalued.

Many of the sick poor have had but few comforts at home and seldom a word of encouragement, and others who have come, some of them a hundred or even two hundred miles or more, to be met by a minister of their own Church, who can tell them he is specially appointed to give them words of cheer and talk to them about the loving Saviour, and afford any other aid or direction in his power, will often cause tears of gratitude to flow down the poor, pale, wan cheek. I speak from personal knowledge and observation, nor are these experiences by any means confined to members of my own Church. It is very encouraging to notice how the face will often light up, while giving utterance to a few cheerful words, reading a short Scripture lesson, and when it can be done, singing some sweet salvation song, followed by a very short prayer, and then—"Good-bye, come back soon," and a "God bless you." Many such cherished scenes are written on memory's page, not soon to be forgotten.

Another benefit, which is very highly appreciated, is the distribution of papers. I have received through Dr. Withrow, for nearly two years, more than a hundred papers every week. There are few publications better adapted to that work than *Onward, Pleasant Hours, Happy Days* and *Sunbeam*. The pictures and pleasant stories are a continuous attraction, and are eagerly sought after by all classes of patients.

A regular preaching service is held every Sunday evening, from seven to eight o'clock, in the theatre or operating room. The attendance varies in proportion to the number of those who are convalescent and can with safety leave the wards. I have been greatly assisted by some of the nurses, who have kindly taken charge of the musical part of the service on those occasions. I have noticed also that the presence of those who have attended them through a painful illness, taking part in the service, is always cheering to the patients.

The total capacity of the hospital is 365 beds. At some times the number occupied comes well up toward three hundred. In addition there are many outdoor patients. These consist of persons whose diseases may not demand every-day treatment, but who come at stated times for treatment and medicine. This is a great boon to many poor people, and an opportunity of which they are not slow to avail themselves. During the year ending December 31, 1893, 11,618 of this class of patients have been treated and prescribed for by the hospital staff. The total number received as inmates for the same term was 2,422. Of these, 337 were Roman Catholics, and 38 of no religion, thus leaving the total number of Protestants 2,047. Of this number 512, or a fraction more than 25 per cent. of all Protestants, are returned as Methodist. Of these, the actual number in the hospital at any one time is about 50.

Some of these remain for several months, others can be discharged after a few weeks. There is a continual change going on, while the aggregate number varies but little. After their discharge I have received communications and kindly messages from the extreme east and west of Ontario, and also from Manitoba and the North-West Provinces. It is always pleasant thus to be remembered weeks and months afterwards by those whom you have tried to benefit. The thought of the Saviour's words comes with redoubled force: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The employment and training of nurses is a very important phase of hospital work. It is said the time was, and not so very long ago, when the teacher or dame of the village school in

England was selected, not because they had any special aptness to teach, but because being crippled or in some way incapacitated for earning a living, it was considered an act of charity to install such in the pedagogue's chair. Nurses, when required, were selected from the same class of people. Training was not taken into account. Happily for our civilized humanity, this is all changed. Nursing is now regarded as an *art* and a profession. May it not be called a fine art? Certainly it is a good, even one of the best of arts.

Probably the course pursued by Miss Florence Nightingale has done more to raise the position of nurses and nursing than anything else. At all events she has the honour of being instrumental in establishing the first Training School for Nurses, according to modern ideas and requirements. Fifty thousand pounds sterling were subscribed and offered to Miss Nightingale as a token of esteem, by the people of England, for her efforts in behalf of the wounded soldiers in the Crimea. This she declined to receive on any other condition than that it should be used for the purpose of establishing a training-school for nurses. This was done in connection with St. Thomas' Hospital, London.

Other schools had existed for some years before, but this was established on broader principles, and in view of the requirements and knowledge then recently acquired. The profession of nursing was placed upon a higher plane, and thus was given to it a vastly renewed impetus. A field of industry was opened up to women, adapted to their capabilities; for whatever difference of opinion may exist as to women being fitted for those professions and lines of industry heretofore assigned only to men, there can be but one opinion as to her special adaptation and capabilities in this respect. Very few, however, who have not engaged in it, or who have not carefully noted the tender attentions, the kindly words, the earnest activities of the nurses, can form any idea of the arduous course of life of those devoted to this profession.

Now as to qualifications of those who apply to the lady superintendent at the Toronto General Hospital, good health and physical vigor are essential. Then brightness, intelligence, the more thorough the education the better—some graduates of our ladies' colleges are among them. Add to these a Christly character, which is sure to tell. It will be seen from this, that it is no degradation to any young lady, who desires to soothe the sorrows of suffering humanity, to engage in this noble work. True, there are grave responsibilities, there is a strict discipline, there are long hours of wearisome duty. Daily she may have to

witness scenes of sorrow and suffering as harrowing and depressing as those presented on the field of battle. The life of a nurse in the Toronto General Hospital is no sinecure. Nor is it gruesome solitude. There are times of encouraging sunshine. The grateful smile of a patient progressing toward convalescence after weeks and months of suffering, and the statement which I have often heard that they could never forget the kindness of the nurses, or "they are so good."

The training-school for nurses is under the superintendence of Miss Snively, who is also lady superintendent of the hospital, a lady whose work proves her superior qualifications for the position. The assistant superintendent is Miss Haight, of whom I have heard patients say that they are always delighted when they see her enter the ward. Nurses are required to remain two full years in hospital work allotted to them. They are required to pass an entrance examination, and during the term they are examined every six months. In addition to their work in the wards, public and private, there is a regular course of study, and lectures are given by the lady superintendent, and by the most eminent physicians and surgeons of the city on elementary anatomy, physiology, hygiene, dietetics and practical nursing. While they are required to carry out the direction of the attending physician, the above course of training will show that they may be prepared to act with decision in any case of emergency.

One chief object in view by this course of training is, that the poorest person in the community may have the advantages which skilled nursing provides. It also insures to the medical profession the most intelligent co-operation in the noble work of alleviating human suffering. The hours of duty for the day are from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.; for the night from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. Day nurses, in addition to meal times, have an hour for rest or out-door exercise, also one afternoon each week, and the half of Sunday, unless positive duties require attention. A vacation of two weeks is allowed each year. They are also expected to attend daily morning prayers. The number now in course of training is fifty-three, and as one after another finishes her course and enters, it may be, upon another field of equally, possibly more responsible duties, her place is at once filled by a probationer. The proportion of nurses to patients is one to five. This proportion may vary as times of emergency require.

A nurse in the Toronto General Hospital is not a recluse. When not on duty there is "The Home," which is the extreme west wing, connected with the main building by a covered bridge. Here there are bed-rooms, dining-room, a beautifully

furnished parlor, a fine piano, a medical and general library. Here they can receive friends every Wednesday evening from 7.30 to 9.30, and enjoy social intercourse and music.

In passing from this part of the subject I wish to place it on record that for these nurses I have the most profound respect. The large majority at present there have commenced their work since I have been visiting the hospital. Many others who have served their full time, and hold certificates from the training school, are filling positions of trust and responsibility in hospitals elsewhere. Several have gone to foreign mission fields, while others are pursuing their honourable vocation in more private spheres. The course of Miss Nightingale, as well as of many Sisters of Charity of the Roman Catholic Church, has thrown around this work a halo of Christian heroism well worthy the emulation of others. Nor would it be in any degree derogatory to the dignity of any young lady who desired specially to honour the Master, to consecrate herself to such a blessed service.

While visiting patients, many circumstances of unusual interest occur. I have generally found them susceptible to tender impressions in regard to religion. I can but refer to very few cases selected from many. The first case I refer to is that of J. T——. The bone of his thigh was badly fractured, and failed to unite. Months passed by, and every effort was made to help him, but in vain. His sufferings were intense. From the first he gave respectful attention to Scripture reading and prayer, always expressing his thanks in the most courteous manner. He had never made any pretensions to personal religion, simply living a moral life, which he had deemed sufficient. It dawned upon him that this was not enough, and he gave himself earnestly to seek a conscious sense of the favour of God. He was soon able to praise God aloud for forgiveness of sins. This he never failed to do on every subsequent visit. Agonizing pain, gangrene and delirium followed. In all his wanderings before death, praises to God for the prospect of heaven, and of freedom from all sorrow and pain were predominant.

Another case of pleasing conversion was that of Miss M——, from an eastern town. She had been brought to extreme weakness and could not be spoken to for some weeks. Her recovery was very slow; she said she felt as one coming from the dead. Though trained religiously, she had never felt that she could look up to God as a father. I said to her, "Miss M——, would you like to be a Christian?" She replied at once with much feeling, "Yes, Mr. Hunt, I would; there is nothing I so much desire, and have often thought so before I was sick." "Well," I

said, "what is the difficulty?" "Oh, I can scarcely tell," she replied, "only I never seem to get any farther than the desire, and then a sort of haziness comes over me, and I have no satisfaction."

I said, "Could you take this view of it?—putting it in the first person: I am a sinner in the sight of God, and Jesus came to seek and save sinners, and He has said, Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out. Lord Jesus, I want to be a Christian, and come now to Thee, forsaking every other refuge, and cast myself upon Thy mercy. O Thou loving Saviour, accept me now."

Big tears were rolling down her cheeks. After reading a few verses of Scripture, and offering a short prayer, I left her. A few days after, on entering, I saw her countenance fairly beaming with joy, and before I could utter a word, she said, "Oh, I have been so happy ever since I had the conversation with you the other day; I wonder I never saw it so before." Referring to paper and writing materials on her bed, she said, "I am writing to mother and father to tell them how happy I am, I know they will be so glad." In this state I found her on every future visit, until she left for her distant home.

Another case of special interest was that of a young man, a Congregationalist. He had suffered for ten weeks from typhoid fever and then from some throat disease. In conversation, among other things I said to him, "You know the Good Book speaks of enduring as seeing Him who is invisible." "Yes," said he, "and there is another text which has been my comfort through all my sickness; it is Rom. 8. 28." I quoted it, "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." "Yes," he said, "that is it." He very slowly recovered, and in the course of a month left the hospital. He had occupied the position of a book-keeper. About two months ago I met him on the street, he was looking for employment, though still very weak. A very respectable and intelligent young man, he had met with much discouragement and many disappointments. I said to him, "Do you remember the text you referred me to, on the first conversation I had with you?" "Oh yes, I do," said he, and added with emphasis, "*it is with me still.*"

The case of a young girl, aged eighteen, a Roman Catholic, interested me very much. During the few weeks before her death, I had several conversations with her, and found her always anxious to know more about the Saviour. She took special delight in the papers given to her, and was always ready to join in Gospel songs and prayer. A short time before her death she said to me, "I love my Church, and I love my priest, and I love you very much, you have done me so much good, and I

want to tell you I have no other hope of being saved but by the sufferings and death of the blessed Jesus." I simply replied to her in these words, "I am very thankful to hear you say this. I am a Protestant minister, you are a Roman Catholic; I have no wish that you should be any other than you are. What are Churches and creeds to you now, so near the other world where you will soon be? I have just the same blessed Saviour as you have. God bless you, we'll meet again." A fervent "I hope so," was her last utterance to me.

A very young woman, Mrs. H——, called for special and peculiar sympathy. She was slowly recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever. She had an abiding trust in the loving Saviour. I made some inquiry about her friends. Looking up steadily into my face she said, "Do you know, Mr. Hunt, I am a widow." "A widow!" I said, "and you so young." She was under twenty years of age. With perfect calmness she gave me her sad story: "My mother and father are both dead; I came from Quebec to Toronto with my married sister two years ago. I was married a little over ten weeks ago. My sister and her husband, myself and my husband, were all members of — Street Methodist Church, and it seemed as if we were all going to be so happy together. Four weeks and two days after our marriage my husband died of typhoid fever, and I am sure he is safe in heaven. I took the fever while waiting upon him, and one week after his death I came here, and I am so glad that I did so, for everyone has been so kind to me."

She spoke with perfect ease thus far, though her voice began to tremble, and she was overcome by a flood of tears. She concluded as follows: "I often wonder what my Heavenly Father will do with me now, but I am sure it will be all right." In a couple of weeks she was able to leave the hospital. After this dark shadow had crossed her path so early in life, may we not hope there may yet be in store for her a useful and happy future.

The case of another, a Polish Jew, called forth much attention. He was there for several months, and at many times endured agonizing pain. He was intelligent, well informed on general subjects, a great reader, and not unwilling to converse on the subject of his faith. He was a faithful student of the Hebrew Bible. He was serious, earnest, and anxious to be right. I need scarcely say that he did not receive Jesus as the Messiah, or the New Testament as the Word of God, but belonged to that party among the Hebrew people who are still expecting and looking for a personal Messiah.

The question pressed itself upon me, how should such a one

be treated? He was evidently very honest in all his professions, and I felt very desirous, if possible, in some way to be helpful to him. He had been told that he was on the way to perdition, and there was no use in talking to him any further. Expressions like this had driven him to defend himself, and somewhat soured him against a certain class of teachers. After repeated conversations with him, I ventured the following remarks :

"I do not wish you to class me with those who say you are on the way to perdition, for I cannot think so, and of this I am confident, you need not go there; and, moreover, I do not think that I or any other person can claim authority to tell you any such thing. I am not your judge. You profess to be honestly seeking the truth," to which at once he gave most cordial assent. "You are expecting a Messiah to come; on the other hand I receive the New Testament as connected with, and growing out of the old, and I believe that Jesus was the true Messiah, and that my only hope of salvation is through Him. But with your views, and evidently honest intentions, I would be exceedingly sorry to pass any sentence upon you. If you were called now to die, I am not prepared to say what might be the secret transactions between the Great Father of all and your spirit, even at the latest hour of life. His ways are not our ways. Further than this, I will say, my impression is, that if you go on doing what is right, and trusting for light and guidance to the mercy of Jehovah, you will not be far from the kingdom. God bless you."

He loved his native land, Poland, with intense affection, and with equal fervour disliked the very name of Russia. He left the hospital, still suffering from his painful disorder. Poor fellow! for him I had strong affection, and hope to see him again.

These are samples from many cases of equal interest, and the number is constantly increasing, for much as there is in religion to assuage our grief, pain and sickness still continue. The mystery of human suffering is unfathomable. Often, amid the pains and sorrows of poor humanity, I stand aghast, and ask: Why all this, and when will it cease? Hush! "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." And then dear Whittier, always ready when sympathy is needed, comes with his beautiful lesson :

"Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling
palm;
To lay the storms of hope and
fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear.

"He walks with thee, that Angel
Kind,
And gently whispers, 'Beresigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things
well!'"

HARD TIMES, THEIR CAUSES AND REMEDIES

BY THE REV. G. M. MEACHAM, D.D.,

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II.

WE have seen that idleness is a great destroyer, and a nursery of nameless iniquities. There are those who have no need to toil for a subsistence, and who live the life of a vegetable. Others are busy idlers, spending their time much as an able-bodied swallow does. Still others, with a lawful calling, do not pursue it with that gay and joyous energy which tells of a *sana mens in sano corpore*.

Now, success can be achieved in any profession or line of life only by incessant labour, and he only has a proper training for life who has a healthful relish for it. On the exercise of the organs of our bodies depends their vigour. The muscle shrinks which is not exercised. The limb which is left without its allotted task loses its cunning and strength. Thus it is with the mind. Its faculties must be exercised if they are to be developed and strengthened. Work, not to say toil or drudgery, is thus our doom and destiny. Man has no alternative. He must work if he would eat, grow, become his best. What is worth the winning is won only by the price of honest, earnest labour. The retribution which comes upon indolence is imbecility. Lowell writes:

“No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him ; there is always work
And tools to work withal, for those who will ;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.”

Nor has anyone the right to claim exemption from this law of labour. The more wealth a man has, the more laborious ought he to be. The higher his position in society, the more should he devote himself to the service of his race.

Industry produces cheerfulness and warms the fancy, which heaps up riches such that a millionaire might envy the labourer's magic power—

“Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow.”

It fares with the indolent man as with a musical instrument, which if not used or tuned soon becomes discordant. Labour is

the price of health and happiness. He that will not pay the cost cannot have the blessing.

“Labour is rest from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us.”

Macbeth tells us, “The labour we delight in physics pain.” Carlyle says: “Without labour there is no rest or ease so much as conceivable.” “It is only by labour,” says Ruskin, “that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.” Industry opens the eye wide and makes it keen, makes the dull ear quick of hearing, gives skill and cunning to the hand, swiftness to the foot and strength to the intellect, and promotes self-respect and self-reliance. To quote Carlyle again: “All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness.” Did men but understand they would acknowledge that the law of labour is a law of love, and happiness can be no more effectually blasted than by endeavouring to avoid honest work.

There is no success without industry. Honest industry says to the mountains of difficulty “Depart,” and they vanish like mists before the sun. Industry, as it grows intelligent, becomes skilful, and skilled industry can make more from one acre than unskilled labour can from twenty. In all departments of labour, skill has this advantage over lack of skill. This acts as a spur to the industrious development of our powers.

Not by carelessness or indolence did Faraday or Edison accomplish so much in electric science, Lockyer or Proctor in astronomy, Tennyson or Longfellow in poetry, Peabody or Carnegie in amassing wealth. It is the discipline of labour that fits a man for the fruition of wealth. He who gains it by honest industry knows how to appreciate it.

Fit yourself for a good place, young man. For awhile you may not be observed; others less deserving may be promoted over you; but if you inform your mind, sharpen your faculties, make yourself useful, fill and overflow your present place, your worth will commend itself to those above you, and as the Russian proverb runs: “A stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way.” John Milton early consecrated himself in the service of highest song, with utter self-devotion laboured to make of himself “a noble poem,” and became what Carlyle called him, “the moral king of English literature.” It is thus in all realms of work. Besides, the man who makes the most of himself is open to the suggestions which nature strives to make, but which the stupid

man cannot receive. The Safety Lamp was needed. The active mind of Sir Humphrey Davey was interested, and, pondering long, at last he reached a solution of the difficult problem. James Watt was alert-minded, and when quite young watched not heedlessly the action of steam in his mother's tea-kettle, and lo! we have the steam-engine, the aggregate power of which in the world to-day is said to be equal to the manual labour of all the men of ten such worlds as ours.

Select a trade or calling, congenial to your tastes and honourable in the eyes of the good, and labour to be eminent in it. Act on the rule which Goethe laid down for himself, "Make good thy standing-place and move the world." Look well to your time and skill. They are your stock-in-trade, both of them marketable commodities and worth money. Let them not remain idle. Let no time run to waste, for a day wasted is like throwing its wages into the sea.

Industry, then, is the mighty conqueror which enriches individuals, communities and nations more surely than the greatest triumphs of war. "The diligent hand maketh rich." "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean persons." He has no reason to lower his eyes or hide his face before those of highest rank. "Nothing is impossible to industry." Industry stoops, but she stoops to conquer, and in due time lifts the poor out of the dunghill and sets him among princes.

But there is needed indomitable will. It is this which will give dynamic quality to activity. "If I have lost the ring, yet the fingers remain." If things external to us are lost, what matter is it, if the spirit remains uncrushed? If the ring is lost the fingers may win it back.

The late Lord Derby, in a lecture on "Thrift," quoted Defoe to the effect that frugality is a virtue not loved by Englishmen. This prejudice we take to be a natural reaction from a temper and spirit which we do well to shun. There are those who push economy to an extreme and are unspeakably miserable. We sometimes see an aspirant for wealth sacrificing everything which makes a man kind and charitable, forgetting the duties he owes to God, his neighbours, his family, and even himself. His supreme selfishness causes him to deny himself the means of comfort, in order that his coffers may be filled. In a previous paper we have shown the evils of extravagance. But this man's scheme of life is as much to be deprecated as that of one who is guilty of the wildest prodigality. Now and again we read of some who die in misery and in want of the barest necessities of

life, and after death money is found—sometimes in large amounts—which they had hidden away in nooks and crannies, somewhere about the premises.

Now, it is the part of wisdom to find the golden mean between lavishness and extravagance on one hand, and sordidness and miserliness on the other. Men sometimes rail at frugality as a mean trait in human nature, but is there not reason to fear that they, who begin life by regarding economy as degrading to character, will in time resort to questionable methods of raising money? Pope's couplet—

“ To balance Fortune by a just expense,
Join with Economy Magnificence ”—

reminds us of Burke's attempts at agriculture, which were more costly than productive, for Burke was, as a brilliant essayist observes, “ far too Asiatic, tropical and splendid to have anything to do with small economies.” Of the importance of these small economies, Lord Bacon's life on the one hand admonishes us by the consequences of his neglect of them, as on the other the experience of multitudes, who by dint of these same small economies have risen from penury to competence and opulence, sets us a valuable example and teaches us a salutary lesson. The line between riches and poverty may be drawn safely here: one is rich who has something to spare, when the accounts are balanced at the end of the year, and another is poor who finds at the end of the year his outlay is greater than his income. Someone has said, “ Men do not get rich by what they get, but by what they save.” One must therefore live within one's income. What is saved is doubly gained.

We have no apology for writing these articles if we do not put a torch in the hand of the man who is bewildered in the dark. Let us consider for a little the nature of true economy.

It may help us to an understanding to consider an illustration of false economy. To people of limited means whose tastes are above their circumstances, three questions are perpetually coming up for prompt settlement: What shall we eat? what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed? Given an income which at the most is only so much, out of which must come rent, clothing, periodicals, insurance, table expenses, fuel, doctor's bills, etc., etc., and duty often plainly is: expenses must be cut down somewhere. It is resolved to do without servants; and the poor over-worked wife before long breaks down, and the husband finds that he is falling hopelessly behindhand. Or it is decided to economize in the matter of food; and nature, which requires

a certain amount of nourishment, is avenged by physical weakness and a fit of illness with the consequence of a heavy medical bill. Demonstrably it is not economy to waste life by sparing at the spigot, and letting the wine of life escape at the bung-hole. It does not pay to save at the wrong place. We need not be afraid to spend freely when we purchase something better than money. But when we save money at the expense of our health, of our highest life, it is not economy, it is wastefulness. It is worse than throwing our money away; it is a way of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. "Too far East is West."

The things to save on, then, are not the essentials of life, but the things that are for show and display, personal expenditures, self-indulgences. Where is the economy in working in a dim light with the effect of injuring the sight? in wearing poor shoes and getting wet feet and a fever? in living on poor food and getting run-down in health? Far better is it to wear a coat or hat a season or two longer, and do without some finery on which your heart is set. This is the way to improve the means of making a livelihood and to increase the strength and energy which are necessary to secure the largest results of life.

But if a man would practise economy, he must have his wife's consent. His duty it is to bring the means of living into the house; hers to see that everything he brings in is wisely used. We repeat that it is not so much the money earned that makes a man wealthy as what is saved from the earnings. The wife should be the weaver—as the word imports—of the happiness and comfort of home. How can she, if ever querulous and fault-finding, and if she spends her husband's money before it is earned? If she will but agree with him to buy only what they can afford, and lay by a portion of their income every week, their happiness will be multiplied. Better wear a cheap cotton dress which is paid for than owe the merchant for an elegant silk one of the most fashionable style. Better always walk than run in debt for horse and carriage. Husband and wife should agree upon a plan which will yield them the means of living in advanced years.

1. *Pay Your Debts.* "Out of debt out of danger,"—runs the old proverb. There is nothing that makes a man more contemptible in his own eyes than owing money and not being able to pay. He is degraded in his own consciousness, for he cannot help knowing that he is wearing other people's clothes, eating other people's steaks, rice and curry, and living like a thief on other people's property. What is to be done? What but get out of debt as quickly as possible? What if ancient Pistol did say to

Corporal Nym, "Base is the slave that pays?" It is only men of like morals who do not see that it is miserable slavery to be in debt, and the quintessence of baseness to consent to remain in its bondage. In the words of the great Micawber: "Income £20; expenditure £20 1s.; total, misery. Income £20; expenditure £19 19s. 11½d.; total, happiness." How shall I escape? cries the man of honour who is involuntarily enslaved. Let Carlyle reply: "There are two ways of paying debts, increase of industry in raising income, and increase of thrift in laying it out." Hence—

2. *Buy Nothing that is Needless.* Cut down your expenditure to the lowest limits consistent with efficiency. Limit your wants. Make them few and inexpensive. This need not interfere with your real enjoyments, which are largely a matter of habit. Don't tittle. Don't gamble or spend money on lottery tickets. A young gambler is likely to be an old beggar. Don't indulge in cigars or cigarettes till you have enough laid by for a stormy day. If your money has a fashion of burning its way out of your pocket, leave it at home. It would be well to put it where it can't be easily got at. Keep your accounts in details. This will serve as a check upon personal expenditure. Wherever large savings have been effected, it has been in little sums. "Many a mickle makes a muckle." Give up all luxuries till improvement in circumstances warrants a less limited indulgence. Our real wants are few and simple. Most of us could sweep from our tables, wardrobes, and amusements much that would by their loss improve our health, happiness and purses. Very admirable was the spirit of a young man, who, awaiting his intended bride, practised the economy which would make her happier when she came, and inviting a friend to spend an evening said, "I can't promise you anything but bread and jam."

If you are an employer, work hard yourself. Don't employ more help than will be necessary to run your business successfully. Give no credit, or, if any, very short credit. Adhere to the cash principle as closely as possible. These are safeguards against financial ruin.

3. *Keep Out of Debt.* Pay for everything as you get it. In two ways you will save: you will pay less for what you buy and you will purchase a good deal less. The pass-book system is a convenience, but it is an expensive luxury, as one is tempted often to order what one can do without, and would do without if it were to be paid for on the spot. "A man," wrote Bacon, "ought warily to begin charges which once begun will continue." Said another: "The first slip in debt is like the first in falsehood, almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course,

debt following debt as lie follows lie." Pay as you go. Keep your income and expenditure face to face, and what you cannot pay for now, do without till you can. Bring your living expenses quite within your income, and you will soon be in easy circumstances. Of all task-masters debt is one of the hardest; of all oppressors one of the most cruel.

And can there be a more fitting moment, when, with all its apparent bulkiness and solidity, wealth is felt to be only an abstraction, to ponder the excellence of that taste which finds elegance only in simplicity and within the limits of economy? The true conception of respectability has been lost. Let us try to recover it. Why don't you have a pot of porter and a joint, or some tripe?—tripe's a famous good thing.

Once the respectable man was the man of character. He was under the dominion of ennobling motives, not to say religious ones. Now a much lower standard is accepted, which determines the respectability of men by the elegance of their address and the superiority of their establishment. While such a standard prevails, everything will be sacrificed to outward show, and questions involving expenditure will be left to the decision of what is called good society. But is Dives who revels in his wines and other luxuries as truly respectable as the man who in a humble sphere employs his leisure hours

"Not in toys or lust or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence and poesy?"

Men differ widely in their estimate of respectability. An essayist of great fame tells of a Western American, who was once compelled to spend some days in Boston, and in after life was wont to describe that seat of polite learning to his horrified companions as a city in whose streets Respectability stalked unchecked. The word "respectable" was one of a number of words to which Daniel Webster gave more than an ordinary import. Thus he spoke of Washington as "most pure, most respectable, most sublime."

Character, then, is the measure of respectability. It is our greatest treasure. If we are possessed of high and ennobling qualities, fitting us for our relations to man and to God, and are careful to render to our Creator our highest reverence and love, our heartiest service and devotion, and to man our best efforts for his well-being; if not most pure and most sublime, we are at all events respectable, even though we are not possessed of the accident of wealth. To use words carelessly affects injuriously

our mother tongue; nor only that, it tends to degrade character, as Socrates says in the *Phædo*: "To use words wrongly and indefinitely is not merely an error in itself; it also creates evil in the soul." If we have moral discrimination, we will not apply such terms as "princely" or "respectable" to the *roué*, whose life has been spent in debasing himself and debauching others, nor grant him the social respect implied in such words. We need to look to our use of language and try to bring it about that everybody shall understand the same thing by the same word.

We look to the well-to-do to cultivate those refined tastes which, like flowers that sweeten the air, tend to soften manners and elevate men above mere material enjoyments. Shall we look in vain? Of course there are some who are exempted from all obligation to be wise and intelligent and virtuous, if only, like roses blossoming on their sprays and dripping with dew, they are beautiful to look at. But for men of mere gold we have no respect, nor shall we put on the appearance of respect. In this matter, let us go further, let us speak out and act out our honest conviction, reserving our reverence solely for goodness and excellence of character wherever it is found. And if we pass, each in his own breast, that best of all Reform Bills, which puts away all evil from our hearts and lives, and apply our conscience and mental power to our legitimate work, we shall make it and ourselves respectable. Investments in virtue, in truthfulness, purity, integrity and charity, are absolutely safe, and everyone who invests therein adds not inconsiderably to the sum total of human well-being.

YOKOHAMA, Japan.

HE built a house, time laid it in the dust ;
 He wrote a book, its title now forgot ;
 He ruled a city, but his name is not
 On any tablet graven, or where rust
 Can gather from disuse, or marble bust ;
 He took a child from out a wretched cot,
 Who on the State dishonour might have brought,
 And reared him in the Christian's hope and trust.
 The boy, to manhood grown, became a light
 To many souls, and preached for human need
 The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.
 The work has multiplied like stars at night
 When darkness deepens ; every noble deed
 Lasts longer than a granite monument.

—Sarah K. Dolton, in *S. S. Times*.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY—"RUNAWAY STARS."

THERE are not a few runaway stars which travel at the comparatively low rate of fifty miles per second. The swiftest star at present known to us flies at a speed of at least four hundred miles per second. Stars moving at velocities between these limits are being not rarely registered. Several stars beside shoot through space at rates varying from seventy to upwards of one hundred miles per second. Twelve out of fifty-two stars which have been specially measured progress at a speed exceeding fifty miles per second.

It is difficult for us to realize the meaning of such a velocity as four hundred miles a second. The motion in question is not like that of the tremor of the vibratory ether, or of electricity; it is a case of the actual translation in space of huge and ponderous masses, some of them many times larger than the sun. Arcturus, for instance, is believed to have a mass equal to 125 times the mass of the sun—an aggregation of matter which is quite sufficient to stagger the imagination when it is conceived of as moving like a projectile through space at a velocity of nearly four hundred miles a second.

It is true we may have to subtract from such velocities the actual speed of the solar system in space, but this, according to the best computation, is not more than twenty miles a second, a reduction scarcely worth consideration when the velocity amounts to hundreds of miles. We have, in fact, no sensible experience of anything like the velocities we have mentioned; the only approach to a conception of it may be gained by the occasional sights we get of the more swiftly-moving meteorites or shooting stars, darting along at the rate of forty-five miles per second, and which even at a distance of a hundred miles move almost too fast for the eye to follow.

In fact, our conceptions of the speed of moving bodies are chiefly formed from experiences of motion within an atmosphere, a vaporous medium which opposes sensible resistance to objects moving within it. A hurricane of sixty miles an hour, or one mile per minute, is a terribly destructive visitation to the objects in its route; travelling at double that rate it would probably destroy the most substantial building on the face of the earth, except perhaps the pyramids of Gizeh, whose enormous base structure would make them practically invulnerable to such an attack.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that outside the

earth's atmosphere, and in the celestial spaces traversed by the stars, there is no opposing medium to impede the velocity even of the most swiftly-travelling orbs. Even in a medium in which the rarefaction should be one million times greater than that of a vacuum of the millionth of an atmosphere, the unceasing impact of a body travelling at a velocity of hundreds of miles per second would slowly bring about an arrest of motion and would probably have serious effect upon the star's photosphere. But the runaway stars are no fragile and temporary phenomena. In every respect but their velocity they have the character of ordinary stars.

The question naturally arises, Are the so-called runaway stars under any kind of control as they rush through our universe on their unknown course? Are they members of a sidereal system constituted on a scale utterly beyond our conception, and compared with which the system of the Milky Way would sink into insignificance; or are they solitary, independent, flying fugitives, owning the sway of no gravitational power, and having therefore no calculable orbit or course? With regard to the first question, that of the allegiance of these stars to some central gravitational power, we must remember that the notion of a "central sun," round which all the stars should revolve, has long since been abandoned. No one now believes that Mädler was right in his conclusion that "Alcyone, the principal star in the group Pleiades, now occupies the centre of gravity, and is the sun about which the universe of stars composing our astral system are all revolving."

But it still remained to be asked: Are there not several of a series of mighty attractive centres around which the separate collections of stars revolve? In this case, as in the former, the New Astronomy gives the answer in the negative. All analogy leads to the conclusion that if there were any such central dominant masses, they would not only be larger than the other stars, but brighter in proportion. But the largest and brightest star we know of at present is itself one of the flying stars in question, whose gravitational centre we are in search of. Equally unsatisfactory in these days is Lambert's once favored hypothesis of immense dark bodies, invisible to us, yet serving as the effective centres of attraction for sidereal systems revolving around them.

The most important argument against a "central sun" theory as regards the runaway stars is that first advanced by the eminent mathematical astronomer, Professor Simon Newcombe, of the United States Naval Observatory. Professor Newcombe shows that the velocity of the runaway stars is such that the gravitation of all the known stars cannot stop them on their way

through and beyond the visible universe. Assuming the sidereal system to consist, say, of 100,000,000 orbs, each five times as massive as our sun, the velocity given to a body passing through the system would be twenty-five miles a second. This velocity would be enough to defy the combined attraction of the whole 100,000,000 of stars; the flying star would not only pass entirely through the system, but it would go off into infinite space, never to return.

But as we have seen, the flying star in the Great Bear possesses fully eight times and Arcturus more than sixteen times this speed. That such stars can neither be stopped nor bent from their courses until they have passed the extreme limit to which the telescope has ever penetrated may be considered reasonably certain. Their proper motion is sensibly in a straight line. "In this course, and without slackening," says Miss Clerke in her eloquent and learned "System of the Stars," "such an orb will pursue its course right across the starry structure it entered ages ago on its unknown errand, and will quit ages hence to be swallowed up in the dusky void beyond." Whether it will then be acted upon by attractive forces of which science has no knowledge, and thus carried back to where it started, or whether it will continue straight forward forever, it is impossible to say.

"From the Great Deep to the Great Deep he goes."

The question of cataclysm as a result of celestial bodies travelling at these great velocities has been dealt with by Dr. Huggins in his Royal Institution Lecture. He suggests, as a reasonable explanation of the sudden outburst of light in the star in Auriga, that the effect of the mutual approach from opposite directions of two bodies travelling at a pace of hundreds of miles per second would be to set up a tidal disturbance and deformation of the orbs in question, producing by great changes of pressure enormous eruptions of the hotter layers of matter in the interior of each. The outburst of light and heat thus produced is at least one explanation of the origin of temporary stars or "worlds on fire."

In the case of a habitable body like our own earth, which has long since cooled down from the star-like condition, and has at least a solid shell to protect it, the consequences of a similar meeting with a runaway star could not be contemplated with equanimity. Whilst the approaching star was still millions of miles away, it might set up tidal disturbances which would draw all our seas and oceans from their beds and deluge the continents. Its nearer approach, with its increasing blaze of light and

heat, would turn all our rivers and oceans into steam, and scorch and destroy the whole surface of the earth, if indeed the crust were not ruptured and the globe itself split into fragments. Science knows no reason why a runaway star should avoid a solid body like our earth in its course and select a non-habitable star-like body for a cataclysm.

"It may be asked, "Do the starry heavens show any permanent traces of the passage through them of stars travelling at enormous velocities, and disturbing the systems through which they are rushing at so furious a speed?" If, for instance, such a star passed through or near a star-cluster, or a nebulous region, would it produce no traceable effect? The question has been incidentally dealt with by Mr. E. W. Maunder, of the Spectroscopic Department of Greenwich Observatory, in the pages of *Knowledge*, February, 1891. Mr. Maunder writes:

"There are certain oft-remarked peculiarities shown alike in the Milky Way, in the general distribution of the stars, and in the shapes of certain nebulae, which one could almost ascribe to the consequences of such a passage (of a runaway star). I refer to the occurrence in brilliant starry regions of dark holes, and tunnels, so to speak. Is it impossible that some of these holes and dark spaces may mark the regions swept bare by some giant runaway, whilst the adjacent lines and streamers may testify to the disturbances caused in localities which it did not approach sufficiently near to denude?"

It is impossible for the present, even for the new astronomy, to answer such questions as this; but it is equally impossible not to raise them, when we look at the close aggregation of the stars and star-clusters in the Milky Way, and remember that stellar giants with a diameter eighty-two times that of the sun are amongst the "runaways" we have mentioned, and that they are flying along, not in the decay of old age, but with all the unflagging energy of youth.—*Leisure Hour.*

Lord, in Thy sky of blue,
 No stain of cloud appears;
 Gone all my faithless fears,
 Only Thy love seems true.
 Help me to thank Thee, then, I pray,
 Walk in the light and cheerfully obey!

Lord, when I look on high,
 Clouds only meet my sight;
 Fears deepen with the night;
 But yet it is Thy sky.
 Help me to trust Thee, then, I pray,
 Wait in the dark, and tearfully obey!
 —*Lucy Smith.*

A SINGER FROM THE SEA.*

A CORNISH STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "The Preacher's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER V.—WHAT SHALL BE DONE FOR ROLAND !

HOPE has a long reach, and yet it holds fast. So, though Roland's return was far enough away, Denas possessed it in anticipation. The belief that he would come, that he would give her sympathy and assistance, helped her through the long sameness of uneventful days by the witching promise, "Anon—anon!"

There was little to vary life in that quiet hamlet. The pilehard season went, as it had come, in a day; men counted their gains and returned to their usual life. Denas tried to accept it cheerfully; she felt that it would soon be a past life, and this conviction helped her to invest it with some of that tender charm which clings to whatever enters the pathetic realm of "Nevermore."

Her parents were singularly kind to her, and John tried to give a little excitement to her life by coaxing her to share with him the things he considered quite stirring. But visits to her aunt at St. Merryn, and Sunday trips to hear some new preacher, and choir practisings, with Tris dangling after them wherever they went, were not interesting to the wayward girl. She only endured them, as she endured her daily duties, by keeping steadily in view the hope Roland had set before her.

Only two more letters repaid her for many walks to the turned boat, and she did not see Pyn again. She was sure, however, that he knew of her visits and wilfully avoided her. The last of these letters contained the startling intelligence of Mr. Tresham's death. He had foolishly insisted upon visiting Rome in the unhealthy season and had fallen a victim to fever. Roland wrote in a very depressed mood. He said that his father's death would make a great difference to him. In a short time the news arrived by the regular sources. Lawyer Tremaine had been advised to take charge of Mr. Tresham's personal estate, and the newspaper of the district had a long obituary of the deceased gentleman.

John said very little on the subject. He had not liked Mr. Tresham while living, but he was particularly careful to avoid speaking ill of the dead. He said only that he had heard that "the effects left would barely cover outstanding debts, and that Mr. Tresham's income died with him. 'Tis a good thing Miss Tresham be well married," he added, "else 'twould have been whist hard times for her now."

Denas did not answer. She waited impatiently for some

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word about Roland. John appeared to have nothing to say. Joan hesitated with the question on her lips, and at last she almost threw it at her husband.

"What did you hear about young Mr. Tresham?"

"I asked no questions about him. People do say that he will have to go to honest work now. 'Twill do him no harm, I'm sure."

"Honest work will be nothing strange to him, father. He has been in a great many offices. I have heard Elizabeth speaking of many a one."

"I'll warrant—many a one—and he never stays in any. He has a bad temper for work."

"Bad temper! That is not true. Mr. Roland has a very good temper."

"Good temper! To be sure, after a fashion, a kind of *Hy-to-everybody* fashion. But a good business temper, Denas, be a different thing; it be steady, patient, civil, quiet, hard-to-work temper, and the young man has not got it. No, nor the shadow of it. If he was worth thousands this year he wouldn't have a farthing next year unless he had a guider and a withholder by his side constantly."

"You ought not to speak of Mr. Roland at all, father, you hate him that badly."

"Right you be, Denas. I ought not to speak of the young man. I will let him alone. And I'll thank everyone in my house to do the same thing."

For some weeks John's orders were carefully observed. Yet through all these changes the clock ticked the monotonous days surely away, and one morning when Denas was standing alone in the cottage door a little lad slipped up and put a letter into her hand.

He was gone in a moment, and Denas, even while answering a remark of her mother's, who was busy at the fireside, hid the message in her bosom. Of course, it was from Roland. He said that they had all returned to Burrell Court and that he could not rest until he had seen her. Wet or fine, he begged she would be at their old trysting-place that evening.

Then she began to consider how this was to be managed, and she came to the conclusion that a visit to St. Penfer was the best way. She knew well how to prepare for it—the little helps, and confidences, and personal chatter Joan was always pleased and flattered by were the wedge. Then, as they washed the dinner dishes and tidied the house together, Denas said:

"Mother, it is going to storm soon, and then whole days to sit and sew and nothing to talk about. Priscilla Mohun promised me some pretty pieces for my quilt, and Priscilla always knows everything that is going on. What do you think? Shall I go there this afternoon? I could get the patches and hear the news and bring back a story paper, and so be home before you would have time to miss me."

"Well, my dear, we do feel to be talked out."

"Priscilla will tell me all there is to hear, and if I get the

patches, a few days' sewing and the quilt will be ready for you to cross-stitch; and a story paper is such a comfort when the storm is beating you back to house every hour of the day."

"You say right—it be a great comfort. But you will have to be busy all, for it is like enough to rain within an hour—the tide will bring it, I'll warrant."

"I will wear my waterproof. Mother, dear, I do want a little change so much—just to see some new faces and hear tell of the St. Penfer people."

"Well, then, go your way, Denas, a wetting will do you no harm; and I do know the days be long days, and the nights do never seem to come to midnight and then wear to cock-crow. 'Twould be a whist poor life, my dear, if this life were all."

Denas was now very anxious to get off before her father came back from his afternoon gossip at the boats. With a gay heart she left her home and hastened to St. Penfer to execute the things that had been her ostensible reason for the visit. As it happened, Priscilla Mohun was full of news. The first thing she said to Denas related to the return of the Burrells, and then followed all the gossip about the treasures they had brought with them and changes to be made in the domestic life of the Court.

"Mrs. Burrell be going to turn things upside down, I can tell you, Denas. They do say four new servants are hired, two men and two women; and the horses brought down are past talking about, with silver trimmings on their harness—that, and no less—and carriages of all kinds, and one kind finer than the other! I do suppose Mrs. Burrell's gowns will be all London or Paris bought now; though to be sure poor Priscilla did make her wedding-dress—but there, then! what be the use of talking?"

"How long have they been at home?" asked Denas.

"La! I thought if anybody knew that it would be you. I was just taking a walk last Wednesday, and I happened to see them driving through the town; Mr. Burrell and his sister, and Mrs. Burrell and her handsome brother—how happy they looked, and everyone lifting their hats or making a respectful move to them."

Last Wednesday! and it was now Monday. Denas was dashed by the news. But she chattered away about everyone they knew, and got her patches, and her story paper, and then, just as the gloaming was losing itself in the fog from the sea, she started down the cliff. Roland was waiting for her. He took her in his arms and kissed her with an eager and delighted affection. There was so much to say that they really said nothing. When they had but half finished repeating "Sweet Denas!" and "Dear Roland!" Denas had to go. It was only then she found courage to intimate, in a half-frightened way, that she had been thinking and wondering about her voice, and if she could really learn to sing. Roland flushed with delight to find the seed he had sown with so much doubt grown up to strength and ripeness.

"My lovely one!" he answered, "you must go to London and have lessons; and I will take care of you. I will see that you have justice and that no one hurts you."

"But where could I live? And how? I have one hundred pounds of my own. Will that be enough?"

"You little capitalist! How did you get a hundred pounds?"

"Father has put a few pounds in the bank at St. Merryn every year since I was born for me, and I have put there all the money your sister paid me. Father said it was to furnish my home when I got married, but I would rather spend it on my voice."

"I should think so. Well, Beauty, you are to come and see Elizabeth on Wednesday; then I shall have something sweet and wonderful to say to you."

"Will Elizabeth send for me? That would make it easy."

"I do not think Elizabeth will send for you. I have been hoping for that. She has not named you at all. For my sake, come to the Court on Wednesday."

"It is a long way to walk, but for your sake I will come."

Then they parted, and she hastened back and reached home just as John and Joan were beginning to be uneasy at her delay. The sight of her happy face, the charming little fuss she made about her dripping waterproof and her wet shoes, the perfectly winning way in which she took possession of her father's knee and from it warmed her bare, rosy feet at the blaze scattered all shadows. She took their fears and nascent anger by storm; she exhibited her many-coloured bits of cloth, and showed John the pictures in the story paper, and coaxingly begged her mother for a cup of tea, because she was cold and hungry. And then, as Joan made the tea and the toast, Denas related all that Priscilla had told her. And Joan wondered and exclaimed, and John listened with a pleased interest, though he thought it right to say a word about speaking ill of people, and was snubbed by Joan for doing so.

"Mrs. Burrell is putting on grand airs, it seems, so then it will go that people of course will speak ill of her," said Joan.

"Aw, my dear," answered John, "few are better spoken of than they deserve."

"I do think Denas ought to call on the bride," said Joan. "It would only be friendly, and many will make a talk about it if she does not go."

"She must find out first if the young man be there."

"No," said Denas, warmly, "I will not find out. If you cannot trust your little maid, father, then do not let her go at all. If people could hear you talk they would say, 'What a bad girl John Penelles has! He dare not let her go to see her friend if there be a young man in the house.' 'Tis a shame, isn't it, mother?"

"I think it be, Denas. Father isn't so cruel suspicious as that, my dear. Are you, father?"

And what could John answer? Though sorely against his feelings and judgment, he was induced to agree that Denas ought perhaps to call once on the bride. There were so many plausible arguments in favour of such a visit; there was nothing but shadowy doubts and fears against it.

"Go to-morrow, then," said John, a little impatiently; "and let me be done with the fret of it."

"The day after to-morrow, or Wednesday, father. To-morrow it will be still raining, no doubt, and I have something to alter in my best dress. I want to look as fine as I can, father."

"Look like yourself and your people, Denas. That be the best finery. If roses and lilies did grow on the dusty high-road, they would not be as fitly pretty as blue-bells and daisies. I do think that, Denas; and it be the very same with women. Burrell Court is a matter of two miles beyond St. Penfer; 'tis a long walk, my dear, and dress for the walk and the weather. Do, my dear!"

Then the subject was changed, and Denas, having won her way, was really grateful and disposed to make the evening happy for all. She recollected many a little bit of pleasantry; she mimicked Priscilla to admiration, merrily, and without ill-will, and then she took the story paper and read a thrilling account of some great shipwrecks and a poem that seemed to John and Joan's simple minds "the sweetest bit of word music that could be."

At the same hour Elizabeth and Roland were playing an identical rôle under different circumstances. Roland had hoped to slip away to his room unobserved. He knew Miss Burrell had gone to a friend's house for a day or two, and he thought Robert and Elizabeth would be sufficiently occupied with each other. But some gentlemen were with Robert on parish business, and Elizabeth was alone and well inclined to come to an understanding with her brother.

"Caroline had to go without an escort, Roland. It was too bad," she said reproachfully, as she stood in the open door of a parlour and waited for his approach.

"You see I am wet through, Elizabeth. I will change my clothing and come to you. Where is Robert?"

"With the churchwardens. I want to talk to you seriously. We shall be alone for an hour. Come as soon as you can."

"In five minutes. It will be delightful to have you all to myself once more."

He came back quickly and placed his chair close to hers, and lifted her face to his face and kissed her, saying fondly, "My dear little sister."

"Where have you been, Roland?"

"I could have bet on the words 'Where have you been?' That is always a woman's first question."

"Have you been with Denas?"

"I have been at the Black Lion and at Tremaine's. We will suppose that I wished to see Denas—is this pouring rain a fit condition? Do think of something more likely, Elizabeth."

"Say to me plainly: 'I have not seen Denas.'"

"If you wish me to say the words, consider that I have done so. Why have you taken a dislike to Denas? You used to be very fond of her."

"I have not taken any dislike to the girl. I have simply passed out of the season of liking her. In the early spring we find the

violet charming, but when summer comes we forget the violet in the rose and the lily and the garden full of richer flowers. The time for Denas has passed—that is all, Roland. What are you going to do about Caroline? When will you ask her to marry you?"

"I have asked her twice already; once in Rome, when she put me off; and again in London, when she decidedly refused me."

"What did she say?"

"That she believed she could trust herself to my love, because she did not think I would be unkind to any woman; but she was sure she could not trust me with her fortune, because I would waste it without any intention of being wasteful. Caroline wants a financier, not a lover."

"The idea!"

"She talked about the responsibilities of wealth."

"How could she talk to you in that way?"

"She did really."

"Then Caroline is out of reckoning."

"Between ourselves, I think she was right, Elizabeth. I am positive I should spend any sum of money. What I need is a wife who can make money week by week, year by year—always something coming in; like an opera-singer, for instance. Do you understand?"

"Could you expect me to understand such nonsense? I asked Robert to-day about poor father's estate. He thinks there may be four or five hundred pounds after paying all debts. Of course you will receive it all. Robert is very kind, but I can see that he would prefer that you were not always at the Court."

"I dare say he put Caroline up to refuse me."

"I have no doubt of it. He would consider it a brotherly duty; and to tell the truth, Roland, I fear you would give any woman lots of heartache. I cannot tell what must be done. You have had so many good business chances, and yet never made anything of them."

"That is true, Elizabeth. If I take to a business it fails. If I dream of some fine prospect, the dream does not come true. Still, there is one thing I can do when all else fails: I can take the Queen's shilling and go in for glory."

"Roland, you break my heart with your folly. Why will you not be reasonable? How could I ever show my face if you were a common soldier? But the army is a good thought. Suppose you do try the army. I daresay Robert can get you a commission—at the right time, of course."

"Thanks! I do not think the army would agree with me; not, at any rate, until I had played my last card. And if I have to make a hero of myself, I shall certainly prefer the position of a full private. It is privates that do the glory business. You see, sister, wealth is not exactly the same thing as shining virtue, or else Caroline would have been generous. I am sure I should be particularly grateful to any woman who made me rich."

"Why woman, Roland?"

"Well, because if a man puts any money in my way he expects me to work for it and with it; to invest it and double it; to give an account of it; to sacrifice myself body and soul for it. But a dear little woman would never ask me questions and never worry me about interest—unless she was a girl like Caroline, an unwomanly, mercenary, practical, matter-of-money creature."

"Do not talk in that way of Caroline."

"I am talking of her money, and it is no impeachment of its value to say that it is mortal like herself."

"We come to no definite results by talking in this way, Roland. I am so unhappy about you. O Roland! Roland! my dear, dear brother, what can I do for you?"

She covered her face with her hands, and Roland took them away with gentle force. "Elizabeth, do not cry for me. I am not worth a tear. Darling, I will do anything you want me to do."

"If I get Robert to give you a desk in the bank?"

"Well, love, anything but that. I really cannot bear the confinement. I should die of consumption."

"O Roland, I really do not know what you are fit for!"

"If I had been born three or four centuries ago I could have been a knight-errant or a troubadour. But alas! in these days the knight-errants go to the Stock Exchange and the troubadours write for the newspapers. I am not fitted to wrestle with the wild beasts of the money market; I would rather go to Spain and be a matadore."

"Roland, here comes Robert. Do try and talk like a man of ordinary intelligence. Robert wants to like you—wants to help you if you will let him."

"Yes, in his way. I want to be helped in my own way. Good-evening, Robert! I am glad you were not caught in the rain."

The grave face brightened to the charm of the young man, and then for an hour Roland delighted his sister by his sensible conversation, by his patient attention to some uninteresting details, by his prudence in speaking of the future; so that Robert said confidently to his wife that night:

"Roland is a delightful young man. There must be some niche he can fill with honour. I wonder that Caroline could resist his attentions. Yet she told me to-day that she had refused him twice."

"Caroline is moved by her intellect, not by her heart. Also, she is very Vere-de-Vereish, and she has set her mark for a lord, at least."

"What can be done for Roland?"

"He talked about going into the army."

"Nonsense! Going into the army means, for Roland, going into every possible temptation and expense—that would not do. But he ought to be away from this little town. He will be making mischief if he cannot find it ready-made."

"I am very uneasy about that girl from the fishing village, the girl whom I used to have with me a great deal."

"Denas—the girl with the wonderful voice?"

"Yes. Did you think her voice wonderful?"

Perhaps I should say haunting voice. She had certainly some unusual gift. I do not pretend to be able to define it. But I remember every line of the first measure I heard her sing. Many a time since I have thought my soul was singing it for its own pleasure, without caring whether I liked it or not; for when mentally reckoning up a transaction I have heard quite distinctly the rhythmical, rolling cadence, like sea waves, to which the words were set. I hear it now."

"Upon my word, Robert, you are very complimentary to Denas. I shall be jealous, my dear."

"Not complimentary to Denas at all. I hardly remember what the girl looked like. And it is not worth while being jealous of a voice, for I can assure you, Elizabeth, a haunting song is a most unwelcome visitor when your brain is full of figures. And somehow it generally managed to come at a time when the bank and the street were both in a tumult with the sound of men's voices, the roll of waggons, and the tramp of horses' feet."

"A song of the sea in the roar of the city! How strange! I am curious to hear it: I have forgotten most of the songs Denas sang."

"The roar of the city appeared to provoke it. When it was loudest I usually heard most clearly the sweet, thrilling echo, asking—

“ ‘What is the tale of the sea, mother?
 What is the tale of the wide, wide sea?’
 ‘Merry and sad are the tales, my darling,
 Merry and sad as tales may be.
 Those ships that sail in the happy mornings,
 Full of the lives and souls of men,
 Some will never come back, my darling,
 Some will never come back again!’ ”

And as Elizabeth listened to her husband half singing the charming words, she took a sudden dislike to Denas. But she said: "The song is a lovely song, and I must send for Denas to sing it again for us." In her heart she resolved never to send for Denas: "though if she does come"—and at this point Elizabeth held herself in pause for a minute ere she decided resolutely—"if she does come I will do what is right. I will be kind to her. She cannot help her witching voice—only—only I must step between her and Roland—that is for the good of both;" and she fell asleep, planning for this emergency.

Fit language there is none
 For the heart's deepest things. Who ever wooed
 As in his boyish hope he would have done?
 For when the soul is fullest the hushed tongue
 Voicelessly trembles like a lute unstrung.

—Lowell.

THE DRAGON AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER VI.—MISS CHIP'S STORY.

THE business history narrated to me by Miss Chip left many things dark, and suggested various interesting passages in her life which I desired to have explained. The matter being, however, too delicate to press, I said nothing further about it. I went frequently to the "Dragon and the Tea-Kettle." No. 6 had almost always a lodger—once it had two little brothers, whom Miss Chip had found hiding about the market, trying to live on the refuse cast out by the various stand-sellers there. For such waifs as this Miss Chip had an eye keener than had the police—probably because, while the duty of the policeman would be the unpleasant one of arresting, hers was the more blessed mission of rescuing. Miss Chip knew all the haunts, the manners, the marks, the furtive looks, of these poor little jackals of society. When she found the two above indicated, she brought them home in triumph, as one who findeth great spoil. And why not? Here were two human hearts to be comforted; two human bodies, with all their sensibilities and miseries, to be relieved; two immortal minds to be enlightened, two souls to be snatched from destruction. This was such seeking and saving as the Son of man himself once stooped to do—therefore his humble servant brought these two forlorn brothers, gaunt, dirty, half frozen, half naked, wild, frightened, famished, home in triumph.

Grow, himself a trophy of saving benevolence, took as much interest as Miss Chip in this treasure-trove. It was Grow that scoured these two with carbolic soap from top to toe, and cleaned their curly heads. Grow, from some occult corner, where he hid his savings, took two shillings, for which the nearest small shop gave him two coarse little night-shirts, and with these he endowed his prize; then the poor old man fed his little famishing brothers with good soup, and put them in bed in No. 6. Perhaps, as Miss Chip saw the ghost of her child-life in each ragged, crying, forlorn little girl, Grow saw in each abandoned, miserable boy, the spectre of *his* past. The weazened, bow-legged, weak-eyed old man hovered about his protégés with a singular kindness. Their story was the old story: mother dead, and father always drunk, and finally disappeared. The boys were clothed, and the first of February put into Miss Mackenzie's Home, to be taught and cared for, until they made two of the fifty she would take to Canada to get homes in May. Grow took them to Miss Mackenzie, and left them, each with a huge stick of striped candy. He visited them each week, carrying always the striped candy, and laying out much thought on the weighty question whether the stripes should be brown, red, or

yellow. The next August, when we came up from Sussex, we went to see Miss Chip, and found that she and Grow had each had a letter from one of these boys. I give them here to finish their history as far as known.

“Deer miss chip. I dont think youd no me for the boy you got in covent garding market i are so fat. mr. Nixon—the farmer what i live with zez Kanada agrees with me. i like it i tell you. me and Samy we are at one place cause we held onto each other and would not go seperit. Mr. Nixon aint got no boys, so he took us, an long o our avin no name, we are called his name Nixon, he is good to us, he give me a fat calf an Samy a pig, i love my calf. Did you no cows made milk, it don't grow in tin cans like it did in lunon. I try to be good, an i sez my prayers every day, thank you Miss chip. “your trew friend, JOE NIXON.”

The other literary production was proudly produced by poor old Grow.

“deer Mr. grow. i hope you are well as i am, i wish you was a little boy in Kanada long of me an joe, i say it is too bad miss chip didnt no you an pick you up when you was a boy, i are got a pig, an i scrub it with a brush—it is cleaner an has more to eat than I did afore miss chip and you foun me in lunon, i hate lunon, it is al wiskey, there aint no wiskey here. mr nixon says he wants to shake ands with you an miss chip, only the ocean is too big to reach over, i will never forgit you Mr. grow, i meen to bee a good boy, and never to drink wiskey if i die for it never—good by

“SAMY.”

“Who'd 'a' thought,” said Grow, wiping his eyes, “that them two would get to be such scholarads! I can't read that there letter, but Em'ly or Jane, or some of 'em reads it to me, 'long with my chapters out of the Bible.”

But this sketch of the boys is in advance of the current of our history. We return. We called to see Mrs. Rogers several times, and perceived that she became more scrrov'ful and apprehensive.

Early in February, Miss Chip said to me: “Next Tuesday my poor mother will be seventy years old. As I celebrated my birthday, I want her to celebrate hers. Will you do me the honour to come to a little five-o'clock supper I shall make for us three, in my own room? I will then tell you my history as I promised.”

I readily accepted the invitation, and was duly taken to Miss Chip's at half-past four, to be called for at eight.

Miss Chip had resigned her desk to Emily, and was in her holiday, or rather Sunday attire. Her private room was swept and garnished to its very best; the fire burned brightly in the grate; there was a bouquet on the white-covered table; the old lady wore her best gown, a new white cap, with a well-crimped ruffle, and her worn old hands were folded over a black silk apron, the rustle of which seemed greatly to please her. The first thing that struck our eyes, as Miss Chip with much ceremony received us at the door of the Dragon and Tea-Kettle, was the

long table devoted to the penny customers. On that, under a cloud of steam, stood fully twenty-five pounds of boiled beef; a mountain of bread was on one side of the meat, and more than a peck of boiled potatoes. Miss Chip, who was never guilty of the extravagance of peeling potatoes, was on the other side this goodly boiling piece.

Miss Chip saw my glance. "My mother is too old to care for presents," she said; "indeed, all she wants she gets, and her wants are few, and I am keeping her birthday by what she would like best, and in her better days she would have chosen—doing some good to poor children. There will be full fifty of them eat here free to-night. And do you know—only think—Mr. Goldspray says he will be here prompt at six, to wait on them, and he will give them some music after."

Miss Chip then led the way to her own room, where I found the old lady, as aforesaid, in fine feather, nodding and comfortable by the fire. The birthday or some other influence seemed to have brightened up the old dame's failing mind. When I congratulated her on her anniversary, she shook my hand and said: "I've had more than forty year in the wilderness, dear lady, and I am free to say, I thank God that the way is not to be gone over again. But I'm more than thankful for the great goodness of the Lord to me, these last twenty-five years, and indeed for goodness in all my life, that did not let me fall a prey to my sins, and others' sins, but has given me a good daughter, and a hope of Heaven. Sometimes, as I sit here and look in the fire, I wish I could so peer into the gate of Heaven, and see if them that's gone are safe in there; but I know the Lord himself is there and does all things well. We have been talking it over, just before you came in."

Meanwhile Fanny had been laying the neatest of suppers on the white cloth; and pushing the old lady to the table, stood ready to serve us as soon as Miss Chip returned from a look into the eating-room, where an unusual hum indicated the gathering of the penny clans.

"That is a very smart pink bow you have at your neck, Fanny," I said.

"Mr. Goldspray gave it me, ma'am, to match the bow on my best cap," said Fanny with a pleased look.

Miss Chip here returned and we sat down to supper. The old lady's mind had reverted to early days. She woke up to some animation. "I'm thinking to-day, ma'am," she said, "of times when, child and girl, I lived in the country. I went to Dame's school and learned to read, write, knit, and sew. As I got older I helped in the Squire's dairy. Oh, ma'am, I remember the sleek skins, the soft lowing, the sweet breath of our cows, and all the dew and freshness of the mornings when I went out to milk. The roses grew all along the hedges, and daisies and buttercups were in the grass. It is a pity for anyone ever to leave the country, ma'am, so fresh and healthy as it is. I like

this little girl Fanny, with her quiet ways and her red cheeks; she 'minds me of the country."

"And you grew up in the country?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed, ma'am, twenty-two years—long enough to learn sense, but some foolish natures learns nothing, and clear forces the Lord to take 'em over a rough road if ever He is to get 'em into the kingdom of glory. My parents died, and my brothers and sisters married; I was the youngest; I had a longing for the city; that and a girl's vanity and folly led me, I suppose, for I got acquainted with a navvy working on a railroad nigh us, and against all advice I married him. I loved him, ma'am; he was a fine figure of a man, and he had his good points too; but my friends warned me, because he drank hard at times, and never went to church. Well, I would not heed them, and bitter I paid for it. I married and came to Lunnon, and I never saw green fields, nor wild roses, nor wild birds, nor my friends more. I grew ashamed of the hard way I lived, and after a letter or two, I dropped off writing; we none of us were much scholars, and I heard no more of any of my kin. It was weary years and many sorrows after that, my dear lady. When a woman marries a drinking man she takes her life in her hand, and is pretty sure to throw it away."

"Come, mother, we won't talk of that, you'll get low," said Miss Chip. "Come, cheer up; who's got a newer cap or a finer silk apron than you have? And you're giving a birthday party, you know; here is the lady at tea with you, and all those little codgers feasting and wishing you joy in the other room; think of that, now!"

As we had finished supper I asked leave to go and look at the larger part of old Mrs. Chip's birthday party, who were feasting in the eating-room. Miss Chip accompanied me thither. Full thirty boys and girls, from six to thirteen years old, were crowded at the long table; nearly thirty more, some as old as fifteen, stood at a respectful distance waiting their turn. I saw that all the girls and all the small ones were at the first table. These children had evidently been to the out-kitchen for a wash, and no doubt under superintendence of the unlucky Jane, for their ears and noses seemed to have been rubbed all ways, their locks stood up like wheel-spokes, and dashes of soapsuds lay on jackets and aprons, but these items of discomfort were unnoticed in the general hilarity. Mr. Goldspray had donned a waiter's white apron, and reigned over the little mob. His quick eyes were everywhere; his jolly spirit bubbled over and kept all merry, and his kind heart prevented all vexations; meanwhile he kept order.

"Not so much noise down by the window there; you folks that goes to a birthday party can't expect to turn the house out of doors and drive customers crazy. You, big Ned, if you crowd the little fellers, and need so much room, I'll give you a table by yourself—after the rest are done. Pass up your plate, Sue, and don't feel ashamed of your appetite; you're doing Miss Chip's

cooking credit. I'll bet a bob you didn't get a breakfast or a dinner this day. Didn't, eh? Well done, I've won, so I'll keep my bob; blessed thing too, for it is the last one I have. Come, you others, you needn't look so anxious, this tableful won't eat up all the party; there'll be just as much for you at the second table if I have to invest my last two tanners in pork pies for you. Heigho! Here's Miss Chip. Clap your hands, all of you, for Miss Chip; she's mother and father and paternal government and Rule Britannia for most of you. Clap away, that's it! Now, there's the lady; she means to give every blessed one of you a big penny, and that will mean breakfast or lodging for you. Ho, there, you're clapping again. That's enough; you'll wear out your hands, and *they're* your only fortunes, unless you've got brains, as I have. Quiet now, all get to eating, don't make the Dragon and the Tea-Kettle too noisy. Mr. Whaling may complain we're not orderly; and here's Mr. Rogers—if we don't behave he'll nab us."

"I'm afraid, Bobby," said Miss Chip, glowing with joy at Mr. Goldspray's beautiful behaviour, "that you have more than you can do with all these youngsters, but the girls are all busy with regular customers, and I cannot come and help you."

"Certainly you cannot," said the guileful Bobby, "but it's true I've got my hands more than full. The old lady don't need Fanny though, when she has you by her; suppose you send Fanny here to wait on those young scamps by the door."

Miss Chip agreed with alacrity; but as we returned to the bedroom I thought that Mr. Goldspray was probably the "young scamp" who would claim the most of the pretty maid's attention, but on that head I was silent.

"I never gave a party before," said Miss Chip, with a sigh of satisfaction, as we sat round the fire. "It is such a success that it has heartened me up for my story."

"All will be in the end a success and a source of content that runs in the line of the divine command, and you, in this party, have obeyed the Lord's injunction: 'When thou makest a supper call not thy friends, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast call the poor, and the lame, and the maimed, and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee, and thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.'"

We were silent a little while, contemplating, as through a glass darkly, that "resurrection of the just."

Finally Miss Chip spoke: "The little history my mother gave you at supper," she said, with a glance at the old lady, who, resting back in her great chair, had tranquilly fallen asleep, "will do as a beginning for mine. You can see how it went on. Brought from her healthful country life to a London tenement-house, separated from her friends, disappointed in her husband, my poor mother's health began to fail. My father was one of those drunkards who grew steadily worse and worse, but having

a remarkably strong body, it took him a long while to kill himself with drink. Several children died in infancy. Then came a boy, Larrie; a girl, Annie, two years apart, and then I was born, two years after Annie. Why we lived I cannot tell you, for our affairs grew worse and worse, and we lodged in the wretchedest cellars and attics, in the poorest streets in London. We were burnt up in summer, frozen in winter, nearly famished, ragged, naked nearly. My poor mother had tried slop-sewing, but had to give it up, because father took her work and pawned it or sold it. For the loss of the work she was arrested, and as she dared not tell of father, for fear he would kill her, she would have been sent to jail as a thief, only the persons who took the goods, out of sheer pity for her, volunteered information that it was father who disposed of them. Father was then locked up for six months. Those six months were the only quiet time of my early life.

“Mother worked as scrubber and dish-washer at a cheap restaurant. Part of her wages came in ‘broken bits,’ and we had abundance to eat. Some ‘district visitors’ found us, and clothed us. We three children went steadily to school and to Sunday-school, and Sundays we went to a sort of chapel for poor folks like us, where we heard very good preaching. However, father came back, and was worse than ever. We were forbidden to go to school or church. If there had been compulsory education you see the police would have been obliged to look us up, inquire into matters, and make him let us go to school. But no one had any right or power to save us from father; he frightened off the district visitors, sold all the food mother brought in, took her money, so she had no clothes to work in, went drunk to the restaurant for her, to demand money, and so mother lost her place. He liked Larrie, a big, handsome boy, but he showed his liking in a way more desperate and dangerous than hate; he gave him beer and ale, and sugared gin—made him drink it, though mother prayed him not.

“Mother secretly prayed Larrie not to drink, and he told her again and again he would never be a drunkard, but father took him to gin-shops with him, and filled him with liquor, ordered him to drink it—so Larrie was often drunk before he was fourteen. Father tried to make Larrie hate us, told him to kick and strike us, but Larrie had mother’s heart if he had father’s form, and he was always kind and good to us, and just as sure as father gave him a penny or a sixpence, he secretly gave it to mother. Oh, we all loved Larrie. Annie, in spite of our misery, was very pretty. She was fair and delicate, and gentle and sweet-mannered.

“Mother had taught us to read, and had been careful to teach us such ways as she had learned among gentlefolks, and at Dame’s school. I only wonder how mother did so well by us as she did, for never had woman a harder time in striving to do for her family. Father managed to keep out of the hands of the police, except when he was locked up as drunk and dis-

orderly for a few days or weeks; except for the relief of those times, I think we should have all died. So it went on till I was about ten. It was cold, raw November weather. Father came in one day and demanded food; he was drunk and furious. I had crawled into our ragged bed, and fallen asleep, so he did not see me, though I woke as he came in. Mother and Annie were sitting miserably on the edge of the bed, cold and hungry. Mother told him she had neither money, food, nor fuel—she could not get him a meal. He still ordered her, swearing; and as she really could not give him food, he suddenly caught her by the shoulder and flung her down the stairway. Annie gave a shriek, and he seized her too, and gave her a fling, but only cast her against the door; she fell, lay quiet, the blood flowing from among her yellow curls. At the foot of the stairs mother lay in a motionless heap. The people of the house cried ‘Murder!’ and ran for the police. Father, frightened, ran away. During the morning he met Larrie, who was trying to earn a few pence near the docks. He told Larrie that mother had appealed to the parish, and been taken with us two girls to the poor-house. It hurt Larrie to be deserted so, but father told him to come with him, and being rid of us, they would work together.

“In the meantime the police came with a doctor, and found that mother was not dead, but had a fractured hip, and Annie’s head was badly cut, and she might have brain fever. They were put on a stretcher at once, and taken to a hospital. As I was not hurt outwardly, only heart-broken and wild with grief, no one thought of me. I followed the stretcher as fast as I could go, street after street, till the great gate of the hospital shut in mother and Annie, and shut me out. I cried and beat at the gate, but was told to go off, or I would be arrested. Then I went back to our place, but the police were looking for father, and had locked up the room, which had not five shillings’ worth of stuff in it. The landlord’s man had been there, saying our rent was overdue, and none of us should come in any more. One of the poor people in the house gave me two cold potatoes. I then went away, fearing that father might come back and throw me down like the others. I slept wherever I could, with little vagrants like myself, and picked up food at the scrap-barrels and around the markets. Each day I went to the hospital gate, and asked if mother and Annie were alive, and all the answer the cruel porter gave me was ‘Begone, brat!’ I was so ragged, starved, and miserable that he regarded me as a mere stray dog. If I had seen a doctor or a nurse they might have had pity on me. But I never hit the time to see anyone but that wicked old porter.

“One morning, thus driven off early, I wandered along in some of the reputable streets near the hospital, and stopping hungrily by an ash-barrel, there I saw a chicken’s leg, a whole, boiled drum-stick! I seized it, wiped it on my tattered frock, and began greedily to eat it, just like a little, famished dog. The action attracted the notice of three young ladies who were

waiting in their breakfast-room. They said, as I heard it afterwards, 'Dreadful,' 'Poor little soul!' 'This cold morning!' 'Looks perishing!' 'Wonder she lives,' and so on. Their old uncle, who sat by the fire, looked over his paper, and said: 'If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?' The eldest young lady, a lovely creature of eighteen, hearing this, put a shawl about her, and ran out to me to the ash-barrel. Although I was eating my bone, my mind was on my loss of my mother and sister, and I gnawed the drumstick, hardly knowing what I did, tears rolling over my face, and sobs choking me. Though beggarly, I was not filthy, for mother had taught us to wash vigorously at a hydrant or fountain each morning. The young lady said:

"'Poor little soul, what *is* the matter?'

"'I've lost my mother, and my sister,' I sobbed, 'they took 'em to the hospital, an' nobody won't tell me if they's dead or 'live, an' the man won't let me in to see 'em; oh, I want 'em, I want 'em!'

"'What was the matter with them?' she asked.

"'Please, father threw 'em down and broke 'em,' I said. 'He were drunk—father's an offul drinker.'

"'And daren't you go home, poor little girl?' she asked.

"I haven't any home, miss. Father's run off, and the police is looking for him. I can't find where my brother is, and the man at the hospital drives me off 'cause I'm so ragged and miserable. I don't want to be ragged and miserable. I'd like to be clean, and work, and go to Sunday-school and night-school. And so I would only for father. Oh, miss, you never had a drunken father, did you?'

"'Come in out of the cold,' said the young lady, her teeth chattering. And she took me to the breakfast-room, just as the family sat down to the table.

"'What should I do with her, uncle?' she said.

"'What you would want done for you, if you had changed places,' said the old gentleman. My lady eyed me a little.

"Then she took me to the kitchen, and ordered me a warm breakfast. A while after breakfast, she came with a little white night-dress in her hand, took me to the wash-room, told the maid to put a tub of hot water in the middle of the floor, and asked me if I could wash myself, and put on the gown. When this was done she came back for me—took me to a little room in the attic where there was a cot, and told me to go to bed, and go to sleep. 'You shall see your mother to-day if she is alive,' she said.

"I fell asleep, and slept till noon, when the three young ladies rushed into my attic, all eager and pleased, carrying shoes, hose, under-clothes, a gown, an apron, a hood, a shawl, mittens,—things which they had purchased that morning. For the first time in my life I was comfortably dressed throughout. We

went down-stairs, and I was presented to the old gentleman, and in answer to his inquiries told my story. I noticed that as I spoke he said, 'Bless my life! Bless my soul!' many times, and the young ladies cried, 'Oh, poor little soul! Poor creature!'

"My story told, the old gentleman ordered me a bowl of soup and a roll. After that he put on his great-coat, and took a stick with a huge gold knob, and set off at a stately pace for the hospital, his eldest niece, done up in fur to her rosy chin, looking just like a moss-rosebud, hanging on his arm, and I following after. There was no 'begone, brat' that time; the porter did not know me, and he bowed low to the gentleman, whose cane had a knob worth several sovereigns. We waited in a room; a man in slippers came and bowed; a book was looked over. Then we all went up-stairs. The man in slippers said to me: 'Your mother is alive, and she may get well. Your sister will get well too. But you are not to cry and excite them, and make a big time, or you cannot come again.'

"As I looked frightened, the young lady proposed to go into the ward first, and see my mother, and explain to her. She did so, and then I was brought in. There were several white, clean beds with thin, feeble people in them; my mother, the thinnest and weakest of all, lay in a corner bed. I had never seen her in such a nice bed, nor in such a clean, fine, white gown. She seemed very ill, but a sudden happy look had come into her face, and as I was led up, all clean and comfortable, her tears rolled over, and she could not speak. 'Don't cry, mother,' I said, 'the man says you will get well—father's run away. I have had all I can eat. See my warm clothes. I'll never be ragged or cold in these. I will earn plenty of money, and take care of you when you get well.' We talked a few minutes. The old gentleman came up and said he would look after me. I should see her twice a week, and sit with her an hour Sundays. When she left the hospital he would see she was helped.

"We then went to see Annie. She looked as sick as mother. The old gentleman promised her oranges and flowers and jelly when I came again. He seemed quite taken with Annie, who looked very pretty, though all her hair had been cut off on account of her head. In a day or two the old gentleman found me a home with a widow, who lived in a room in one of his houses. He set me up in business with a basket, as I told you. I went to night-school, near my home, and one hour a day I sat and learned sewing, with the widow, who was a seamstress. I visited my mother twice each week. She wanted me to try and find Larrie, but I could not, until someone at night-school, who had known of me for some time, told me that father had been arrested for housebreaking with a gang, and that Larrie had been seized too, as belonging to him. I went to my good old gentleman, and he looked the matter up; he gave bail for Larrie, took him to see mother, and boarded him where I was for a few weeks until he was fed, clean, and clothed. Father was sentenced to fifteen years in prison.

“As the old gentleman agreed to take care of Larrie, he was given up to him, and he put him in an industrial school, and after a year had him 'prenticed to a carpenter. When Annie had been in the hospital for six weeks, a lady visitor got her into a little home-school for such poor girls, where she was taught sewing, reading, writing, and housework. The ladies all petted Annie. Mother was six months in the hospital. Then the old gentleman let us have two rooms in one of his houses, and made them comfortable. Mother sewed. At the end of a year Annie and Larrie came home, and mother cooked for my basket. We got on first-rate, and as I told you, I took a stand, and mother and I cooked for it and kept it. Annie wanted to learn millinery; she always had a fancy for fine things, poor Annie!

“Our troubles came again by drink, but in a different way. Larrie had been fed on liquor, and he craved it. He never took much, nor was wild with it, like poor father, but now and again he would drink. Oh, how we pleaded with him, and mourned for him, mother and I! Oh, it is a hard story. When only twenty he fell from a building on which he worked. He had been drinking. He hurt his spine, and was paralyzed. We had then three rooms. It was the year after I got my stand. We brought him home and nursed him. The doctors told us from the first it was hopeless, and only a question of how long he would hold out. He held out over three years. The first year he often begged for liquor ‘to help him bear his pain.’ It was hard to refuse him, and he sulked when we did. But by God’s grace he lived the thirst down, and our poor dear Larrie was a thorough penitent, and a true Christian before he died. I had saved, shilling by shilling, money to buy a little burial-place, beyond the city. Larrie’s grave was the first I made there—a grave dug by the liquor demon.

“But before Larrie died, or just about that time, another drink trouble broke out on poor mother and me—from Annie. Annie was a very pretty girl; you would never fancy she could be my sister, she was so gentle, so fair, so nice-looking—such an easy, soft way with her. She had been 'prenticed to a milliner, and after she learned her trade she still stayed on in the same shop, because she was very handy and tasty at a bonnet, and very well spoken at the counter. Annie was very kind to poor Larrie; she bought him picture papers and flowers, and sang songs to him, and read tales to him, and was always full of what she had seen in the shop or street, to tell it to him in a merry way. All the taste I have, all the taking notice of flowers, and little bright, pretty things, I learned from Annie. Mother and I were so busy with the stall, and with trying to make both ends meet, that we had not much time to amuse Larrie, or think to make things pretty around him, as well as comfortable and clean. Annie thought of all that—it was well she did, for it made Larrie more happy.

“Annie did not get much wages; milliners’ girls do not, except in the very fashionable shops, and what she got she spent, for, poor child, she was fond of dress and amusement, and she could

not resist a pleasure excursion on the river, or down to Margate, or to Epping Forest. She loved to go to pantomime, and to the little theatres, and often went with the Goldsprays, with whom I got acquainted at the stand. Mother tried to keep Annie in, but it was no use; you see the way we had been forced to come up on the street, till Annie was twelve, had hindered mother from right control over us. Annie would go to church or prayer-meeting with us betimes, but you see, with one of us at the stand, and one by Larrie, our meeting chance was by turns with Annie stopping home.

"Well, running about as she did, Annie fell in with a brick-layer's journeyman, a good-looking fellow, who made love to her. He was no Christian, but Annie said that did not matter, she was not pious. He was not a teetotaler, but Annie said few were that; she liked a glass of beer or wine herself, now and then, and he would never drink to hurt him. He drank more than any of us knew. Mother told Annie her story, but Annie only said, 'Joe Lane wasn't like father.' So it went on, till just after Larrie died, Annie said it was too lonesome at our place, with mother and me always cooking, or stand-tending; she had done her duty by Larrie, and now she meant to marry. So she married, and the two went to Greenwich with a couple of friends for the day, and had a dinner, and were all pretty merry with wine when they got home, we heard. Joe Lane and Annie had furnished a room with a bed-closet off. We gave them some things, some they paid for themselves, some they were in debt for.

"Joe kept drinking more and more; he did not pay his debts, and the things were taken away from him, so he was shamed by that, and drank harder, and began to lose so much time that his master discharged him. Annie did some work at her trade, and she soon found Joe had no care for anything but the beer-shop, and hung 'round that, and then about Whaling's gin-palace, before he got this big place over the way. Things got worse and worse; we could not help Annie much, for Joe wasted everything; he did not abuse her, he just idled and drank. Annie felt degraded and discouraged, and began drinking too. By the time she had been married eighteen months, she was in a decline, and Joe one day ran off and left her. We none of us ever saw him more. We took poor Annie home to nurse her. She was very moody and unhappy. We could give her no comfort, nor could the city missionary, nor the Bible-reader who came to us. She faded away for six months. Toward the last day or so, she seemed to listen more to the Bible, and she wept when some hymns were sung. One night she asked mother to pray for her. Mother did, and Annie said, 'Mother, do you think God will mind for such a one as I am?'

"Mother said, 'Yes, daughter, if you ask Him.' Then Annie sighed and said, 'Oh, cursed drink! but for that I would still have been well and happy, and a comfort to you!' Mother said, 'Annie, drop that, and think only to turn to God, that Christ may forgive your sins.'

“ ‘Yes,’ Annie said, ‘I will. I am so tired now, I’ll think of it all when I wake up.’ So she fell asleep, and never woke up more. Oh, mother and I often think of her, and wonder if she did in her heart turn to God that last hour, as she fell asleep!”

“Do not think of that, Miss Chip, only remember the mercy and pity of God, and that in heaven we shall justify and glorify all His ways.”

“Well, madam, we buried Annie by Larrie, and that was the second grave strong drink had dug in my path. In those years father was yet in prison. Mother, when she got well, had written to him. I think open letters could go once in six months to the prison, and the chaplain read them to him. He never wrote or had anyone write to us. But mother had feeling for him still, and she went once in two or three years to see him. He was cross and sullen for seven or eight years. Then he seemed to do better, and worked better, and they gave him a better cell. He had been put at shoe-making, and finally he made a pair of shoes for mother and for me, for presents. He seemed to feel Larrie’s death some, but did not care about Annie’s; only when he heard she had married a drinking man, he said, ‘The fool! as if one lesson wasn’t enough for her!’

“Well, after eleven years of imprisonment, father began to fail. He grew thin and pale and weaker, and lost appetite, and in a year or so he got a bad cough. By the time fourteen years of his sentence were up, he was too feeble to work; he was bent, his face was hollow, his chest was sunk. I had been to see him that last year, and I made sure he would not live his sentence out. The chaplain seeing he had been so quiet for five or six years, got the last year of the sentence thrown off, so he might die at home. We didn’t know about that; but one evening mother was sitting alone; I was at the stand, and she heard a very slow step stumbling up the stair, and stopping now and again—and then a knock. She opened the door, and there was father,—a poor, white, fainting creature. Said he, ‘Will you let me in to die?’ and he stumbled and nearly fell from weakness. Mother put him in a big chair, and got his feet upon a stool; she bathed his face, and fed him with hot soup, and then got him into bed—the same bed where Larrie and Annie had died. When I got home about midnight he was asleep. Of course, I told him in the morning that he was welcome.

“He never left the room after that but once or twice, when I had him go take a ride in Regent’s Park with mother. He could not sit up all day; he was very quiet, never referred to the past, sighed a good deal, and listened quietly when mother read the Bible to him, or we had morning prayer. He lived about four months. His last day was Sunday. He said that day to mother, when I was at church, ‘I have been a cruel trouble to you and the children. I hope you’ll forgive me. Drink makes men devils.’ ‘I forgive you heartily,’ she said; ‘ask God to do the same.’ Later in the day he said to me, ‘Are you meaning to bury me by Larrie and Annie?’ I told him yes. ‘I don’t deserve it,’ he

said, and I asked him to pray God he might meet them in Heaven. He shook his head. At evening he lifted his head, looked at us as we sat near him, and said, 'Ruined by rum! Forgive me!' and before we could answer a word he was gone. So I laid him by the others; that was my third grave dug by strong drink.

"We got the little lodging and eating-house on Bird-Cage Walk, as I told you. And after a few years there I found Whaling had set up in this gin-palace, and I just got the lease of this house; it was owned by a cousin of my good old gentleman, and I put all I had into setting up here. I have been quite successful. I came here to keep just as many out of Whaling's clutches as ever I can, and I do get a many who would else go in there. There is room for more graves, two or three, in my little lot, all the real estate I own in the world. I suppose mother will go there next, and though she has never used liquor, and has lived to an old age, you will say as I say, that her life has been cursed by rum, and her age might have been strong and happy if it had not been for the sad work of liquor in her family. That is my story, madam. There are hundreds more just as dark or darker, all because of strong drink. I've seen homes enough broken up. I've seen well-to-do folk go in a two-years' time down to paupers' graves, all from strong drink. The Government licenses its sale, and taxes its production; the Church leases houses for its sale; the church-people, yes, some real Christians, take it—in moderation; Church officers and leading people make their living out of it; but there never was fire, flood, disease, earthquake, storm, or wild beast so dangerous to the community."

This was Miss Chip's story.

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,

Only for this: I know He holds my hand,
So whether led in green or desert land,
I trust although I do not understand.

Beside still waters! No, not always so:
Ofttimes the tempests round me fiercely blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

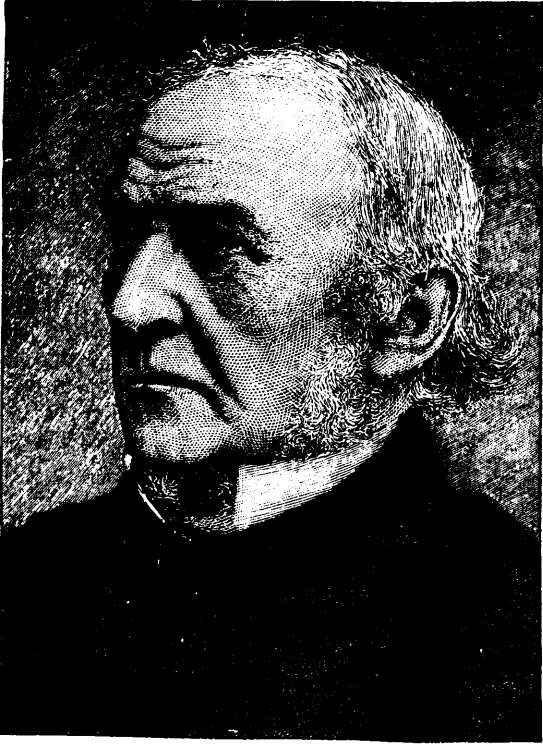
And when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo! it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

--Selected.

HOW MR. GLADSTONE WORKS.*

BY HIS DAUGHTER—MRS. MARY DREW.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

“TAKE it away. How can I do two things at once?” These are perhaps the very first well authenticated words ever used by Mr. Gladstone. He was then a small boy doing his lessons, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a nurse, bringing him a dose of physic. To those who know Mr. Gladstone, they contain one of the secrets of the sureness and success of his work.

His life-rule has been, “Whatsoever

thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

So it has come to pass that each person who meets him on his own subject or work in life feels that that is the subject in which Mr. Gladstone's real heart lies. The theologian, the scholar, and the politician, each in turn would say that Mr. Gladstone was before all things a theologian, a scholar, a politician.

There is nothing peculiar or ela-

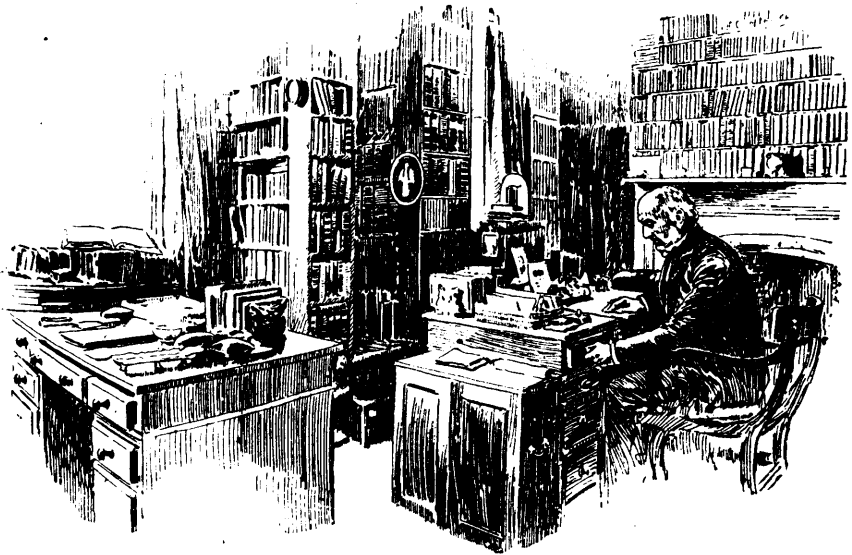
* The resignation of Mr. Gladstone is the close of the most remarkable historic career of this century. No other man has bulked so largely in the public view. No other man has been so ardently loved and so passionately hated. At times his life was scarcely safe in the London streets, and at times he was fairly

borate in Mr. Gladstone's method of working. Interruption is almost fatal to him, but his power of concentration is so great that conversation, so long as it is consecutive, may buzz around him without his being conscious of any disturbance.

It is in truth difficult to say in Mr. Gladstone's life what is work and what is play. Everything he does is characterized by energy and intense vitality.

surprised their wives, and awed them not a little, by filling up all odd bits and scraps of time with study or work. Out of their pockets would come the inevitable little classic at chance times of leisure.

No member of the Hawarden household can for a moment compete with Mr. Gladstone in regularity and punctuality. Always in his library, his "Temple of Peace," by eight o'clock, he has, if in his



MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY.

One reason why he gets through in one day more than most people do in a week, is his economy of time. This is a habit which must have been acquired long ago, as in the year 1839—that of the double marriage of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Lyttelton to the sisters Catherine and May Glynne—the two brothers-in-law

usual health, never been known since the year 1842 to fail to appear at church, three-quarters of a mile off, at half-past eight, for morning service. Nothing but illness has ever hindered him from daily attending this service. This is only carrying out a principle which was exemplified in his earlier days by the

idolized by the people. We know of no other statesman who has been in public life so long.

For over sixty years his policy has been not one of foreign aggrandizement but one for the elevation of the people. Even his enemies being the judges,

“Through all that tract of years
He wore the white flower of a blameless life.”

Every incident about the Grand Old Man in this juncture is of special interest. We therefore reprint a little sketch by his daughter, Mrs. Drew, indicating his manner of life and work at Hawarden.

daily prayers which he had with his two servants when, a young man, he lodged in the Albany, in London.

His correspondence is sifted by the son or daughter living most at home, and soon after breakfast a selection from his letters is brought to him. An average of one-tenth only of the postal arrivals is laid before him, and of these he answers about one-half. An interesting collection might be made out of the remainder, for probably no public man was ever addressed or consulted on so many hundred subjects.

When he is in office, the system is more elaborate.

The whole morning, whether at home or on a visit or holiday, is given up to business; and after two o'clock luncheon he resumes work for an hour or so, and, till lately, occupied the recreation time with tree-cutting, which he chose as giving him the maximum of healthy exercise, in the minimum of time. But for the last two or three years he has generally spent the afternoon at his new library. This is distinctly theological in its character.

To this building, erected a few years ago close to the church, he has transported twenty-four thousand books, every single volume of which has been put into its new nest with his own hands. Only those who have arranged their own few hundreds or thousands of books will realize the expenditure of thought, time and labour which this fact signifies. Fixed shelves, book-cases projecting into the room, an arrangement by subject, rather than by size or authorship, are his principles in arranging a library.

Every day he looks over a number of booksellers' catalogues, and there are certain subjects—anything, for instance, about witchcraft, strange religions, duelling, gypsies, epitaphs, marriage, Homer, Shakespeare or Dante—which are sure of getting an order. For first editions, he has no special appreciation, nor for wonderful or elaborate bindings. His copy of the *Odyssey* has been rebound several times, as he prefers always to use the same copy.

He usually has three books on

hand at once, of various degrees of solidity, the evening one probably being a novel. Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Bishop Butler are the authors who have most deeply influenced him—so he has himself written.

After five o'clock tea, a very favourite meal, he completes his correspondence.

Dressing is accomplished in from three to five minutes, and dinner over, the evening is spent in the cosy corner of his Temple of Peace, reading, with occasional pauses for meditation with closed eyes, which not unfrequently become a nap.

Once in bed, he never allows his mind to be charged with business of any kind, in consequence of which he sleeps the sound and healthy sleep of a child, from the moment his head is on the pillow until he is called next morning. This absolute power over his thoughts, won by long and strict habits of self-control, must be one of the principal causes of his freshness and youth. As an instance, he went home in the early morning after the defeat of his Home Rule Bill of 1886, and slept as usual, his eight hours.

There could not be a better illustration of his mind than his Temple of Peace,—his study, with its extraordinarily methodical arrangement. Away from home he will write an exact description of the key or paper he requires, as: "Open the left-hand drawer of the writing table nearest the fireplace, and at the back of the drawer in the right-hand corner, you will find some keys. You will see three on one ring. Send me the one with such and such teeth."

His mind is arranged in the same way; he has only to open a particular compartment, labelled so and so, to find the information he requires. His memory, in consequence, is almost unailing. It is commonly found that in old age the memory may be perfect as regards times long gone by, but inaccurate and defective as to more recent events. But with Mr. Gladstone the things of the present are as deeply stamped on his brain as the things of the past.

When worried or overdone with

business, his reading has always been of inestimable value to him. During the general election of last summer, this resource was, owing to an accident, denied him, and it was interesting to note that he was able to turn on the writing and thinking machines of his brain, to take its place.

During the Midlothian campaign and general election, and through the Cabinet-making that followed, he was writing an article on Home Rule, written with all the force and freshness of a first shock of discovery; he was writing daily on the Psalms; he was composing a paper for the Oriental Congress (read in September by Professor Max Müller, and "startling the world by its originality and ingenuity"), and he was preparing his Oxford lecture on "The rise and progress of learning in the University of Oxford"—a subject necessitating the most careful investigation.

As an example of this patience and thoroughness of work may be given the fact that he spent two hours in searching through Hume for one single passage. He writes usually with rapidity, reads slowly, and his manuscript sheets are as a

general rule marred with but few corrections.

Perhaps what has been said will be enough to give some idea of Mr. Gladstone's daily life, and to impress especially upon the young the lesson of self-control which is the chief element in its example. For, in his own words, "Precept freezes, while example warms. Precept addresses us, example lays hold on us. Precept is a marble statue, example glows with life—a thing of flesh and blood. There is one kind of exchange at least, between nations, which hostile tariffs can hardly check, the example of high personal example."

In applying these words to Mr. Gladstone himself, the question naturally arises, What is the underlying secret of this "high personal example?" It will, I trust, not be thought presumptuous, if I venture to answer that the secret is to be found in the words recently written by him to a young American inquirer: "All I write, and all I think, and all I hope, is based upon the Divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor wayward race."—*Goodwill Magazine*.

DEATH OF THE "WHITE PASHA."



SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

RECENT cable despatches bring

the news of the death of Sir Samuel White Baker, the famous explorer of Central Africa. He was one of the earliest explorers to follow the discoveries of Livingstone, and to penetrate farther into the unknown regions of the Dark Continent. Baker was forty years old when he started on his first journey into the interior. He was an Englishman by birth, but had been educated in Germany. From boyhood he had been deeply interested in travel and exploration, and had won distinction and wealth when comparatively a young man, by organizing and settling an extensive colony in Ceylon. He lived there until the death of his first wife and then sought relief from sorrow in travel in many lands.

In 1861 he set out, at his own expense, to discover the sources of the Nile. His second wife, a daughter of Finian von Sass, whom he married at Cairo, accompanied him. On his journey he met Speke and Grant, who told him that they had heard of a great lake which they had been unable to visit. Baker pushed forward, discovered the lake and named it Albert Nyanza. After sailing on it for many miles he returned, and, writing from Khartoum, he announced that the mystery of the Nile was solved. He had been three years on his journey, and he declared himself worn out with difficulties, fatigue and fever. He was knighted by his Queen, made Pasha by the Sultan and honoured by several Universities and learned societies. He was subsequently placed by the Khedive of Egypt in command of an expedition to suppress the slave

trade. Two thousand men were put under his orders, and two steamers and an abundance of supplies were furnished to him. The expedition cost two million dollars and over a thousand lives. After four years of continuous travel and almost constant fighting "The White Pasha," as Sir Samuel Baker was called, believed he had broken up the slave trade; but after his return, he was chagrined to hear that it had revived with its old power. His life since then has been spent in retirement, from which he has emerged occasionally to publish some new book on Africa, the fruit of patient labour, in which Lady Baker rendered valuable assistance. It is as an explorer that Baker will chiefly be remembered. The great expedition, from which he expected the greatest results, as a civilizing agency, was a great disappointment to him.

DR. DOUGLAS.*

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D.

THE tidings of the removal of Rev. Dr. Douglas fell upon me as a stunning blow, and ever since, the sense of my own personal loss, the loss to many warm friends, the Church's loss, the nation's loss, has occupied my thoughts and my heart.

From the time that I became his assistant in the old Griffintown Circuit, twenty-eight years ago, I have had the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with him; and how greatly I revered him, how deeply I loved him! Dr. Douglas was world-known for his transcendent gifts of eloquence. The versatility of his powers, the brilliancy and activity of his mind, the greatness and heroic courage of his soul, were recognized throughout the entire Church. His fame extended through every part of the United States, for many of his most splendid efforts in the

pulpit and on the platform were before the thousands in the great American cities.

There are multitudes in this land to whom his death has come in the sense of a personal bereavement, and in the National Capital, where during the Ecumenical Conference he was one of the most venerated and conspicuous personalities, the tribute paid to his memory in the Metropolitan Memorial Church met with as tender and sympathetic a response as ever thrilled in the hearts of a Canadian congregation.

My thoughts are directed, not to his great intellectual endowments and resources, or to the vast sphere which he filled in the Church, but rather to his character, which always impressed me as even nobler than his rare genius. He was not in "the roll of common men."

* This beautiful tribute came too late for its appearance in the same group as the others in this MAGAZINE, and we can find room for it only in smaller type.

Full of affability, there was yet a dignity and inborn stateliness, which made familiarity impossible except to his most intimate friends. A son of the hills, dowered with an indomitable will, he had nevertheless the tenderness of a child. He was "lord of a great heart." His home was a "holy of holies" in the beautiful affection which he cherished for his loved ones.

His great afflictions, particularly that of blindness, profoundly enriched his spiritual being. In the earlier years he wrestled with giant doubts concerning the future, and many a time he has interrogated me regarding the last utterances and deepest feelings of mutual friends, in the supreme moment of dissolution. But of later years he had passed through the "sunless gulfs of doubt," and reached the delectable land where "the sun shines always, and the Palace Beautiful is in sight." He was keenly sensitive to the things of God, dwelt in the presence of the Living Christ, looked up into His face, took Him by the hand, and felt the personal transforming of His indwelling life.

The Divine meaning of night is that the outward is shrouded, and the eyes are carried to the far distances and fixed on the great lights in the infinite abysses of space. So, as he walked in night, removed from the outer world, there was opened to his soul the visions of the unseen and the spiritual, and he "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." He had the inward eye, which is the "bliss of solitude," and this man who exercised, perhaps, the greatest, deepest and most beneficial influence on the Church, acquired his insight and power by a perpetual

absorption in the things that are invisible, and by having climbed those heights that are not sighted by ordinary experience. This is why his later utterances respecting political, social and ecclesiastical questions were often misunderstood. He saw with the seer's vision, and in the light that falls not upon sea or land. It was rather the prophet uttering his warnings with no faltering accent, but with sharp-cut and convincing speech.

Into the privacy of his daily life of suffering, which he bore as a hero, we must not intrude. He knew what crucifixion meant. He had his Gethsemane and his Calvary. He suffered with the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and by such discipline was brought into the glorious company of such ministers as Paul, with his thorn in the flesh, Robert Hall, with his excruciating pain, and Spurgeon with his life-long and intense sufferings.

Blessings, a thousand blessings, upon the Church for which he laboured so heroically and so faithfully! Blessings, a thousand blessings, upon the army of young ministers inspired by his teaching and example! Blessings, a thousand blessings, upon that sorrowing widow, that angel of mercy, through whose tender and self-sacrificing love and care he was able to furnish his herculean service to the Church: and upon those loving daughters, who were eyes and hands to him, and who returned his affection with a love unceasing and abiding!

And honour, all honour, to the memory of George Douglas, whose name will be forever embalmed in the traditions and annals of the Canadian Methodist Church!

"THOU, O most compassionate!
Who didst stoop to our estate,
Drinking of the cup we drain,
Treading in our path of pain,—

"Show thy vacant tomb, and let,
As of old, the angels sit,
Whispering, by its open door,
'Fear not! He hath gone before!'"

—Whittier.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

At the close of John Wesley's death there were in connection with him in Great Britain, though some few may have been outside the seas which inclose the United Kingdom, 313 preachers and 78,968 members. This year (1893) the return is for Great Britain, Ireland and mission stations, 2,653 ministers and 531,045 members. But these are only a small part of the Wesleyan Methodist family. In France, Africa, the West Indies and Australia there are 947 ministers and 20,523 members. But the growth of Methodism in America has been still more rapid. Taking only two out of fifteen denominations of American Methodists, viz., the Methodist Episcopal and the Methodist Episcopal South—the membership is more than 3,500,000 and the ministers more than 40,800, whereas in 1791 there were 198 ministers and 43,265 members. All branches of Methodism the world over, it is estimated that the membership is 6,124,786 and the total number of adherents not less than 20,000,000.

At the London Central Mission, under the Rev. J. Wakerley, there are several agencies employed. (1) Open-air services have been very successful on Saturday nights, at all of which attempts are made to secure signatures to the temperance pledge. (2) Rescue agents. Girls have been restored to their parents. Fathers and mothers have been rescued from vice and immorality. (3) Medical work. The services of a skilled medical man have been found invaluable. One such has given his services gratuitously.

Rev. Thomas Cook, Connexional Evangelist, whose labours have been so signally owned both in England and South Africa, has gone to India,

and before he returns home intends to hold evangelistic services in various missions. The Missionary Committee have commended him to the chairmen of the various Mission Synods and appropriated \$500 towards his expenses.

Something new. Miss Dawson has been elected circuit steward. She is the first lady thus appointed. She will be entitled to attend the District Synod, and there is no Methodist law to hinder her election to Conference.

The *Missionary Notices* are published in a brighter form, consisting of finer paper and larger type. The February number is full of valuable intelligence from various parts of the foreign field. A great revival wave has visited Lucknow in India. Rev. Dennis Osborne, of the M.E. Church, was the leader, but all the denominations were represented at the services. Miss Bascombe, of the Salvation Army, who is reputed to be a lady of culture and skilled in evangelistic work, was made very useful.

Good news also comes from Burmah. At one service six Buddhists were received by baptism. Every house some time ago was closed against the missionaries; now they are welcomed everywhere. Finding that in some instances the high-class natives were prejudiced against going into the mission churches, the missionaries held services in houses where they were sure of good attendance.

There are now 4,035 Bands of Hope, with a membership of 420,888, which is a large increase on the preceding year. There is an increase also in the adult section, there being nearly 1,000 societies.

The late Rev. J. Ayliff was a missionary in the Transvaal, Africa, in

1830-35, where a numerous tribe of the Fingoes resided. The fruit of his labours remains until this day. Recently a son of Mr. Ayliff laid the foundation stone of a new church at the place. He had to travel two days by horse-teams to reach the spot. Hundreds were present. The Kafirs and Fingoes seemed to outvie each other in their rejoicings.

The Lamplough Institution is in the same neighbourhood. There are sixty native girls who are receiving a good education. Mrs. and the Misses Halker, mother and sisters of the first missionary, are in charge of the institution. Instead of the fathers shall be the children.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishops Bowman and Warren dedicated the Iliff School of Theology of the University of Denver on Christmas Day. Bishop Warren preached the sermon.

Rev. Dr. Dorchester recently delivered a lecture at Springfield upon his experience as Superintendent of Indian Schools. In the four years and eight months of his superintendency he travelled 96,000 miles, and yet there were a few tribes he could not reach. There are 250,000 Indians in the United States, one fourth of whom belong to the five civilized tribes in Indian Territory. Four years ago only 15,000 were being educated; now there are 21,060 pupils. Out of 128,000 only 19,000 are Roman Catholics.

Bishop Taylor intends to visit all the stations in turn in Siberia, on the Congo, in Angola and in Zambesi and Mashonaland, and to make a thorough inspection of the entire field. This will require about two years. His niece, Dr. Jennie M. Taylor, goes with him for special service as a dentist—a service which will be greatly appreciated by the missionaries, and may in some cases save the necessity of a return home.

Rev. Julius Soper, P. E. of the Hokkaido district, Japan, writes respecting a trip of eighty-two days, 'I only met three or four foreigners and this while at the capital. I was three months without speaking one's

mother tongue. I lived largely on Japanese food. I travelled 1,253 miles. I dedicated a church, more than half the cost of which was provided by the people, all native Japanese.'

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

During the past six years 985 parsonages have been erected.

Within the bounds of the Baltimore Conference, revivals are spreading from the mountains to the sea shore. In one district one thousand have been converted. At one place a church costing \$25,000 has been built. For years it has been a matter of difficulty to conduct services here. At another place a stone church which has stood one hundred years has given place to a beautiful brick structure, at a cost of \$7,000.

The Texas Conferences are to build an Orphans' Home at Waco, \$35,000 having already been raised for the purpose.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The new issue of the *Magazine* at half the former price is an event of great interest. The *Magazine* has been published ninety-six years. The numerous improvements which it contains should secure the new issue a largely increased sale.

Rev. Samuel Hulme, who has been in the ministry since 1828, contributes a valuable article on "Our Centenary Celebration." (The Connexion will soon celebrate its centenary.)

From the mission in China there comes several interesting items. Rev. J. Robinson tells of remarkable conversions at Shantung Centre, and of a Chinese love-feast which reminded him of old-fashioned country Methodism at home. The Native Ministers' Training Institution and the Girls' College are not favourably situated, and should be moved to a more central position.

An association of the London circuits has been formed for consultation on public questions.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The Zambesi Mission has been established. The king manifested great interest in the mission party, and it is thought that the outlook is very hopeful.

More than fifty ministers have intimated their intention to attend Professor Fairbairn's summer school at Mansfield College for the study of theology. There will be learned lecturers from the Anglican and Nonconformist Churches.

W. P. Hartley, Esq., J.P., Missionary Treasurer, recently stated that seventeen years ago he solemnly dedicated ten per cent. of his income to God and the cause of humanity. Since then he has doubled the percentage, which he regarded as one cause of his success in business. After five years' experience and practice of the system of profit sharing with his employees, he was satisfied that it was the right course.

In fifty years 110,000 members had been added to the connexional roll, and more than 375,000 scholars had been added to their Sunday-schools; within the same period 10,000 members had been given to form the Methodist Church in Canada.

The Jubilee Fund lacks about \$50,000 of the amount stipulated, \$250,000. It is believed the entire amount will be raised.

The *Quarterly Review* for January contains a well written article on Methodist Union, by Rev. F. Bourne, of the Bible Christian Church. Mr. Bourne seems to be of the opinion that his branch of Methodism and the Primitive Methodist Church should be amalgamated, as such a union could easily be effected with advantage to both. The same number also contains an article on Methodism in Canada.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN.

At Herbert Road, Plumstead, Mr. W. Topley has been Sunday-school superintendent thirty years, and sixteen more as teacher; adding the years in which he was scholar, the length of time is sixty-eight years in the same school.

A bazaar was held at Truro which produced \$400, another at Penzance brought in \$700.

Dr. W. B. Torr, the principal of the Way College, Adelaide, has had conferred upon him the degree of M.A. and B.C.L., by Oxford University.

His Honour Chief Justice Way, a distinguished member of this Church and Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia, is once more, as he has been several times before, acting Governor in the absence of Lord Kintore from the Colony.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Two Chinamen of Victoria, British Columbia, converted in the Methodist Mission, formed as their rules in business the following regulations, which could hardly be surpassed by any firm of Christians: "1. We will not buy or sell anything that is injurious to our fellow men. 2. We will do no business on Sunday. 3. Of all that we make, one-tenth shall be given to the Lord's work."

A converted Japanese from San Francisco has been preaching for three months near Skeena, British Columbia, where there are about 160 of his countrymen located. Of this number twenty-three have professed conversion. Rev. T. Crosby visited them and was greatly pleased with his visit.

Rev. E. R. Young still feels deep interest in the welfare of his beloved Indians. He has sent \$50 towards the Indian schools.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen, during their late visit to Toronto, spent some time at Victoria University, where an appropriate address was presented to them, to which his Lordship delivered an admirable reply, which gratified all present.

ITEMS.

The issues of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the past year were 4,049,756, an increase for the year of 60,451. The total issues since the formation of the Society have been 135,896,552 copies.

Writing to the Bible Society, Rev. W. S. Nelson of the Syrian Mission says: The eight millions of pages printed, and the 25,000 volumes issued by the press in Beyrout surely represent no small factor in the process of elevating the Arabic speaking people of the East. These torches penetrate to the dark sections of Africa wherever the language of Mohammed is spoken. The Scriptures are found in almost every village in the whole of Syria.

There is a Christian community in Japan of about 175,000 souls. An exceptionally large number of these are men of influence and official position. But the greatest opposition comes from government officials.

Various colonies of Jews have been established in Palestine by wealthy societies and individuals. In the Plain of Sharon, near Jaffa, there are six or seven of these, and near Jericho, in the Jordan valley, two more, and three more near Safed. It is a remarkable fact that in Nazareth and Bethlehem there is not a single Jew.

Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, ordained seven men to the ministry recently, two of whom are the greatest chiefs in the country and govern great provinces. These were only ordained deacons. The ceremony took place in the cathedral, in which nearly five hundred trees are used as pillars. Some of them were brought five or six days' journey, and needed several hundred men to carry them. More recently twenty-eight men were baptized, and afterwards seventy-five were confirmed. More than 150 candidates for baptism appeared in a few days.

DEATH OF REV. W. J. MAXWELL.

The death of the Rev. W. J. Maxwell removed from Canadian Methodism a very strongly marked personality. He was a man of very superior ability, of indomitable industry and of great success in his work. As Brother Ross remarked at his funeral—He had “a passion for souls” and was never satisfied unless conversions took place under his ministry. He was a man of

strong originality, with keen insight into life and its relations, with a vein of quaint humour that attracted many who soon submitted to the mental and moral spell of his character. He was a native of this Province, born in Lambton, 1844. He had been twenty-three years in the ministry, and filled with acceptance such important appointments as Guelph, St. Catharines, Brantford, Hamilton and two churches in Toronto. As President of the Niagara Conference at an important and difficult crisis in its history he exhibited great prudence and force of character.

His strong and vigorous frame was seriously undermined by a long illness during his pastorate in the Bloor Street church. Before he was restored to health he entered with characteristic zeal upon his labours in the Elm Street congregation. He was soon, however, laid aside from labour, and after a long, painful illness was summoned from labour to reward. He seemed to rally for a few weeks before his death, but the hopes thus raised only made the feeling of bereavement at his departure the more intense.

His funeral at Elm Street church was an exceedingly impressive one. Several brethren from his former Conference, all the Methodist ministers of the city, and many of the other churches, with a great audience that filled the building, paid their last tribute of respect to the memory of a brother greatly beloved and revered.

Dr. Parker, Dr. Carman and Rev. Jas. S. Ross made impressive addresses. His bereaved widow will have many sympathetic friends in whose hearts the memory of Brother Maxwell will long remain.

We regret that through an inadvertence the name of the publishers of the new edition of Dixon's *Her Majesty's Tower* was omitted. The publishers are T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 2 vols., gilt top, \$2.50. The cheapest edition of this book has been \$4. The English edition, of which it is a fac-simile, is \$10—present edition, \$2.50.

Book Notices.

A History of the Preparation of the World for Christ. By REV. DAVID R. BREED, D.D. Second edition; revised and enlarged. New York and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Gilt top, illustrated. Octavo, pp. 483. Price, \$2.00.

The subject of this volume is one of prime importance. We are told in Scripture that "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son." The august argument of the volume is to show that the fulness of the time had come, and to trace the different steps whereby God had been preparing the world for this divine epiphany. The fact that the second edition of this work has so soon been called for is an evidence that it has met a felt need on the subject.

Part I. treats the Period of Inclusion—the Chosen Land and the Chosen People, and the special adaptation of the land of Canaan for the development of the Jewish race and Hebrew religion. Part II. treats of the Period of Seclusion—the Semitic supremacy. The schooling of Israel by the persecution in Egypt, its divine adoption and deliverance, and its discipline in the wilderness are lucidly and forcibly taught.

Of special interest is Part III. treating of the Period of Diffusion, of Japhetic Supremacy, the Overthrow of the Ancient Monarchies, the Development of Greek Thought and Hellenizing of the Nations, including to a large extent the Jews themselves, the almost universal extension of that most comprehensive organ of thought, the Greek language, and the unification of the world under Roman power.

The closing section is entitled "The Kingdom of Heaven at Hand." It shows the failure and despair of heathenism. The world was weary waiting for the Divine

Healer of its woes. The fulness of the time had come. The converging lines of prophecy all focussed in the life of Christ. In Him was met the yearning of mankind for light, for life, for moral regeneration. After the long preparation of many centuries the way was prepared for the apostles of Jesus to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

This book is handsomely illustrated with photogravures of Egyptian Pharaohs, and with Greek architecture, maps, and diagrams.

Anti-Higher Criticism, or Testimony to the Infallibility of the Bible.

Edited and compiled by REV. L. W. MUNHALL, M.A. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. 354. Price, \$1.50.

This is emphatically a book for the times. A great deal is assumed by the so-called "higher critics," which will not itself bear critical investigation. This volume is the outcome of a conference, held under the auspices of men of light and leading of the Protestant Churches, at Ashbury Park in August, 1893. Among the Methodist promoters of that conference were Prof. Townsend, Boston University; Dr. Carroll, of the New York Independent; Prof. Nast, Prof. Coddington, Bishop Fitzgerald, and others. The papers presented were of such importance and permanent value that a request was made for their publication.

The treatment of the subject is, of course, eminently conservative. The writers have no sympathy with the "crazy-quilt" theory of the composition of the Pentateuch, and other books of the Bible. The writers are men of distinguished scholarship, and the essays, being prepared for popular assemblies, are not abstruse, but popular treatment of the subjects under discussion.

Such men as Prof. Green, of Princeton; Prof. Stroeter, Denver University; Dr. Howard, of Rochester Theological Seminary; Prof. Moorehead, Dr. Stephens and other contributors are the peers in scholarship of any of the higher critics.

It is shown by example that even the familiar parables of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan may be dissected and divided into two continuous narratives, in precisely the same manner as the higher critics dissect and divide the Pentateuch. Among the subjects treated are "The Unity and Mosaic Origin of the Pentateuch," by Prof. Green; "The Book of Psalms," by Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, "Isaiah" and "The Testimony of the Bible to its own Integrity," by Dr. James H. Brooks of St. Louis; "Messianic Prophecy," by Prof. Moorehead; "The Gospels," by Prof. Stroeter. We strongly commend this book to any who are puzzled by the assumptions of some of the so-called higher critics, that scholarship is almost wholly with them in their methods and conclusions.

The Canadian Ice Age, Being Notes of the Pleistocene Geology of Canada, with Especial Reference to the Life of the Period and its Climatic Conditions. By SIR WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. Montreal: William V. Dawson. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.

When called upon to speak for Canada at the World's Sunday-school Convention in London, the present writer took occasion to say that Canada, instead of being the youngest, was the *oldest* country in the world, that it was heaved up above the primeval sea earlier than any other land, that the oldest inhabitant of this planet was a Canadian, and that Sir William Dawson had discovered him and given him his name, "*Eurozoön Canadense*."

The venerable discoverer of the "early born Canadian" still keeps up his studies of the history of our country. The volume under review is his latest contribution to science.

The veteran geologist has the courage of his convictions, and gives good reasons for his dissent from certain conclusions as to the ice age in Canada. Sir William takes exception to the theory of Prof. Geikie and others, that an ice cap of enormous thickness, caused by astronomical changes in the position of the earth, from five to twenty thousand years ago, covered the Arctic hemisphere, whose slow motion southward grooved the rocks and gave their present contour, and largely their contents to the superficial stratum of northern Europe and America.

The great difficulty of this theory is that it would involve a vast elevation of land, besides an enormous deposition of snow in the central part of Northern America to set in motion this great glacier. On the contrary, there is no evidence of such elevation ever having existed, and the snowfall in the extreme north and north-central parts of the continent is much less than in the lower latitudes and on its east and west borders. The case of Greenland, which has a solid ice cap many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet thick, from whose margin innumerable icebergs break off and float southward, is not analogous, for there the snowfall is enormous and the slope sufficient to give the glacial matter a steady flow.

How then are the so-called glacial groovings and scratchings, the transportation of erratic blocks and boulders, and the existence of marine shells on high levels to be explained? Sir William Dawson, who has made a study for forty years of the action of sea-borne ice, field ice, icebergs and bordage ice, considers that he finds in these, operating upon a vast scale, together with the alternate elevation and depression of the land surface, ample and more rational explanation of the so-called glacial phenomena. This theory is elaborated with true scientific accuracy and careful induction from a wide observation of facts in the Bay of Fundy and the St. Lawrence.

Sir William Dawson also takes a conservative view of the age of man

on this continent. Many of the so-called palæolithic implements of the glacial gravel have been found to exist, not in undisturbed gravel, but in loose debris lying at its foot, and therefore more probably of quite modern instead of extremely remote origin. This volume is of exceeding interest to Canadian readers, as calling their attention to phenomena taking place under their own eyes, and as explaining some of the most interesting problems of the ice age. The book is not only a credit to Canadian science, but also to Canadian manufacture. It is exceedingly well printed, bound, and has a number of cuts which really illustrate the text.

Colden Memories of Old World Lands; or, What I Saw in Europe, Egypt, Palestine and Greece. By MARIA BALLARD HOLYOKE. With half-tone illustrations. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. 542. Price, \$2.00.

In a very important sense travel is education. In no way will one obtain such clear and adequate conceptions of foreign lands and institutions as seeing them for one's self. Most persons, however, are prevented by circumstances from visiting the old historic lands of Europe and the East. The next best thing for stay-at-home travellers is to see through the eyes of intelligent tourists the many things of interest in foreign countries. Such a tourist is eminently the writer of this volume. Mrs. Holyoke is a cultured and scholarly woman and a prominent lecturer of the W. C. T. U.

The size and cost of many of the more expensive books of travel place them beyond the reach of most people. The writer condenses into this volume a comprehensive account of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, and also the Bible lands of Egypt and Palestine.

One of the most interesting parts of her book is her social studies

and investigation of the charities, the philanthropic and religious institutions of Great Britain, and impressions made by lordly halls and peasants' homes. She was greatly pleased with the philanthropies of London, which exceed in number, variety and volume those of any other city in the world. She makes special mention of the Wesleyan East-End Mission and other noble evangelizing agencies. This book is equally good as a preparation for going abroad, as a companion in travel, or as a souvenir when one has returned. A number of excellent engravings are given.

Every-day Religion; or, the Common-Sense Teaching of the Bible. By HANNAH WHITALL SMITH. New York and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, \$1.00.

"The Christian secret of a happy life" has furnished comfort and inspiration to thousands of readers on both sides of the sea. The present volume from the same pen is characterized by the same spiritual fervour and moral insight which marked her former books. In this series of Bible readings on selected passages of Scripture the very marrow and fatness of the Word of God is clearly brought out. As an aid to devotion and as promoting growth in grace we know no more helpful book.

What Think Ye of the Gospels? A Handbook of Gospel Study, by the REV. J. J. HALCOMBE, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs.

The name of T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, on the title page of any book is a guarantee of its value. This volume is an exhaustive, comparative study of the Gospels, with a diagram, which, however, we did not find particularly lucid; nor are we convinced of the correctness of the author's theory as to the order and relations of the Gospels as set forth in his book.