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 For Contents see last advertisement page facing cover.

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## P. PLAN.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

NOW God be with King Edward, Chieftain of Britain's race,  
Now God protect our Sovereign Liege and keep him by His grace ;  
Let banners wave before him, let rocking belfries ring,  
St. George for Merrie England, and God save our Lord the King !

To English holt and headland on every swelling breeze  
Is blown the ancient greeting from his Vikings over seas,  
The homage of his Peoples, and the prayers of all his race—  
God guard our Sovereign Lord the King and keep him by His grace.

Within his wide dominions the world may walk at peace,  
The gates of mercy open that slaves may find release,  
Wherever rings the music of freedom at their toil,  
Where never heel of conqueror shall crush good English soil.

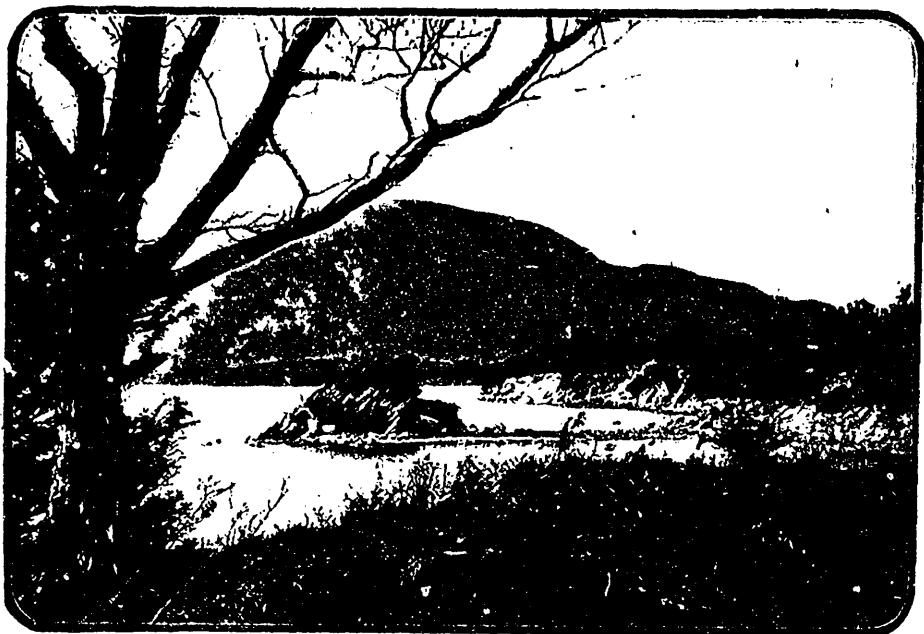
Our faith is as our fathers', who held this England free,  
Our prayer is as our fathers', who keep an open sea :  
Our British faith shall guard him, our British prayers shall shield,  
And he who comes against him by God's good grace shall yield.

The Kingdoms and the Empires whose dust is in the wind  
Forgot the charge before them, and forgot the God behind ;  
O never race shall perish and never Throne shall fail  
Whose strength is built on freedom that the Will of God prevail.

Now God keep England virile, now God keep England strong,  
Sweet realm of gracious labour, brave shire of game and song :  
No stagnant land of idlesse, swords rusted, banners furled,  
But Shakespeare's glorious England pulsating thro' the world.

For ever honest England, for ever England true !  
Isle where the banner of Freedom first to the breezes blew !  
Where still to the winds of Heaven that ancient flag we fling—  
Sons of Great Alfred yielding free fealty to their King ?

O not with fearful footsteps, but shouting hymns to God,  
Go we with English Edward where the Great Mother trod :  
With faith in heav'n's high purpose from reign to reign we swing,  
Unswerving from our destiny. God save our Lord the King !



KILLARNEY—COLLEEN BAWN PARK.



KILLARNEY—THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE.

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

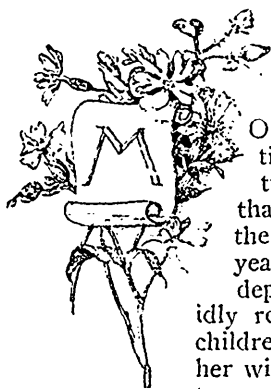
JUNE, 1902.

## BACK TO IRELAND.\*

BY SAMUEL H. PYE.

### II.

"When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood  
God bless'd the green island and saw it was good;  
The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone—  
In the ring of the world, the most precious stone."



ORE and more as time passes is the tide turning in that direction, and the land that fifty years ago was nearly depopulated is rapidly regaining her lost children; returning to her with the added culture and refinement that years of residence among and association with the vigorous and progressive American people invariably bestow. They are going back to Ireland, not the poverty-stricken, down-trodden emigrants that left her shores in "forty-five," but men and women whose education and material wealth have been acquired under circumstances that call out all the best elements of one's character.

While these that emigrated to other lands have been labouring and saving to lay by something for the rainy day that comes to all, they have not forgotten the dear ones left behind, and the frequent remittances home have been used for the betterment of the little "pittaty" patch, the improvement of the paternal mansion, and the

education of the younger "childer"; and so carefully have these funds been husbanded and so marked have been the results, that the returning emigrant is amazed at the change he finds in the "dear ould home" and its surroundings.

The habits of life and the manners of the people have radically changed; industry and prosperity go hand in hand, and the pinch of hunger is no longer in evidence in the wasted form and shrunken faces of her inhabitants. "We have more ease," remarks a recent writer, "more leisure, more of the comforts of life, and we look forward with less anxiety to the morrow."

In a very large sense this change is attributable to the influence of returning emigrants of former years and to the development of the mind and the enrichment of the natures of those who remained at home, through the opportunities afforded for a liberal education, and by the easier circumstances and consequent relief from the carking cares of a life heretofore filled with the gloomiest apprehension as to the future, in a material sense.

America has benefited Ireland in so many ways besides that of

\* By courtesy of The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine.

the steady flow of money that comes from her children on this side the water that their enumeration would fill a volume. The amount of these remittances is beyond computation. Take your station in the money-order department of the post-office of any large American city, about a month before Christmas, and watch the endless file of young men and women, whose bright faces and cheerful badinage denote their nativity or descent, and calculate, if you can, the number of dollars being transmitted to the dear ones across the "say." No other nationality is so thoughtful of and so generous to the members of its own family who are not so fortunately circumstanced, and year in and year out this annual transfer of wealth is taking place.

When in the course of years, in addition to these generous remittances, a snug little sum is accumulated, the remitter takes his wealth and hies him back to Ireland, and either pays off the mortgage that has hung so long like a nightmare over the homestead, or buys an additional piece of ground and settles down beside the parents, whose love is so constant, and tries in every way to smooth the pathway of their declining years. This characteristic of the Irish nature is one of the beautiful visions of life, and is so truly expressed by Tom Moore when he says:

No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close.

While Ireland no longer boasts a separate nationality, and is being rapidly and happily absorbed by the great nation to which it was annexed by conquest, and to which it has heretofore yielded only the obeisance of the conquered, yet it is helping to make the history of many nations, and her sons are today in the front rank of statecraft, and the leaders of the grandest armies of the world. Read the glory and pride of Irishmen in such leaders as Lords Roberts and



AN ANCIENT IRISH COTTAGE.

Kitchener and Generals French and Kelly-Kenny; Irishmen all, who at last have turned the tide of battle and are restoring to the British army its lost laurels.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and King Edward counts among his most trusted advisers, Irishmen as distinguished in statesmanship as are these brilliant leaders of her armies in the arts of war.

In literature, in art, in jurisprudence, Ireland has given to the world men who would have conferred honour on any nation, and whose memories are the boast and delight of every true son of the sod. No nation has been so thoroughly

and so sweetly sung into imperishable history as Ireland, and the muse of Tom Moore was not—as some suppose—wholly devoted to the expression of a true Irish gentleman's devotion to his sweetheart and the tender language of love, but some of the sweetest songs in the hymnology of the Methodist Church came from the pen of this erratic but sweet singer.

Where can we find greater comfort than in his

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,"

What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer."

The pulpit, the press and the bar have had their loftiest, their brightest, and their keenest representatives from among Ireland's distinguished sons.

"The sun never shone on a lovelier country, as nature made it," says Froude. From the Mourne mountains to those of Kerry, down to the charming lakes of Killarney, and thence up through two hundred miles of the most charm-



GLENDALOUGH—ROCK OF CASHEL.

or sweeter aspiration than in this:

"O, Thou who driest the mourner's tears ;"

or a stronger note of jubilation than the following :

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea ?"

Dr. William Hunter, of Irish birth, wrote that charming hymn,

"My heavenly home is bright and fair,"

and Joseph Scriver, a local preacher born in Ireland, is the author of the beautiful lines :

"What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear ;

ing scenery in the world to Cork and Dublin, sea-coast and inland scenery and lake scenes of unequalled beauty are the characteristics of this region.

The old-time Irish hovel is fast disappearing, and the homes of the rural community are comfortable, and in many cases really attractive and picturesque. The family life is altogether changed, the pig having been relegated to the newly-constructed sty, while the chickens are no longer permitted to roost on the foot of the family bedstead. It is difficult to eradicate preconceived notions or impressions re-



ceived from travellers whose sole mission seems to have been to hunt out the lowest classes in places visited; but true it is that the tourist who goes to Ireland to sketch the scenes that were all too prevalent half a century ago is going to be disappointed and will have his labour for his pains. Ireland, thank the Lord, is not only regenerated, but rejuvenated.

Fortunately for the student of history, Jane Barlow has preserved much of the lore of the common people of former generations, but

our coffins come up the road, that the ould wan had the bespeakin' of." Such folk are becoming, to use the Irish expression, "as scarce as hens' teeth."

The talk at "Lis Connel" could not all have been of this tenor, and the fact that occasionally something in liquid form was available for rousing drooping spirits is attested by the saying that was quite common there, that "it's a dale aiser to draw the cork out of a full bottle of whisky than to put it in again."



WICKLOW IN THE DARGLE—LOVER'S LEAP.

her pathetic tales of the dwellers in huts in mythical "Lis Connel" could not be verified by the most careful search of the most inaccessible province of Ireland to-day. You will find it hard to discover the people she describes as sitting about their doors in idleness, and bewailing their unfortunate condition, devoting their time to gloomy forebodings and indulging in such talk as to call forth this protest: "Arra now, will no talk contint you but dyin' an' the divil? To be hearin' you one ud think we were just sittin' here a minit to wait till

Indeed, from this habit of cork-drawing may be attributed the conditions that led to the remark: "Ye'll sup sorrow wid a spoon of grief."

I cannot better illustrate this tendency to levity under the most discouraging circumstances, on the part of my Irish friends, than to give you some sample bulls from Irish pastures:

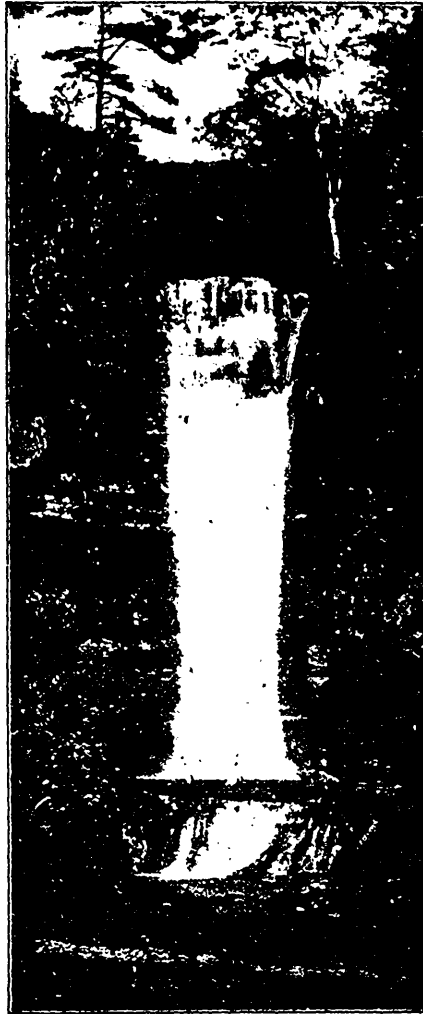
A recent writer, commenting on the sensitiveness of the Jews in regard to the stories emanating from the Ghetto quarter of New York city, asks: "Why don't the Irish

complain of the fun, the open ridicule poked at them?" and answers: "Because, be jabbers, the Irishman is proud of his Irish, so sure of himself, that he is the first to crack the Irish joke on the Irish."

This is really the secret of the Irishman's disposition to satirize his own people. Always overflowing with humour, he is perpetually exercising his gift at the expense of his nearest friend or dearest companion. There are no circumstances or conditions that will prevent this natural flow of the mother wit. Even in the presence of death itself it bursts forth in its greatest exuberance. A story is told of the dying king of Kerry Patch, the name given to the Irish quarter of St. Louis, that after he had disposed of the bulk of his property to various charities, ten dollars still remained. Being asked what should be done with the money, he replied: "Ye can have that for whisky at the funeral." On being further interrogated as to whether the whisky should be drunk going or coming, with his last expiring breath he exclaimed: "Have it going to the funeral, for then I'll be wid you."

This propensity to make bulls is a deep-rooted national characteristic, in no way confined to the lower classes, but found among educated and well-to-do people. A Cork newspaper recently published a report of an open-air political meeting in which this paragraph appeared: "Mr. M. A. Brennan next spoke at much length in his usual happy style, but from the distance we were wholly unable to catch the purport of his remarks."

The literature of Ireland is full of bright samples of ready repartee and scintillating wit, and among no other class is it in such vogue as among the legal fraternity. Bench and bar are continually on the alert for an opening for the use of this



GLENCAR FALL, SLIGO.

wonderful weapon for combating the opinions advanced by opposing counsel, and bringing ridicule on the statements of both attorneys and witnesses.

Judge Barton, who was a very old and wizened little man, was trying a case, when another very old man, scarcely able to walk, came into court to give evidence. Instead of going to the witness-box, he went toward



LOUGH GILL, SLIGO.

the passage leading to the bench. McDonagh, the counsel, called out to him: "Come back, sir; where are you going? Do you think you are a judge?" "Indeed, sir," said the old man, looking up at Judge Barton, "indeed, sir, I believe I am fit for little else."

This propensity to ridicule is as strong among the clergy as among the legal fraternity, and they are often met with a rejoinder that turns the laugh from the victim to the perpetrator of a joke.

Charles Kean's picture of the stevedore at the hatchway, shouting down to the men in the hold: "Now, then, how many of yez is down there?" "Five of us." "Thin, half of yez kum up directly," cried the stevedore.

A very general impression prevails in this country that Ireland is much oppressed by the English government, and the cry of Home Rule is much more frequently heard on this side of the water than among the industrious classes in Ireland. The facts are that while taxation is the same in England, Ireland, and Scotland, the British Government returns to Ireland for

educational and other beneficent purposes a large proportion of the taxes collected, so that in reality taxation is lighter in Ireland than in any other portion of the British dominion, while the tenant right of Irish landholders is far superior to any in Scotland or England.

No more prosperous part of the British dominion exists than the province of Ulster, peopled chiefly by descendants from England and Scotland, and—without instituting invidious comparisons—wherever the Protestant faith prevails industry and prosperity go hand in hand.

As we have said once before, there is no more prosperous city in the world to-day, or one that is more rapidly stepping to the front rank of great cities, than Belfast, and her citizens are happy and content under the rule of their good King.

Most people forget that there exist two distinct nationalities in Ireland, viz.: Celtic—Roman Catholic to a man—and Saxon—chiefly Protestants. These Saxon Protestants furnish the brain, brawn, and financial capital of the country, north and south.

Home Rule would virtually drive out this Protestant, prosperous loyal element. If they remained, they would have to pay three-fourths of the taxes to support Home Rule government.

The agitation is on this side of the water, and not among the better classes of Irish. Men who are engaged in prosperous pursuits, accumulating wealth and educating their children, are not seeking to unsettle the confidence in the

King's government of the relatives and friends they have left behind them, but are to-day encouraging them to remain where they are, and supplementing this advice with what they can spare of their own savings, rather than have them come to this country and become the tools and minions of a political ring more despicable than any tyranny ever exercised over the home country.

"SO MUCH TO DO: SO LITTLE DONE!"\*

BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

I.

"So little done," brave heart, "so much to do"!  
 Since first the sun and stars looked down to scan  
 The core of Nature's mocking mystery, man,  
 This was the cry of workers such as you;  
 Each strove and strove till, sudden, bright in view,  
 The rich fruition of the Striver's plan  
 Shone far away beyond Life's narrowing span,—  
 Shone while the world was waving him adieu.

An age's days may live in fifty years.—  
 To him who dreads no spite of Fate or chance,  
 Yet loves both Man and Earth and starry spheres,  
 Life's brevity is part of Life's romance;  
 And when the footsteps fall of Death's advance  
 He hears the feet: he fain would stay, but hears.

II.

"So much to do," brave heart, "so little done"?  
 What son of England left a work more grand?  
 Did that fierce trader-boy who, sword in hand,  
 Captured the siren-mistress of the sun  
 Whom only in dreams great Alexander won?  
 While India, right from Comorin's belt of sand  
 To where the guardian Kashmir Mountains stand  
 Acclaims our Clive, your work is but begun.

The century dawns, and race is trampling race  
 Where'er the white-man's living breezes blow.  
 England is saying, "He won a breathing space  
 For English lungs where skies of azure glow"—  
 Freedom is saying, "He gave a brooding-place  
 Where, 'neath the Southern Cross, my limbs shall grow."

—*London Saturday Review.*

\* Last words of Cecil Rhodes.

ON THE NORTH SHORE OF CANADA:

TRAGEDY AND ROMANCE IN OUR ARCTIC REGIONS.\*

BY THE REV. F. A. WIGHTMAN.

II.

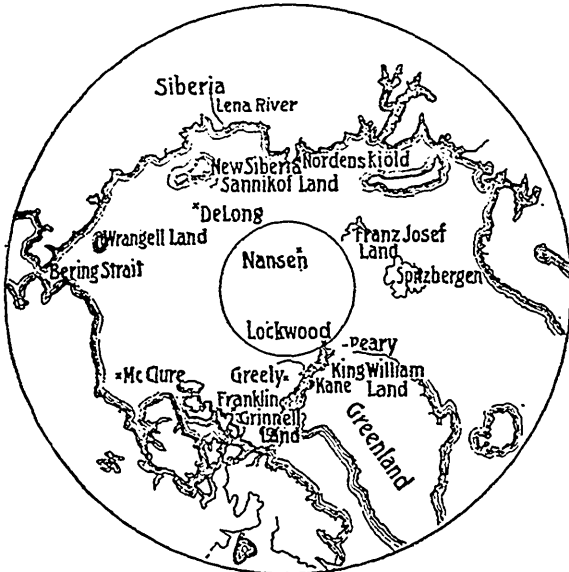
SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.



COME now to the two names associated with the most tragic events of the north. On the most recent maps of the Dominion is marked the Franklin Territory, embracing all the islands of the Arctic Ocean to the north of the continent. This is a worthy tribute to a brave man, and with all the honour it may imply it was nevertheless dearly bought. Sir John Franklin had, in his sixtieth year, already made a name and a competency. As a navigator and

an administrator in different parts of the Empire, he had had his share of the world's adventures and honours. Retirement to enjoy what had cost him so much would have been in keeping with the views of more ordinary men; but not so with Sir John. At the call of his country in 1845 he once more embarked to face the stern realities of the Arctic seas, and, as it proved, to face the stern realities of an awful fate for himself and the one hundred and twenty-nine men who accompanied him.

All that is possible to know of this great tragedy of the north is already known, and interesting as this story is, the details cannot here be told. It may be mentioned that after the lapse of five years the first trace of Sir John's whereabouts was found in the form of the abandoned site of a winter camp. As, however, others had already spent five years in the Arctic regions, all hope concerning this expedition was not yet abandoned. The search for further traces was, therefore, prosecuted with vigour, both by the British Government and also by his devoted wife, who spent her entire fortune in this long and fruitless labour of



FARTHEST NORTH.

Reduced from map in Christian Endeavour World.

\*The cuts are from J. W. Tyrrell's book, "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada." By courtesy of the Publisher.

love. During the next nine years many further expeditions were dispatched to the region of his supposed fate. Finally, tidings were heard from the Eskimo concerning white men who had abandoned their ships and travelled south; others told of starving men staggering along, some falling by the way; still others told of graves and dead bodies they had seen. In the possession of others were instruments and utensils that were certainly a part of the equipment of the Franklin expedition. All this tended to confirm the worst fears of McClintock, who was now undoubtedly on the track. A stone cairn had also been discovered in which was a document, stating, to the surprise of the world, that Franklin had died on his ship June 11th, 1847, that the ship had been abandoned April 22nd, 1848, and that the crew, now reduced to one hundred and five men, were starting overland for the mouth of the Great Fish River. Finally, near the shores of the Adelaide Peninsula, the last mystery in connection with this terrible tragedy of the north was solved, by discovery of the bleaching bones of the starved and scurvy-smitten remnants of his crew. They were then only a day's journey from their objective point. What caused the death of Franklin, and what would have been the fate of the expedition had he lived, must remain forever unknown.

## CAPTAIN HALL.

One of those whose sympathies were aroused by the fate of Franklin was Charles Francis Hall, of Cincinnati. Hall was a plain, unassuming man, wholly ignorant of sea life of any kind, but filled with his big idea, he introduced himself to the Geographical Society of New York, and was well received. His first expedition, as he expressed it, was for the purpose of finding the

bones of Sir John Franklin. The equipment for this undertaking was of the humblest kind, and consisted simply of Hall himself and an Eskimo whom he chanced to meet, a row-boat, and a moderate supply of provisions and implements. Having been given free transportation to a point in the far north by an American whaler, his real work began.

Hall did not succeed in accomplishing the purpose of his expedi-



ESKIMO WOMAN.

tion, but he proved himself so capable a leader of northern explorations that he inspired universal confidence in his ability. This led to the sending forth of two further expeditions under his command, the last of which was elaborately equipped. These last expeditions, however, were diverted toward the North Pole, rather than to further search for traces of Franklin. In this last voyage Hall, like the great



ESKIMO MAN.

man from whom he received his inspiration, died on board his ship in the far north.

The most tragic event in connection with this expedition, or probably of any expedition, befel a portion of Hall's crew. Soon after the death of their leader, nineteen of the crew became separated from the ship in a storm, including his faithful Eskimo and wife. They sought refuge on the ice-floes, hoping to regain the ship. This happened in 79 deg. 53' N. Lat. Failing to regain the ship, they found themselves slowly drifting down Baffin's Bay, with the tremendous expanse of Davis Strait and the Atlantic Ocean before them. They had scarcely any provisions, only two light boats, and only a tent for shelter. This was their situation at the beginning of an Arctic winter, and thus did they commence a

drifting voyage of a hundred and ninety-five days, surrounded by an Arctic night, raging storms, angry seas, and crushing floes of ice.

The diary of John Heron, one of the party, carefully kept from day to day, gives a graphic account of this most wonderful voyage. It tells a story most pathetic of escaping from one ice cake to another, as their temporary refuges were, one after another, ground to pieces; of living on seals, birds and bears which they were fortunate enough to kill; and often while just at the verge of starvation. During most of the time the thermometer averaged 35 degrees below zero. It is certainly one of the marvels of adventure, that, after a drifting voyage of over six months under these conditions, nineteen persons, including a little babe, should be rescued without the loss of a single member of the party. The distance travelled was about two thousand miles.

There is no doubt the safety of the party was, under God, due to the presence of Joe Eberbing, a native Eskimo, and his wife, Hannah. He stands out as the hero of this strange adventure and, in his whole conduct, exalts our idea of the race to which he belonged. The following are the closing words of Heron's diary:

"Wednesday, April 30th, 10 a.m.. Weather thick and foggy. Glorious sight when the fog broke: a steamer close to us. She sees us and bears down on us. We are saved, thank God! We are safe on board the *Tigress*, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, Captain Bartlett. . . Picked up in Lat. 52 35' N."

Canada is placed under deeper obligation to these heroes of the Arctic ice than any other country in the world; let us revere their names.

Surely, if the legend of Evangeline has glorified Acadia and her ancient people, calling forth the sympathetic interest of the world,



J. W. TYRRELL.  
(In Eskimo costume.)

these thrilling tragedies enacted on our northern coasts have as strong a claim to our interest, and afford a theme quite as inspiring to the poet. It only remains for modern

Longfellow to sing of the Land of the Aurora, and of the lives of these heroes, whose bones even to-day lie bleaching on our northern shores.





J. BURR TYRRELL.  
(Leaving Fort Churchill.)

#### THE INNUIITS.

Perhaps the greatest of all tragedies and the most wonderful of all romances is to be found in the unwritten history, and present condition, of the mysterious inhabitants of these regions—the Innuits. From time immemorial these

strange people whom we call Es-kimo have occupied the northern fringe of the continent from eastern Labrador to the extreme west of the Aleutian Islands.\* The western coast of Greenland and the islands of the Arctic Ocean are also

\*In Western Alaska they are called Illuits.

included in their habitat. The entire coast line occupied by them cannot be less than twelve thousand miles, half of which distance is within the boundaries of the Do-

They still, for the most part, live entirely independent of the white man, following their primitive customs in dress, habits, and social conditions. They seem to be en-

THE LAST OF OUR PROVISIONS—A GLOOMY OUTLOOK.



minion. Their origin no one knows, and less communication is had with them than with any of the other native races of the country.

They are entirely distinct from the American Indians, and have always been on terms of the most deadly enmity with them. The Indians, as a rule, greatly dread contact with the In-

nuit, and a neutral zone is said to exist in the far north, except where Christianity prevails, beyond which neither will pass for fear of violence from the other. Some awful

race of the country, now driven to their present location by the over-spreading of the various tribes of Indians. By others he is regarded as the descendant of a preglacial



HERD OF REINDEER.

slaughters have been perpetrated by these two peoples from time to time, when they chanced to meet in any considerable numbers.

Some ethnologists consider the Innuit the once predominating

race of men, which, having become inured to Arctic conditions during the glacial age, now chooses these latitudes from preference. Whatever his history or origin, the Innuit is certainly a unique speci-

men of our race, and affords a good field for the study of ethnic anthropology. One thing is worthy of note, namely, that, unlike the Amer-

seem to be conclusive proof that the Indians, the various tribes of whom were under the necessity of developing a separate language,



DOG TRAINS AND CARIOLE.

ican Indian, whose languages are legion, and vastly different in construction, the whole Innuite race, though widely separated, have a common language. This would

must have had a very different origin and history from the Innuite, who spoke a common language before their dispersion.

Of these people Mr. Tyrrell says:

"While the Eskimo, as a rule, are short and homely in appearance, still I have met with some very handsome, stalwart men, and a few pretty, charming women. Their powers of endurance are very great, enabling them to surmount great hardships. Their power of vision, also, is said to be something wonderful: their soft brown eyes being capable of seeing, unaided, as well as the Anglo-Saxon with the help of a telescope."

These "children of the north" are most ingenious and clever; indeed, their intelligence seems to be far above the ordinary. Their weapons and various implements, made largely of whale bone, ivory and skins, are really marvellous in their neatness and adaptability to their work. They are most excellent hunters, especially of sea animals, even attacking the walrus with ease. They do not seem to be indolent or thriftless, as some of the native races are. When given opportunity for education, they show themselves capable of successful competition with the Anglo-Saxon race. Many travellers testify to the marked intelligence of these strange people, and the few who have grown up in civilized surroundings have excelled in learning and social grace.

The houses of these people are of two kinds, according to the season. The "igloo" or winter house, is dome-shaped, and built entirely of snow, and is certainly the best contrivance possible in these latitudes. An Inuit winter village is a striking and picturesque scene. Their dwellings, when furnished with plenty of fur, though devoid of fire, save that afforded by the seal-oil lamps, are both attractive and comfortable. When newly built, an "igloo" is one of the most beautiful structures conceivable. The blocks are more translucent than the clearest alabaster, and whiter than the purest marble. The summer dwelling is made of skins, and is called a "topick."

Their method of eating is perhaps calculated to prejudice the white man's opinion unfavourably. As their name "Eskimo" implies, they are eaters of raw flesh. They never cook their food, and an Inuit feast would doubtless be regarded by most people as expressive of savagery. It must be remembered, however, that they have been largely driven to this practice by stern necessity, as fuel is simply out of the question in their country. Moreover, many scientists regard this method of eating their food more nourishing, though less palatable, than if it were cooked. Those who have lived among these people have, upon the whole, approved of their culinary methods.

These interesting people lead simple lives, have little tribal government, and generally live in comparative comfort. They have social customs and a code of ethics, governing conduct and property. They share each other's successes and bear each other's wants. Generally, it is found, if one is short of provisions, it may be known that all are. Both Mr. Tyrrell and Captain Wakenham bear testimony to their high standard of honesty. They have their priests or "angokokes," whose services are required to appease the spirits in time of sickness or famine. They are ordained for their sacred calling in youth, and as a mark of office wear certain trinkets upon their person. The service of the evil spirit is generally invoked by these benighted people, since they regard him as possessing the more power. Except when Christianity has influenced them, the Inuit has great faith in the "angokoke's" intercessions.

The Innuits have considerable legendary folk-lore relating to their past history. One is recounted by Mr. Tyrrell as follows:

"A very long time ago there was a great rain which was so terrible that it

flooded the earth and destroyed all people with the exception of a few Eskimo, who constructed a raft by lashing together a number of kayaks and took refuge upon it. Upon the raft they drifted for a long time, until they were much reduced by cold and starvation, then at length in their distress, their angokoke stood up and cast his harpoon and all their ornaments into the flood of waters. This act sufficed to appease the angry spirits and the flood subsided."

In all the romance surrounding the lives of the Eskimos there is much that is tragic, and this is not more apparent in their temporal surroundings than it is in the constant neglect shown them by the Christian Church, so far as Canada is concerned. Great heroism has been shown by the missionaries, both Protestant and Catholic, in their ministrations to the spiritual needs of the various Indian tribes but except in the MacKenzie River valley, none have ventured within the Arctic Circle, and none have gone purely and simply to the Eskimo. This seems passing strange when it is remembered that the Moravian Church, a small and foreign organization, has for over a hundred years preached the Gospel to the Eskimo of Greenland and Labrador with marked success. The difficulties surrounding the work in the Dominion are not greater than those met and overcome by the brave and devoted Moravians. Even in Alaska the spiritual needs of the Eskimo have to some extent been supplied. Only within the borders of our Dominion, with the possible exception of those reached at the mouth of the MacKenzie River, are they entirely neglected by the Christian Church. This certainly does not reflect credit on the missionary spirit of the country.

Already we have spoken of the heroism of the explorer, seeking merely the extension of trade, or the advancement of scientific know-

ledge, in facing these inhospitable regions, yet no one has been inspired to do anything for the Christianizing of this most northern race in all the world. To no Church, considering numerical strength, wealth, and records of past devotion to native races, can the call come to this work more loudly than to the Methodist Church in Canada. May she not hear that call from "Greenland's icy mountains" and respond "Here are we."

About four stations, by occupying strategic positions, would be required to man the northern coast of the continent, even in the sparsest manner. These might be as follows: One on the south of Hudson's Strait in Northern Ungava; another somewhere on Chesterfield Inlet; another at the mouth of Great Fish River, and still another somewhere on Coronation Gulf. These, with the work being done at the mouth of the MacKenzie River, would serve until the intermediate coast could be more fully manned. Will it be done?

The possibilities of these people, notwithstanding their location and present condition, may not be as hopeless as it at first appears. Their numbers must be considerable. The coast occupied by them, within the Dominion, cannot be less than six thousand miles, and calculating their strength on the basis of Greenland and Labrador, they must number upwards of ten thousand. The Inuit is less nomadic than the Indian, and if conditions permitted, could be easily led to live a reasonably settled life. He also lives in a part of the country where he will likely be left in undisputed possession, and consequently will not be so likely to disappear as the Indian has. Moreover, he has for his home the habitat, *par excellence*, in all the world of the American reindeer. This

noble animal, together with the musk-ox, simply swarm on the northern plains.

Recent experiments in Alaska go to show that the Eskimo can become quite as expert in handling the reindeer as the Lapp. There seems no reason why the domesticated reindeer should not take the place, on the barren grounds, now occupied by the herds of wild deer.

Furthermore, there are no people in the world that have so much in common as the Eskimo and the Lapp. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that if a company of European Lapps were placed in the more genial portions of this great northern land, with their domestic deer, that a fusion of the two races would in time be effected, to the advantage of both, and to the country at large. Thus might be laid the foundation of a new race of Eskimo-Lapps to occupy with their vast herds the great northern tundras of our Dominion. The question has its aspect of national economy, as well as of Christian philanthropy, and awaits the best consideration of the statesman as well as the missionary.

The land of the Innuvit is not one of perpetual ice, as is popularly thought. It has its pleasing features and seasons. The winter, though long and cold, in time gives place to a summer that is genial, revealing a country green and blossom-covered. Even at Melville Island, hundreds of miles in the Arctic ocean, there is a season of beautiful summer. One who visited that northern island says:

"Such is the rapidity of vegetation that at the end of the month (June) the land,

now completely clear of snow, was covered with the purple coloured saxifrage in blossom, with mosses, and with sorrel, and the grass was from two to three inches long. The pasture appeared to be excellent in the valleys, and to judge by the numerous tracks of musk-ox and reindeer there was no lack of animals to enjoy its abundance."

Of the character of the country farther east and quite as far north, Hall says:

"During the summer the deer furnishes a great part of the food of the people; the grass and moss upon which they live is very abundant."

Nowhere, except in the western prairies, had he ever seen such luxuriant pasturage, and the deer in August were so plentiful that they were killed merely for their hides and tallow.

Mr. Warburton Pike says:

"To the man who is not a lover of nature in all her moods the Barren Grounds must always be a howling, desolate wilderness; but for my part, I can understand the feeling that prompted Sallatha's answer to the priest who was explaining to him the beauties of heaven. 'My father, you have spoken well; you have told me that heaven was very beautiful; tell me now one thing more, is it more beautiful than the country of the musk-ox in summer, when the water is blue, and the loons cry very often? That is beautiful, and if Heaven is more beautiful my heart will be glad, and I shall be content to rest there till I am very old.'"

Let us, as Canadians, seek to know more of this great land of the north, and let both Church and State seek to make the most of its religious and economic possibilities, then shall be ushered in its latest and best romance and, let us hope, the end of its tragedies.

Bedeque, P.E.I.

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With silence only as their benediction,  
 God's angels come  
 Where in the shadow of a great affliction,  
 The soul sits dumb!

—Whittier.

## HYMNS WE SING.

BY THE REV. O. R. LAMBLY, M.A., D.D.



N the matter of its hymnology, Methodism should not be satisfied with anything less than the best that the gift of God and the genius of man can produce. The hymns we sing should forth-tell the gracious story of the Gospel, and be inbreathed with its renewing and sanctifying power. Hymns that mirror forth humanity's utmost need, and God's un-failing supplies, that lift the heart on wings of fervent devotion, that help us, with adoring gratitude, to "worship the King all glorious above," are the hymns we delight to sing. Hymns that awaken in the hearts of the unconverted a longing desire for the help of the sinner's Friend and Saviour; that reiterate, with all the potency of accompanying harmonies, the sweet message of the cross; that make every devout singer a herald to proclaim the mercy of the Lord, ought to be sung by us in League and Sunday-school, as well as in the social and public means of grace.

A suggestion appeared in *The Guardian* a few months ago, that a hymnal for universal Methodism would be a most desirable attainment. Possibly it would. But to me it seems that the scheme is too great, and the time required to accomplish it would be too long to warrant us in embarking in such an enterprise. Is not our young and growing Dominion a field broad enough for us to scatter them in the leaves of our hope-inspiring songs? A hymn for the Methodism of this Dominion! But some

will say, "Is not that just what we have at present?" Truly. But let no one accuse me of disloyalty when I say there is a possible better than what we have now. In the present conflict with the terrible rum-power, the liquor people say, "Let well enough alone," and timid Christians, in business and professional pursuits, fearing business stagnation and loss of State revenue, join in the hindering cry, and say, "Let well enough alone."

We are told by these would-be educators of public opinion that Canada is the most temperate nation within the bounds of Christendom. For this we may well thank God, and all progressive temperance workers, but surely no words of thanks are due to the class of people who have persistently sought to retard the progress of the greatest moral reform of the ages. It seems to me that all true lovers of the home, the Church, and the State, will say to our legislators, "Give us the best prohibitory legislation within your power." But realizing the fact that we must have clean men before we can have clean measures, every ballot cast in June should be marked for men whom we can *trust* to give us what we want. And in the final December fight, will not every Christian so use the miserable and inefficient weapon put into their hands, in such a way as to fatally wound, if not to utterly destroy, the most gigantic foe of mankind?

So I say in regard to our hymnal, let us have the best collection possible. There are very many hymns in our present collection which, if eliminated, would not materially lessen its value. While there are scores of hymns outside of our



hymnal whose incorporation therein would vastly increase the wealth and worth of our treasury of song. In previous articles I have set forth the origin and authorship of a number of our most familiar hymns. In the many incidents cited in connection therewith, we have shown how the Holy Spirit has made use of the hymns we sing in comforting the sorrowing, reclaiming the wanderer, awakening the sinner, and nerving the militant hosts of God to fight the battles of the Cross. I still continue this treatment of our hymns, and in so doing will speak first of the one occupying the first place in our collection:

"O for a thousand tongues to sing,  
My great redeemer's praise."



The history of this hymn is especially interesting to Methodists, because its use and influence have been a potent factor in moulding Methodist thought and character for over a century and a half. It is one of Charles Wesley's earliest hymns, written when his heart was all aflame with love and gratitude. Its author was converted to God on the 20th of May, 1738—Whit-sunday. At this time he was suffering from severe bodily ailment, and burdened with a load of guilt. The morning hours of that pentecostal Sabbath he spent in earnest prayer, seeking the mercy of God, pleading his precious promises, and resting on His Word.

Suddenly a voice fell upon his startled senses, saying, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth arise and believe and thou shalt be healed of all thine infirmities." In fear and trembling he lay still a few moments, then rising, he cried, "I believe, I believe," and immediately he was able to rejoice in the conscious favour of God. He afterwards learned that the loving Saviour had used the voice of a human friend to lead him into the joy of forgiveness.

On the first anniversary of his spiritual birth Charles Wesley gave to the world this inspiring song, one that will be sung by redeemed mortals through all the ages. When the poet sought the advice of Peter Bohler in regard to the propriety of offering praise to the Lord Jesus, the pious Moravian exclaimed, "If I had a thousand tongues I would praise Him with them all." This fervid expression of a loving heart has Wesley enshrined in this glorious hymn, that fittingly fills the first page in our book of song. In it the poet has set forth the ardent desire and earnest purpose of the new-born soul. It is full of Christ, and breathes forth the holiest emotions of joy and praise. One verse alone (No. 7) contains a sufficiency of Gospel instruction and saving truth to win the world to God. The Methodist ministry may well prize this introductory hymn, and make use of its gracious invitations to "assist them to proclaim" God's message of love.

Let one incident indicate how the Holy Spirit can use the Gospel truth of this immortal hymn to extend the "triumphs of his grace." Few men have ever quoted our hymns with such thrilling effect as the illustrious Billy Dawson, the lay preacher of Barnbow. On one occasion he had been preaching from his favourite theme, "Death on the White Horse." With mar-

vellous word-painting the awe-inspiring scene was vividly portrayed before the spiritual vision of the attendant throng. The sinner's ruin and the Saviour's love were set before them with soul-stirring power. Then, opening the hymnal, he gave out this hymn. With mingled emotions of longing desire and exulting hope, the great congregation sang verse after verse—feeling and enthusiasm the meanwhile increasing—until the last stanza was reached. Then, with startling voice the preacher cried out, "See—what? come and see what? I do not ask you to come and see the preacher, or listen to the voice of thunder, but come and see yourselves—your sins—and your Saviour.

"See all your sins on Jesus laid."

The effect was instantaneous and overwhelming. Scores of penitent souls flocked to the altar of prayer to lay their burden of sin on the great Burden-bearer, and went to their homes rejoicing, being "justified by grace."

Another hymn we love to sing is No. 122:

"Arise, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears."

This also is from the pen of the "sweet singer" of Methodism. With spirit-illuminated vision the poet gazes into the glory that is beyond the veil, and beholds the Lamb of God, still bearing the wound-prints, but exalted to the mediatorial throne, "where he ever liveth to make intercession for us." The nature of Christ's atonement, the burden of his intercessory prayer, and the efficacy of those heavenly pleadings, are all beautifully expressed in the first four verses of the hymn, while the last stanza is the utterance of appropriating faith, as the soul in loving gratitude draws near to God, and "Abba Father" cries. Since the

birth of this hymn in 1742 it has ceased not to convey God's message of mercy to men. It is exceedingly fitting that pastors, evangelists and Christian workers should everywhere make use of this hymn, so manifestly and graciously used by the Holy Ghost.

Some of the most blessed and marvellous results in connection with this hymn have been realized on fields of mission toil. The Rev. Mr. Cranswick, who spent a number of years in the West Indies, records the fact that over two hundred people of varying ages received the assurance of forgiveness while singing its glorious strains. In the prosecution of his evangelistic work this devoted missionary endeavoured first to discover if the seeking soul were truly penitent. If so, he would begin to sing, "Arise, my soul, arise," urging the penitent to join in the song. If any one hesitated, on reaching the last verse, he would begin again and sing the hymn until faith and courage were given to sing the hymn throughout. The missionary declares that he never knew an instance where the true penitent failed to receive pardon while singing these gracious words. And no wonder! for do they not contain an epitome of the Gospel? Here we see the Father's wondrous love, the Son's high-priestly mediation, the Spirit's illuminating grace, and the penitential faith that joyfully accepts the proffered mercy of God. Sing on, oh blessed hymn, opening the portals of the human heart to the entrance of saving power, and opening the portals of Paradise to the entrance of saved humanity!

Of the many hymns that have been used to minister strength and consolation in times of great earthly sorrows, Cowper's

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

easily holds a place among the

first. The circumstances attending its birth are intensely—almost thrillingly, interesting. It was written in the twilight of departing reason. Clouds of deepest melancholy had settled upon the poet's mind and heart. The temptation to self-destruction came upon him with such overwhelming force that he decided to take the life that God had given. But the hand of Providence interfered, the cloud was lifted, and the purpose was unaccomplished. In the hour of this great deliverance he wrote this most comforting hymn, which for more than a century and a quarter has enabled earth's tried and sorrowing ones to see light in the darkness, and to look to the hills whence cometh our help.

It was during the dark days of the cotton famine, consequent upon the American Civil War, that one



of the Lancashire mills, which had struggled hard to give its hands continuous employment, at length found it impossible so to do. The owners called their employees together, and told them the plain facts of the case. The news was received with sadness and sympathy. The work-people knew that to them it meant privation and suffering; while to the owners it might mean financial ruin. For a while no word was spoken. With bowed heads and burdened hearts they stood in the presence of dire

distress. Then one of the factory girls, a Sunday-school teacher, realizing that there was urgent need for the help and guidance of God, began to sing in earnest and trustful tones, a verse of Cowper's inspiring hymn:

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.”

Voice after voice joined in the cheering song, until the whole company, with strong emotions and fast-falling tears, “cast their burden on the Lord,” and were helped and comforted. It is well known that, as we passed into the new century, many brethren in the ministry, together with the members of their churches, were earnestly praying and hopefully looking for larger manifestations of saving power, in connection with the ordinary social and public means of grace. To help in securing this end, so greatly desired by the Master Himself, may I suggest the frequent use of Hymn No. 256.

“Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.”

As is well known, this is one of our more modern hymns, having been first sung in 1861. Its gifted authoress, Mrs. E. Codner, is the wife of an Anglican minister, and an earnest Christian worker, especially among young people. The hymn was written shortly after the great Irish revival and has a most interesting history. Meetings were being held in Islington, the home of the authoress, at which graphic accounts were given of the triumphs of the Cross in the Emerald Isle. One night a party of young people, in whom Mrs. Codner was greatly interested, attended one of these gatherings, and was deeply impressed. Greatly desiring that her young friends should receive the fulness of spiritual blessings, she planned for a personal inter-

view with each one on the following Sabbath. But that day found her too ill to leave her home. After spending some time in quiet communion with God, she prayed that she might be helped so to speak to her friends that each would decide for Jesus now. At once the answer came, and took the form of this faith-inspiring hymn. She sent a copy to each of those in whom she was especially interested, little dreaming it would ever pass beyond the circle of her friends. But God took it out of her hands. Tens of thousands of little leaflets were printed, and scattered broadcast over all Christian lands. Pastors read it from their pulpits. Christian workers gladly welcomed it to the social means of grace, and found it an inspiration of faith and prayer. Evangelists recognized it as a potent agency in the work of soul-winning, and soon it was being sung around the world, everywhere attended by "showers of blessing." The original hymn contains six verses, the last of which is omitted from our collection, and is as follows:

"Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee,  
While the strains of life are springing,  
Blessing others, O bless me! even me."

If any of our churches or Sabbath-schools have unconverted men or women serving as song-leaders, let the following incident inspire hope. Not only in their own hearts but also in the hearts of pastors and Christian workers. The leader of song in a certain American Sunday-school was not only unconverted, but somewhat sceptical. For years he had sung the most tender and touching gospel hymns, but apparently his heart was unmoved, and his mind unilluminated. One day this hymn, then become somewhat familiar, was announced. The first and second verses were sung by the leader, as usual; but when he began to sing the third

verse, "Pass me not, O gracious Saviour," his lip began to quiver, his voice to tremble, and his whole body to shake with strong emotion and in earnest tones he cried out, "Pray for me." The scene that followed was one of deep and thrilling interest. The lessons of the day were suspended, and the school was turned into a prayer-meeting. Earnest and faith-filled prayers ascended to the throne of grace, and through the mercy of God the service ended with songs of thankful praise. The man who for



years had sung the sweet songs of Zion, without feeling their force or beauty, now "sings with the spirit, and with the understanding also."

Before closing this article, I desire to refer to one more of our hymns. It is No. 807.

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run."

This is one of three immortal hymns written by Bishop Ken. Montgomery said: "If the pious bishop had endowed three hospitals he might have been less a benefactor to posterity." Of the illustrious author we know but little, save that he was born at Berkhamstead, July, 1657. He was chaplain to Charles II., and was

ordained bishop in 1684. James II. sent him and six other bishops to the Tower. But popular feeling obtained his release, after which he retired from the scenes of Court and ecclesiastical strife, and spent the remainder of his days amid surroundings of peace and quietude, proffered by a beloved friend at Longleat, Wilts, where he died in March, 1710. There is no single stanza of poetry that has obtained such wide-spread popularity as the last verse of this hymn:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

It is known the wide world over as *The Doxology*.

What a masterpiece of compression is this matchless verse. God is set forth as the object of praise from every view-point which we can possibly assume. He is to be praised for all blessings, by all on earth, and all in heaven, and in all the gracious characters by which he is revealed to us in the sacred Word, as "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

This glorious doxology has been sung in tens of thousands of instances when victory has been obtained over sin, or some great object achieved for the glory of God and the welfare of men. A number of years ago, a Methodist chapel was dedicated to the worship of God. During the day distinguished divines proclaimed the gospel message in an atmosphere fragrant with the prayers of the Church. In the evening Billy Dawson, the famous farmer preacher, delivered a soul-stirring message to a crowded house, and, as on the day of Pentecost, many were pricked in their hearts, and cried out, "What shall we do?" Praying circles were immediately

formed throughout the spacious edifice, and for two hours weeping sinners and praying saints called upon the Lord. Then all adjourned to the lecture-room beneath, and the story of redeeming love and saving grace was told by scores of new-born souls. Such victories over sin filled every heart with thankful praise, and before eleven o'clock that night this grand old verse of praise was sung thirty-five times by those whose hearts were throbbing with love and whose lips were touched with flame.

One day a gentleman and his little ten-year-old daughter stood on the summit of Mount Washington. Beneath them a sea of dark-heaving clouds extended far as the eye could reach. Vivid lightnings, like serpents of fire, played through the pathless ether. Loud thunder pealed up the mountain-side. Beneath the storm-king was raging in all his fury, and torrents were deluging the earth. Above them the sun was shining in all his splendour from a cloudless sky. Turning to his companion, the father said, "Well, daughter, there is not much to be seen here." Lifting her little hands in an attitude of reverence, she said: "O papa, I see the Doxology, and all around are voices that seem to say,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Standing on the vantage-ground of the opening century, crowned and crowded with daily mercies from the good hand of God, may not every child of the King gratefully say, or fervently sing:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Belleville, April, 1902.

Even them who kept Thy Truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones.

—Milton.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE BROWNING'S UPON EACH OTHER'S WORK.\*

BY MISS M. JEPHCOTT.



WHETHER lives true life will love true love," says Mrs. Browning, in "Aurora Leigh," and surely so long as there are true hearts in this world to appreciate and love the highest when they see it, so long will that sweet singer's own love-story never lose its charm. It is one of those "living poems" that "are better than all the ballads that ever were sung or said,"—a poem that fills the reader with the same feeling of reverence as the contemplation of some great masterpiece of art. It is when required to write upon a subject like this that one feels most keenly the truth of Carlyle's aphorism, that truth may be silvern, but silence is golden.

It is not my intention, even if it is my duty, to attempt to point out any direct outward results in the style or substance of the work of either poet that might be attributed to the influence of the other—such, for example, I mean, as a literary critic would tell you was observable in some of Browning's early work, noticeably Pauline, of the influence of Shelley.

It is rather to their mutual influence as man and woman, than as poets, that I shall try to direct your attention. It is that aspect which appeals most strongly to me. It follows naturally that that influence must extend to and permeate their work, which is but the outward expression of themselves.

It will be unnecessary for me to enter into any detailed account of their early lives (which are prob-

ably well known to you all); just a glance back will suffice for us to see "where the years conduct." It is of supreme interest to watch those two currents of life flowing on in their different channels—the one in the strong, full tide of health and happiness, the other impeded by the rocks and shallows of grief and sickness, to the point where "each is sucked in each," and "on the new stream rolls, whatever rocks obstruct."

It has been said that it is almost impossible to form an idea of Browning as a man apart from the poet. The same thing could hardly be said of Mrs. Browning, for to me it seems that through every line of hers speaks that earnest, intense, high-soaring spirit, uniting the purity of the angel with the music of the bird. That—

" Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,  
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,  
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,  
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart."

It requires no great effort of imagination to conjure up that figure as it sits—

" Musing by firelight, that great brow  
And the spirit-small hand propping it."

Delicate from girlhood, and obliged to live a more or less secluded life, her passion for books had full scope. She dreamed her dreams and lived with visions for her company, instead of men and women. To poetry she devoted all the energy of her fervid, intense nature. Shut out from the active, busy world of men and women, her fancies flew to the spirit world, and it is not strange that much of her work should partake of that mystical nature that distinguishes such poems

\* A paper read at the Toronto Browning Club, 1901.

as "The Seraphim," and "A Drama of Exile." She says, in one of her early letters to Browning :

"My only idea of happiness, as far as my personal enjoyment is concerned, lies deep in poetry and its associations. And then the escape from pangs of heart and bodily weakness, when you throw yourself—what you feel to be yourself—into another atmosphere and into other relations, where your life may spread its wings out new and gather on every separate plume a brightness from the sun of the sun."

I may be forgiven, perhaps, if I quote somewhat copiously from the "Love Letters," because I feel strongly that half a dozen lines, warm from the heart of any man or woman, are worth so infinitely much more than any number of pages that may be written about them by someone else. Listen to this description of Elizabeth Barrett's life and its restrictions, so full of suggestion as it is :

"I grew up in the country," she says, "had no social opportunities, had my heart in books and poetry, and my experience in reveries. My sympathies drooped towards the ground like an untrained honeysuckle. . . . It was a lonely life, growing green like the grass around it. Books and dreams were what I lived in, and domestic life only seemed to buzz gently around like the bees about the grass. And so time passed and passed, and afterwards, when my illness came and I seemed to stand at the edge of the world with all done, or no prospect (as appeared at one time) of ever passing the threshold of one room again, why then I turned to thinking with some bitterness (after the greatest sorrow of my life had given me room and time to breathe) that I had stood blind in this temple I was about to leave, that I had seen no human nature, that my brothers and sisters of the earth were names to me, that I had beheld no great mountain or river, nothing in fact. I was as a man dying who had not read Shakespeare, and it was too late!—do you understand? And do you also know what a disadvantage this ignorance is to my art? Why, if I live on and yet do not escape from this seclusion do you not perceive that I labour under signal disadvantages, that I am in a manner as a blind poet? Certainly, there is a com-

ensation to a degree. I have had much of the inner life, and from the habit of self-consciousness and self-analysis I make great guesses at human nature in the main. But how willingly I would, as a poet, exchange some of this lumbering, ponderous, helpless knowledge of books, for some experience of life and man."

The illness to which Miss Barrett refers here, coupled with the dreadful tragedy of her brother's death, had been very near setting free that restless spirit that fretted so at the bars of its earthly tenement. It is a sad story. You will remember how, when her only chance of life seemed to depend upon a change from the gloom and fog of a London winter, she had been sent to Torquay in charge of her favourite brother Edward, the sharer in all her joys and sorrows, of whom she speaks as "the dearest of friends and brothers in one;" how the months passed by and still her health was not restored, and when her brother should have returned, as his father wished, her tears and entreaties still retained him at her side; how, only a few days after he had promised not to leave her till she was well, he had gone out for a sail with two young companions and had never returned, and how through three long days of agony they waited for the boat to come back in vain. In writing of that dreadful time to Browning, she says :

"Remember how you wrote in your 'Gismond'

'What says the body when they spring  
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole  
Strength on it? No more, says the soul,'

and you never wrote anything which lived with me more than that. It is such a dreadful truth. But you knew it for truth, I hope, by your genius, and not by such proof as mine. I, who could not speak or shed a tear, but lay for weeks and months half conscious, and half unconscious, with a wandering mind, and too near to God, under the crushing of His hand, to pray at all."

And so, as others have done he-

fore and since, Elizabeth Barrett lived through this sorrow, and by very slow degrees recovered sufficiently to be taken back to her home in Wimpole Street, where for five years she had been living the life of a complete invalid, when her great happiness came to her.

If it is true that from his writings it is not possible to get a clear conception of Robert Browning as a man, and no sufficient biography has yet been written of him, I think we cannot be too thankful that Mr. Barrett Browning considered it his duty to put aside any personal disinclination he must naturally have had to publishing the "Love Letters," and for the sake of literature give them to the world. Of course, there is much that must of necessity be of little interest to a third person, but apart from all expressions of love which, however beautiful, must become, when constantly reiterated, a little wearisome to any but the two immediately concerned, there remains so much that is of vital interest to every student of literature, that the world would have been much the poorer for their suppression.

I have likened the current of Browning's life hitherto to the full, free flow of a river through an open country, unimpeded in its course by any serious obstruction, and darkened by nothing more enduring than a passing cloud. Reared in a happy home, and sure of love and sympathy, untrammelled by any care of money-getting, and able to follow without hindrance the path he had chosen for himself, his career had been a singularly fortunate one. Through all his letters there resounds the glad, free note of one who never doubts that, in spite of all the seeming contradictions of life, "God's in His heaven—all's right with the world." That note, too, though modulated to another key, is not wanting in Elizabeth Barrett. She says .

"You are not to think that I lean either to the philosophy or affectation which beholds the world through darkness instead of light, and speaks of it wailingly. . . . I am not desponding by nature, and after a course of bitter mental discipline and long bodily seclusion, I come out with two learnt lessons: the wisdom of cheerfulness and the duty of social intercourse. Anguish has instructed me in joy and solitude in society, and altogether I may say that the earth looks the brighter to me in proportion to my own deprivations. The laburnum trees and rose trees are plucked up by the roots, but the sunshine is in their places and the root of the sunshine is above the storms. . . . I do like to hear testimonies like yours to happiness, and I feel it to be a testimony of a higher sort than the obvious one. Still it is obvious, too, that you have been spared, up to this time, the great natural afflictions, against which we are nearly all called, sooner or later, to struggle and wrestle, or your step would not be 'on the stair' quite so lightly. And so we turn to you, dear Mr. Browning, for comfort and gentle spiring! Remember that as you owe your unscathed joy to God, you should pay it back to His world. And I thank you for some of it already."

If such words of inspiration to noble effort could be written before the two poets had ever met, who can estimate the greatness of such influence, hallowed by love and strengthened by daily intercourse?

Let me try and give, for what it is worth, my idea of Browning as a man at this crucial stage in his history. First, he is in every sense a manly man, his form and bearing as manifestly the outward visible sign of an indwelling spiritual grace as that of Elizabeth Barrett; intensely alive in every fibre of his being—aware, to use his own favourite expression, of strong passions, but of stronger will to hold them in leash; of universal sympathy, but intolerant of evil in every form; one to whom his own words might apply: "Evil stands not crowned on earth while breath is in him; one who endeavoured to realize in his every-day life that high ideal of manhood he has given us in Paracelsus.



The particulars of the first meeting of the poet-lovers I have not met with in any biography that I have read. They were neither of them any longer in their first youth. Browning was thirty-three, Miss Barrett three years his senior. For some years they had been readers and admirers of each other's works, and were doubtless interested in each other personally through their mutual friend, Mr. Kenyon, a cousin of the Barretts and an old college chum of Mr. Browning, senior. Mr. Kenyon took a very kindly interest in the young poets. One can almost see him, so constantly does his name occur in connection with them—round and rubicund, with his kind, jovial face and sharp, keen eyes, rendered more scrutinizing by those terrible spectacles that caused poor Miss Barrett so much uneasiness during the days of their secret courtship, when he would often put her to confusion by asking suddenly and unexpectedly, "When did you see Browning last?" or, "When shall you see him next?"

Some years before, Mr. Kenyon had offered to introduce Browning to his cousin, but she was too unwell to receive him, and so the opportunity was lost. In 1844, Miss Barrett published two volumes of verse, in which appeared that beautiful poem, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." I may say here that William Sharp, in his "Life of Browning," has drawn attention to the resemblance in the style of this poem to the song in "A Blot on the Scutcheon": "There's a woman like a dew-drop," written some time before. He thinks it would be "fair to infer that Mertoun's song to Mildred was the electric touch which compelled to its metric shape one of Mrs. Browning's best-known poems."

However that may be, it was this poem that led to their acquaintance. In the poem Bertram is described

as reading aloud to the Lady Geraldine passages from different poets—from Spencer or from Petrarch:

"Or at times a modern volume:  
Wordsworth's solemn thoughted idyl,  
Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,  
Or from Browning, some 'Pomegranate'  
Which, if cut deep down the middle,  
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured,  
Of a veined humanity."

The reference, of course, is to the title, "Bells and Pomegranates," under which Browning had published several of his works.

Little did Elizabeth Barrett imagine when she paid this tribute to Browning's genius, the part she was to play in the preparation for the press of the two remaining "Bells"—the "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics," and "Luria; and a Soul's Tragedy."

It is most interesting to read Browning's own ideas about these poems, and the suggestions of his fair critic, and how she used a lover's privilege, and insisted that he should not be "too disdainful" to explain to the public the meaning of the title, "Bells and Pomegranates." Hence the little note you will find appended to "Pippa Passes."

On reading "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," with the reference to himself, Browning took the opportunity to write to Miss Barrett and express his own admiration for her verses. His first letter is dated January 10th, 1845, and is characteristic of him:

"I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett, and this is no off-hand complimentary letter that I shall write, whatever else, no prompt matter-of-course recognition of your genius and there a graceful and natural end of the thing. Since the day last week when I first read your poems, I quite laugh to remember how I have been turning and turning again in my mind what I should be able to tell you of their effect upon me, for in the first flush of delight I thought I would this once get out of my

habit of purely passive enjoyment, when I do really enjoy, and thoroughly justify my admiration—perhaps even, as a loyal fellow-craftsman should, try and find fault, and do you some little good to be proud of hereafter! But nothing comes of it all; so into me has it gone, and part of me has it become, this great living poetry of yours, not a flower of which but took root and grew.”

Then he goes on to admire “one and another excellence—the fresh, strange music, the affluent language, the exquisite pathos and true, new, brave thought.” To give some idea of the value of this exchange of thought, even at this early stage of their acquaintance, I cannot do better than quote a few passages that seem to me full of interest. Miss Barrett replies to his first letter :

“Sympathy is dear—very dear to me; but the sympathy of a poet is the quintessence of sympathy to me! . . . If you will tell me of such faults as rise to the surface and strike you as important in my poems, you will confer a lasting obligation on me and one which I shall value so much that I covet it at a distance. I do not pretend to any extraordinary meekness under criticism, and it is possible enough that I might not be altogether obedient to yours, but with my high respect for your power in your art, and for your experience as an artist, it would be quite impossible for me to hear a general observation of yours on what appear to you my master-faults, without being the better for it hereafter in some way. . . . I am your debtor, not only for this cordial letter and for all the pleasure which came with it, but in other ways and those the highest, and I will say that while I live to follow this divine art of poetry, in proportion to my love for it and my devotion to it, I must be a devout admirer and student of your works.”

In discussing their different styles, Browning says :

“I think that your poetry must be, cannot but be, infinitely more to me than mine to you, for you do what I always wanted, hoped to do, and only seem now likely to do for the first time. You speak out, *you*—I only make men and women speak, give you truth broken into pris-

matic hues and fear the pure white light even if it is in me; but I am going to try, so it will be no small comfort to have your company just now, seeing that when you have your men and women aforesaid, you are busied with them, whereas it seems bleak, melancholy work, this talking to the wind.”

She replies :

“Why should you deny the full measure of my delight and benefit from your writings? I could tell you why you should not. You have in your vision two worlds, or to use the language of the schools of the day, you are both subjective and objective in the habits of your mind. You can deal both with abstract thought and with human passion in the most passionate sense. Thus, you have an immense grasp in art; and no one at all accustomed to consider the usual forms of it could help regarding with reverence and gladness the gradual expansion of your powers. Then you are ‘masculine’ to the height—and I, as a woman, have studied some of your gestures of language and intonation wistfully, as a thing beyond me far! and the more admirable for being beyond.”

Here is the germ of the idea that developed later into *Aurora Leigh* :

“My chief intention just now is the writing of a sort of novel-poem—a poem as completely modern as ‘*Geraldine's Courtship*,’ running into the midst of our conventions and rushing into drawing-rooms and the like, ‘where angels fear to tread’; and so, meeting face to face and without mask the humanity of the age, and speaking the truth as I conceive of it out plainly.”

How thoroughly she carried out that intention later! The words might have been a criticism of what had been accomplished, rather than a prophecy of what was to come, and Browning's approval of the design foreshadows the encouragement that, as husband, he gave later in the writing to the poem.

“The poem you propose to make for the times, the fearless, fresh, living work you describe, is the only poem to be undertaken now by you or any one that is a poet at all: the only reality, only effective piece of service to be rendered God and man; it is what I have been all my

life intending to do, and now shall be much, much nearer doing, since you will along with me."

Nothing can exceed in interest this interchange of thought and opinion concerning the art they both regarded as a sacred duty—the mutual criticism and suggestions of improvement in the works they were then engaged upon.

From the opening of their correspondence five months elapsed before Miss Barrett felt equal to the effort of granting Browning the long-requested favour of a meeting. It was an ordeal from which she shrank. She writes :

"There is nothing to see in me, nothing to hear in me. I never learnt to talk as you do in London. . . . If my poetry is worth anything to any eye, it is the flower of me. I have lived most and been most happy in it, and so it has all my colours ; the rest of me is nothing but a root, fit for the ground and the dark."

But that first visit was enough to show to Robert Browning that here in this darkened room he had found the star of his life. You have all read how at first Elizabeth Barrett refused to listen to his avowal of love—dreading to darken his life by bringing to him a sadness to which he was not born ; how, under the sunshine of her new-found happiness her health improved so wonderfully that it seemed probable that a winter in Italy might effect a lasting cure ; and how the strange, inexcusable obstinacy of her father, in refusing to allow this, made it justifiable for Browning to marry her secretly and take her there. Surely no love was ever more beautifully expressed than in those exquisite "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which have a two-fold pathos and beauty when read in conjunction with the letters. It must indeed have been to her like a transition from death to life :

"The face of all the world is changed, I think,

Since first I heard the footsteps of thy  
soul  
Move still, oh, still beside me as they  
stole  
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink  
Of obvious death, where I, who thought  
to sink,  
Was caught up into love, and taught the  
whole  
Of life in a new rhythm."

Again she writes :

"It seems to me that no man was ever before to any woman that you are to me—the fulness must be in proportion, you know, to the vacancy, and only I know what was behind—the long wilderness without the blossoming rose, and the capacity for happiness, like a black, gaping hole, before this silver flooding. Is it wonderful that I should stand as in a dream and disbelieve—not you—but my own fate? Was ever any one taken suddenly from a lampless dungeon and placed upon the pinnacle of a mountain, without the head turning round and the heart turning faint, as mine do? . . . How shall I ever prove what my heart is to you? How will you ever see it as I feel it? I ask myself in vain."

This earnest desire to prove their love to each other and their gratitude to God for their rich blessing, by throwing light on a darkened world, is so characteristic of both, and Mrs. Browning has given expression to it in Aurora Leigh :

"The world waits  
For help. Beloved, let us love so well  
Our work shall still be better for our love  
And still our love be sweeter for our work ;  
And both commended, for the sake of each,  
By all true workers and true lovers born."

In this mutual influence, we have, on the one side, the gentle, pure womanliness, the delicacy of thought, the high spiritual insight, the experience of grief and suffering ; on the other, the manly strength and breadth of mind, the wide knowledge of men and things, the many-sided genius, the buoyancy of spirit. I cannot conceive of any more beautiful embodiment of Tennyson's ideal marriage :

"Not like to like, but like in difference . . .  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other, ev'n as those who  
love."

Only those who could love like Robert Browning could realize what his loss must have been, when, after fifteen years of unsullied happiness, that star of his life set here, to rise again in the heaven that seemed its proper sphere. But still she was to be for him the same source of inspiration as when he sang in the first flush of wedded happiness :

“ Think, when our one soul understands  
The great Word which makes all things  
    now,  
When earth breaks up and heaven ex-  
    pands,  
How will the change strike me and you  
In the house not made with hands ?

“ Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,  
Your heart anticipate my heart,  
You must be just before, in fine,  
See and make me see, for your part,  
New depths of the divine !”

The same passionate adoration,  
intensified by the distance and the

dark, breathes through that prayer  
in which he dedicates to his de-  
parted wife the great work of his  
life :

“ Never may I commence my song, my due  
To God, who best taught song by gift of  
    thee,  
Except with bent head and beseeching  
    hand—  
That still, despite the distance and the  
    dark,  
What was, again may be ; some inter-  
    change  
Of grace, some splendour once thy very  
    thought,  
Some benediction anciently thy smile :—  
Never conclude, but raising hand and  
    head  
Thither where eyes that cannot reach,  
    yet yearn  
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,  
Their utmost up and on— so blessing back  
In those thy realms of help, that heaven  
    thy home,  
Some whiteness which I judge thy face  
    makes proud,  
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot  
    may fall !”

THE SECRET.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

“ Thou shalt keep them in the secret of thy presence from the  
strife of tongues.”

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,  
And billows wild contend with angry roar,  
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion  
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,  
And silver waves glide ever peacefully,  
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,  
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows Thy love, O Purest !  
There is a temple, sacred evermore !  
And all the babble of life's angry voices  
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the noise of passion dieth,  
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully,  
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,  
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in Thee.

O Rest of rests ! O Peace serene, eternal !  
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never ;  
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth  
Fulness of joy, for ever and for ever.

## THE CROWNING OF THE KING.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.



WITH the crowning of Edward VII. there is added picturesqueness, because of the name itself. History fairly teems with stories of the "Edwards" who preceded him, for tragedy and disaster, splendour and beggary, intrigue, dissension and saintly piety went hand in hand with those

of the name.

Many and curious are the privileges at a coronation, attaching to certain families and functionaries, and although some have been rarely, if ever, used in the last century, still, should their owners wish to enforce them, neither King nor Parliament could interfere.

The Argylls may offer the sovereign the "coronation cup," and the Atholls present him with a falcon, though the latter, for all its picturesque traditions, represents an obsolete usage of the chase.

But were the King himself to enforce all the perquisites legally his due at the coronation, there would be considerable excitement even among the tradespeople of the day in London. To give one instance, by actual right, the leading court tailor should present a silver needle, a coat of gray fur, a horse and a halter. His workmen, a crossbow and pair of tongs. The tribute of India in Cashmere shawls was received by Queen Victoria with great favour, and it was an open secret that she kept them for presents, more or less compulsory,

\* Condensed from *The Era*.



RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE KING.

such as weddings in her favoured circle, Christmas, etc.

There are certain other curious perquisites which come with the crowning of a sovereign in Great Britain, and although long overlooked, it is said by those who should know, will now be claimed simply as a memento of a notable event. For instance, the Lord of the Manor of Haydon must present the sovereign with a towel of the finest linen, on receiving which the King passes it over his face, returning it to the donor as a souvenir of the occasion. This privilege and ceremony also date from the reign of an Edward (III.), who, heated in the chase, drew rein, and received from the Lord of Haydon Manor a linen kerchief

with which he wiped his royal brow.

To cite all the curious customs connected with the crowning of an English sovereign would be tedious; still we have said enough to illustrate the air of picturesqueness which is given to the event of the

plary; indeed, in all family relations he could set the nation an example; courtesy to his wife, his brothers and sisters, was one of his own unwritten laws, while his government of his children has been notably correct, disciplining them as wisely as if their coming



Late Duke of Clarence and Avondale. Prince of Wales. Princess Victoria. King Edward. KING EDWARD VII, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AND THEIR FAMILY.

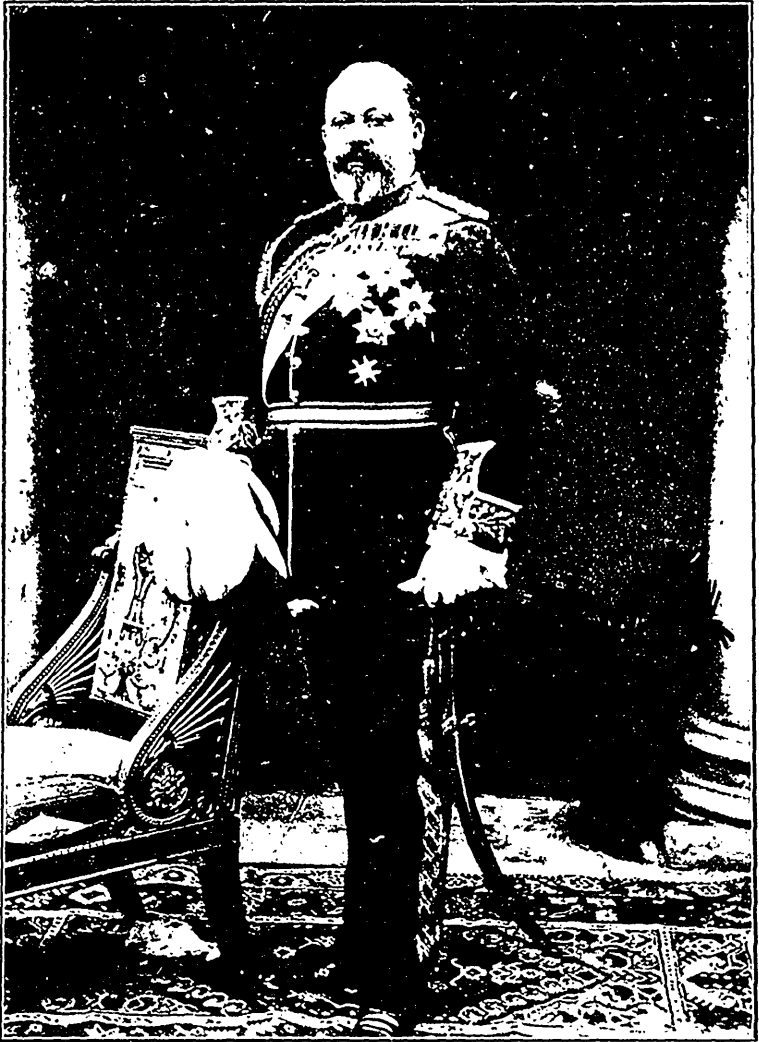
Princess Maud. Queen Alexandra. Princess Louise.

coming June, making it to lovers of historic lore more than a merely passing show; a dominant picture, the details of which will be asked from children of to-day in their old age, and so, almost as much as by the written word, is history made.

As a son, Edward was exem-

of age would mean a battle with the world to earn their daily bread.

I believe it is an accepted fact at present in England, that under the new regime court functions will be on an unusual scale of splendour; but the pension list, "gifts" and general expenses which come from



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

the Privy Purse will be cut down so far as is consistent with time-honoured usage. The one branch of expenditure, however, which the King cannot possibly interfere with is that from which royal incomes and official salaries are paid, and for which the people are taxed and the Government is responsible.

The royal people who form the historic background—the *raison*

*d'être* for this monarchy—cannot earn their own support by the "sweat of the brow" in labour, but assuredly they do in many cases earn it hardly enough in another way. Their duties are tiresome and arduous. They are representative, and in a large degree are owned by the people. There are innumerable offices, civic and publicly philanthropic, for them to



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

fill. There are many occasions when they are compelled to be "in evidence," no matter how wearisome the task, so that the lustre of their presence shall assist the occasion—seal some new enterprise with the hall-mark of royal approval, and thus insure its success, and there is a constant, daily necessity of appearing in some fashion before the public.

A "household" must be provided for every member of the royal family as they come of age or marry, including more or less in number according to rank. That of the King embraces over three hundred people, some of whom seldom ever come into personal contact with his Majesty. Each royal residence has its own house steward, house-keeper, and staff.





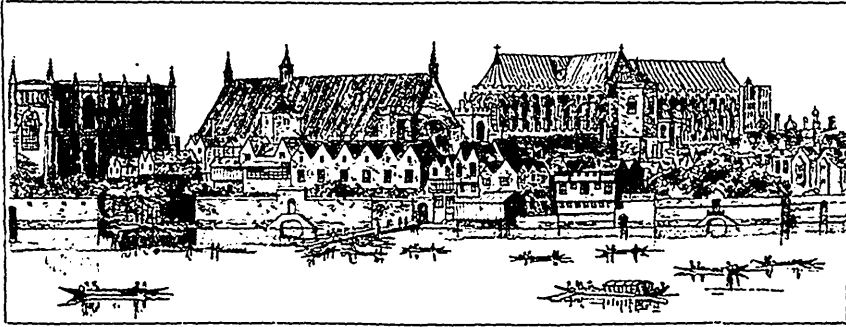
QUEEN ALEXANDRA, HER DAUGHTER, AND GRANDDAUGHTER.

What is known as the "Private Households" consists of the Lords and ladies-in-waiting, equerries, physicians and surgeons, master of the horse, comptroller of the purse, household, etc., too numerous to mention, but a reference to "Whittaker's Almanac" or the "Statesman's Year-Book" will give any one interested the names and various occupations and salaries of those in office and "attendance." Many of these have grown old in the service, and are part and parcel of the home life of their royal employers, being treated in all cases on the friendliest footing, yet the only one of Queen Alexandra's household who can be said to really be on terms of intimate friendship with her Majesty is her constant companion, Miss Knollys, who long since resigned all thought of matrimony in order never to desert her post.

Each Prince and Princess in the royal family have from birth their own special attendants, carefully selected, generally as a matter of inheritance. The duties of those

in close attendance is not alone to accompany the Prince or Princess on daily walks and drives, to public places of amusement, etc., etc., but to receive a large part of those who have occasion, for business or other reasons, to call.

I am bound to admit that I never heard, however privately expressed, but one opinion concerning the courtesy and kindness of the royal family in their bearing towards all around them, a really ardent affection showing itself in many cases, as, for example, that of a dear friend of mine, a lovely girl who was officially near the present Queen. By a fall from her horse she was temporarily crippled, and not only did the Princess of Wales call regularly, but what pleased her most was the daily letter she received from one or other of the juveniles in the royal family, who wrote to her in the sweetest spirit of *bon camaraderie*, while her release from bondage was made the occasion of a loving welcome and rejoicing at Sandringham.



PLAN OF WESTMINSTER, 1647.

—Temp. Charles I., v. 69, p. 668

The King is, as he has always been, in favour of freedom of speech when conversing familiarly with any one, and he encourages frank opinions from those in his intimate circle. Queen Victoria was decidedly fond of a genuine "gossip" with her few intimate friends; and small wonder! Fancy viewing life from palace windows or guarded drives, restricted in all intercourse save with one's own flesh and blood, yet having so far the spirit of life within one's veins, that one knew the common bond of humanity should bind all in a fashion together, and that outside those palace walls, beyond those daily drives, were men and women leading eager, happy, untrammelled lives in

which natural impulse need not always rebel against social code, and that in no way could their sweet, unrestrained, harmonious existences be reached, save through the medium of a printed book. No hand-clasp which could or dared to be spontaneously cordial, save in such rare instances that biographers have recorded them. Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of the Dean of Westminster, was admirably qualified for the unappointed office she filled at one time, of Queen Victoria's closest personal friend, being a woman of rare tact and intelligence, with the unusual combination of sweetness of character.

Many were glad to avail themselves of the kindness of Lady Au-



EXTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER HALL AND SQUARE, 1647.

—Temp. Charles I., v. 69, p. 668.

gusta—her courtesy and charity, which, whenever it could with propriety, was always exercised. It was due, no doubt whatever, to Lady Augusta's prompt tact and motherly instinct, that the Queen's reason was saved on the death of Prince Albert. Shocked by the suddenness and horror of the event, the Queen remained dry-eyed and speechless—that awful tearlessness

Lady Augusta, with the baby Princess Beatrice in her arms, stood, holding the child toward its tearless mother. It was enough. Claspng the fatherless child in her arms, the flood-gates of her heart were opened, and the tears gushed forth, needed as rain to the parched grass, no doubt saving the poor woman from insanity.

Whether or not this touching in-



NAVE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

and silence of grief which is more dreadful than all weeping.

It was late at night. In vain had the physicians in attendance ministered to their sovereign, who appeared to them now only as a woman—and a widow. Suddenly her devoted friend and companion, Lady Augusta Stanley, had an inspiration. Acting upon it, in a short time the curtains of the Queen's bed were drawn back, and

cident suggested the following exquisite lyric in Tennyson's "Princess," certainly it offers a wonderful parallel to the historic fact.

Home they brought her warrior dead :  
 She nor swooned, nor uttered cry :  
 All her maidens, watching, said,  
 " She must weep or she will die."  
 Then they praised him, soft and low,  
 Called him worthy to be loved,  
 Truest friend and noblest foe ;  
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.



THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face :  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.  
Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee—  
Like summer tempest came her tears—  
“ Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

Few outsiders can guess or surmise all the “red-tapeism” now going on in the formation of a court which is unquestionably the most notable and fascinating in Europe, the most passionately sought after by Anglo-Americans, yet holds fast to conservative prejudice, ancient ceremonial, and time-honoured usage, in spite of the desire of many scions of the royal family to be freed from some of the late Queen’s rigorous, if unwritten, laws.

NOTE.—Few things so impress upon one’s mind the permanence of British institutions as does Westminster Abbey, the scene of so many royal pageants—marriages and funerals and coronations. Over thirteen hundred years ago a church was erected here for the Anglo-Saxon King Seburt, about 616. With this church was connected a Benedictine monastery or minster. Destroyed by the Danes, it was re-erected in 985 and extended to almost its present size by Edward the Confessor, whose stately

tomb is still its most conspicuous ornament, 1049-65. Succeeding monarchs, to the time of Henry VII., have added to its magnificence. Its venerable Chapter House from 1282 to 1547 was the meeting-place of the House of Commons, and thus the cradle of consitutional government throughout the world.

Of the many pageants the ancient Abbey has witnessed none were so august and stately as will be that of His Majesty Edward the VII. on June 29th. The Abbey itself and its surroundings have undergone many changes. The ancient kings and potentates who were crowned or buried here would find a striking change in its environment. The stately House of Commons, the most august legislature in the world, is a strange contrast to the old Chapter House.

The pictures from contemporary prints which we present indicate the appearance of Westminster in the time of Charles I. To the extreme right of the upper cut is the Abbey itself, without the towers, which were erected by Christopher Wren in 1714. In the middle of the picture is Westminster Hall where Charles I. was tried and condemned. This building is also shown to the left of the lower cut. The river front were now extends the Parliament Buildings, is a congeries of rambling buildings, with gardens abutting on the river, the scene of so many stately water pageants. The imposing scene of the coronation and the royal procession will not only be witnessed by more persons than ever beheld such a royal function, but, by means of kinemetograph and pictured page, will be illustrated in every civilized land.

## THE ENGLISH REGALIA.

BY GEORGE ÆTHELBERT WALSH.



THE formal coronation of a king or queen has always been a noteworthy event in English history, and the ancient regalia that has come down from time immemorial possesses a peculiar interest to the whole nation. The ceremonies attendant upon a modern crowning of a sovereign are of special importance, because of the long period elapsing since the last similar event. The ceremonies of the coronation of King Edward VII. will strictly follow those which have been celebrated in the past in making England's long line of illustrious kings. As a rule, the ceremonies used at the coronation

of Richard II. will be followed, because they are clearly laid down and explained in a little vellum manuscript of the fourteenth century, called the "Liber Regalis," which has been carefully preserved at Westminster. The rules in this manuscript will serve as a guide for the present-day order of ceremony; and with few deviations they will be strictly adhered to. In a few simple words the order of coronation is first the anointing; then the investment with the Colobium Sindonis; and, in the following order, investment with the dalmatic; the shoes, buskins, and spurs; the sword; the stole or armilla; the imperial mantle; the crown, the ring, and the sceptres.

Peculiar ceremonies of a more or less interesting nature, by virtue of their antiquity and historical association, attend each one of these ten different orders of ceremony. Nearly all of these ceremonies have been gradually built up by succeeding early monarchs. The very earliest monarchs were simply crowned, but in time the ceremonies became exceedingly elaborate. In the last two centuries the tendency has been to simplify, while at the same time retaining the ancient order and its significance so far as possible.

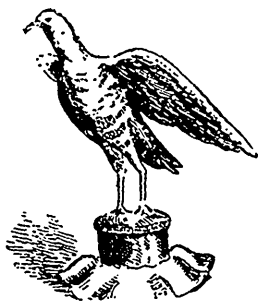
The insignia indicates the combination of the priest or bishop and the soldier; and, if strict interpretation of the different parts of the regalia is adhered to, it will be found that the ceremonies have much more of the flavour of the church than of the soldier. The sword and spurs are actually the only strictly military emblems of the coronation. Even the crown



THE KING IN ADMIRAL'S UNIFORM.

and sceptre were supposed to correspond to the mitre and crosier of the bishops, and the imperial mantle to the cope, while the ring, stole, and dalmatic are all distinctly episcopal.

Few of the very ancient coronation emblems are in existence to-day, contrary to the general belief. It will be remembered by those familiar with history that under the Commonwealth, which had no need of kingly emblems, the ancient regalia of England were broken up at the Tower on August 9th, 1649. Fortunately a few pieces were deposited at West-



THE AMPULLA OR GOLDEN EAGLE.

minster, and these alone escaped destruction. These important relics of earlier coronations were the famous coronation stone of the Scottish kings, brought to England by Edward I., the ancient coronation spoon, and the golden ampulla used for holding the consecrated cream.

The present regalia, with these few exceptions, were re-made at the restoration of Charles II.. These were copied as nearly as possible after the old ones, and the royal goldsmith, Sir Robert Vyner, who had made some of the earlier pieces, was employed to make the restoration perfect. James II. added other pieces to the regalia, and William and Mary still further improved the collection of orbs, sceptres and crowns. The early kings

and queens used their crowns and sceptres frequently, and formerly the crowns were actually worn in battles. In recent years, however, the royal regalia has been kept carefully locked up in the Tower or at Westminster Abbey. Queen Victoria always kept the vestments worn by her at her coronation in the robes office at St. James' Palace.

Probably the oldest piece of the royal English regalia is the famous ampulla or golden eagle, which was saved from the Commonwealth iconoclasts along with the spoon and the coronation stone. History says that this piece was first used at the coronation of Henry IV. on October 13, 1399, but it has since been modified and decorated by the goldsmiths. The ampulla is in the form of a golden eagle resting on a pedestal of pure gold. This pedestal is hollow and holds about six liquid ounces. The head of the eagle screws off, and the oil pours out of its beak at the ceremony. The ampulla, also of solid gold, stands nine inches from the base, and weighs about ten ounces. It has always been used in the anointing ceremony when the oil was poured over the head of the monarch.

The coronation spoon, which goes with the ampulla, has been used since the twelfth century, and like the golden eagle, it possesses a sacredness which far surpasses its value in dollars and cents. The spoon is of silver gilt, the bowl two and a quarter inches long, and the handle seven and a half inches in length. There are four pearls set in the handle, with other decorations which testify to its great antiquity.

The third article saved from Cromwell's time is the old coronation stone, which is set in the coronation chair, and upon which all the sovereigns of England have been crowned, except Mary I.

There is a long mythical history connected with this stone, the story being that it was the stone on which the patriarch Jacob slept on the plain of Luz. In the ninth century it found its way westward, and was placed in the Abbey of Scone by King Kenneth. He had it placed in a wooden chair, and the coronation chair in which it is now set is an exact copy of this original one. In the early superstition connected with the stone it was believed that if any monarch of the Scythian race should sit on the stone it would groan. At one time the old legend in Latin was engraved on the plate, and attached to the stone:

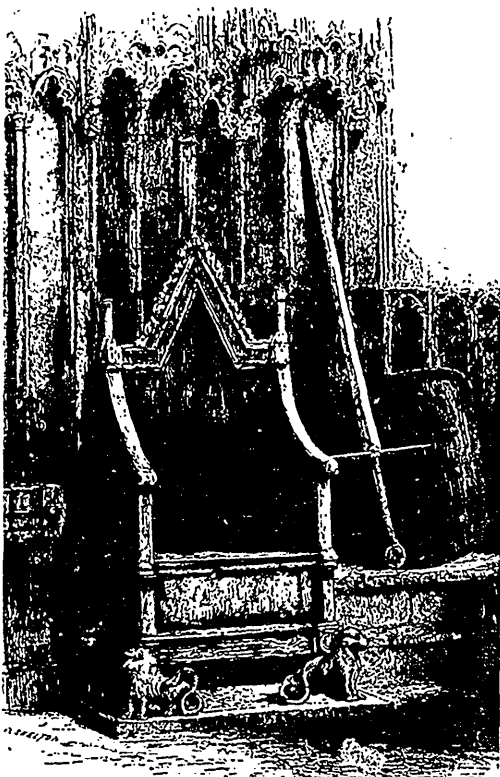
"Except old saws do fail and wizards' wits be blind,  
The Scots in place must reign where they this stone do find."\*

In the coronation of an English king or queen, the anointing from the golden ampulla takes precedence in the ceremony, and then the investments with the garments of office follow. The first investment is that of the Colobium Sindonis, which is always a simple linen garment, edged with lace and ruffles,

\* Mr. James Billington, of Stanstead, Que., writes as follows to the Montreal Witness concerning this historic stone:

"The late Dean Stanley (Dean of Westminster), says in his 'Memorials of Westminster': 'This precious relic is the one primeval monument which binds together the whole Empire, the iron rings, the battered surface, the crack, which has all but rent its solid mass asunder, bear witness to its long migrations. It is embedded in the heart of the English monarchy, an element of poetic, patriarchal, heathen times, like Araunah's rocky threshing floor, in the midst of the Temple of Solomon, calls back our thoughts to races and customs almost extinct, a link which unites the throne of England with the conditions of Tara and Iona.'

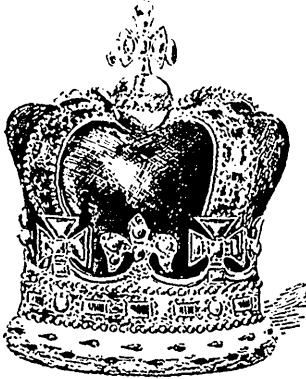
"There was, however, one weak link in the chain of evidence accepted by Dean Stanley. 'As to the antiquity and source of origin of the 'Coronation Stone,' said the Dean, 'I find precisely the same kind of stone (reddish sandstone) in Scotland. Prove



CORONATION CHAIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

to me that this kind of stone is indigenous to 'Bethel,' where it is claimed the 'Coronation Stone' came from, and my difficulty is gone.' Whereupon the Rev. F. R. A. Glover, an Episcopal clergyman, a very learned archaeologist, who had spent a large fortune in scientific and historic researches, and to whom Dean Stanley expressed his difficulty, without loss of time proceeded to the site of 'Bethel.' He brought to England broken pieces of the stone, which he picked up indiscriminately. Soon after his return, in company with the Dean and an eminent geologist, Mr. Glover visited Westminster Abbey, and together they compared the 'stone' under the coronation chair with that brought from Bethel, and without hesitation or difficulty the two stones agreed in kind and quality, and Dean Stanley confessed that any difficulty on his mind concerning the matter was removed, and that his firm conviction was that, combined with the historic traditions accompanying the 'Coronation Stone,' its source of origin must have been 'Bethel' of the Old Testament Scriptures."

cut low on either side, and secured around the waist by golden cords. This garment is of episcopal origin, and was considered equivalent to the alb or rochet.

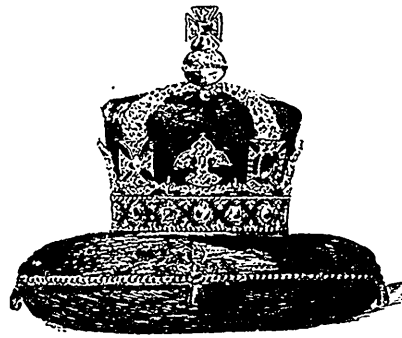


THE CONSORT'S CROWN.

The next order is the investment with the dalmatic. This is a garment of cloth of gold, with short, deep pointed sleeves, edged with gold lace, and lined with rose-coloured silk. The cloth of gold is handsomely woven and decorated with small patterns, filled with representations of the rose, the shamrock and the thistle. In the coronation of a king the shoes, buskin, spurs and sword next follow; but in Queen Victoria's coronation the investment of the stole or armilla followed the dalmatic. This is a band of cloth of gold, five feet two inches long, and three inches wide. It is lined with silk, and the front is decorated in gold and silk white eagles, roses, shamrocks, and thistles. At either end there is a red cross of St. George, laid on a background of silver, and finished off with gold fringe. The stole is hung around the neck, although some of the earlier kings had it crossed over the breast. This is likewise a religious emblem, and corresponds to the alb, which is worn to-day over the dalmatic by deacons in the Greek Church.

The imperial mantle follows the stole. The imperial mantles of England's recent sovereigns have been mostly decorated with patterns of roses, eagles, shamrocks, and thistles, but the royal mantles of Charles II. and James II. were ornamented with palm-leaf scrolls, with roses, eagles, fleur-de-lis, and coronets interwoven in the corners. The mantles were all edged with heavy gold fringe, and were long enough to cross over the shoulders and touch the ground at the feet. That of Queen Victoria at her coronation was sixty-five inches in length from the neck downward.

The bestowal of the crown is to many the most important part of the ceremony. The actual official crown of England is that of St. Edward, and while all late sovereigns have their state crowns of more recent date and workmanship, the official crown is always present and placed on the head at the coronation. This official crown was made in 1662 by Sir Robert Vyner. It is a massive affair, and not one that a monarch would care to wear for any length of time. A heavy golden rim forms the base



IMPERIAL STATE CROWN.

of the crown, studded heavily with large pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones. Four fleur-de-lis and four crosses-patees rise alternately from this rim, richly studded

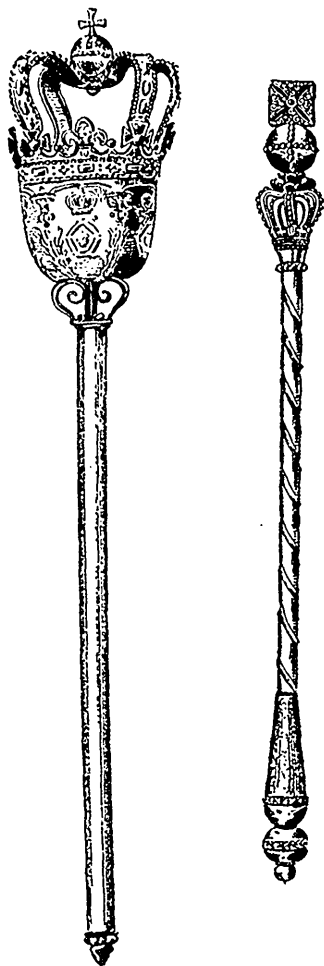


with gems and diamonds, and from the top of each cross rises an arch of gold dipping gradually toward the centre. The centre of the crown where the arches meet is an orb of gold filled with jewels, diamonds, pearls, and coloured stones. A cross-patee set with diamonds rises above this orb, surmounted by a magnificent spherical pearl. Small arms or brackets hang dependent from this pearl holding drop-shaped pearls. A cap of crimson velvet goes with this crown, and completes it.

There are more expensive crowns than this of St. Edward in the royal regalia, and others to which attach greater historical interest; but as the official crown of England since the Restoration, it is naturally held in great esteem. Queen Victoria's state crown, made in 1838, is much smaller and lighter than the official one, but it is full of diamonds, pearls, rubies, and precious stones. In the cross-patee in the front of the crown is the famous great spinel ruby which belonged to the Black Prince in 1367, and was worn by Henry V. at Agincourt in 1415. In the centre of the crown is also the magnificent sapphire, said to have been worn in a ring by Edward the Confessor, and buried with him in Westminster Abbey. The single large ruby of this crown is worth half a million dollars, and besides this there are 4 rubies, 11 emeralds, 16 sapphires, 277 pearls, and 2,783 diamonds in the crown.

The sceptres and orbs of the kings and queens of England are nearly as important as the crowns. The royal sceptre is bestowed on the monarch after the crown and ring. The official one is in the shape of a cross two feet nine and a quarter inches long, with one upper portion twisted in the form of a wreath. While this sceptre was made with most of the other regalia in 1662, it is patterned

closely after the sceptres shown on the ancient English coins. The sceptre is richly and heavily ornamented with jewels and gold bands. It is surmounted by an orb with a golden eagle perched on it.



OLD SCEPTRES.

On the reverse side of the great seal of Edward the Confessor, there is shown a sceptre with a dove, and on the obverse side he is shown holding an orb or a simple sphere in his hand. The orb is also shown on coins of later and earlier mon-

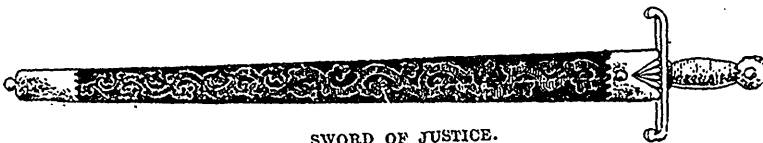
archs, and consequently it has become a part of the ceremony of coronation to invest the monarch with the orb. There are two orbs in the royal regalia in the Tower, the older and larger one having been made for Charles II., and the smaller one for Queen Mary II. The first is a sphere of gold six inches in diameter, surmounted by an arch edged with pearls. Around the centre is a fillet of gold studded with diamonds and white and red enamels. At the top of the orb is a fine amethyst, one and a half inches high, and cut in the shape of a truncated cone. On this orb stands a beautiful cross-patee, the outlines of which are formed with rose-cut diamonds, and at the end of each arm is a large, handsome pearl.

Queen Mary's orb was made to signify that she was an independent monarch, and on the great seal of William and Mary they are both represented as holding an orb in the hand. The idea is to convey the impression of equal authority, which indeed they had, and properly exercised during their reign. Mary's orb is smaller than the official one, and is simpler in design and construction. It has a fillet around the centre, and an arch above it outlined with pearls, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds. The small cross above it is likewise ornamented with precious stones. The orb with the cross is one of the most ancient of Christian emblems, and it is supposed to have been adopted by the early Saxon kings from the Roman emperors. It appears on all the coins and great seals from the time of Edward the Confessor, and on a few much earlier in point of history.

The other articles of the regalia kept at the Tower, but which are always displayed at a coronation,

are of less importance than these. There are several swords, with hilts of gold, and richly set with precious stones. The Sword of State is the largest and handsomest, with the swords of Mercy and Justice smaller and simpler in design. Queen Mary of Modena had an ivory rod made for herself, which she used in place of a sword, and this is also kept jealously guarded in the Tower among the other treasures. The crown of Queen Mary of Modena is also among the regalia, as is also the handsome circlet worn by her, and the coronet worn by the Prince of Wales. The golden spurs which are bestowed upon the king at his coronation attract special attention. They are elaborately patterned, and are of rare workmanship, and decorated with precious stones. The golden bracelets are richly enamelled with the emblems of the three kingdoms. These constitute the royal regalia of England, and considered from any point of view they are interesting relics of an empire. The goldsmith's art of over two centuries ago is preserved to us in these articles, while in a few pieces saved from the Commonwealth the art of four or five centuries ago is kept intact.

Few of the ancient pieces are touched up to-day, except when necessity requires it, for the associations and antiquity give to the articles their true value. In point of actual worth Queen Victoria's crown is far the most valuable, for it is so closely set with diamonds that it appears a mass of brilliant light and colours, with scarcely any of the background or setting visible. The jewels are all set in open work, so that the crimson of the velvet cap shows through at places to accentuate the design.—  
The Era.



SWORD OF JUSTICE.



MISS TAYLOR IN TIBETAN DRESS.  
The cap is of fox-skin, made for her in the Mongol encampment.

### THE FORBIDDEN LAND.\*



TIBET is still emphatically The Forbidden Land. It is the only country in the world in which Christian missions and Christian civilization are unable to find entrance. The Hermit Nation of Corea has thrown wide open its doors. The islands of the sea await the coming of Christ. But the bleak, sterile, isolated highlands of Tibet are still hermetically sealed against the

Gospel and civilization. Again and again strenuous attempts have been made to penetrate its mystery and overcome its inertia, but hitherto without success. We recently de-

\* "Adventures in Tibet." Including the Diary of Miss Annie R. Taylor's remarkable journey from Tau-Chau to Ta-Chien-Lu, through the heart of the "Forbidden Land." By William Carey. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 285. Price, \$1.25 net.

The characteristic enterprise of our Book Room has secured the Canadian edition and rights of this book in Canada. This article is prepared from advanced sheets. The cuts are loaned by the courtesy of the publishers. By means of a map and seventy-five engravings Mr. Carey gives a striking picture of this strange land.—Ed.



THE WALL OF TIBET.

"Enormous peaks capped with eternal snows.

scribed in these pages the tragic failure of those brave Canadians, Dr. and Mrs. Rijnhart, to traverse the Forbidden Land. We have described also the atrocious cruelties wreaked on Walter Savage Landor in a similar attempt. More remarkable than any other endeavours was that of the brave Englishwoman, Miss Annie R. Taylor, which we recount. The book which records them is of extraordinary interest. It describes one of the most mysterious lands on earth and the remarkable adventures of a plucky Englishwoman who pushed her way practically alone through

the heart of Tibet. The book has additional interest in that the writer, an Indian missionary, is a lineal descendant of that William Carey who was the father of the modern missionary movement and pioneer English missionary to India. We freely quote Mr. Carey's own words in his vivacious description of Tibet and of Miss Taylor's heroic adventures in that country.

"The feat was remarkable and astonishing. Without a companion and without equipment this unsophisticated pilgrim crept into the secret places of the Great Closed Land. Her audacity makes one



TYPICAL LANDSCAPE.

A sandy plateau surrounded by high mountains, in Western Tibet.

hold one's breath: what chance has a mouse in a cageful of cats? Others had been before her, but not women. Women have been since, but not alone. There is nothing to equal it in the whole fascinating story of Tibetan travel."

Miss Taylor was "seven months

and ten days in the forbidden land. Her only arms were a pistol, and her only instruments a telescope and a watch. The pistol had been packed in the baggage and never saw the light. The telescope was stolen, and it does not appear that she ever had occasion to use it."



"Standing in that wild theatre, with his trumpet of human thigh-bone."



LAMA WORSHIP.

She jotted down day by day her adventures in a little black-bound diary, which the author reprints. "Not until the diary had been written would the tired traveller burrow into her sleeping-bag under tent or cave. When, at last, the tent had been taken, and no cave could be found, she settled herself to sleep on the snow."

In Miss Taylor's missionary journey there was more than mere pluck and perseverance. There was a lofty motive. Mere daring and love of adventure would never have induced this frail woman to hazard her life in such an enterprise, or have carried her so successfully through. It was heroism, but it was the heroism of faith.

It can hardly be an exaggeration to say that Tibet is the most forbidding country to be found on the globe. It towers above the clouds the largest and loftiest mass of rock in the world. Hidden behind ramparts of snow and ice, sparsely

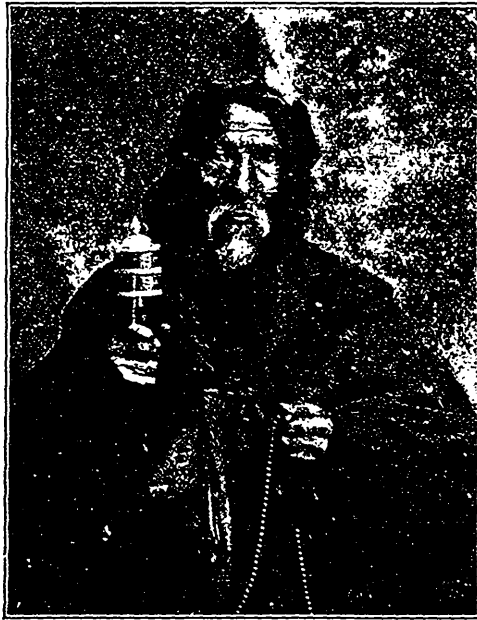
populated, swept by bitter winds, so cold that the commonest dress of its inhabitants is a huge sheepskin with the wool worn on the inner side; what wonder that its bleak aspect should repel the invader, and make it, in the very heart of Asia and the latitude of the Mediterranean, the least known, the most mysterious area on the surface of the earth.

The religion of Tibet is one of its strangest features. "It is the land of the lamas. The lamas are monks. A hundred, or a thousand, or even five thousand, of them may be herded together, if not exactly under one roof, yet in one great building, whose ramifications root themselves like a fortress in the rocks. The rest of the timid Tibetans huddle in huts at the monastery gates, or till the soil or tend their flocks that the lamas may live at ease. It has been reckoned that every sixth person of the entire population is either a lama or a

lama novitiate. The one universal and unceasing religious rite the twirling of a prayer-wheel and the mumbling of a meaningless sentence. Standing in that wild theatre, with his trumpet of human thigh-bone at his lips, and a skull in his hands, the lama is the very embodiment of the spirit that haunts the mountains, and broods over the wide, inhospitable deserts, and makes a sport of man."

meat will powder but never putrefy. In the brief summer Tibet is a boundless prairie, in the long winter an arctic wilderness.

The typical animal is the yak, a shaggy, big-horned ox, the universal beast of burden. The butter made from its milk, old and rancid, flavours every meal. So scarce is wood and stone that some buildings are made entirely of the horns of the yak. The palace temple of



AN AGED ABBOT.

Tibet is a great plateau 16,000 feet above the sea, surrounded by a mountain wall rising 17,000 feet. Only a hundred square miles is cultivated in an area of 21,000. Its sacred city is Lhasa, the seat of the gods. Hither multitudes of devotees make a weary pilgrimage. The thermometer will range from 110 degrees in the midday to 25 at night. Nothing will keep out the biting wind. So dry is the air that

Lhasa is roofed with plates of solid gold. The Dalai Lama is the living incarnation of Buddha, often a child of tender years, who is adored as a very god. He is simply a cushioned captive, petted like a toy, spending his days in "benignant motions," and often ending them by violence.

The holy city is "a secret chamber of crime; its rocks and its roads, its silken flags and its

scented altars, are all stained with blood."

In this strange country previous travellers with whom the readers of this magazine have been made acquainted, have perished. On its threshold Irene Petrie died. Peter Rijnhart, with his Canadian wife, endeavoured to penetrate its secrets when he mysteriously disappeared; and his heroic wife found her way alone back to civilization. Here

which is eaten mixed with flour and rancid butter.

The Tibetan Bible consists of 108 volumes of 1,000 pages, weighing ten pounds each, making 1,083 separate books. It requires a dozen yaks for its transport. There are 225 volumes of commentary and legendary stories, and 100,000 son s. It costs £600. or 7,000 oxen, and is worshipped as divine. There are 3,000 lamaseries or monasteries,



MINSTREL MENDICANTS.

Walter Savage Landor was fearfully tortured and driven back to the Indian frontier.

The Chinese claim a shadowy suzerainty over the country, which the Tibetans jealously resist. China, however, controls its trade, which chiefly consists in brick tea—coarse stuff made of stalks and stems, brought a six months journey over the mountain passes—

great solid structures of sun-dried brick or stone, often on inaccessible heights. One shelters 7,000 monks; another 5,500; another 4,000. One is presided over by an abness who bears the strange title of honour, "The Diamond Sow." The lama's course of study covers twelve long years, comprises books of magic and Buddhism. A Tibetan proverb truly says, "He





A PRIEST ON THE PROWL.

who eats lama's food needs iron jaws."

The Tibetans are unspeakably dirty. During most of the year the climate is too cold to permit washing, and a man must be a walking mattress rolled in a mackintosh bag to keep warm at all. The mud or stone houses are bleak and cheerless, and whole tribes of nomads live in black tents of yak hair,

through which the biting winds find their way and gnaw to the bone.

As Buddhists the Tibetans have great reverence for life, but are notorious thieves and liars. They will sometimes overcome their scruples to shed blood by drowning the victim. They have a system of polyandry which is utterly demoralizing. Among their queer

customs are these: If a boy disgraces himself by incompetence at school his teacher is publicly caned.

find that a few pages of the Bible taken in this way did not give relief. It is often impossible to



PONTO.



TAKING TEA IN TIBETAN STYLE.

In the centre is Miss Taylor; at the left is Ponto, holding a leather bag of barley-flour; on the right is his wife, holding the teapot; the three wooden bowls are the tea-cups. At the extreme right is a bamboo chimney; in front of it, goatskin bellows with an iron funnel; and in the centre of the picture, in front, are leather bags for tea, butter, etc.



CHURNING TEA.

Diseases are cured by eating the paper on which charms or Buddhist books are written. One neophyte was bitterly disappointed to

dig a grave; cremation is too expensive in a timberless land, so the bodies of the dead are given to birds of prey, or sometimes to dogs,

which are kept for the purpose. Huge bas-reliefs, one thirty feet long and ten feet high, are made of tinted butter. The hundreds of figures represent the heavenly and the infernal regions. The worship is purely mechanical.

A mystic sentence, "Om mani padme hum," which means "O Jewel in the Lotus! O!" is engraved on stones, carved in the mountain sides, printed on cotton flags, which flutter in the wind, rotated in prayer-wheels, and muttered by man, woman, and child, morning, noon, and night. "No other prayer," says Monier Williams, "used by human beings in any quarter of the globe, is repeated so often." In some monasteries are huge prayer-cylinders, like great barrels, sometimes containing a million copies of this prayer, turned by water, wind, or machinery. "If steam-power were introduced into Tibet," says Mr. Shawe, "probably the first use made of it would be to turn a praying-wheel."

Miss Taylor was by no means the first to attempt the entrance into this forbidden land. For nearly fifty years two devoted Moravian missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Heyde, have been working and waiting at its very threshold. Manning in 1811, Huc and Gabet in 1846, and others more recently, attempted to reach Lhasa. These went with grand supplies of servants, animals, stores. Rockhill had fourteen Cossacks and sixty-five camels; even the Rijnharts took two years' provision. But Miss Taylor travelled alone 1,300 miles in the Forbidden Land, reaching within eighty miles of the sacred city when she was arrested and compelled to return. She started with ten horses, two tents, and food for two months, chiefly barley flour. A few ounces of silver and some cotton cloth were

her resources. Her library was the New Testament and Psalms, a hymn-book and a diary, and a book of daily Bible readings.

"For twenty nights she slept in the open air. A cave would have been a luxury. For months she could not change her clothes. Of the three Chinamen who accompanied her one turned back, another died on the road, and the third tried to take her life. A Tibetan youth, Pontso, followed her through it all to the end. Her simple notion was to march through the closed land and claim it for God."

"'I am God's little woman, and He will take care of me,' she writes. On another occasion: 'All must be well with the ambassadors of the Lord. I am His charge.'"

Finding the Yellow River in flood, she sat down to wait till it subsided. "My eyes are unto Him," she said, "who made a passage in the Red Sea for the children of Israel."

"'God will take care of us,' she is constantly saying, till it is almost like the refrain of some sweet song stilling the heart. The lonely traveller looked up through the gloom to God, and pillowed her head on words which have voiced the faith of thousands of Christian hearts:

"'All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

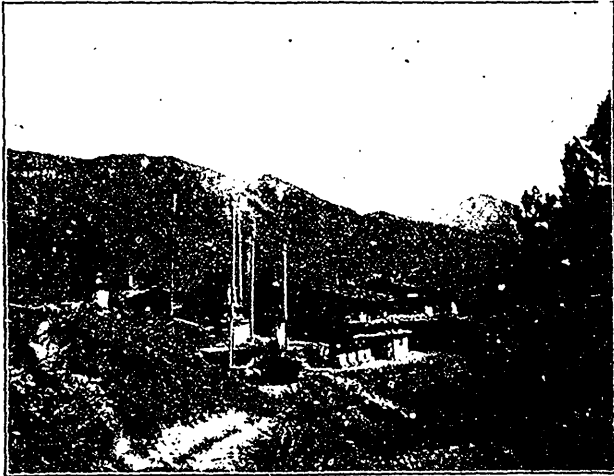
"It is one thing to sing these words in the company of the redeemed, and in the loving shelter of the home or the church; but to trace them under the Tibetan sky, with darkness around, and death creeping near in the darkness, is quite another."

Miss Taylor was twice under fire, once the whistling bullets from 200 handits spattered the stones with blood; the yaks stamped,

and two guards and seven of the yaks were killed. When finally compelled to return, she toiled back more dead than alive through China to the coast. Her defeat led to the organization of the special Tibetan mission, and to renewed efforts to enter the Forbidden Land. It fired the souls of the Rijnharts, "and their story, with its tragic mystery and speechless pain, has been a new and most powerful appeal to the sympathies and intercession of a Christian world."

was reduced to such extremity that she appeased her hunger by picking up grains of corn which dribbled through a sack of a mountain caravan. Her final attempt was made through China, travelling over 2,000 miles up the Yangtse river. As equipment for her task, she learned the difficult Chinese and Tibetan languages.

One of the most interesting sections of this remarkable book is the transcription of Miss Taylor's diary, carefully pencilled day by day under freezing skies and amid



KA GUMPA—OVERLOOKING YATUNG.

In brief retrospect we may say Miss Taylor was the daughter of wealth and refinement. She was so delicate a child that she got very little schooling, but later studied in England and the Continent. A call to mission service came to her soul. Her father refused his consent. She sold her jewels and studied in a hospital in preparation for her work. She spent three years in the China Inland Mission when she heard the call to Tibet.

She first attempted to enter the country from the Indian side, but

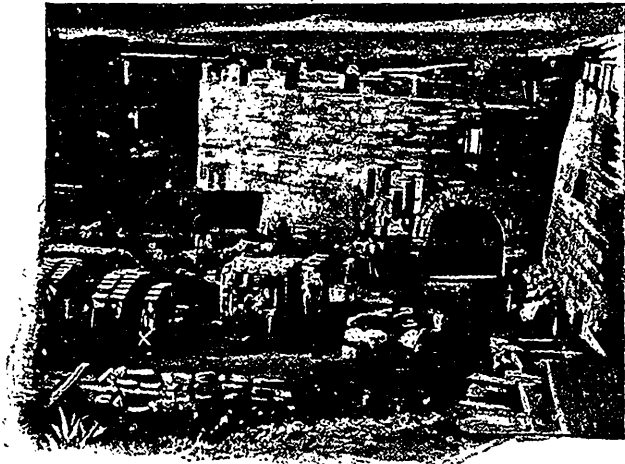
the bleak passes of wild Tibet. No word of complaint is uttered even in direst extremity. She says: "The Lord is God; I will not fear what man shall do unto me." Often the glare of the sun on the snow made her ill, and she could hold the reins no longer. She had to cross rapid rivers where only the ears of the horses were visible. When servants were atrocious and foes were menacing, she writes: "All must be right with the ambassador of the Lord. I am His charge."

“Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown;  
Jesus, we know, and He is on the throne.”

“What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.”

For two months she did not see a house and often had to sleep in the snow. They sometimes had to give their worn-out horses barley, flour and tea. Twenty days were spent in a cave in mid-winter. “It was quite a luxury,” writes Miss Taylor, “to have one’s head under cover in this wild, windy climate.” For Christmas Day she made two puddings with some currants, black sugar, and a little flour.

wild beast, at which he seemed rather surprised.” A guard of thirty soldiers was set over her. “I truly felt proud of my country,” she writes, “when it took so many men to keep one woman from running away. I said, ‘I am English, and do not fear for my life.’ They said they would soon send me back to China. I said they might carry my corpse, but they would not take me against my will. I prayed much in the night that God would spare us and bring us out victorious. I told the magistrate that if I died on the road justice would come, and I would tell the chief of



A CHINESE CITY GATE.

A week later she says: “I had fellowship in spirit with friends all over the world. Quite safe here with Jesus. We drink our tea at boiling point, and find it not at all too hot. If we do not drink it at once it gets covered with ice.” So she saw the old year out and the new year in.

When betrayed by her guide and rudely arrested by the Tibetans, she told the magistrate she must have courtesy, “that she was a human being and not a

our country all that had happened. I asked him his name, that I might write it down.”

Her audacity secured escort and horses. Through or around snow-drifts of twelve feet deep they made their way over the bleak mountain passes. They came to the conclusion that she must be a witch with supernatural powers. She tried to sell her watch, which cost eleven guineas, fifty taels. The best offer was ten, which she refused to take. Overtaken with a severe cold and

racking cough, after some persuasion she got permission to sleep in a shed.

At last she reached the lowlands of green grass and springing corn, and apricots in blossom—a Paradise after the Inferno through which she had passed. So at last, on April 15th, 1893, she reached Kiating, where the missionaries were very kind, and made her way

back to Christian civilization. The spectacle of this plucky woman, by the mere force of her indomitable will and faith in God, coercing these lawless brigands and Tibetan chiefs, is one of the most remarkable stories on record. We have given only in brief outline what this remarkable book recounts in full detail.

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AS A LITTLE CHILD.

“Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God.”

“As a little child, as a little child!  
Then how can I enter in?  
I am scarred, and hardened, and soul-defiled,  
With traces of sorrow and sin.  
Can I turn backward the tide of years,  
And wake my dead youth at my will?”  
“Nay, but thou canst, with thy sins and thy fears,  
Creep into My arms, and be still.”

“I know that the lambs in the heavenly fold  
Are sheltered and kept in Thy heart;  
But I, I am old, and the gray from the gold  
Has bidden all brightness depart.  
The gladness of youth, the faith and the truth,  
Lie withered, or shrouded in dust.”  
“Thou art emptied at length of thy treacherous strength;  
Creep into My arms now, and trust.”

“Is it true? Can I share with the little ones there,  
A child’s happy rest on Thy breast?”  
“Aye. The tenderest care will answer thy prayer;  
My love is for thee as the rest.  
It will quiet thy fears, will wipe away tears,  
Thy murmurs shall soften to psalms;  
Thy sorrows shall seem but a feverish dream,  
In the rest, in the rest in My arms.”

“Thus tenderly held, the heart that rebelled  
Shall cling to My Hand, though it smite;  
Shall find in My rod the love of its God;  
My statutes, its songs in the night.  
And whiter than snow shall the stained life grow,  
’Neath a touch of that love undefiled;  
And the throngs of forgiven, at the portals of Heaven,  
Shall welcome another dear child.”

—World Wide.



THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

## THREE MONTHS IN THE WEST LONDON MISSION.

BY GRETA L. FINLEY.



PROBLEMS of modern life seem to reach their intensest point of complexity in the great city, which is not only the metropolis of the British Empire, but which does far more than merely represent the life of the British nation. To its importance as the great centre of trade London adds a thousand other interests.

It is a world in itself. The last census showed its population to be six and a half million; and that population represents every nation under heaven, every talent and every ambition, every sorrow and every form of gaiety.

It possesses a strange centripetal power—this little world. To it come the young and ambitious to find the niche that they think is waiting for them in the temple of fame, and most of them to find unceasing toil, and a reward only for the fortunate few.



MRS. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

And yet among this great human family is found the most utter loneliness. Many are thrown among uncongenial people, and because of some limitation in themselves or their surroundings, or perhaps because their ideal of life is too high for them to find companionship among the selfish and worldly-minded, or because their pride and poverty hold them aloof, they suffer from that bitter desolation which exists in its worst form in great cities where there are many to see, none to know and love.

The poverty and squalor of East London have long been a by-word, but that the beautiful West End should shelter within itself some of the most miserable of London's poor, may be new to some.

Over a year ago some startling facts were brought before the public in the "No Room to Live" articles published by the *Daily News*, and such books as Sherwell's have informed many who were ig-

norant before of the terrible conditions under which so many Londoners live.

That there should be 900,000 people who are living in overcrowded conditions without the minimum air-space of 400 cubic feet which is allowed by law, is



ST. JAMES' HALL, LONDON.



almost incredible, but that nearly 400,000 people should occupy one-room dwellings is even worse. It means that people are herded together like animals, and that even childhood cannot possess its birth-right of purity. In these rooms the dwellers not only eat and sleep, but frequently carry on a trade.

#### THE LOT OF WOMAN.

The hardest burden falls upon the women. To the miseries of their habitations and the pains of incessant child-bearing they must add the night and day drudgery of their stifling little homes. Cooking



SISTER LILY.

one day, they fill the house with fumes from bad ovens, for the ovens are generally worthless in the one-roomed homes. Washing the next day, in saucepans and basins, they scatter soapsuds everywhere and fill the place with steam, afterwards stretching the wet linen in double rows from wall to wall. There may be a child ill in bed; there are certain to be children crawling about too young to go to school; yet the women must do all the work in their single rooms just the same."

When death comes it brings some sort of distinction to the slum home, and they will not be hurried in the last respect they can show. For days the corpse may remain in the room which is all the family have for every purpose, until the relatives have made their preparations and got the mourning on which the insurance is often spent. A "ham and jam funeral" is the correct one, and it is a sad matter if they are only able to afford a "cake and tea" repast.

It is in this great, gay, rich and intolerably wretched neighbourhood that the West London Mission works. And as it was my privilege to spend three months with the Sisters, it might seem as if I should have gained an intimate knowledge of its work. But at the end of three months I must confess that time all too short to become familiar with all of a work that is conducted on such large lines, and which includes many and varied activities to meet the varied conditions around it.

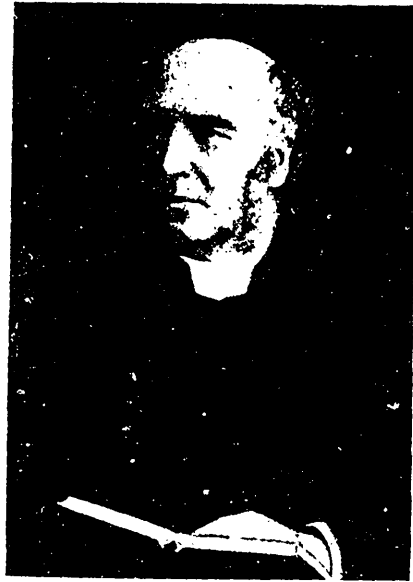
Fifteen years ago Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, realizing that the Wesleyan Church was doing little or nothing in West London, inaugurated the West London Mission. It has become not only an influence for good in London, but an example which has led to the establishment of similar missions in cities of Great Britain and in other lands.

The mission believes in the regeneration that changes the life, and so to preaching it adds every practical activity that can benefit the people. While it is a Wesleyan mission, it is not conducted on sectarian lines. Among the Sisters who carry on much of its work are Anglicans, Congregationalists, Presbyterians; in fact, though I lived among them, it is only by accident that I know which is the chosen denomination of any one, for all work loyally in the in-

terests of the Mission church. Services are held in various halls, and from these centres the "Sisters," who have played such an important part in the Mission from the beginning, and the workers go out. St. James' Hall is the centre for the fashionable West End. There, during the week, concerts and minstrel shows are held, but on Sunday it assumes a new character, and as the cosmopolitan crowds of Piccadilly pass its doors many drift in and hear a gospel that falls with compelling sweetness on world-weary hearts. The St. James' Hall services have also come to be a Methodist Mecca, and after the morning service, as Mr. Pearse stands at the door of the hall, it seems as if representatives from all the nations pass by and claim his kindly greeting and friendly handshake.

Before the preacher passes on to the platform, the stewards, sisters and choir join in earnest prayer that God's blessing may rest upon the service, and that custom may never make them enter upon it carelessly or prayerlessly.

The evening service is distinctly evangelistic. The orchestral band begins to play half an hour before the service, at which time there is not a vacant seat in the hall, and it leads the singing during the service, which is conducted by Mr. Hughes. With intense earnestness and burning words he delivers his message. At these services one is instantly impressed by the fact that the object of Mr. Pearse and Mr. Hughes is not to deliver eloquent sermons, but that each one is a lover of humanity, and under a divine compulsion must urge men and women to seek and find a Saviour who will save them from sin and selfishness and make them in turn work for the salvation of their fellows. The atmosphere is full of kindly human sympathy. Mr. Pearse said in homely simile one day, "No one



THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

can go to heaven in a sulky—it must be in a sociable. You can't be saved yourself without wanting to take your brother with you."

There is a beautiful story of a "Social Democrat," as he called himself, who became a member of the Mission. Relating his experience, he told of the bitterness that had possessed his heart as he had compared the lot of the poor with that of the rich, "and I used to say," he said, "Down with all that's hup!" But now," he continued, "as I goes about the streets, my heart is just full of pity for the poor women and the white-faced children, and I says, 'Hup with all that's down!'"

After the evening service an invitation is given to all to remain to a short after-meeting, when those who wish to may go into the enquiry rooms and get any help that Sisters and workers may give.

This service interested me much, for it is a modern adaptation of the kind of service we are sometimes inclined to think out of date,

and yet, judged by its results, it receives an ample justification, for a Sunday never passes that some one is not led to the service of Christ through its agency. Those who come in this way are visited and drafted into one of the Mission classes.

I shall always look back with pleasure on my attendance at Sister Lily's class. It is a splendid example of a mission class. It numbers over two hundred women, and has been largely recruited from the St. James' Hall service. Its



THE REV. C. E. WALTER.

members are taken from all grades of society, but unconsciously they have caught Sister Lily's genial spirit, and count it a privilege "in love" to "serve one another" and to give the Mission their enthusiastic support. Their givings are simply wonderful, and shame those who are more largely possessed of this world's goods, but who are not so beautifully rich toward God.

They are all simply devoted to their leader, and many of them are bound to her by very special ties. She has been the spiritual mother of most, and a friend, and some-

times the only friend, to many. Her splendid judgment and strong common-sense and loving sympathy have not to be deserved or to be asked. She lives to help, and whether by deliberate plan or by the outflow of her generous nature, she enriches the lives of those whom she touches. She has a healthy interest in life, which enlarges her scope, and possesses a large share of the very blessed quality of humour, which is fortunately somewhat prevalent in the Mission.

#### THE SISTERHOOD.

The Sisterhood, under Mrs. Price Hughes, was started at the same time as the Mission, and it is not too much to say that the Mission could not be carried on without it.

Somers Town Hall is in the slummiest and most difficult part of the Mission. It was built by Lady Henry Somerset, and there is a residence for three Sisters beside it. The Sister in charge, Sister Agatha, is a woman of great spiritual power and splendid courage, and she and her helpers have made themselves a power in the neighbourhood. Their hall door opens into a slum passage, and there, day by day, and often making night hideous and sleep impossible, are heard the coarse voices and sounds of slum life. The people are very poor. It is pathetic to think that they never own a new garment, but always the "cast-offs," which can be got cheap.

The Mission old-clothes sales are greatly appreciated, and Sister Agatha's ready wit calls forth much merriment. It is surprising how she has quickened these people mentally as well as spiritually.

I shall not soon forget the open-air service I attended at the Somers Town Hall. It was a Sunday-school anniversary, and they had asked for flowers so that they might

have a flower service. Friends and teachers, some of them young people in the big business houses, had gone afield and sent of the riches of field and garden—a gorgeous show! We made them into bunches, buttonholes for men and bouquets for the women. These we piled into baskets which the children proudly took in charge. In front of the hall the road was taken possession of by the Mission people. A picturesque group they made in the gray street. The little flower-laden children made a circle, and outside them stood the older workers. A hymn-sheet swung aloft, inscribed with old familiar hymns, and at her organ Sister Agatha sat with tender eyes, quick to note those who gathered round to listen to the message of good cheer.

The flowers were distributed after the service by the children, and were eagerly received by those to whom a touch of beauty was strange but welcome.

Cleveland and Craven Halls are centres for work, each in their own particular district, and each hall in addition to its minister has a group of Sisters and Nursing Sisters, who work in the neighbourhood and at the hall. They visit the people, have mothers' meetings, classes, boys' and girls' clubs, coal clubs, and Provident clubs, employment bureaus, etc.

A large creche is carried on, while the Sister in charge of it also succeeds in getting the mothers to her mothers' meetings.

THE GUILD OF POOR BRAVE THINGS.

It was suggested by Mrs. Ewing's "Story of a Short Life." The members all suffer from some physical disability, but in entering the Guild they determine with God's help to make the motto a rule of life, "Laetus sorte mea," and a spirit of martial courage is developed. The Guild hymn is

"The Son of Man Goes Forth to War."

It is a pathetic sight to see young and old, crippled and blind, gather as their strength permits at the Guild meetings and teas, and, decorated with scarlet badges, show themselves brave soldiers. There is a story of a little girl, who was seen disconsolately hanging on the palings outside the hall while a Guild tea was in progress. A sympathetic passer-by stopped and said: "Well, my little girl, and what is the matter with you?"



THE REV. W. H. LAX.

"Please, sir, that's just the trouble; there ain't nothing the matter with me!"

But the Guild of Play is open to other children. Poor little mortals! Think of the atmosphere in which a child's play centres round "drunks" and "funerals," and how little opportunity there can be for the development of healthy child-life while childish innocence can hardly exist in the presence of the sights they must constantly see! So they learn pretty childish games in the Guild of Play.

Another of the beautiful charities of the Mission is St. Luke's House, a home for the respectable dying poor. Surely the fact that every patient is a "hopeless case" is enough to make an atmosphere

with these patient sufferers. My friend Gordon, a bright fellow of twenty-six, full of interest in life, says: "It's a pity they couldn't send out a lot of us useless fellows to the war!" And yet he is en-



OPEN-AIR WORK OF WEST LONDON MISSION.

of gloom, you think? But no; the wards are bright and cosy, and there is an air of cheerfulness, for love is there, constantly watching and caring for these afflicted ones. As one goes from bed to bed a clearer vision comes from converse

gaged in as real a warfare, and will come out more than conqueror.

A large number of the poor have holidays and outings during the summer through the Mission. One day, while a number of mothers were taking their places in the

brakes that were to take them into the country for a day, I overheard two men passing down the street say with grim humour, glancing

humour in the ignorance of the small boy, who, looking from the railway carriage, on a Sunday-school excursion, thought a solemn



DRAWING ROOM, WEST LONDON MISSION.

up at Lincoln House, "West London Mission, and all the 'usbands at work."

There was more pathos than

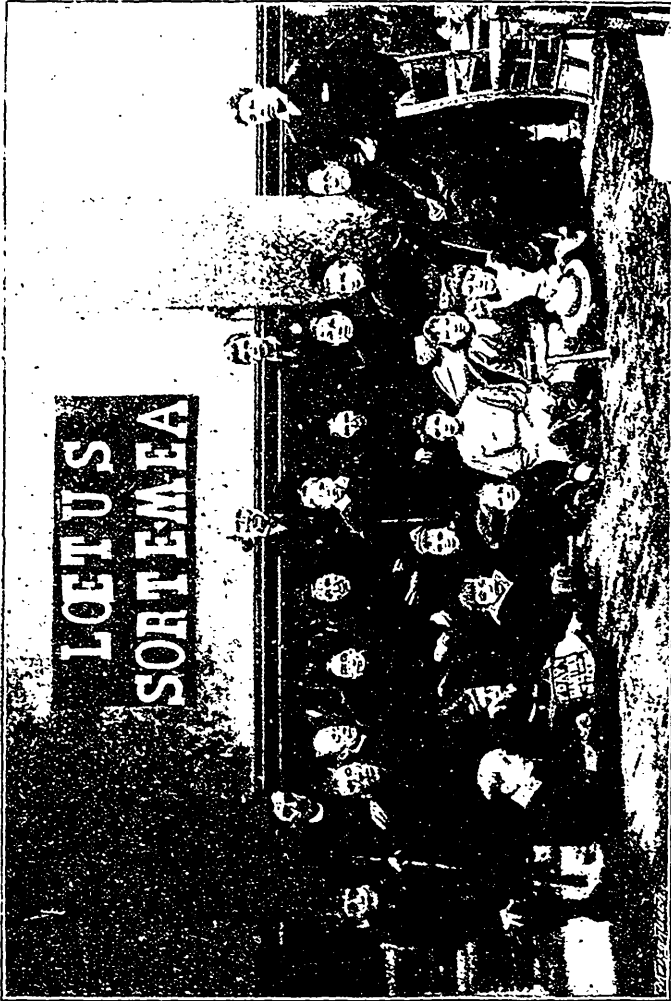
old cow was a stag, the horns quite convincing him of the fact!

One of the Sisters works among the "Tommies." The St. James'

Hall evening service has the largest congregation of soldiers in London, and a splendid bit of colour they make in the gallery, where seats are reserved for them, also for policemen and nurses.

LOVE NEVER FAILETH.

In the glare of midnight Piccadilly, among that throng whose gay exterior is a poor mockery of happiness, there walk the quiet figures of two women, Sisters of the West



SOME OF THE BRAVE POOR THINGS.

Lord Rosebery was very much impressed by their numbers on an occasion when he went to the service, and inquired if their attendance was voluntary. There were some two hundred present that evening.

London Mission. A flower may make an opportunity for the kindly word and the invitation. They carry cards on which are written: "Sister Margaret and Sister Kate invite you to visit them at Westbourne Terrace."

"Won't you have a flower?" proffers the Sister. Such daisies grew in different but well-remembered scenes! The girl stands hesitating and then bursts out: "No, Sister; take them away! They are far too pure for me. You are far too pure. You are too good to come among us."

Another girl won't take one because she has had no luck since she took the last. "Because it made her think and she couldn't be as gay," the Sister explained. But others accept them, and others have been won by the gentle pleading, why not these in time? For the Sisters can point to many whose feet no longer tread the pathway of shame, but have been guided into ways of peace, and the harbour of the Rescue Home, lit by divine love and compassion, sends its gleam across the tossing sea of life to the drifting, lost souls.

Among those who are "interested in the poor" one often hears of the "hopelessness of uplifting the masses." I am so glad that such words do not come from those who are actively engaged in the work. One does not hear much of those pet phrases—"submerged tenth," "masses," and the like, in the Mission. The Mission workers do not look upon the people as a "mass." They are individuals, with just as much individuality as the rich, and in need of just as tender treatment. That they have their sore disappointments, the workers would be the last to deny, but they are too busy to brood over failure and too grateful to God for the miracles in life and character that He is working among them, to be discouraged. Not alone in London do 1,899 members testify to the success of the Mission, but all over the world are scattered those who thank God for what the West London Mission has been to them.



HUGH PRICE HUGHES AND DR. JOSEPH PARKER AS "PROTESTERS."

Mr. Hughes' eminent position as one of the leading ministers, and his outspoken frankness, have made him the subject of frequent caricature. In a humorous political volume, entitled, "Froissart's Modern Chronicles," the author, Mr. Gould, has ventured into a new field in his caricature of the two Protesters, the Rev. H. P. Hughes and the Rev. Dr. Parker, both of whom lifted up hands of holy horror against a racing Prime Minister.

Since this paper was written some important changes have come to the Mission. Mr. Hughes has been laid aside by ill-health, and Mr. Pearse, after fourteen years of devoted service has severed his active connection with the Mission, although he continues to be one of its most generous and devoted friends. The Rev. John Gregory Mantle has taken his position. Mr. Hughes, however, is expected to resume his work in September.

The Mission has lost one of its most gifted workers in Sister Edith, who died this winter. She was a niece of Dr. Panshon, and a brilliant and devoted woman.

The Mission now has eight branches, 21 ministers, 25 lay agents, 70 sisters, 40 build-ings, and over 8,000 members. It has reached those who have been in the lowest depths; and it has also reached those in high position, for a titled lady was led to Christ on her death-bed by a sister of the West London Mission for whom she had sent.

Montreal, Que.





*Photo. Lafayette.*

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND—A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE.

## HENRY DRUMMOND.\*

BY THE REV. JAMES M. LUDLOW, D.D.



**O**F great men some instruct us, some help us by their deeds, the greatest inspire us. Not the light of genius, nor the strength of action, but the virtue which goes out from character, the effluence of itself, is the most powerful in its uplifting influence.

Henry Drummond was greater than his books and addresses, though they helped millions through the spell of the truth and grace which was in them. He reminds one of an electric plant, whose operation is more marvellous than its products, useful as they may be.

The greatness of Drummond was primarily in his Christliness. Moody said of him: "No man has ever been with me for any length of time that I did not see something in him that was un-Christlike, and I often see it in myself, but never in Henry Drummond."

But if Drummond was a saint, he was not of the water-blood sort: he felt his body; its appetites pulsed through him like the wave-beats of the sea. He was fond of sports—a good rifle-shot, an expert fisherman, a fine cricketer, and ran as enthusiastically along the edge of

the gridiron to watch a football match as any frowsy-headed fellow in a sweater. He could play you tricks of sleight of hand, tell you the funniest stories, and stretch himself in longest length of laziness when his day's work was done.

He was familiar with men of all sorts: took the stranger on his own subject, talked as readily with a miner as with a minister; had taken pot-luck with campers in the Rocky Mountains, with black savages in the heart of Africa, with South Sea Islanders, both cannibals and missionaries, and was accustomed to put his legs under the mahogany of the most aristocratic Britons. People called him, not a saint, but "The Prince." His biographer says: "There was not a glimpse of phylactery nor a smudge of unction about his religion." Yet he could hold a man to Christ by looking at him.

The secret of Drummond's power seems to have been threefold—his own deep experience, his passionate love for Christ, and his wonderful love for everybody except himself. Of his experience he almost never spoke. Some people draw off the water from the spring of their souls to show you how deep the hole is, and are apt to exhibit chiefly sand and mud. Not so with Drummond; through his conversation about other people and other things you saw the diamond bubbles starting away down in the depths of his feeling.

Perhaps the best way to show the man is to give an outline of his life—a life all too brief, a triumphal finish at forty-five, a time which some of us have not made the starting-line in life's noble race.

Drummond was born almost

\* "The Life of Henry Drummond." By George Adam Smith (Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, \$2.00 net.) is the fullest treatment of this great man. A more concise, inexpensive Life is that by Cuthbert Lennox. (Pp. 230. Price, 75 cents net. Toronto: William Briggs.) It is from this book that the accompanying illustrations are taken.

*Photo, Lombardi, London.***AT DOLLIS HILL, 1888.**

Mrs. Gladstone. Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Mr. Gladstone. Prof. Drummond.

under the shadow of Stirling Castle, Scotland, and always had a sort of drum-beat in his soul summoning him to promptness in duty. He joined the Church at twelve. When he was converted he could not tell. Maybe God made known His love to him when his mother made known her love, and the divine and human kisses fell together on his brow.

As a schoolboy he was not phenomenal, winning more praise from the fellows than perfect marks in the classroom. In college he stood high in some departments, but could not get his Bachelor of Sci-

ence degree. He was not discouraged, but said quietly that he wished the university would give it to him "on credit"—a sort of prophecy, for he became distinguished in that very line. From college he passed to the theological seminary, and after a brief term at a German university, bonded down to two things—natural science and city mission-work. He sought God in the earth, through geology and botany, and at the same time he sought him back of the hard faces of the sweat-shoppers and gamins. It may encourage some of our young men to read Drummond's

first experience in taking part in meeting. In prayer, "I trembled in voice and all through. Voice seemed not my own. I had outlined the prayer during the afternoon, but didn't remember it. . . Meeting in back street, present ten women and two men. One woman put me out by laughing. Address closed with a bang."

But Moody and Sankey came to Scotland in 1873, when Drummond was twenty-two. These men were reaching humanity. Drummond followed after to dig over the vein these evangelists had worked, and thus learn the art of finding souls. Moody, by that marvellous knowledge of men which was almost a clairvoyance, fastened upon the young man as a helper. Soon Drummond was in charge of after-meetings, especially young people's services. He was not ordained yet by men, but God's hand had been on his brow, and power came with the touch.

Over Scotland, Ireland, England, his hand kindled much of the flame of religious interest that made that "Great Awakening." His addresses to the common people, especially to young men, were the nucleus of the tracts, "The Greatest thing in the World," "The Ideal Life," "The Changed Life," which have since been read by millions. Dr. Stalker tells of his hearing Drummond talk these things to audiences of thousands, a fellow twenty-three years of age, and looking younger, "with the most perfect effortless command I have ever known in any speaker."

But his ability as a speaker was not the chief secret of his power. People felt the man back of the voice. He seemed to hold men and women with a spell like that of a mediæval priest, for they came to his room as to confessional. Old and hardened sinners, bright men with sceptical leanings, the best and the worst, opened their

hearts to him. He says: "Such tales of woe did I hear that I felt I must go and change my very clothes after the contact. Oh, I am sick with the sins of men! How can God bear it?" That was something like the Christ woe, and, Christlike, Drummond believed "in the recoverableness of a man at his worst," and as his own grand, pure spirit floated above the sin he saw, he buoyed up these other spirits on his own. Here are scraps from his private letters: "Sat beside driver on public coach; just buried his wife; found out his address, will write to him to-night." "Tackled the beadle of the church, got him to praying. Did you ever hear of a beadle praying?" I go down every night of the week to the Grass Market, and convey a man home past the public-houses."

Who is this man with a heart in touch with the lowliest? He is one of the finest intellects and most cultured of men, sought after by learned institutions and the most aristocratic circles. He comes home from a slumming tramp to find on his table an appointment as lecturer on natural science in the Glasgow College. He accepts it, and at the same time an appointment as missionary pastor in a poor suburb, and we find him giving to these common folk the real gist of what he taught to college students, so far as scientific illustration could be helpful on moral and spiritual themes. Here is a suggestive sentence for ministers: When asked if his scientific illustrations were not above the heads of his hearers, he replied, "The masses desire and require the best work we have. The failure of the average mission church to reach intelligent working men rises from the indolent reiteration of threadbare formulæ by teachers who have not first learned to respect their hearers." While Huxley drew crowds of working people to hear his scientific ideas



*The undivided*  
*Henry Drummond*

without religion, Drummond drew larger crowds to hear the same ideas from the standpoint of the faith. This double work of the scholar and preacher suggested the theme of the great book that was soon to make his name famous

among the writers of the day, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

Then came the inevitable. The iron frame of this "Prince" among men bent with its load. For two years he was a pain-racked in-

valid. Contrast him with the great German sceptic, Heine, who for years lay in what he called his "mattress hell," breathing out rhymed curses on his lot. The bodily disease gathered its forces about the heart of Drummond, but the pain could not draw a cry of complaint, only rhapsodies of faith and hope, as he awaited the coming new stage of his evolution from a poor sinner saved by grace, into the perfect manhood of Christ Jesus. He would ease his pain with songs like "The Land o' the Leal," and "Crossing the Bar." One day they could get no response

from the soul that was drifting away, until they struck Watts' hymn: "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord." The dying man kept the time for a while with his hand, then faintly said: "There's nothing to beat that, Hugh."

They buried Drummond at Stirling. The drum-beats from the old castle seemed to sound taps, and at the same hour in Princeton, in Australia, in India, the students of the world echoed their grief that such a life had ended, and their gratitude that it had ever been lived.—From the Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

#### THE SPADE AS A COMMENTATOR.\*



PROF. ROBERT WILLIAM ROGERS.

The science of biblical archaeology is almost entirely the growth of the last half century. It is gratifying to know what a prominent part has been borne in the creation of this science by English-speaking men on both sides of the sea. Early in the century, Dr. T. Young, an Englishman, and Champollion, a Frenchman, succeeded in deciphering the hieroglyphs of the Rosetta stone. In 1846-1847 Rawlinson, of England; Hincks, of Ireland; and Oppert, of Germany, interpreted the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions.

\* "A History of Babylonia and Assyria." By Robert William Rogers, Ph.D. (Leipzig), D.D., LL.D., F.R.G.S., Professor in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N.J. Second Edition. In two volumes. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xx-429, xv-418. Price, \$5.00.

Rawlinson and Layard, Birch and Sayce, Bliss and Conder, Warren and Wilson, Palmer and Flinders Petrie and Smith, of England; Ward and Hayes, Hilprecht and Haynes and Rogers, of the United States; Fabers and Bunsen and Brugsch, of Germany; McCurdy, of Canada, and many others, have exhumed a lost world and created a new science.

In these goodly volumes the fascinating story of discovery is told. The record of finding the clue and revealing the involved meaning of the cuneiform inscriptions reads like a romance. Grotefend, a German student, in his twenty-seventh year, began his difficult task, and spent seventy-two years of his prolonged life in its unwearied prosecution. The story, as told by Professor Rogers, is one of surpassing interest. Rawlinson took up the difficult task studying the inscriptions in situ. "This was a task of immense difficulty, carried on at the actual risk of his life, from their position high up on the rocks and beneath a blazing sun."

Systematic excavation in Assyria may be said to have been begun by Botta, a French vice-consul, in 1842, but his efforts met with small success. The real pioneer in achievement was Layard, whose discoveries have filled the British Museum with those wonderful remains of the vanished empires of Assyria and Babylonia, which make it the richest collection in the world. Professor Rogers quotes thus from Layard's vivid description of his discoveries:

"I had slept little during the night. Visions of palaces underground, of gigantic monsters, of sculptured figures, and endless inscriptions floated before me." Before long one of his Arab diggers exclaimed, "We have found Nimrod himself, we have seen him with our eyes." It was the enormous head of a winged bull, with which we are now so familiar. "I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. 'This is not the work of men's hands,' they exclaimed; 'but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood.'"

The occasion was celebrated with the slaughter of sheep, and an Arab festival and dances kept up all night. Says Layard, of these colossal figures: "What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion, than the wings of the bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished three thousand years ago. Through the portals which they guarded kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and furnished its mythology with symbols long recognized by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the Eternal City. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples and the riches of great cities had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall, in

which they stood, the plough had passed and the corn now waved."

The words of the prophet were fulfilled, "Nineveh, a desolation, and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds."

The excavations carried on by Layard were successful beyond his wildest dreams. As the trenches followed round the walls of room after room they uncovered great slabs of alabaster, with which the chamber walls were wainscotted, and these were found to be richly carved in relief with scenes of hunting, of war, and of solemn ceremony.

Inspired by the discoveries of Rawlinson and Layard, George Smith took up the task and translated the famous Deluge Tablets and other inscriptions which throw such a flood of light upon the Babylonian conceptions of biblical history. Many other labourers in this fertile field followed, till now we have the "buried libraries filled with books in which these peoples had written not only their history and chronology, but their science, their operations of building, their manners and customs, their very thoughts and emotions."

Professor Rogers sums up the results of these discoveries, he reconstructs the history of Babylonia and Assyria, shows their relations with biblical and Egyptian history, and discusses especially the remains of Sennacherib, Esarhaddon, Nebuchadnezzar, and Belshazzar. Like some great historic pageant these mighty sovereigns pass in review before us, and the epic of empire unfolds to its tragic close, as described in the last words of this great work: "The glory of Babylon is ended. The long procession of princes, priests, and kings has passed by. No city so vast had stood on the world before it. No city with a history so long has even yet appeared. From the beginnings of human history it had stood. It was in other hands now, and it would soon be a shapeless mass of ruins, standing alone in a sad, untilled desert."

These noble volumes are one of the most important contributions ever made to Christian scholarship by the Methodist Church. They are the result of many years' study, not merely of original monuments and other sources, but of the labours of previous Assyriologists, in Paris, Berlin, Cairo, Constantinople, Leipzig, London, and Oxford.

## SONGS OF IRELAND.\*

We can claim by adoption the accomplished author of these lyrics as a patriotic Canadian. Few native writers have sung with such power the glories of our great Northwest. But still her heart is in Ireland. She thus expresses the feelings of an Irish harvester in England, "helpin' wi' the hay":

"The p-ople that's in England is richer nor the Jews,

There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!

I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child."

The Song of the Birds is very sympathetic:

"Sure maybe ye've heard the cushadoo

Callin' his mate in May,

When one sweet thought is the whole of his life,

An' he tells it the one sweet way.

But my heart is sore at the cushadoo

Filled wid his own soft glee,

Over an' over his 'me an' you!

He's never the bird for me.

"Sure maybe ye've heard the red-breast

Singin' his lone on a thorn,

Mindin' himself o' the dear days lost,

Brave wid his heart forlorn.

The time is in dark November,

An' no spring hopes has he:

'Remember,' he sings, 'remember!'

Ay, thon's the wee bird for me."

The song of Little Johnneen will touch the mothers' hearts:

"Sure he's five months old, an' he's two foot long,

Baby Johnneen;

Watch yerself now, for he's terrible sthrong,

Biby Johnneen.

He has finger-ends like the daisy-tips,

But he'll have ye attend to the words of his lips,

Will Johnneen.

For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart is gay;

An' he likes the merry daffodils, he thinks they'd do to play

With Johnneen."

The Song of the Northwest breathes the very air of the prairies where "roses for miles spring under the horses' feet."

"Oh, would ye hear, and would ye hear

Of the windy, wide Northwest?

Faith, 'tis a land as green as the sea,

That rolls as far and rolls as free,

With drifts of flowers, so many there be,

Where the cattle roam and rest.

"But could ye know, and for ever know

The word of the young North-West!

A word she breathes to the true and bold,

A word misknown to the false and cold,

A word that never was spoken or sold,

But the one that knows is blest."

Yet the exile's heart turns ever to the homeland beyond the sea:

"Them that goes to Ireland must thtravel night an' day,

An' them that goes to Ireland must sail across the say,

For the len'th of here to Ireland is half the world away—

An' you'll lave your heart behind you in the West.

Set your face for Ireland,

Kiss your friends in Ireland,

But lave your heart behind you in the West."

One of the latest of "Moira O'Neill's" poems appears in a recent number of *The Outlook*, the substance of which we quote. The contrast between single and married life is very cleverly put, although Tim was rather a poor specimen of a husband.

## TWO IRISH SISTERS.

## I.—NEVER MARRIED.

My mother had three daughters, an' the ouldest one was me,

The other two was married in their youth;

'Tis well for them that likes it, but by all that I could see

It 'ud never fit meself, an' there's the truth.

Oh never think I'm wantin' to miscall the race o' men,

There's ne'er a taste o' harm in them, the cratures!

They're meddlesome, an' quarrelsome, an' troublesome—but then

The Man Above He put it in their natures.

\*"Songs of the Glens of Antrim." By Moira O'Neill. Author of "The Elf Errant," etc. Edinburgh and London: William

Blackwood & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 61.



I'd never be uncivil, sure an' marriage must be right,  
Or what 'ud bring the childer to the fore?  
With their screechin' an' their roarin' an' balorin' day an' night—  
Me sister Ann has five, an' Jane has more.

I couldn't work wid childer, an' the men's a bigger kind,  
But muddy an' mischeevous like the small;  
Ye've got to larn them betther, an' ye've got to make them mind,  
An' ye've got to keep them aisy afther all.

I'm betther doin' wi' dumb things, a weeny black-face lamb,  
Or the yellow goosey-goslin's on the knowe;  
The neighbours think I'm sensible wi' sick ones, so I am—  
Sure 'twas me that saved the life o' Mullen's cow.

Aye, ye'll often hear them say a woman cannot bide her lone,  
An' it's fifty years alone that I have bided;  
They're very apt to say no woman yet could guide her own—  
But them that God guides is well guided.

#### II.—THE MARRIED SISTER.

Bridgid is a caution, sure. What's that ye say?  
Is it my sister then, Bridgid MacIlray?  
Caution or no caution, listen what I'm tellin' ye—  
*Childer, hould yer noise there, jaix! there's no quellin' ye—*  
Och well, I've said it now this many a long day,  
'Tis the quare pity o' Bridgid MacIlray.

An' she that was the beauty, an' never married yet!  
An' fifty years gone over her, but do you think she'll fret?  
Sorra one o' Bridgid then, that's not the sort of her,  
Ne'er a hait would *she* care though not a man had thought of her;  
Heaps o' men she might 'a' had—*Here, get out o' that,*  
*Mick, ye rogue! destroyin' o' the poor ould cat!* . . .

*She* to have no man at all—*Musha, look at Tim!*  
*Off an' up the road he is, an' wet enough to swim,*  
*An' his tea sittin' waitin' on him, there he'll sthree about now—*  
*Ann! I the heart scalded woman out an' out now?*  
*Here I've lived an' wrought for him all the ways I can,*  
*But the goodness grant me patience, for I'd need it wid that man!*

What was I sayin' then? Bridgid lives her lone,  
Ne'er a one about the house, quiet as a stone—  
*Lave a-go the pig's tail, boys, an' quiet the squealin' now:*  
*Mind! I've got a sally-switch that only wants the peelin' now—*  
Ah, just to think of her, 'deed an' well-a-day!  
'Tis the quyare pity o' Bridgid MacIlray.

#### SLIEVE CROSS.

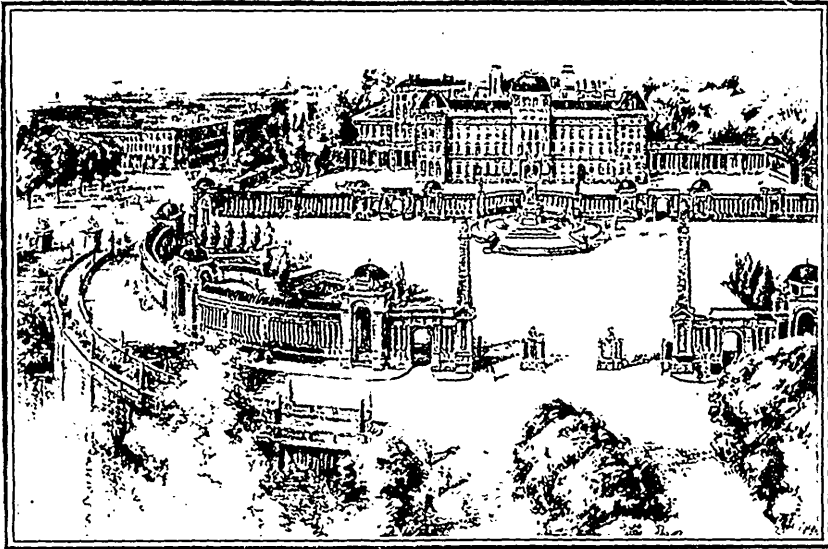
It's well I know ye, Slieve Cross, ye weary, stony hill!  
An' I'm tired, och, I'm tired to be lookin' on ye still;  
For here I live the near side, an' he is on the far,  
An' all your heights and hollows are between us, so they are.

But if 'twas only Slieve Cross to climb from foot to crown,  
I'd soon be up and over that, I'd soon be runnin' down;  
Then sure the great ould sea itself is there beyant the bar,  
An' all the windy wathers are between us, so they are.

But what about the wather when I'd have ould Paddy's boat?  
Is it me that would be feared to grip the oars an' go afloat?  
Oh, I could find him by the light o' sun or moon or star,  
But there's colder things than salt waves between us, so there are.

Sure well I know he'll never have the heart to come to me,  
An' love is wild as any wave that wanders on the sea;  
'Tis the same if he was near me, 'tis the same if he is far,  
His thoughts are hard an' ever hard between us, so they are.

## THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED STATUE AND MEMORIAL.\*

Soon after the death of Queen Victoria a committee was appointed, consisting of well-known British artists and practical administrators, for the purpose of erecting a suitable memorial of the late Queen. "Wisely planned and solidly wrought—vast and noble if that might be, but at all events dignified—a scheme of harmony, and not an assemblage of compromises, a chance muddle—a monument that would remind the folk of other lands and of late epochs of one whom her country gave itself the sad relief, allowed itself, even in its sorrow, the proud pleasure, of honouring"—such, in the words of Mr. Frederick Wedmore, the art critic of the London Standard, was the ideal that the committee set before itself. It determined that the memorial should be raised in front of Buckingham Palace, in the neighbourhood most of all associated with the sovereign's presence, and with functions of exceptional state, and invited five of the leading architects of Great Britain to contribute suitable designs. The design finally selected (and reproduced herewith) is by Mr. Aston Webb, who

has done much important architectural work in London; and the central monument, with the statue of the Queen for its principal feature, has been entrusted to the prominent English sculptor, Mr. Thomas Brock. Recent despatches from London announce that the plans are well under way, and work will be begun on the site immediately after the coronation.

Mr. Wedmore, who writes in *The Pall Mall Magazine* (February), declares that the terrace and monument planned "seem happily satisfactory, and promise to endow us with a noble, memorable addition to the architectural glories of our London Town." He continues:

"In the first plan for that part of Mr. Aston Webb's scheme which provides for the ornamental barrier against the front of Buckingham Palace, there was, as I understand it, a greater use of 'grille' work than in the revised version. . . . The change itself is a good one. The greater appearance of solidity and volume, which is obtained by the increased employment of stone, has somehow been obtained without sacrifice of elegance, without a suggestion of undue heaviness. The admirable

\* By courtesy of *The Literary Digest*.

bend, the studied curve, just at the central point of the long line of arcade—shall one say?—that stretches, or is to stretch, in front of the Palace, is a welcome relief, completing that beauty of proportion which is one of the charms of the design selected. Proportion, breadth, unity; these are high virtues in any work of art; rare always, and rare especially where the work is, of necessity, complicated and intricate as this is.

"The statue of the Queen, upon the monumental fabric, is put in the true place. It is not at the top, as in one at least of the big schemes in the architectural competition it was suggested it should be. It is not high up. In Mr. Brock's group, a symbolical figure—not the Queen at all, but the emblem of her glory trumpeted to all the winds—crowns the edifice;

and, at no great height above the people who will pass, the Queen, amongst her people, as of old, sits—as she sat and moved of old—with her face of homely wisdom and profound feeling. It is what the nation most wanted—a record of the virtues and triumphs, of the gathered years and weighted meditations and crowning wisdom of the great Queen."

"The great point now is that the scheme be carried out in its entirety—that not to-day indeed, nor to-morrow, but in some future not very remote, there shall stretch a great and stately avenue from Buckingham Palace to Trafalgar Square itself—statues and supporting arches down the long Processional Road; the greater arch at the far end; and all in recognition, and in reverent memory, of the sovereign benefactress England knew."

## THE GREAT GREY KING.

BY SAMUEL V. COLE.

The Great Grey King, the latest and best of his line, spake thus

Having reigned over all the earth in glory a hundred years:

"My work is finished to-day; and, lo, I must pass away  
To the Silent Fields, evermore as a king among my peers."

They praised him, the Great Grey King, through his realms to the far-off lands:

"His work and his fame stand sure, whatever the years may bring:"

And there came and bowed the knee his servants in their degree,  
Saying, "Give us, before you go, your blessing, O father the King."

"The Spirit of Water am I, who toil for the welfare of men;

You taught me to toil when I rise from my home in the rain and the snow—  
To turn the great wheels, and to be the driver of ships on the sea,  
And the lifter of burdens: O King, a blessing before you go."

"And I am the Spirit of Fire; I work, as you bade me, for men;

Their manifold errands I take up and down in the earth, to and fro;  
A fleet-footed devil I seem, for I dash through the world like a gleam,  
And am here and am there all at once: a blessing before you go."

"And I am the Spirit of Search; I honestly seek the truth;

A troubler of men who fear, but the helper of them that know;  
I found he the life of the sod has climbed the great ladder of God,  
And all things are linked into one: your blessing before you go."

So he lifted his withered hands o'er the heads of them there, and said:

"Receive my blessing: behold, the Future stands at the door:  
Go back to your work and be true to the task I bequeath you to do:  
For the blessing of them that serve is ever to serve the more."

And he turned to the people, and said: "Ye see that my hand has brought

The ends of the earth together and set them face to face.  
Learn, therefore, O great, and O small, that as God is the Father of all,  
Ye all are one brotherhood—all, whatever your land or race."

Then the Great Grey King, wrapped around in his glory under the stars,

Became as a great grey mist, receding with noiseless tread,  
And solemnly passed away to wait for the Judgment Day  
In the Silen' Fields with his peers; and another reigned in his stead.

—*The Independent.*

## Current Topics and Events.

### LET US BE JUST.

It would be as manifestly unjust to blame the American Government or people for the cruelties and crimes committed in their name in the Philippines by Major Waller and General Smith, as it is to blame the British Government and people for the crimes and cruelties committed by the two Australian officers who paid the penalty for their offences with their lives. The better sentiment of the United States condemns with one voice the cruelties in the Philippines. Harper's Journal of Civilization strongly expresses this sentiment :

"This torture is worthy of the Middle Ages and the Spanish Inquisition. It is also proved that natives are shot without trial. We also know that many of our officials in the Philippines have become hardened to these acts of cruelty, and look upon them not only as necessary, but proper. The order attributed to General Smith, that Waller should kill 'everything over ten years old,' is an illustration of a state of mind which is shocking to the American people."

The Christian Advocate says : "The secretary of Batangas says that one hundred thousand out of three hundred thousand population have already perished. This is a tremendous statement. It may be greatly modified by careful investigation."

The Independent says : "It is impossible to repress one's horror when, as the first stage in his defence, an officer admits that he said he wanted no prisoners, and gave orders on a campaign to kill all men and boys over ten years of age, to burn their homes and leave the country a howling wilderness. Such a confession, in defence, is amazing and horrible."

Harper's Weekly quotes with approval the St. James' Gazette, of London, as follows : "If General Smith cannot be exonerated, we do not doubt that America's honour will be vindicated in the same manner as our own has been, by the award of swift and uncompromising justice to the guilty parties. It is natural enough for the American press to declare that their nation is 'disgraced in the eyes of the world,' and that 'it seems as if they could not hold up their heads again.' The feeling is creditable to Americans.

But in England, at any rate, we know better than to hold a high-spirited and honourable people responsible for the dishonour of a single criminal. Such conduct as is charged against General Smith is reprobated as sincerely and universally in America as in England ; and while we hope that the deplorable incident in the Philippines will dispose some of our transatlantic friends to regard the occasional shortcomings of Englishmen, whether in South Africa or elsewhere, with more discriminating justice than



NOT SO BLACK AS HE IS PAINTED ;  
NEITHER IS UNCLE SAM.

MR. BELL.—"Here, hang it all, I'm not like that! There must be something wrong with those glasses of yours."

—London Punch.

they have sometimes displayed, we can assure them that in this country our confidence in American rectitude is in no degree shaken by an isolated example of individual depravity such as we know from experience is liable to occur at times even in the armies of the most civilized and humane of nations."

We strongly commend to the American journalists, who have been railing at Britain for unproved offences, the high-minded and Christian chi-

valry of The St. James' Gazette, which carries into politics the charity of St. Paul, which "thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

#### A MILD PROTEST.

Some of the best things in the world come to us from the United States—the noble examples of Christian brotherhood, of devout evangelism, of passionate charity that seeks in all lands objects for its beneficence. Methodism itself in this land is in large degree the child of Methodism of the United States, as well as of the motherland. It is impossible for us to forget our filial relations to both of these countries. We are like a boy with two grandmothers, receiving the choicest gifts of each. We welcome with warmest cordiality the fraternal delegates from both to our religious assemblies.

We welcome the larger numbers who come by the thousands to our Epworth League, Christian Endeavour, and missionary conventions. Canadians go with much pleasure to the great religious gatherings of the United States, and receive as hearty welcome as we tender their visitors to us. Personally we have received nothing but kindness, and a great deal of it, from our American kinsfolk. If the whole community were actuated by the spirit of these great Christian assemblies there would be no ground to complain of our international relations. Peace and brotherhood and good-will would unalterably and for ever dwell between us.

Unhappily other elements and influences affect our international relations. Against these and their tendencies we feel compelled to enter a mild protest. Canadians are here on this continent not by sufferance, but by right. Here we are, here we purpose to remain, maintaining our love and loyalty, our faithful allegiance to the great Mother of Nations beyond the sea. We have, we believe, in the providence of God, our destiny to work out on the northern part of this continent as the most important constituent of the British Empire, being two-fifths of its area, and possessing a wealth of field and forest and mine sufficient to maintain a hundred millions of people. We desire to live in peace and brotherhood and good-will with our kinsmen of the great American Republic. The only rivalry we would indulge is a generous competition in trade and commerce, in

learning, in the highest elements of Christian civilization. We deprecate, therefore, the nagging at Canada for daring to cherish the purpose and aspirations of a national existence. We object to being assured that the inevitable destiny of the American Republic is to extend from Mexico—or is it from Darien, or Cape Horn?—to the North Pole. We resent seeing our country parcelled out as so many States of the American Union, bearing American names, as we have seen in a map in what are now politely called the saffron journals of New York—and not merely in the yellow journals alone, but in high-class periodicals and reviews.

#### CANADA A MENACE.

For instance, in the March number of *The Review of Reviews*, Dr. Shaw, its editor, expresses some very radical views on the relations of Canada to the United States. The retention of some threads of union, he admits, is necessary, in order to give pretence to the proud use of the word, "Empire," but he regards the very existence of Canada as "a menace to the United States." "For it is a simple fact that the one thing in the whole outlook for the United States that is in any way menacing is an arbitrary line across the Continent which checks its natural expansion and beyond which an European Power is building fortifications."

"Nature," he continues, "intended the fair north-west for the free, a natural expansion of 'America,' by which he means, of course, that portion of America yecept the United States. It was a mistake, he says, for the English to make over the great empty Hudson Bay territory and *Pacific* north-west, to her Canadian colonies, thus thwarting the "expansion of the United States in the only direction in which expansion is possible, and where, furthermore, it is just as inevitable as the Russification of Manchuria."

Dr. Shaw affirms there is no ill-will in the United States against Spain, against China, against Germany, but there is much bitter feeling against Great Britain. We would be sorry to believe that this were the case. It is certainly not reciprocated by Great Britain or Canada toward the United States.

Dr. Shaw goes on to state that the American Government asserted its claim to all of the north-west territory up to the latitude of 54 degrees

40 minutes. The American cry was, "Fifty-four—forty, or fight." This claim would have given the United States the whole of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, and Manitoba. Dr. Shaw adds:

"We have never heard of an American boy who did not wish that we had made good our threat to fight rather than give away a chance of developing the wild country of our own continent."

We venture to declare this one of the most immoral teachings ever uttered by any public man. The covetousness of Ahab for Naboth's vineyard was not to be compared with it.

#### HOW CANADA FOUND ITSELF.

After the lapse of reciprocity, which has been such an advantage to both countries, Canada was quite willing, even anxious, for its renewal, but American statesmen deliberately refused it, with the hope and expectation of compelling Canada to come into the American Union. It was probably the best service they could have done us. It taught us independence, it led to the extension of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to the construction of the great highway of nations from sea to sea, and sent us to the markets of Great Britain and the world with our produce. It enabled us to find ourselves, to realize that we have the grandest inheritance on this continent, and to say, like Naboth, "The Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee." It made Canada the most important link in Britain's chain of colonies around the world.

We must not, however, be too hard on Dr. Shaw and gentlemen of that ilk, because they are only echoing the words of Mr. Stead, Mr. Labouchere, and other "Little Englanders" who have been saying, "So loyal is too costly, loose the bond and let them go." Mr. Stead, in his own maunderings about the Americanization of the world, recently said:

"Mr. Roosevelt has never made any secret of his conviction that there is no room for John Bull in the western hemisphere. . . . Nor can it be pretended that Theodore Roosevelt is a man to shrink from using the sword to carry out his political ideals.

"It is true that the Monroe doctrine 'at present' is not held to necessitate

giving instant notice to quit to John Bull from the American continent. But it might easily come to that. If it did, Mr. Roosevelt would find ample moral justification for a war to sever Canada from England in the interest of the Canadians."

But Mr. Stead is thoroughly discounted in his own country, and wherever he is known. We suppose the ignorant Boers, whom he has been stuffing with lies for three years, are willing to accept his rot, but no other men in the world, outside of a lunatic asylum, will do so. President Roosevelt and intelligent Americans would be the first to scorn and scout the mad maunderings of Mr. W. T. Stead.

We commend to Dr. Shaw and gentlemen of that ilk the old-fashioned words of an old-fashioned book, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house . . . nor anything that is thy neighbour's." Small good came to Ahab from his coveting Naboth's vineyard, and Canadians purpose to hold their own, to hand down to their children and their children's children the magnificent inheritance which God has given us in this great and goodly land.

#### PIN-PRICKS.

AN American humourist wisely says, "It is better not to know very much than to know some things which aren't so." Some sapient editors have announced that the Canadian contingent have gone to South Africa with great reluctance. The *Globe* replies that on the contrary, they have gone "in transports," which is nearer the truth. Ten times the number would eagerly have gone if need were. An American emigrant in the Northwest reports that he was warned against coming to Canada, or he would surely first think he packed off to South Africa to fight the Boers, but he thought he would risk it anyhow.

Another pin-prick that need only amuse is the cartoon before us from the *Minneapolis Journal*, showing how the Boers have driven John Bull to his last ditch, how the poor dilapidated old fellow had to run up the white flag of surrender. Of course, if one ignore the logic of facts and persist in calling black white, there is no limit to the humor one may find in such misrepresentations. It is worthy of the Berlin Volksblatter.

## THE STEAMSHIP COMBINE.

The Morganeering of a number of the Atlantic steamships has caused quite a flutter in Great Britain and the United States, but John Bull need not get excited. An American journal, *Public Opinion*, says :

"As a matter of fact, the British tonnage controlled by the new combination is but ten per cent. of the total tonnage of the British merchant marine, and so far as any one now knows, the flags on the ships in question will not be changed for the Stars and Stripes."

So long as John Bull can build and sell ships to Uncle Sam and the rest of the world, he need not become alarmed.

The *Scientific American* says : "Great Britain and her colonies, out of a total for the whole world of 29,091 ships, aggregating 30,600,510 gross tons, possesses 10,869, with a total tonnage of 14,708,206 tons, one-seventh of which is composed of sailing ships. The United States owns 3,286 vessels with a gross tonnage of 3,077,344 tons, of which two-fifths are sailing vessels; and then follow Germany, with 2,905,782, of which one-sixth are sailing vessels; Norway with 1,627,220 tons, one-half of which are sailing vessels; France with 1,406,833 tons, a quarter of which are sailing vessels, and Italy with 1,117,538, of which two-fifths are sailing vessels. There is much food for thought in the fact that about the year 1840 Great Britain possessed under 800 vessels, whose aggregate registered tonnage was less than 150,000 tons, and that during this period the aggregate tonnage of the steamships owned by the United States was about 155,000 tons, or 5,000 tons more than that owned by Great Britain.

Her foreign trade is still four times greater per head than that of the United States per head. Never had she a more prosperous year. Her foreign commerce during 1901 reached the enormous total of \$4,353,585,000. "The long-deferred decadence of the British Empire," says *The Scientific American*, "is at least a healthy and vigorous one."

## CUBA LIBERATA.

The United States has shown itself capable of great magnanimity and justice in establishing the liberty of Cuba. President Palma has thus expressed the gratitude of the young republic :

"The Government of the United States has shown a most beautiful example of good faith in dealing with a weak Government, which it undertook to rescue from its oppressors. It has demonstrated its generosity and patriotism, and by the shedding of its own blood has helped Cuba to break the chain which united it with Spain."

This is akin to the magnanimity of Great Britain in giving the Ionian Islands back to Greece, and thus winning its perpetual gratitude. Similar, we believe, will be the result in Cuba. The United States has shown, also, that it can rise to the difficult duty of punishing the fraud and wrong of its own agents in that country. Rathbone, Deal, and Reeves, found guilty of defrauding the Cuban Postal Department, have been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment each, and to fines ranging from \$35,000 to \$56,000. They are denounced by the American press as "reckless and shameless freebooters." We feel confident that in like manner the men who have stained their country's flag by cruelty to the Filipinos will receive still more condign punishment.

## EVERY MAN A KING.

A writer in an American paper is greatly exercised lest the students who may go to Oxford as beneficiaries of Rhodes' bequest shall lose their moral manhood. In America, he affirms, every man is a king, but in Great Britain only one. We would like to know in what sense any "American" is a king in any different sense from a Canadian or a British subject.

General Grant once asked the present writer if there was any feeling in favour of annexation in Canada. We replied, No, that we were too democratic a people to seek annexation to the United States, and we proceeded to show that distinguished ex-President that the Canadian Government was much more directly amenable to the will of the people than the Government of the United States, that if our Government lost the confidence of the people, and could not command a majority of the Legislature, it must "not stand upon the order of its going, but go at once," whereas nothing less than an impeachment could get rid of an obnoxious President. General Grant smiled grimly, and offered us a cigar, and said no more.

It makes us very weary to hear some of our American friends boasting of their superior liberty and "kingship."

There is no more liberal constitutional Government on the face of the earth than our own. American students are not compelled to go to Oxford, but we venture to say that those who do go will acquire some broader, more cosmopolitan sentiments than are expressed by some of the perfervid American writers who rail at British institutions.

Nowhere in the world are law and order and the right of every man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, so well secured as beneath the red-cross flag. Certain writers, both English and American, write with horror of the loss of life in South Africa. This we all deplore. It is part of the costly price paid for liberty. It is the wanton and wicked slaughter which Kruger, the great criminal of the age, declared would "stagger humanity." It has amounted in three years to 27,732 men. But even this sad cost of precious lives is less than that in some of the single fratricidal battles of the American war, and is less than the number of homicides which have taken place in the United States during the last three years. The criminal statistics of the great republic show that over 10,000 murders occur within its borders every year, some of these attended with the brutal lynching of innocent men. We prefer in Canada the old-fashioned British institution of trial by jury, and the strict administration of justice, the protection of the innocent and the swift punishment of the guilty.

"GREATLY WON."

"We have suffered greatly," says Lord Salisbury, "but we have greatly won." Some critics vituperate Britain for continuing the war during negotiations for peace; but only this week has O'Okiep, a British town in Cape Colony, been relieved after a month's siege by the Boers. The women and children had to take refuge in a fortified school-house. Three civilians and a girl were killed by the long-range Boer fire. Boer "slimness" would be very glad of a six weeks' armistice to organize further resistance.

While the mass of the burghers are eager for peace, Delarey's irreconcilables at the time of writing are defiant. Fifty thousand Boer prisoners, with scarce an exception, are eager to return to their restocked farms, and prove loyal subjects of Britain, whose

ciency and justice they have learned to prize. We hope there will be no need to bring further contingents of captured Boers to Jamaica or Prince Edward Island, as was proposed.

"He that withholdeth the corn, the people shall curse him." The utterance of ancient wisdom is finding its parallel in the strong denunciation of the greedy corporations of Chicago and Kansas in forcing the price of food up to famine rates. Says the Western Christian Advocate: "We are glad to note that the Attorney-General, with the hearty approval of the President, is taking prompt steps to bring the offenders into court as violators of the laws of the land."



LEOPOLD II., KING OF BELGIUM.

The forces of reaction have prevailed in Belgium. The Liberals made the demand of "one man, one vote." The clerical faction retain the unjust privilege of giving many votes to the favoured few, and refusing just representation to the toiling many. They may for the time resist the rising tide of democracy, but it will surely sweep away the embankments of sand they build against it. King Leopold is understood to be in favour of more liberal constitutional government; but the clerical reactionaries everywhere, like the Bourbons, never learn and never forget, and will yet, like the Bourbons, be hurled from power by the voice of the people, which, wisely interpreted, is the voice of God.



## Religious Intelligence.



HOW PUBLIC OPINION GROWS.

Our small cartoon shows the way in which a healthy public opinion on the drink trade is developing, and is a prophecy, we hope, of a change in the political balance of power. Too long the saloon has been justly typified by a big bully, dominating trade, commerce, and politics. But the Churches, the schools, the leagues, have been educating young Canada. He is coming into his strong, ripe, righteous manhood. He is learning to weigh at its true value the insolent drink trade that so long has dominated the country. The trade has greatly shrunk from what it used to be. It is bound, before an indignant public opinion, entirely to disappear. The publican's prophetic soul foresees its doom. The drink trade will fight with the greed and selfishness born of despair. Let us educate, educate, educate public opinion till the odious traffic shall shrivel into nothingness before an outraged patriotic public opinion, crystallized into an edict of doom.

### PROHIBITION PROGRESS.

The clear and cogent summons to action, issued by the General Conference

Committee on Temperance, rings like a bugle-call. The duty of the hour receives such prominence in our district meetings, leagues, and Sunday-schools throughout Ontario, and throughout the Dominion, as it has never received before. The liquor interest is moving too, not by open appeal to reason and to judgment, but by stealth and guile and secret pledges. It does not propose, like the temperance people, to challenge the candidates on the hustings, and learn their position. Oh, no. It sends a confidential letter and seeks pledges against the Liquor Act, in favour of its postponement and appeal and compensation, if carried, and opposition of any reduction of licenses, increase of license fees, or lowering hours of closing. Like the burglar or highwayman, it seeks to intimidate the candidates, and send the new members of Parliament, bound hand and foot by these ironclad pledges. Its only politics is its trade—the unrighteous privilege of “slaughtering His Majesty's subjects by wholesale,” as John Wesley called it, and debauching their bodies and souls. We trust that free-born Britons of Canada will resent this tyranny, worse than that of the Vehmgericht or Council of Ten. Let them pledge the candidates openly and above-board on the hustings, and demand whether or no they have yielded to this insolent secret pledge of the liquor traffic.

We are glad to welcome the first number of the strong and trenchant prohibition paper, “The Liberator,” a name of good omen, a pledge of the emancipation of the people of Canada from the domination and thralldom of the drink trade. Our appeal is to the reason, the conscience, the better sense, the calm judgment of the people, not to their perverted appetites and selfish greed. Prohibition sentiment is growing in both the United States and Canada. In New York State 700 towns and cities have abolished the sale of liquor, in Illinois 650, in Ohio 500, in all there is a population of 30,000,000 under local, county, or State prohibition. If it is good for them, and they think it is, it would be better still for the whole country.

## OUR COLLEGES.

Our colleges at Montreal, Kingston, and Sackville have had very successful convocations. The continued services of Principal Maggs in Canada, and the appointment of the Rev. J. Elliott, B.A., a member of the college staff, Montreal, cause great satisfaction throughout the country. The degree of D.D., *honoris causa*, was conferred on the Reverends J. R. Gundy, J. C. Speer, and W. F. Wilson. We congratulate these brethren on their well-merited honours. Dr. Gundy has the distinction of receiving this degree simultaneously from Victoria and Wesleyan Colleges.

The laying of the corner-stone of the Woman's Residence at Victoria was a highly successful function. Thirty-one students completed their theological course, of whom twenty are also graduates in arts. The number graduating from Knox College and Queen's University together is twenty-four against the thirty-one from Victoria alone.

Only three degrees in divinity were given, one to the Rev. Dr. Youngman, president of the first united Methodist Conference of Australia; the Rev. Dr. Warner, of Alma College; and the Rev. J. R. Gundy, of the London Conference.

The Massey family, who have exhibited such generosity toward Victoria, signalized the birthday of their father, April 29th, by the gift of a cheque of \$50,000 from his estate, one of \$1,250, first dividend from the bequest of the late W. E. H. Massey, and one of \$500 from Mrs. H. A. Massey, who, on account of ill-health, was unable to lay the corner-stone, and \$5 from one of the juveniles of the family. The Hon. Mr. Harcourt made mention also of the generous gifts from the estate of the late H. A. Massey to the establishment of a library at the Agricultural College, Guelph.

The visit of Miss Stone, the ransomed missionary, to Canada, has stirred the sympathies of our country for that noble woman, and the heroic missionaries who, in the high places of the field, have endured hardness and persecution, and many of them martyrdom. The Chicago Christian Advocate demands, "What is to be done about it?" and asserts, "This nation (the United States) can better afford to spend \$50,000,000, and to send a fleet to the Bosphorus, than to allow this matter to pass unnoticed." When a British

missionary was imprisoned in Abyssinia, Great Britain sent an army and Lord Napier to Magdala, at a cost of many millions, and procured his release. The United States would have the moral support of Christendom in maintaining the rights and liberties of their missionaries, whether in Turkey or China, where they have been so cruelly wronged.

We heartily agree with The Northwestern Christian Advocate, that the odious crime of debauching the natives of Africa, the liquor traffic carried on by chartered companies, must be suppressed. Great Britain and the United States are pledged in a solemn covenant to protect the native races everywhere that their control extends from this curse. Britain did not spend her blood and treasure in South Africa for the emancipation from oppression of white and black races alike to permit enforced labour or the demoralization of the negroes for the selfish greed of chartered companies.

The year 1901, though one of great commercial prosperity, has also been one of considerable decline in the income of the Baptist, Congregationalist, Episcopalian and Lutheran Churches in the United States. The Presbyterian outlook is more encouraging, while the Methodist Church, North and South, in addition to maintaining their vast operations in all parts of the world, has made a special Twentieth Century offering of \$16,500,000, to be supplemented by at least \$5,000,000 more.

## A GREAT CANADIAN.

With the death of the Rev. Dr. Grant passed away one of the foremost of our native-born. He was one of the most striking personalities in Canada. Few men in any of our Churches have ever impressed their influence so greatly on the public life of the country, especially its educational life. It is noteworthy that two of the greatest educationists of Canada, Sir William Dawson and Dr. George Grant, were born in the town of Pictou, in Nova Scotia. Both enjoyed training in a Scottish university, and both owed their distinction chiefly to their pronounced Christian character.

An accident in his youth deprived Dr. Grant of his right hand, and led to his following a career of letters, yet



THE REV. DR. GRANT.

it scarce interfered with his physical activity. He used to humorously remark that he did not know what he would do if he had his other hand. It is noteworthy that two other of Canada's most distinguished sons owed their devotion to professional life to a similar fortunate accident—the late Judge Rose, and Principal Mills, of Guelph Agricultural College. So do strong wills make stepping-stones of seeming disabilities to rise to higher things.

In company with his friend of many years, Sir Sandford Fleming, he crossed the continent from ocean to ocean, long before there was any Pacific Railway, climbing the rugged mountains afoot, and encountering hardships of railway pathfinding with the zest of a schoolboy. It was but a type of the strenuous life he lived to the very end.

Dr. Grant was not only a great preacher, but a great educationist. He was a great churchman. He had many of the qualities of a great statesman, a great religious leader, and a great journalist. He was a many-sided, farsighted, broad-minded man. His frequent contributions to this magazine, notably that on the centennial of John Wesley's death, show the range of his Christian sympathies. There was something of the chivalric in his nature, which made him inclined to take the part of the under dog in the fight.

It was probably this that made him, at the beginning of the war, sympathize with the Boers, and declare that were he one he would fight for independence to the very death. In this respect, we think, as in others, Dr. Grant did not hesitate to change his views with larger light. He strongly championed college federation in Nova Scotia, as he strongly championed the very opposite in Ontario. The brilliant success and growth of Queen's University, under his presidency, was the great work of his life, as it is his noblest monument. Dr. Grant had the courage of his convictions even when they ran counter to those of his best friends. His persistent antagonism to the prohibition of the drink trade is an example. Though only half a dozen stood up to be counted on that side in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, yet he defended these views to the very end. We regard this as the great mistake of his life, and the event which his many admirers, of whom the writer is one, regard with the greatest regret.

Dr. Grant did much of his work under the shadow of sickness. A decade ago he had to take a tour around the world to recuperate, and more than once has been at death's door. During his recent illness in the hospital at Kingston, the Prince and Princess of Wales showed their appreciation of his character by a personal visit to his sick-bed.

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#### THE REV. FRANCIS E. NUGENT.

The late Francis E. Nugent was a brother greatly beloved. He won not only the confidence and esteem, but the deep affection of those who knew him best. His kind and sympathetic nature made him a veritable son of consolation in suffering and sorrow. Bro. Nugent came to the united church from the New Connexion, in which body he won a good degree, which was maintained and furthered in the larger body. He received the highest honours within the gift of his Conference, being elected to its presidential chair, and dwelling in the love and confidence of his brethren. He was also a member of the General Conferences of 1890 and 1894. He was the subject of prolonged and painful illness, against which he struggled bravely, but at last entered into welcome rest. He died at Plattsville, Ont., April 26th, in his fifty-ninth year.

## Book Notices.

"Mission Problems and Mission Methods in South China." Lectures on Evangelistic Theology. By J. Campbell Gibson, M.A., D.D., Glasgow. English Presbyterian Mission, Swatow, China. Second Edition. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 332. Price, 6s.

The greatest missionary problem in the world is China. It almost staggers and appals one with its magnitude. It embraces one-third of the human race; every third child that is born looks up in the face of a Chinese mother. If the people of China were to defile before us in one great procession, that procession would never end; it would be renewed by birth as fast as it was decimated by death. These people, when our ancestors were painted savages, had reached a high degree of civilization. Their philosophers and sages of over 2,000 years ago still command the homage of countless millions of mankind.

The Chinese problem in commerce, in politics, in religion, is the great problem that confronts the world today. The only solution of that problem is that universal solvent of all the problems of the world, the teaching of Jesus. This solution has often been apparently retarded and diverted by political or military exigencies. After the Taiping rebellion the whole country seemed ready to embrace the Gospel; the opportunity was lost. The Boxer rebellion threatened to crush missions with the massacre of 30,000 Christians. But "Truth crushed to earth will rise again; the eternal years of God are hers."

This book is a discussion of the Chinese problem by a writer who has had much experience of the conditions, and has given them profound thought. He treats first Chinese literature and philosophy with quaint quotations of Chinese verse; discusses the religions of China, and what he describes as the three stages of mission work—evangelistic preaching, planting the church, and culture of the Christian life and character. The book has sixteen excellent half-tone pictures.

"Mosaics From India." Talks about India, its Peoples, Religions, and Customs. By Margaret B. Den-

ning. Chicago, New York and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 296. Price, \$1.25 net.

The great British dependency of India offers one of the most promising and successful mission fields in the world. Some one has said, "Among the Brahmins you will find ten thousand Emersons"—men of keen, shrewd, subtle thought. The British administration, with its thousands of miles of railway, its maintenance of justice, alike in the thousands of villages, and scores of crowded cities, has made these 240,000,000 of people as accessible, and work among them as safe as in our own country. One of the chief obstacles to mission work is the seclusion of women, the system of child marriage and treatment of child widows, and the all-pervading prevalence of caste.

We have been in the habit of reading that there were four great castes, but these are divided and subdivided beyond computation. Our author enumerates 74 higher castes and 333 subdivisions, also 203 lower grades. It has been said that there are 10,000 degrees of caste in India. Some of these divisions are so rigid that a Hindu will die rather than accept food from a person of obnoxious caste, and even the very shadow of such a person falling on a pot of food will cause its pollution. This book is an illuminative account of Indian life and missions, the condition of woman, the famine question, and the like. Its twenty-eight half-tone pictures are of superior merit. It is a valuable addition to missionary literature.

"Letters from Egypt and Palestine." By Maltbie Davenport Babcock. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-157. Price, \$1.00 net.

One of the most lovable men who have recently passed away was the late Dr. Babcock. These letters were all written to the Men's Association of his Church. They have all the vividness and vivacity of a trained observer and an eloquent writer. He devotes special attention to mission life and work, and to the spiritual suggestions of his journeyings in the Lord's Land and that land concerning

which God said, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son." He avoids mere technical and guide-book descriptions, and gives many side-lights flashed upon the Scripture by the immemorial customs of the Orient. The book has sixteen illustrations, thirteen of them from photos by the author. Next to visiting for one's self those holy fields is the privilege of accompanying in thought such a magnetic writer as Dr. Babcock. We can testify from personal knowledge to the photographic fidelity of his descriptions. The tragedy by which Dr. Babcock passed away at Naples lends a pathetic interest to this book.

"Love in Its Tenderness." Idylls of Enochdhu. By J. R. Aitken. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 280. Price, \$2.10.

This is one of the most charming volumes on Scottish rural life we have ever read. In its humour and pathos in our judgment it equals Ian Maclaren at his best. It has also a depth of tenderness and of religious feeling surpassing anything that we remember in even Dr. Watson's noble work. It pictures life in a Scottish glen with its glorious summer and bleak winter weather, with the snow ten and even twenty feet deep, with its perils of spring freshets, with its noble heroisms, its faith and fortitude, its self-sacrifice, and mutual love and helpfulness. The idylls of the minister, the atheist brought back to faith, the dominie and the dominie's wife, "The White Rose of Enochdhu," ennoble one's conceptions of the moral possibilities of humanity. Of the noble woman, who was such a blessing to the Glen, Angus Smith asks, "Why is a wumman like God?" "Because she waits an' waits, an' loves an' loves, till love prevails, an' gaithers tae hersel' a' prodigals, an' wanderers, an' lost."

"The Principles of Jesus Applied to Some Questions of To-day." By Robert E. Speer. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 280. Price, 80 cents net.

No speaker at the recent Students' Convention made so profound an impression on the immense audiences as the young layman who is Missionary Secretary of the Presbyterian Church. He has written a series of intensely practical books, "Christ and Life,"

"Studies of the Man Christ Jesus," "Of the Man Paul," "Missions and Politics in Asia," and the like. In this little book he applies the principles of Jesus to daily life, to politics, to the Church, to marriage, the family, wealth and poverty, work, duty, sickness, the city, the nation, the world. He fortifies his conclusions by appeals to chapter and verse in the words of the Master. The book cannot but be a great help to right living.

"Satan and Demons." By Professor L. T. Townsend, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 131. Price, 25 cents net.

The series of little books on doctrine, of which this is the latest, have had remarkable success. They treat great subjects in brief space. The one under review translates into modern thought the words of Scripture, and shows how the powers of evil still tempt the human soul, how in heathen lands phenomena like those described in the New Testament are of not uncommon occurrence, and how men by surrender of the will and formation of habit bring themselves under domination of the Evil One.

"The Heroine of the Strait." A Romance of Detroit in the time of Pontiac. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Author of "A Daughter of New France," etc. Illustrated by Ch. Grunwald. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Pp. x-373.

The conspiracy of Pontiac is one of the most remarkable in the annals of Indian warfare. Francis Parkman devotes to it two octavo volumes of his great series of books on Canadian and border history. Pontiac was a forest Machiavelli, an adept in the arts at once of statecraft and forest lore. The siege of the British fort at Detroit is the longest known in Indian history. Pontiac did what no Indian warrior did before or since, he issued letters of credit after the methods of finance of European powers. The French heroine and British hero of this story were real persons. Comparatively few Canadians are aware of the fund of romance and heroism contained in the history of their own country and its borders. The same graphic skill, shown in the author's "A Daughter of New France," is manifest in this book. The book is founded upon a French manuscript by one of the early

missionaries describing the siege of the British fort at Detroit.

"Kate Bonnet." The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by A. J. Keller and H. S. Potter. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Pp. vii-420. Price, \$1.25.

The lamented death of Frank Stockton, in his seventieth year, gives a pathetic interest to this latest story from his pen. His position was unique in literature. The plain, matter-of-fact way in which he described the whimsical adventures of Mrs. Lukes, Mrs. Aleshire, and of the heroine of this latest tale, make even the most absurd adventures seem strangely real. His greatest success was, we think, "Rudder Grange," that strange canal boat excursion, and the whimsical situations created.

Mr. Stockton learned the business of engraver, and not till he was nearly fifty years of age exhibited his remarkable story-telling power. He has contributed greatly to the innocent enjoyment of innumerable readers. There is nothing in the least strenuous about his books. They are mentally as nerve-soothing and recreative as an afternoon nap. His latest tale is of a fair English girl at the Barbadoes, whose father develops buccaneering tendencies, which lead himself and daughter through some very extraordinary adventures. The illustrations are admirable, especially the illuminative head-pieces.

"Dorothy Vernon, of Haddon Hall." By Charles Major. Author of "When Knighthood was in Flower," etc. With illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Pp. ix-369. Price, \$1.50.

The author of "When Knighthood was in Flower," has given ample proof of his possession of the historical imagination which enables him vividly to reproduce the past. In this story he recalls the brilliant days of Queen Elizabeth and of Mary Queen of Scots, both of whom appear in its pages. Dorothy Vernon, the daughter of Derbyshire, will challenge comparison with Sir Walter Scott's sweet Amy Robsart, and with the heroine of "Perceval of the Peak." Some of the rooms in Haddon Hall stand exactly as when occupied by hapless Queen Mary and the fair Dorothy three hundred years ago. The proper way to use an historical tale like this is

to compare it with the histories of the period; thus one verifies the facts of the story, and clothes them with the garment of romance.

"Ringing Questions." By George Clarke Peck. Author of "Bible Tragedies." New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pyc. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 261. Price, \$1.00.

This book groups some of the most stirring and soul-stirring questions of God's Word, and enforces the solemn answer. Among those soul-shaking questions are these: Am I my brother's keeper? If a man die, shall he live again? What must I do to be saved? What shall I do then with Jesus? and Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own?

"A Tale of True Love and Other Poems." By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. New York and London: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-139. Price, \$1.20 net.

Alfred Austin has been a distinct force making for peace and brotherhood between British and American people. His poem, "Together," quoted in the last number of this magazine, his "Voice to the West," and other poems, breathe the spirit of the most cordial good-will. Another proof of this is shown in the dedication of his latest volume to President Roosevelt "as one even more distinguished for his personal qualities than for his political position, lofty though it be."

The office of poet laureate has been giped at as little better than that of a court jester; but Mr. Austin assures the American public that that idea is a wholly mistaken one. He asks if it were possible to offer such a position to men of such manly independence of character as Walter Scott, as Wordsworth, or Tennyson, if there had been any taint of courtly servility attached to it. He adds that when nominated to his office "it was in writing, communicated to him with that spontaneous graciousness of language which was one of the distinctive gifts of our late beloved and revered Queen, that she was quite sure he would know when best, and how best, to give expression to national sentiment."

The longest poem in this volume is one of touching interest. The Lord of Avoncourt, of ancient lineage, through his poverty, is compelled to forego an honourable love, and goes to serve his sovereign in South Africa.

" There came the tidings  
How that a crafty, freedom-loathing race,  
Its schemes unmasked, had come from out  
its hidings,  
And flung defiance in its suzerain's face,  
Then on his open territories burst,  
Proclaiming these annexed unto its rule ac-  
cursed."

But Britain roused to her duty to  
maintain her ancient rights—

" Nor England only, nor main-mated  
Britain,  
But their brave offspring homed beyond  
the sea,  
In righteous wrath arose, and, duty-smit-  
ten,  
Vowed that their Afric brethren should  
be free  
To think and speak the thing they would,  
and dwell  
Equal and safe around Law's peaceful  
citadel."

There are some striking verses in  
the poem. In the English springtime

" God made the world anew and saw that  
it was good."

" It seemed a world reborn without its  
woes."

The author speaks of the good old  
days

" When women read much less and knew  
much more."

Paraphrasing Burke's magnificent  
phrase, " Those ancient and unsubsi-  
dized allies, the winds and waves that  
guard our coast," he speaks of

" The vigilant, unsleeping sea  
That ranges round our isle, to keep it great  
and free."

Some of the finest poems are mem-  
ories of travel, of the Forum, of  
Sicily, of Florence. Moralizing in  
The Forum, he says :

" You cannot kill the gods. They still  
Reclaim the thrones where once they  
reigned,  
Rehaunt the groves, remount the rill,  
And renovate their rites profaned."

" The saint may seize the siren's seat,  
The shaveling frown where frisked the  
faun ;  
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ing with life,  
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" Whose blood, infused in ours in war's em-  
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fairest,  
Come where the black rocks are bleakest  
and barest.

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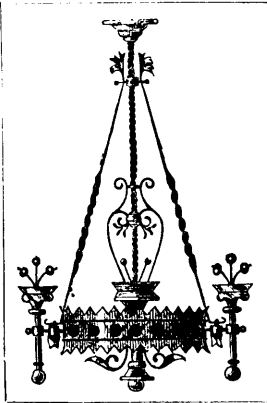
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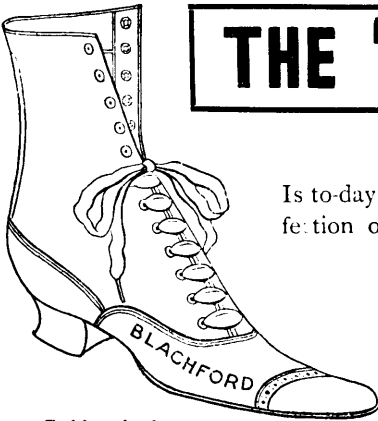
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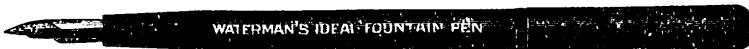
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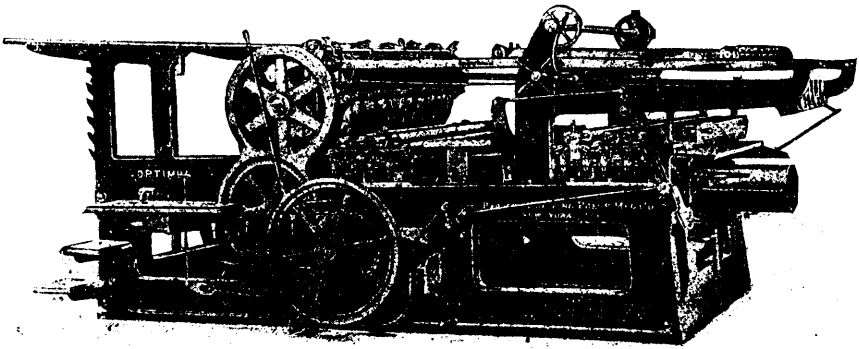
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