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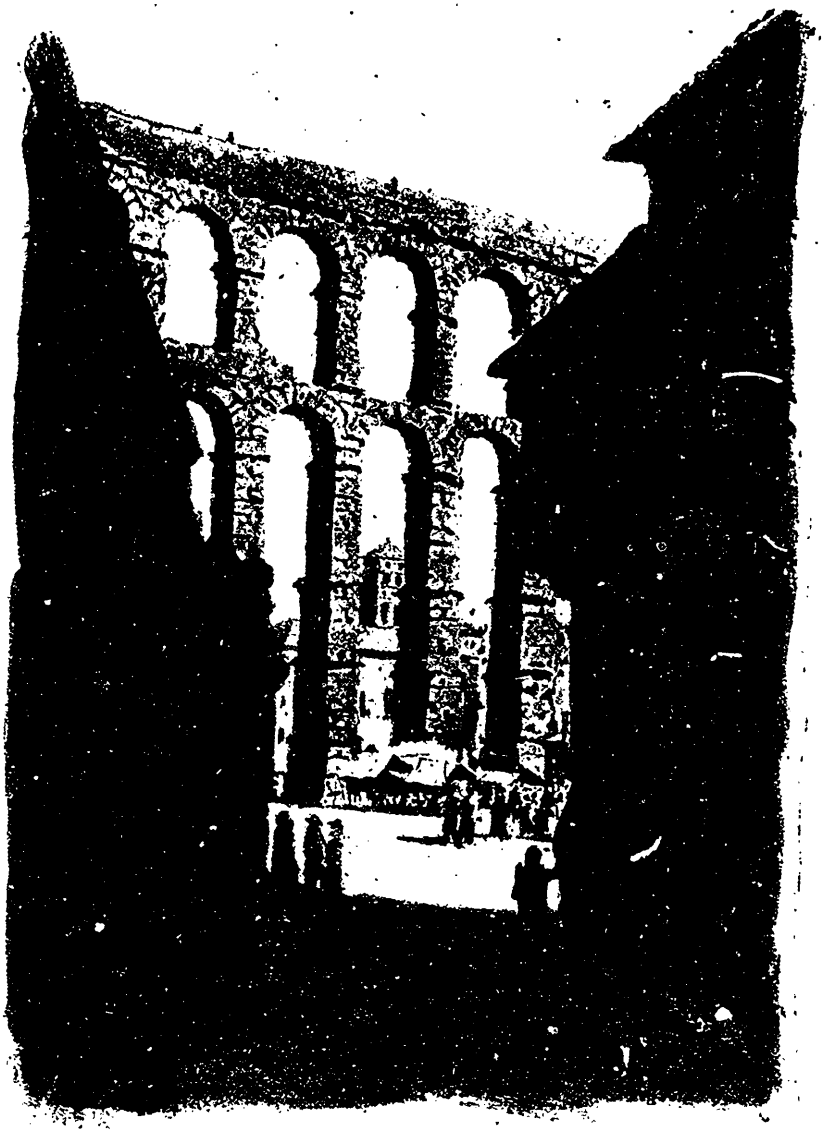


OLD ROMAN AQUEDUCT, SEGOVIA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JANUARY, 1900.

PICTURESQUE SPAIN.*

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK, D.D.

A BIT FROM A BALCONY, MADRID.

It is marvellous, considering the part which Spain has played in the history of the world, that so little is known of it by the people of other lands. The Pyrenees have as effectually separated it from the rest of Europe as if it belonged to another continent. Though a land of adventure and romance, full of historic and poetic and legendary associations, until recently it was a land of "terra-incognita"—a mysterious realm untravelled by the crowd, and seldom trodden even by the all-wandering foot of the all-pervading Briton.

This, no doubt, was in part explained, so far as Englishmen are concerned, by the remark made by one of themselves, over fifty years ago: "The beefsteak and the teakettle which infallibly mark the progress of John Bull, and have been introduced even into Greece and the Holy Land, are yet unknown in the ventas and pasados of the peninsula." This state of things is, however, gradually passing away.

"Africa begins with the Pyrenees," says a French proverb; and certainly in crossing that mountain barrier one seems to have entered another continent rather than another country. Everything has a strange, half-oriental look. The blazing summer sun, the broad and arid plains, the dried-up river-beds, and sterile and verdureless mountains, have all a strikingly African appearance. Indeed, it has been said that geologically Spain is an extension of the Sahara. The hedges of cactus and prickly pears, narrow streets, and flat-roofed, windowless Moorish houses, heighten the illusion. In the country is heard the creaking of the Moorish water-wheel, and in the hotels servants are summoned, as in the tales of the Arabian Nights, by the clapping of hands.

The claim of this country to a

*The admirable engravings which accompany this article are reproduced from the drawings of that accomplished Canadian artist, Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A. They are the result of a recent art tour of Mr. and Mrs. Reid through Spain.

pretty high antiquity rests upon historical evidence too strong to require the questionable support of either myth or fable. It was well known to the Phoenicians at least a thousand years before the Christian era. And the Basque language seems to connect that remnant of the ancient Iberian race with a still more remote antiquity. It is said to have no words for cutting instruments which have not their roots from words signifying stone or rock, all words implying the use of metals being borrowed from other and more modern languages. This fact would seem to identify the aboriginal inhabitants of the Peninsula with pre-historic times.

SPANISH GIPSY.

As Spain is a sort of connecting link between two continents, so it is between the distant past and the present. What the camel caravan is to the desert, the mule-train—one of the links which connect the present with the distant past—is to the mountain passes of Spain. These same passes are also the scene of the exploits of the adventurous Spanish smugglers. Where hardly a human foot dare pass these bold outlaws will convey the contraband tobacco and cognac dear to the Spanish taste.

Spain has probably been more frequently conquered and overrun with strangers than any other country of Europe. And each of these people who have successively gained a foothold in it, and ruled it for any length of time, has left in some form its mark upon it. It is this which gives it one of its chief charms for the intelligent and thoughtful traveller. It abounds with the relics of the past. These exist not only in the products of ancient art but in the characteristics, habits and customs, and even in some instances in the very dress of the people. Time has not, as we have seen, completely obliterated all traces even of the ancient Iberians. The successive colonies planted there by the Egyptians, Phoenicians, and Greeks have all left behind them some memorials of their occupation.

The Romans, in addition to the monuments which they reared in the shape of substantial and enduring public works, have given Spain its magnificent language. The Arabs and the Moors of Barbary are the last great race that has occupied Spain; and though these people were ruthlessly banished or burned by the Inquisition, they have almost everywhere left their mark behind them. The towns and villages, especially in the southern part of the country, retain much of their Moorish character. And in numberless details of dress and daily life the same influence may be traced. The mantilla, for instance, which forms the head-dress of almost every woman in Spain is simply a relic of the veil worn by the wives and daughters of the Moslem.

In traversing the defiles of the Lower Pyrenees, one forgets the petty annoyances of travel in the

A SPANISH MULETEER.

recollection of the thrilling historic associations of the locality. Over this region for more than a thousand years the tide of battle has flowed. Victorious or defeated armies—Gallic, Roman, Goth, Moor, Spanish, French, British—have poured through these narrow valleys, or done desperate battle among these rugged hills. Here, as we learn from the romantic and legendary chronicles of the Middle Ages—

> "Charlemain and all his peerage fell
> In Fontarabia."

And here, after the lapse of ten centuries, the Duke of Wellington fought his last battle on the soil of Spain.

Among the foothills of the Pyrenees the traveller is constantly reminded of the lower slopes and spurs of the Jura. The scenery, often rich, is always picturesque. But as we proceed southward the scene changes, and we find ourselves passing through a region as barren and desolate as can be well conceived. Far as the eye can reach it is a wilderness of stone—stones, stones, nothing but stones—of all forms and sizes. Sometimes these are piled together like the ruins of Titanic fortresses, sometimes scattered over the surface of the earth; sometimes perfectly bare, and sometimes with a thin and partial covering of vegetation. With rare intervals of comparative fertility, this stony desert continues till far past Avila, and nearly to Madrid. From Tolosa to Vittoria, a distance of about fifty miles, there are scarcely fifty houses.

Of course the towns along the route are few, but every one of them has a history which invests it with more or less romantic and thrilling interest. Vittoria is immortalized by the battle of June 21st, 1813, by which Wellington cleared the French out of Spain. Burgos, which is reached some hours after leaving Vittoria, is a city of much greater interest in every way. Its cathedral is one of the finest not only in Spain, but in Europe. From the hill overlooking the town it forms a magnificent pile of massive towers surmounted by light, airy tracery in which the solid stone has been wrought into

the finest lace-work. On entering it one is literally dazzled by the elaborate richness of the gilded carvings; the whole interior may be said to present one uninterrupted mass of florid decoration of the most faultless design.

But the poverty and wretchedness of the city of Burgos is in striking and painful contrast with the magnificence of this miracle of architectural beauty and perfection. Under the very shadow of these massive and stately towers there are hundreds of starving hidalgos.

A SPANIARD OF RONDA.

All the approaches to the cathedral are crowded with beggars. Indeed, this city—dull, dirty, and dilapidated, with its swarms of beggars—is a perfect type of Spanish poverty and retrogression, and, without trade or manufactures of any kind, there seems to be no hope of its becoming more prosperous.

Yet this dull and stagnant city was once the centre of the national life of Spain. This inhospitable region, with its mountain fastnesses and strongholds, proved the birthplace and cradle of the Spanish monarchy. The people of the same region which held at bay, nearly a thousand years before, the legions of Imperial Rome, defied all the attacks of the impetuous Moslem.

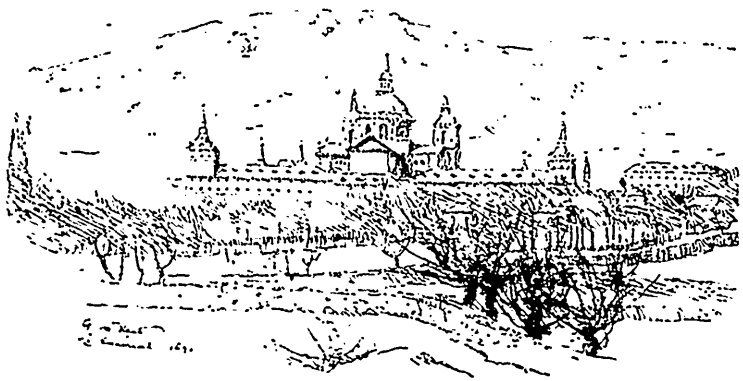
A journey of seventy or eighty miles from Burgos brings us to Valladolid, one of the most ancient capitals of Spain. In it is still standing the house in which Christopher Columbus died. Here too are the houses in which Cervantes and Calderon lived.

Here was the scene of the first "auto-da-fe" of the Protestants in Spain. Here the weak and superstitious tyrant, Philip II., from the balcony witnessed the dying agonies of men "of whom the world was not worthy." This was the centre of the most intense Protestant activity in the days of the Reformation; and here the fire of the Inquisition raged most fiercely for its suppression.

Passing through one of the wildest and most rugged tracts of country in Spain, perhaps in Europe, in which, during a journey of a few leagues, forty-four tunnels and innumerable bridges are passed, at length the Escurial is left behind us, and in about an hour we are in Madrid.

For practical and commercial purposes the situation of Madrid could scarcely be worse. All that can be said in its favour is that it stands in the geographical centre of the country. Of all other places in the entire Peninsula it is the most difficult of access. Standing on an elevated plateau, the edge of which is lined with noble edifices, few cities in Europe, when first seen, make a more favourable impression upon the tourist. At an altitude of 2,450 feet above the level of the sea, the atmosphere, free from smoke and haze, is clear and full of light.

The clergy, though still very



THE ESCURIAL.

numerous in Spain, are but a minished few when compared with what they once were. It seems incredible, but it is affirmed upon what seems to be good authority, that they were once about one-third of the whole population. At the close of the last century the religious orders of all kinds, inquisitors and secular clergy, numbered about 250,000 out of a population of 10,500,000. In 1764 it was estimated that the clergy possessed one-sixth of the real property and one-third of the movable property of all Spain; and for all these enormous possessions they appear to have paid no taxes, or next to none. In 1836 the possessions of the clergy were declared to be national property, and the sale of them was begun. The result is that the number of the private owners of land has been very greatly increased.

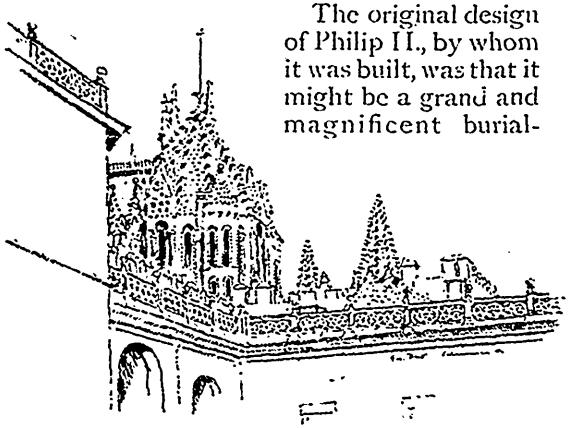
Spain has for some hundreds of years given to the Roman Catholic Church some of its greatest scholars, and most eminent defenders of the faith. And among the Spanish clergy, as well as those of all other Catholic countries, there has, no doubt, been a succession of saintly men. The impression, however, which one gets in passing through the country and mingling with the people is that the bulk of them are not remarkable for either scholarship or sainthood.

It is the doctrines that force is a proper instrument for the propagation of the faith and the suppression of heresy, and that fraud and deception may be innocently resorted to for the purpose of strengthening the faith and stimulating the devotion of the ignorant —doctrines which unhappily are held by the Roman Catholic Church in all lands, but nowhere more firmly than in Spain—which has given the Spanish clergy such an unenviable position in the history of Latin Christianity. It was the first of these which led to the institution of the Inquisition, the synonym of horror itself. To the latter, rather than to any exceptional depravity on the part of their authors, are to be traced the numerous forms of so-called "pious" fraud, and the lying wonders, the memorials of which one meets with so frequently in Spain.

Strangers complain of the want of local colouring and picturesqueness in Madrid. It is said, too, that it lacks individuality and character. Looking from your window you see nothing to remind you that you are in Madrid or even that you are in Spain. These remarks, however, do not apply to the people. You can scarcely

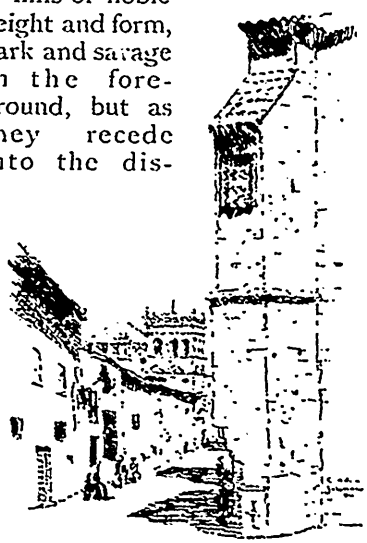
find anywhere more picturesque groups, more characteristic costumes, or more unsophisticated Spanish nature. Here is a gipsy chief; there is a party of muleteers, their mules as gay as scarlet worsted and beads can make them, preparing for their journey; and yonder stands the postilion, ready to mount as soon as the "mayoral" of his diligence shall give the signal. In the older parts of the city the picturesque balconies, the brilliant costumes, and the coquettish senoritas are all characteristically Spanish.

The Escurial (see p. 7) is about thirty-five miles from Madrid on the northern line of railway. The situation of this royal palace, though ill-suited for a residence, is very grand as a piece of natural scenery. The vast sweep of barren moor in front of it stretches into the distance in almost endless undulations. A range of hills of noble height and form, dark and savage in the foreground, but as they recede into the distance melting into tender, delicious blue, lie behind it. The snow-clad peaks of the Sierra stand like so many mighty sentinels along the northern horizon.



THE OLD CATHEDRAL, SALAMANCA.

The original design of Philip II., by whom it was built, was that it might be a grand and magnificent burial-place for the Spanish sovereigns. His plan was, however, afterward so enlarged as to combine the two ideas of a mausoleum and a palace—a residence for the monarchs while living, and a resting-place for them when dead. Nor was the Church forgotten; this magnificent architectural pile embraced a monastery capable of receiving a number of monks.

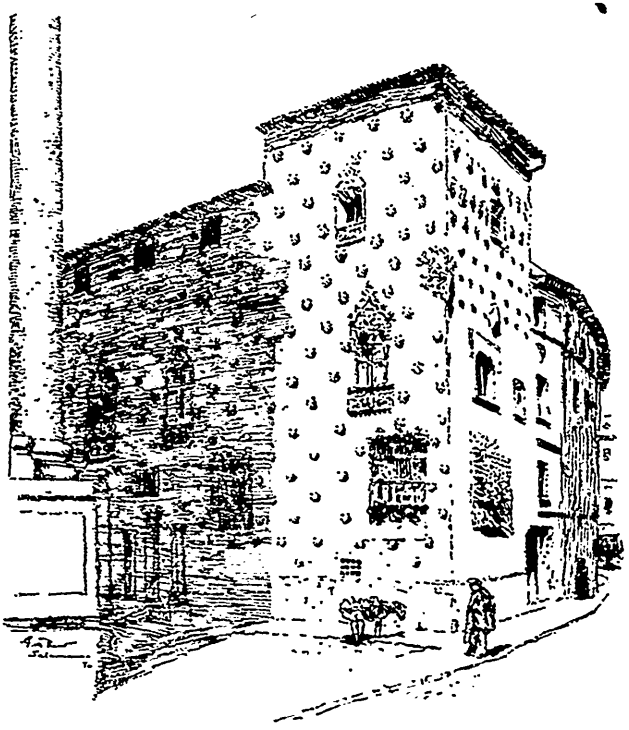


STREET IN SALAMANCA.

The Escurial, like all the other edifices in Spain that are not in actual occupation, is falling out of repair. The traces of dilapidation are everywhere visible. Only recently it narrowly escaped destruction by fire; and in the deplorable state of the finances of the country there is little hope of the damage being repaired. In common with many other of the magnificent monuments of the past, the probability is that the Escurial is doomed. In its present impoverished condition the country lacks ability to keep this and other great buildings, the products of a more prosperous era, in repair.

Segovia is to the archaeologist

and the antiquary one of the most interesting cities even in Spain. Without accepting the Spanish tradition, which carries it back to the days of Tubal and Hercules, we must accord to it a very high antiquity. Its monumental remains attest and illustrate its pre-Roman, Roman, Gothic and Moorish occupation. Its lofty situation on a rocky ridge at a considerable elevation above the plain, its picturesque old walls, the Alcazar, the curious round towers, the quaint balconied houses, the Cathedral, and, above all, the magnificent aqueduct—a section of which is represented in our frontispiece—form a spectacle of rare interest and beauty. Once this city was the centre of a vast industry, and enjoyed a high degree of prosperity. But its glory has departed. It is only a wreck of what it formerly was. In the seventeenth century thirty thousand of its population were engaged in the manufacture of woollen cloth; now there are not more than ten thousand people in it, all told.



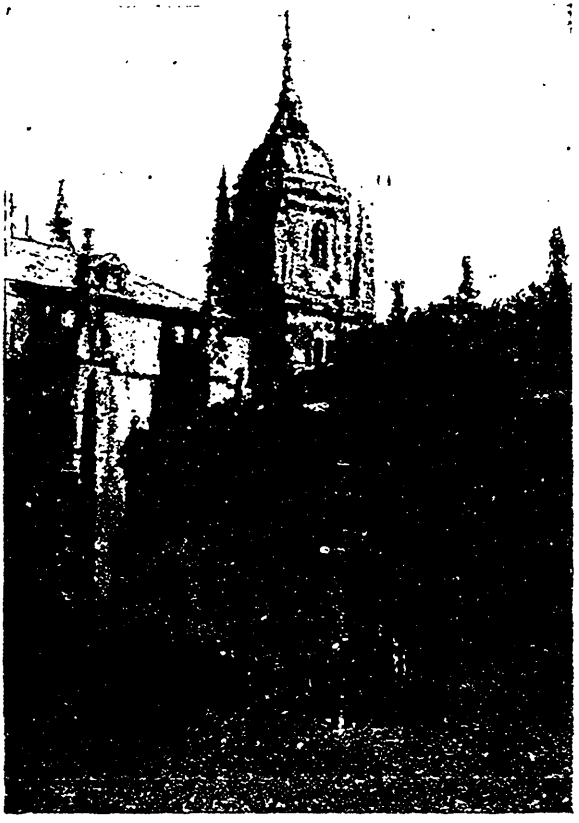
HOUSE OF THE SHELLS, SALAMANCA.

The aqueduct, supposed to have been built by the Emperor Vespasian, was constructed for the purpose of conveying water over a ravine seven hundred and fifty feet wide and ninety feet deep. It consists of two ranges of arches thrown across, one above the other, the upper one being on a level with the high land on either side. It had when it was complete one hundred and fifty arches. The aqueduct is ninety-four feet from the ground, yet the bases of the abutments are not more than eight feet wide—a fact which will give those who have not seen it some idea of the lightness, grace, and beauty of the structure. It is constructed of granite blocks about two feet square, hewn and fitted with such admirable accuracy that they are put together without mortar or cement of any kind. And yet though the edges and corners are rounded and weather-beaten, few of the blocks have been displaced.

Mrs. Mary H. Reid thus describes her impressions of Salamanca during her recent visit to Spain in the following paragraphs:

Rapid decay is the most noticeable thing about Salamanca and Segovia. The sun shines very brightly, but there is a drowsiness

in the air; sounds come to you faintly from far away; sometimes it is the voice of the mule-driver urging on his patient animal, sometimes the shouting of a few stray students, for this ancient university town has still some students to uphold its reputation as a seat of learning. But there is no bustle in even the busiest quarters; the market-place itself is a drowsy spot where the people seem to be quietly amusing themselves rather than doing business.



THE COURTYARD OF THE UNIVERSITY, SALAMANCA.

Some of the old houses of Salamanca are very curious, notably that known as the Casa de las Conchas, from the shells of carved stone which decorate its exterior. To be quite candid, the repetition of the shells is tiring, the house giving one the same impression that a piece of spotted print does.

The university, dating from the fourteenth century, took rank immediately after Paris and before Oxford, and when at its zenith it had ten thousand students, gathered from every part of the civilized world. Now its corridors and class-rooms are almost deserted, and one finds oneself wondering what cause or set of causes has led to such a decline.

The entrance to the university is a masterpiece of the transition from Gothic to Plateresque; it dates from the time of the Catholic kings, whose arms are over the portal. It was a distinct relief to me one sleepy afternoon, as I sat making a note in pencil of this doorway, to have fifteen or twenty young students rush out from one of the class-rooms with a shout such as I had supposed was the peculiar privilege of American youth during the years allotted to mental culture; it was refreshing to a tired tourist to hear a really hearty sound, and to set eyes on something young in the midst of all the age and mustiness and general dilapidation. I must confess, though, that they were a bit rude; I was somewhat jostled as they crowded about me to see what I was doing. But they were nice boys, after all, and good to look at in their long cloaks and little caps.

A SONG OF THE YEARS.

BY JOHN FOSTER.

Behold, my brothers, how the years are ebbing,
Wave after wave adown the shore of time;
While just beyond the ripple and the sobbing
Rolls God's unfathomed ocean, vast, sublime.

Solemn past years! they sadden and reproach us
With God-given chances idly cast away,
Dwindles our life, eternity encroaches,
The night comes on us, closing up our day.

But past and future both are in God's keeping.
And infinite our hopes are as His grace;
The least of seeds will come at last to reaping,
The feeblest worker take an honoured place.

His guiding Star shines o'er life's heaving billows,
His word of cheer comes through the night of storm;
The crested waves sink into restful pillows,
The wind retires rebuked before His form.

So rise, my brothers, for the time is urgent,
The great, eventful century wanes apace;
Error, long buried, walks again resurgent,
Vice braves the daylight with unshamed face.

While the great heathen world lies sick and weary,
With a dumb longing for the day of Christ,
Send o'er to them the gospel message cheery—
"Rise, wash away your sins, and be baptized."

This is no time for dreading or regretting,
But rather girding on the Spirit's sword;
And taking up God's armour, not forgetting
They conquer still whose Captain is the Lord.

The century's latest year has risen on us,
The circling ages on their hinges turn;
Let us His faithful servants be Who won us
A dateless life beyond time's narrow bourne.

Help me, O God! this year to crown with beauty;
Within my thoughts to write Thine own best will.
To Thee anew I give myself for duty;
Take me, dear Lord, and all Thy plans fulfil!

This New Year makes a year of holy living—
Of joyous deeds in proof of love I owe;
Breathe on my soul a spirit meek, forgiving,
Help me like Thee to share my brother's woe.

As Jesus gave Himself to me in serving,
So now to Him this year I consecrate;
Guide Thou my steps till, from Thy ways unswerving,
I come to Thee, and, in Thy likeness, wake.

—*Rev. V. M. Hardy, D.D.*

SIR G. E. CARTIER.

HON. G. BROWN. HON. J. HOWE.

LORD ELGIN.

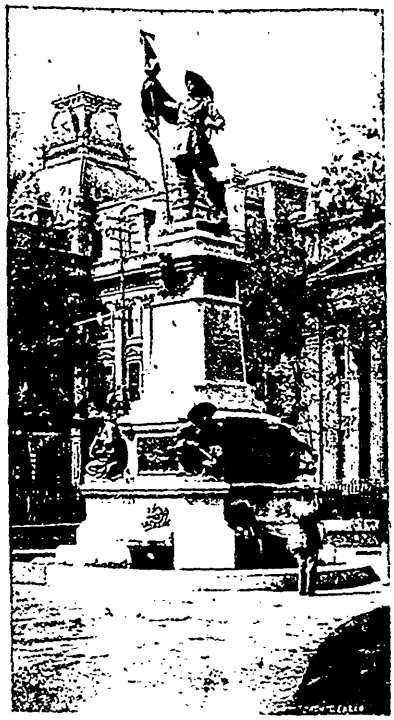
HON. R. BALDWIN. SIR J. A. MACDONALD.

HON. L. A. WILMOT.

CANADA DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA:

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).



MONUMENT OF MAISONNEUVE, FOUNDER OF MONTREAL.

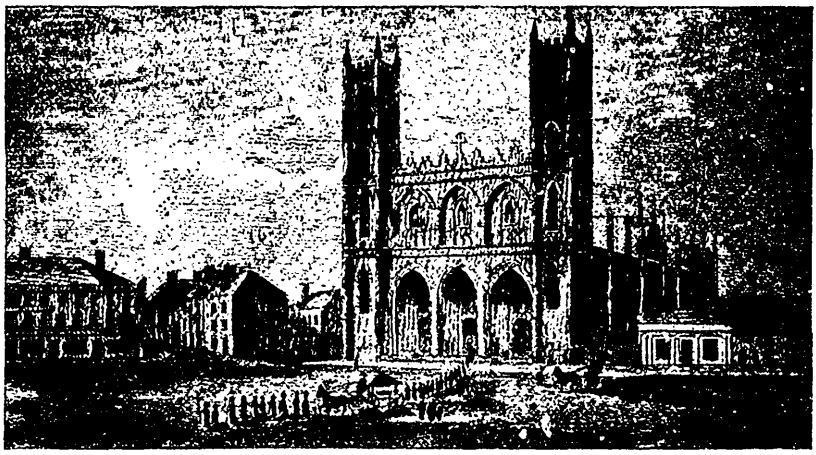
I.

I purpose to give in the present series of papers a brief historic retrospect of the position Canada occupied at the time when her Majesty ascended the throne, and to compare it with that the Dominion now holds as a federation of seven provinces and organized territories extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans. No one will gainsay Canada's pre-eminence among the dependencies when we consider how much she has done in sixty years, despite the enormous difficulties that have stood in the way of her progress on account of the rivalry of a great republican power on her borders for three thousand miles, which has drawn away from her the wealth and population of Europe, and also a large number of Canadians from year to year up to a very recent period. In this review it is necessary to refer briefly to some leading features of Canadian history.

In these days, when Englishmen have learned at last to take an interest in colonial questions—to recognize the fact that lessons may be learned from even colonial history and colonial statesmanship, we feel no apology need be made even to my English readers * if I ask them to give their attention for a few minutes to a short account of the political evolution of the Canadian federation, which has already passed beyond the first quarter of a century of its existence. In this record we shall see what elements of stability this federation possesses, even when compared with that great power to the south, whose remarkable development has been among the most interesting features of the century now so near its close.

Both England and France entered about the same time on a career of colonization in North America. Champlain was already encamped with his little band of

* This special reference to "English readers" originates from the fact that a part of this monograph first appeared as a leading article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and I have allowed it to remain, though the text has been revised and enlarged.



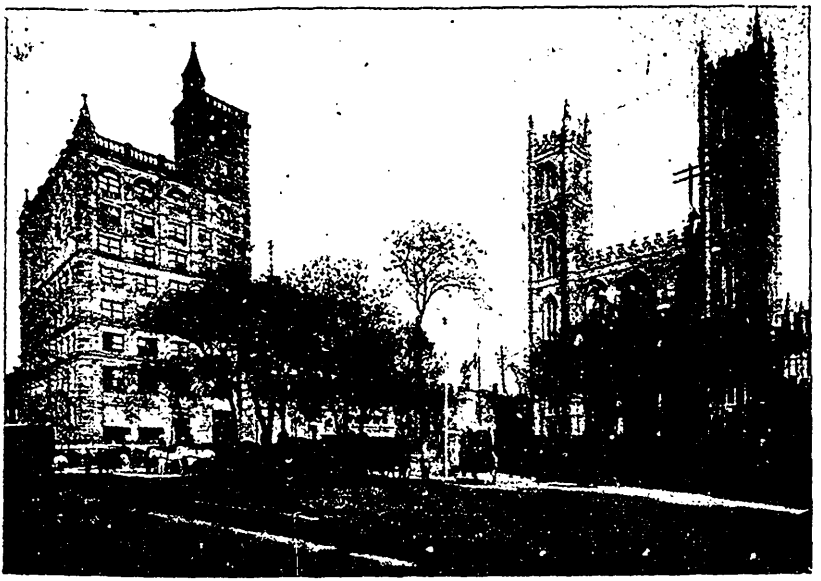
PLACE D'ARMES AND NOTRE DAME CHURCH, MONTREAL, 1837.

settlers on the picturesque heights of Quebec * when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the rock-bound coast of New England. Then, for a century and a half, the colonies of England and France struggled for mastery. The sturdy independence of the English colonists, accustomed to think and act for themselves, left as a rule to govern themselves in accordance with the free instincts of Englishmen, was in decided contrast with the subserviency of the French colonists, kept constantly in trammels by the king and his ministers, who were always opposed to the merest semblance of local self-government. Under the influence of the freedom they enjoyed, and of the energy and enterprise peculiar to a commercial and maritime people, the English colonists, who inhabited a relatively narrow strip of territory from Maine to Carolina, soon outnumbered the population of the struggling community on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

In the history of the French-Canadian there is much to interest us. His patient endurance, his fidelity to his country, his adventurous life in the wilderness of the West afford scenes for poetry, history, and romance. The struggles of Champlain, the adventures of La Salle in the valley of the Mississippi, the exploits of the "coureurs de bois" and gentlemen-adventurers on the rivers and among the forests, the efforts of Frontenac and other French governors to found a New France on the continent, have already found in Francis Parkman an eloquent and faithful historian. France dreamed once of founding a mighty empire which should stretch from the Island of Cape Breton or Ile Royale through the valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Ohio, and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, and of eventually having the supremacy in North America; but the genius of Pitt relieved the English colonists of the fears they entertained with reason when they saw a cordon of forts stretching from Louisbourg to the heights of Quebec, Lake Champlain, Niagara, and the forks of the Ohio.

With the fall of Quebec and Montreal in 1759-60, France left the New World to England, and

* Champlain arrived at Quebec (Stadacona) on July 3rd, 1608, and laid the foundations of the picturesque town.



PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL, 1897.

of all her former possessions she now retains only some insignificant islands off the southern coast of Newfoundland, where her fishermen continue to prosecute the fisheries as they did centuries ago before a European had founded a settlement in Canada. The conflict with France had done much to restrain the spirit of self-assertion among the English colonists, and to keep them dependent upon England; but at the same time it had shown them their power and taught them to have much more confidence in their own resources as a people. The capture of the formidable fortress of Louisbourg, one of the triumphs of Vauban's engineering skill, by the New England volunteers under Pepperrell, and the fleet under Warren, was the principal incident in their history, which showed the people their strength and nerved them to enter into what must have seemed to many a hopeless struggle with England. The fall of Quebec may be considered the first step in the direction of the independence of the old English colonists.

II.

When the war of independence was over, Canada was only a sparsely settled country in which the French Canadians were very largely in the majority. In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island there was a small English population, chiefly composed of United Empire Loyalists.* Few facts of modern times have had a greater influence on the destinies of a country than this immigration of sturdy, resolute and intelligent men, united by high principles and the most unselfish motives. They laid the foundations of the provinces now known as New Brunswick and Ontario, and settled a considerable portion of Nova Scotia. From the day of their settlement on the banks of the St. John, Niagara and St. Lawrence rivers, and in the vicinity of Lakes Ontario and Erie, they have exercised by

* In 1784 there were in Canada 10,000 United Empire Loyalists; in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick upwards of 30,000. In 1790 the population of old Canada was 161,311, of whom 120,000 were French.

MONTREAL IN 1832.—FROM BOUCHETTE'S CANADA.

themselves and their descendants a powerful influence on the institutions of Canada, not unlike that exercised by the descendants of the New England pioneers throughout the American Union; and it is to them we owe much of that spirit of devotion to England which has always distinguished the Canadian people and aided to keep them, even in critical periods of their history, within the Empire.

During the war of independence the leading French-Canadians resisted all attempts that were made to induce them to unite their fortunes with the revolted colonists. The British Government and Parliament had seen the necessity of conciliating the conquered people, and had passed in 1774 what is known as the Quebec Act,* which gave additional guarantees to that nationality for the security of their property and the preservation of their language, religion and institutions. Owing in a great measure to this conciliatory policy, and to the efforts of the priests, who have always been firm friends of British rule, the French people of Lower Canada were kept faithful to the king of England, and the history of those times records the death of General Montgomery and the defeat of his troops, who invaded Canada and besieged Quebec under the delusion that the province would be an easy conquest as soon as the invaders set foot within its limits.

With the settlement of Upper Canada by the Loyalists and the English population that subsequently flowed into the country, it was thought advisable to establish two provinces in which the French and English elements would be kept separate and distinct.†

With the light that experience has given us in these later times, it was a great mistake, in the opinion of many statesmen, to have isolated the races, and by hedging in the French at the very commencement of their history, to have prevented the gradual absorption of all nationalities into one great English-speaking people. Parliament formed a legislature for each province, and wished the people of Canada "God-speed" in the new experiment of government on which they were entering. No doubt can exist as to the sincerity and good wishes of the English statesmen of those days, but it cannot be said that they always built with wisdom. In the first place they erected a structure of provincial government which was defective at its very foundation. There was an entire absence of institutions of local government in French Canada—of that system which from the earliest period in the history of the old English colonies, enabled them to manage their local affairs. May it not be said with truth that England herself has received no more valuable heritage than that system of self-government which, cumbrous and defective as it may have become in the course of centuries, can be traced back to those free institutions in which lay the germs of English liberty and parliamentary government?

But in Canada there was no semblance of township or parish government as in New England or even in Virginia. The people of Canada were called upon to manage the affairs of a State before they had learned those elements of government which necessarily exist in the local affairs of every community, whether it be town, township, or village. It was, indeed, surprising that a people like the French-Canadians, unaccustomed to parliamentary institutions or local self-government in

* Imperial Statute, 14 George III., c. 83.

† Constitutional Act, 1791, or 31 Geo. III., c. 31.

its most elementary form, should in the early stages of their legislative history have shown so much discretion. As a matter of fact they discharged their functions for a while with prudence and set to work to understand the principles on which their system of government rested. For some years the machinery of government worked fairly enough, and the public men of both provinces passed much useful legislation.

The war of 1812-15, in which Canada performed her part with credit, in a measure prevented any outbreak of political conflict, since all classes of people recognized the necessity of uniting, at such a crisis, to defend their homes and country. But when peace was proclaimed and the legislatures were relieved from the pressure that the war had brought upon them, the politicians again got the upper hand. The machinery of government became clogged, and political strife convulsed the country from one end to the other. An "irrepressible conflict" arose between the government and the governed classes, especially in Lower Canada. The people, who in the days of the French regime were without influence and power, had learned under their new system, defective as it was in essential respects, to get an insight into the operation of representative government, as understood in England.

They found they were governed, not by men responsible to the legislature and the people, but by governors and officials who controlled both the executive and the legislative councils. If there had always been wise and patient governors at the head of affairs, or if the Imperial authorities could always have been made aware of the importance of the grievances laid before them, or had understood their exact character, the differences between the government and the majority of the people's representatives might have been arranged satisfactorily. But unhappily military governors like Sir James Craig only aggravated the dangers of the situation, and gave demagogues new opportunities for exciting the people. The Imperial authorities, as a rule, were sincerely desirous of meeting the wishes of the people in a reasonable and fair spirit, but, unfortunately for the country, they were too often ill-advised and ill-informed in those days of slow communication, and public discontent was allowed to seethe until it burst forth in a dangerous form.

In all the provinces, but especially in Lower Canada, the people saw their representatives practically ignored by the governing body, their money expended without the authority of the legislature, and the country governed by irresponsible officials. A system which gave little or no weight to public opinion, as represented in the House elected by the people, was necessarily imperfect and unstable; and the natural result was a deadlock between the Legislative Council, controlled by the official and governing class, and the House elected by the people. The governors necessarily took the side of the men whom they had themselves appointed, and with whom they were acting. In the Maritime Provinces, in the course of time, the governors made an attempt to conciliate the popular element by bringing in men who had influence in the Assembly, but this was a matter entirely within their own discretion.

This system of government was generally worked in direct contravention to the principle of responsibility to the majority in the popular House. Political agitators had abundant opportunities for exciting popular passion. In Lower Canada, Papineau—an eloquent

but impulsive man, having rather the qualities of an agitator than those of a statesman—led the majority of his compatriots. For years he contended for a legislative council elected by the people, for it is curious to note that none of the men who were at the head of the popular party in Lower Canada ever recognized the fact, as did their contemporaries in Upper Canada, that the difficulty would be best solved, not by electing an Upper House, but by obtaining an executive which would only hold office while supported by a majority of the representatives in the people's House. In Upper Canada the Radical section of the Liberal party was led by Mr. W. Lyon Mackenzie, who fought vigorously against what was generally known as the "Family Compact," which occupied all the public offices and controlled the government.

In the two provinces these two men at last precipitated a rebellion, in which blood was shed and much property was destroyed, but which never reached any very extensive proportions. In the Maritime Provinces, however, where the public grievances were of less magnitude, the people showed no sympathy with the rebellious elements of the upper provinces. The agitation for responsible government in those colonies was led by Mr. Joseph Howe, who in the course of his public life was always animated by truly loyal British feelings, and was never influenced by passion to step beyond the limits of legitimate constitutional agitation.

III.

Such was the political situation in Canada when Queen Victoria ascended the throne on June 20, 1837. If we survey the general condition of things in those troublous times, the prospect was not encouraging. The total population of the provinces did not exceed 1,350,000 souls, of whom nearly one-half were French-Canadians. Trade and commerce were quite paralyzed by the political discontent which had existed for years, and had already broken out into rebellion. The value of the whole trade of British North America—that is, of the imports and exports in the aggregate—was about $25,000,000. The principal trade was in fish and lumber, for the export of which a considerable number of vessels were yearly built in the Maritime Provinces. Not more than four or five banks existed, and none of them had a large capital except the old Bank of Montreal, which has always been the most important monetary institution of this continent.

The total revenue at this time did not exceed $7,000,000, and in more than one province the revenue was insufficient to meet the legitimate expenses required for public works and other necessary improvements. In Upper Canada the situation was extremely serious. In consequence of the construction of public works, commenced in the infancy of the colony, a debt of $5,000,000 had been accumulated when the whole revenue did not reach $300,000, and was inadequate to pay the interest.

The total production of wheat was not beyond 5,000,000 bushels, of which nearly four-fifths, at that time, was raised in French Canada. The French habitants carried on their agricultural operations with little energy or skill, and from their ignorance of the system of the rotation of crops, and of the true principles of farming, were rapidly impoverishing the soil, so that in the course of a few years their wheat crop diminished and its quality became more inferior.

Their farms were on the banks of the St. Lawrence, deep, narrow strips, and their houses were crowded as near the river as possible, as affording the most satisfactory means of communication in early times between the settlements. The most noteworthy buildings were those belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, which then, as now, dominated the province.

The system of land tenure in French Canada was one not calculated to stimulate industry and develop the country. In early days the seigniorial tenure, established by Richelieu with the idea of founding a Canadian "noblesse" and encouraging settlement, had had some advantages. It was a feudal system modified to suit the circumstances of a new country. It made the "seigneur" and the "habitant," or "censitaire," equally interested in the cultivation of the soil. The dues and obligations under which the "censitaire" held his land were in early times by no means onerous. The "seigneur" was obliged to cultivate and settle certain portions of his land at the risk of losing it within a fixed period, a penalty frequently exacted under the French regime. He was expected to erect a mill for the grinding of grain raised in the district, but only in very rare cases was he able to afford the expense of what must have been a great convenience to the early settlers.

But the system grew to be burdensome as the country became more populous. The seigniorial exactions were found troublesome, and the difficulties that arose in connection with the disposal of lands in the numerous seigniories gradually retarded settlement and enterprise in the province. In fact, the system under which lands were granted throughout Canada was not adapted to the encouragement of settlement. With the view, probably, of establishing a State Church, the Imperial Government had by the Act of 1791 granted large reserves, which were in the hands of the Church of England, and much discontent had consequently arisen among other Protestant denominations. Large tracts had also been set apart for loyalists and military men in different parts of the province. The natural consequence of this extravagance was that some of the most valuable districts of Upper Canada were kept idle and profitless for many years. The little island of Prince Edward had been nearly all granted away by ballot to a few landlords in a single day, and until very recent times its progress was retarded by a land question which always created much discontent and prevented settlement.

The means of communication in each province was very inferior, in the absence of any liberal system of municipal institutions, and in consequence of the large districts owned by absentee proprietors or by the Church. If a road or bridge was required in Lower Canada it was necessary to apply to the legislature. Things were a little better in Upper Canada, where there was a system of local taxation which, imperfect as it was, enabled the people in a county to make minor improvements. Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, St. John, and Toronto were the only towns of importance, and the population of the first—then, as now, the commercial metropolis of British North America—did not exceed 40,000; while their aggregate population was 120,000 souls. The streets of all of them were either ill-lighted or left in darkness, and without pavements. The public buildings, as a rule, had no architectural pretensions.

A few colleges and grammar schools had been established where the sons of the well-to-do classes could obtain an excellent classical and English education for those times. The religious communities of Lower Canada at an early period in the history of the country had established institutions where the youth of both sexes could receive certain educational and religious advantages. But the State had not in any degree intervened successfully in the establishment of a system of popular education. The whole public expenditure for common and district schools in Upper Canada was a little above $40,000 a year, and these schools were very inferior in every respect. In 1838-39 there were in all the public and private schools of British North America only some 92,000 young people out of a total population of 1,440,000 souls, or about one in fifteen.

The administration of justice in all the provinces except in Lower Canada was, on the whole, satisfactory for a new country, where the highest judicial talent was not always available. In the French section there was a lamentable want of efficiency in the courts, and an absence of confidence in the mode in which the law was administered. At times there was a decided failure of justice in criminal cases, owing to the complexion of the juries. In certain cases, where political or national feeling was aroused, a jury was not likely to convict even in the face of the clearest evidence of crime. English and French-Canadians divided in the jury-box according to their nationalities. While the judges of the highest courts were generally distinguished for learning and fairness, the justices of peace were chosen without any regard to their character or ability to try the ordinary petty causes which fell within their jurisdiction. In all the cities and towns the police arrangements were notoriously defective. Immigration was rapidly falling off, owing principally to the distracted state of the country, but also to the mode of transportation. Those were days when the vessels that made voyages to Canada were literally laden with disease and misery. In the overcrowded, ill-ventilated, and ill-equipped vessels that annually sailed up the St. Lawrence death was ever stalking among the half-starved, unhappy people who had left their wretched homes in the Old World to incur the horrors of the holds of the pest-ship, from which for many years had been ascending to heaven the cries of the martyred emigrant.

No feature of the aspect of things in Canada gave greater reason for anxiety than the attitude of the French and English peoples towards each other. The very children in the streets were formed into French and English parties. As in the courts of law and in the legislature, so it was in social and every-day life—the French-Canadian in direct antagonism to the English-Canadian. Many persons among the official and governing class, composed almost exclusively of English, were still too ready to consider French-Canadians as inferior beings, and not entitled to the same rights and privileges in the government of the country. It was a time of passion and declamation, when men of fervent eloquence, like Papineau, could have aroused the French like one man, if they had had a little more patience and judgment and had not been ultimately thwarted, mainly by the efforts of the priests, who, in all national crises, have intervened on the side of reason and moderation, and in the interests of British connection, which they have always felt has been favourable to the continuance and security of their religious institutions.

Lord Durham, in his memorable report on the condition of Canada, has summed up very expressively the nature of the conflict in the French province. "I expected," he said, "to find a contest between a government and a people; I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state; I found a struggle, not of principles, but of races."

Amid the gloom that overhung Canada in those times there was one gleam of sunshine for England. Although discontent and dissatisfaction generally prevailed among the people on account of the manner in which the government was administered, and of the attempts of the minority to engross all power and influence, yet there was still a sentiment in favour of British connection, and the annexationists were relatively few in number. Even Sir Francis Bond Head—in no respect a man of sagacity—understood this well when he depended on the militia to crush the outbreak in the upper province, and Joseph Howe, the eminent leader of the popular party, uniformly asserted that the people of Nova Scotia were determined to preserve the integrity of the Empire at all hazards. As a matter of fact, the majority of the leading men, outside of the minority led by Papineau, Nelson and Mackenzie, had a conviction that England was animated by a desire to act considerately with the province, and that little good would come from precipitating a conflict, which would only add to the public misfortunes, and that the true remedy was to be found in constitutional methods of redress for the political grievances which undoubtedly existed throughout British North America.

FAREWELL.

Beneath the moonlight and the snow,
Lies dead my latest year;
The winter winds are wailing low,
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within,—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearing mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears,
For blessings which remain.

—*Whittier.*

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF GEORGE ELIOT.

BY REV. DR. S. P. ROSE.

The time is forever past when, either by prohibition or persuasion, the Church may hope to dissuade her young people from reading fiction. For good or evil the novel has come to stay. Whether it be for good or evil will depend largely upon what sort of fiction is read. There is every variety of novel in evidence, from the "mere fashion plate devoted to the description of costumes soon out of date," to "books which mirror human life veraciously," and bear "witness to the innate and indestructible faiths of the human heart." If the Church would save her young people from the frivolous and harmful, she must direct them to what is wholesome. We may only hope to overcome the evil by displacing it with the good.

As a small contribution to this desired end, I invite attention to the wit and wisdom of George Eliot. The established place of this author in literature renders any extended reference to her works superfluous. She has written nothing which is not above the average; she has written much that will endure. My preference is for her earlier tales. "Adam Bede" is her classic. But I must confess a distinct partiality for "Scenes of Clerical Life," not that the tales as such are very remarkable, but because of the charming bits of wit and wisdom which one meets upon almost every page. A careful writer (the Rev. T. G. Selby) has well said of our novelist: "Perhaps few students adequately realize the singular service that much of George Eliot's work may be made to render to the truth." One cannot read her works attentively without repeatedly feeling the force of this judgment.

To give any who may be unfamiliar with her style a "taste" of the good things which abound throughout her writings, the following quotations from "Scenes of Clerical Life" are offered, in the conviction that those who have read these paragraphs oftenest will reread them with the most pleasure, and that any who read them for the first time will hasten to form an abiding acquaintance with so gifted a teacher.

Our author does not share the desire, oftener expressed than felt perhaps, that we might see ourselves as others see us.

"What mortal is there of us, who would find his satisfaction enhanced by an opportunity of comparing the picture he presents to himself of his own doings, with the picture they make on the mental retina of his neighbours? We are poor plants buoyed up by the air vessels of our own conceit; alas for us, if we get a few pinches that empty us of that windy self-subsistence! The very capacity for good would go out of us. . . Let me be persuaded that my neighbour Jenkins considers me a blockhead, and I shall never shine in conversation with him any more. Let me discover that the lovely Phoebe thinks my squint intolerable, and I shall never be able to fix her blandly with my disengaged eye again. Thank heaven, then, that a little illusion is left to us, to enable us to be useful and agreeable; we are able to dream that we are doing much good—and we do a little."

Teachers, preachers, and public speakers may wisely consider what follows:

"Nothing in the world is more suited to the simple understanding than instruction through familiar

types and symbols! But there is always this danger attending it, that the interest or comprehension of your hearers may stop precisely at the point where your spiritual interpretation begins."

What shrewd and vivid portraiture these lines contain!

"He was like an onion that has been rubbed with spices; the strong original odour was blended with something new and foreign."

And this, written of the same cleric, Rev. Amos Barton:

"The Rev. Amos was very fond of chess, as most people are who can continue through many years to create interesting vicissitudes in the game, by taking long-meditated moves with their knights, and subsequently discovering that they have exposed their queen."

Profoundly wise is the following:

"It is so much easier to say that a thing is black, than to discriminate the particular shade of brown, blue or green, to which it really belongs. It is so much easier to make up your mind that your neighbour is good for nothing, than to enter into all the circumstances that would oblige you to modify that opinion."

George Eliot, like all great teachers from the Prophet of Nazareth to to-day, believed in the common people.

"Yet these common-place people—many of them—have a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their unspoken sorrows and their sacred joys; their hearts have perhaps gone out towards their first-born, and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead. Nay, is there not pathos in their very insignificance—in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence, with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share? Depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull gray eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones."

You are at once brought into relations of acquaintanceship with the man, quite a typical man in his way, of whom it is written:

"It was not in his nature to be superlative in anything; unless, indeed, he was superlatively middling, the quintessential extract of mediocrity."

Our novelist speaks to the bitter experience of too many, and repeats a warning which we are so slow to heed:

"Oh, the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings; for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God has given us to know!"

Supplementary to this wise word she writes thus in another tale:

"It is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey."

Too many churches have a history like that of New Zion which had been built "with an exuberance of faith and a deficiency of funds."

The philosopher and the poet speak in the sentences which follow:

"But it is with men as it is with trees; if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were

pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence; and what might have been a grand tree, expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical, misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty, and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered."

A doctrine which youth is unwilling to profit by, but of which old age is painfully conscious, is taught in the following excerpt:

"The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know when they are gone."

Those whose pathway is overshadowed with sorrow will appreciate our author's contention that, "When our life is a continuous trial, the moments of respite seem only to substitute the heaviness of dread for the heaviness of actual suffering; the curtain of cloud seems parted for an instant only that we may measure all its horror as it hangs low, black and imminent, in contrast with the transient brightness; the waterdrops that visit the parched lips in the desert bear with them only the keen imagination of thirst."

The complement of the painful doctrine, so true to the world's experience, that whatsoever we sow we reap, is suggested:

"But there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight or labour. We reap what we sow, but nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours."

George Eliot recognizes the good that lingers in evil lives as "those stirrings of the more kindly, healthy sap of human feeling, by which goodness tries to get the upper hand in us whenever it seems to have the slightest chance."

But she is too faithful to the logic of facts and to the power of a sinful will to thwart the divine intention, to teach that "good will be the final goal of ill." The trend of rebellion against the laws of righteousness in one of her characters, is thus pathetically described:

"It was rather sad, and yet pretty, to see that little group passing out of the shadow into the sunshine, and out of the sunshine into the shadow again; sad, because this tenderness of the son for the mother was hardly more than a nucleus of healthy life in an organ hardening by disease, because the man who was linked in this way with an innocent past had become callous in worldliness, fevered by sensuality, enslaved by chance impulses; pretty, because it showed how hard it is to kill the deep-down fibrous roots of human love and goodness—how the man, from whom we make it our pride to shrink, has yet a close brotherhood with us through some of our most sacred feelings."

Students of the history of popular religious doctrines will recognize the wisdom of the statement that, "Religious ideas have the fate of melodies, which, once set afloat in the world, are taken up by all sorts of instruments, some of them woefully coarse, feeble, or out of tune, until people are in danger of crying out that the melody is itself detestable."

Our novelist was too keen an observer to miss the truth that the

baser metal is often mixed with pure gold in the make-up of the world's heroes. The significance of this fact is thus well stated :

"The blessed work of helping the world forward, happily does not wait to be done by perfect men; and I should imagine that neither Luther nor John Bunyan, for example, would have satisfied the modern demand for an ideal hero, who believes nothing but what is true, feels nothing but what is exalted, and does nothing but what is graceful. The real heroes of God's making are quite different. . . Their insight is blended with mere opinion; their sympathy is perhaps confined in narrow conduits of doctrine, instead of flowing forth with the freedom of a stream that blesses every weed in its course; obstinacy or self-assertion will often interfuse itself with their grandest impulses, and their very deeds of self-sacrifice are sometimes only the rebound of a passionate egoism."

Aphorisms challenge attention in almost every page :

"Cruelty, like every other vice, requires no motive outside itself—it only requires opportunity."

"Nemesis is lame, but she is of colossal stature; like the gods; and sometimes, while her sword is yet unsheathed, she stretches out her huge left arm and grasps her victim. The mighty hand is invisible, but the victim totters under the dire clutch."

"The daylight changes the aspect of misery to us, as of everything else. In the night it presses on our imagination—the forms it takes are false, fitful, exaggerated; in broad day it sickens our sense with the dreary persistence of definite, measurable reality."

"Heaven knows what would become of our sociability if we never visited people we speak ill of; we should live like Egyptian hermits, in crowded solitude."

To do justice to the theme of this article a volume is necessary. Perhaps enough has been written to turn the attention of some thoughtful readers to the writings of one of the great teachers of our dying century.

Ottawa, Ontario.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO THE CENTURY.

BY S. J. UNDERWOOD.

Century, whose days are numbered, thou dost greet thy last new year,
Ended is the long procession thou hast watched in pride and fear.

When another new year dawneth, low will lie thy hoary head,
Men will name thee in hushed accents, as they name the newly dead.

Scarce thy stiffened limbs with decence shall be straightened 'neath the pall,
Ere they hail thy fair successor, while the bells ring one and all.

It is sad, O mighty century, that thy certain end is nigh,
For thy force is not abated, nor grown dim thine eagle eye.

Think not thou shalt be forgotten, for the coming years so grand,
Though they rise to heights undreamed of, on thy shoulders stout must stand.

Linked with thee are men and women who as greater lights shall shine
In the coming century's annals, but their birth belongs to thine.

And whatever more awaits us in achievements most sublime,
Always will thy deeds be blazoned down the spacious halls of time.

Thine the sowing; when the harvest lieth white upon the lea,
Then the sower and the reaper shall rejoice eternally.

So, O century most reverend, be, I bid you, of good cheer,
Undismayed by past or future, thou canst greet thy last new year.

—*Zion's Herald.*

SOME CONNECTING LINKS BETWEEN CANADIAN AND BRITISH METHODISM.*

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D.

In a volume of nearly six hundred pages, recently published in London, England, entitled, "Side-Lights on the Conflicts of Methodism," by Rev. Benjamin Gregory, D.D., ex-President of the English Wesleyan Conference, we have a most interesting contribution to the literature of Methodist history covering a comparatively fresh field. The basis of the book is the "Notes" on Conference debates made by the late Rev. Joseph Fowler, extending over a quarter of a century. Though the Notes themselves, in some cases, do not exhibit Rev. Dr. Bunting in the most complimentary light, yet, from the character of the man who took them, even Dr. Bunting himself acknowledged his belief in their trustworthiness, declaring, "I have great confidence in one individual who has been accustomed to take, from year to year, copious notes of the proceedings of Conference." (Speech on Reporting Conference, 1849.) As the notes were taken at the time of the debates, and written out fully shortly afterwards, they are specially valuable for historical purposes.

The Rev. Joseph Fowler was born at Bradford, Yorkshire, in 1791, was converted in youth, and began his ministry in 1811. He was elected a member of the Legal Hundred in 1841, and Secretary of the Conference in 1848. He was stationed at the most important centres in the kingdom, and died at the City Road House, London, in 1851. He was on the high pathway to the Presidency when disease and death intervened. He belonged to "the party of freedom of speech and right of search," which fact made his last years, in a connexional sense, quite uncomfortable.

THE REV. ROBERT FOWLER, M.D.

Mr. Fowler had two sons, one, Rev. Robert Fowler, M.D., of the Canadian Methodist Conference, who died in London, Ont., in 1887, and the other, Sir H. H. Fowler, for some time a member of the Gladstone Government, and still living. The author contrasts the latter, as a leading statesman, with the former, as "administering to the settlers in far Northwestern wilds the consolations of Christianity and the alleviations of science, and who was their veritable 'Medicine man' in a two-fold sense. Here he preached and healed for the rest of his natural life." (Page 39.) To a Canadian who knows that not one of his appointments was among the aboriginal tribes, but in highly cultured parts of the country, the term "Medicine Man" is quite amusing. And, besides, fancy him ministering to the people of such "wilds" as the towns and cities of Oshawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, Orillia, Fergus, Ingersoll, Clinton, Listowel, and London! He lived and died a most conscientious and estimable minister of God.

THE REV. WILLIAM SAVAGE.

Another Canadian minister re-

* "Side-Lights on the Conflicts of Methodism during the Second Quarter of the Nineteenth Century, 1827-1852." Taken chiefly from the Notes of the late Rev. Joseph Fowler. By the Rev. Benjamin Gregory, D.D., President of the Conference 1879. Cassell & Co., London, 1898. Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

ferred to in this volume is the Rev. William Savage, now of Guelph, Ont., who, with his brother, the Rev. John Wesley Savage, came to this country in 1854. The latter died in Toronto after forty-one years' service. The former, though superannuated, exhibits, in his eighty-second year, remarkable energy, preaching and lecturing almost constantly. He is also blessed with a tenacious memory, through means of which many interesting facts and circumstances of his earlier life have been furnished to the present writer.

His father, the Rev. Thomas Savage, was a Wesleyan minister, who united with the Conference in 1813. He at one time had a strong desire to labour in Canada, and would have been sent at the time the Rev. William Lord came out as President of the Canadian Wesleyan Conference, had not his wife been taken seriously ill. At that time he published the "Canadian Boat Hymn," some copies of which are yet extant in Ontario. Mr. Savage, Sr., was twice put on trial—one for preaching a temperance sermon, for which he was censured by the District Meeting, and his superintendent, the Rev. Robert Harrison likewise, for not preventing him. How opinions change! The other time was for restoring to the records 245 members of the Alston Circuit, through whose names the preceding superintendent had drawn his pen, and thus expelled them. The liberal-minded members, however, who stood for peace and justice, prevented the charges being presented to Conference. The Rev. W. M. Punshon was a member of that District Meeting. Several years afterwards the Rev. Thomas Savage was elected a member of the Legal Hundred, and thus honour came at last.

THE REV. PETER JONES.

His son William, after spending two years in one of King Edward's schools, was sent to the famous Woodhouse Grove Academy, established by Wesley for the education of preachers' sons. There he was a school-mate of the author of this volume, whom the larger scholars affectionately called "little Benjamin." About 1830 the Rev. Peter Jones, a full-blooded Indian minister from Canada, addressed the scholars, asking for a collection to help him to procure ploughs, harrows, and oxen for the Indians at the Mount Elgin Industrial Institution, Muncey. The boys gave him $5. Before taking his leave, in his evening address to the students he said, "Is there not one of these ministers' sons who will come to Canada to be a missionary to my people?" None responded, but the call made a deep impression upon this lad of twelve. He could not sleep, and at midnight got out of his cot and vowed that if ever his heavenly Father opened up the way he would go to Canada. He little thought that before this event occurred twenty-four years would elapse!

He studied surgery, dentistry, and pharmacy, and ultimately became a qualified practitioner in two of these professions. Afterwards he entered the Wesleyan ministry, becoming a popular young exhorter, and a great temperance advocate. A son of Dr. Bunting's warned him not to spoil a career by preaching on such fads as temperance and social topics. Dr. Lees, Dr. Beaumont, the renowned Palliser, and William Savage debated on public platforms the cause of total abstinence as far back as 1836. In 1840 Mr. Savage, with Dr. Beaumont

and Mr. Dale (brother of the great Congregational minister of Birmingham), with other teetotalers, erected, and became trustees of one of the first, if not the first, large temperance hall in England, with a seating capacity of 2,000. It was a formidable undertaking and required much generosity. Mr. Savage travelled two circuits, parts of two years, but his excessive labours brought on hemorrhage of the lungs, and the young man's early decease was frequently prophesied.

He resumed his profession, and returned to his former standing as a local preacher. He had two shops, one in Bradford and the other in Leeds. In the former city, Robert Fowler and William Savage, two Woodhouse Grove boys, and two future Canadian ministers, each had an office on the corner of the same block. Mr. Savage required three clerks, and his business prospered greatly, sometimes producing $100 per week.

GARIBALDI AND KOSSUTH.

Throughout England there was at that time great sympathy with the aspirations of Garibaldi and Kossuth. A "European Educational Bond of Brotherhood" for England and the Continent was organized. Its purpose was to promote fraternal feeling and sympathy in various European centres amongst educated people —the pioneer of the present Peace Society. Mr. Savage joined early, his card of membership being No. 5. It was decided by the local society to send two delegates to Paris along with others to request the French Government to withdraw its troops from Rome; in other words, not to interfere with Garibaldi in consummating his plans for Italian unity. After this it was intended that the deputation should proceed to Vienna to plead in behalf of Kussuth.

At a very large and enthusiastic meeting, held in Bradford, for the purpose of electing the delegates to go on this mission, three names were proposed, Ald. Diggles, Chartist; Ald. Rawlston, Tory; and William Savage. All three made speeches expressing their views. Mr. Savage was elected by a two-thirds vote over his opponents. A French refugee was elected the second delegate. But just as the English delegates were about to sail, word came that the French had entered Rome, which event took place on July 2nd, 1849, and thus the cause of Garibaldi for this time was lost. Garibaldi himself escaped, and ultimately found refuge on board an English sailing vessel, whose captain was a Methodist local preacher.

A MIDNIGHT INCIDENT.

In Bradford, Mr. Savage had been very kind to many of the Irish of that city who had become sufferers through the potato rot in Ireland. All the Irish poor had been supplied with medicines gratuitously at his dispensary. One night an Irish mob seized him, presumably in mistake for another person. They evidently intended serious mischief. They carried Mr. Savage from a very high railroad bridge, gagged and blindfolded, and with legs and arms bound, to a large shed in a lonely spot near the gas works adjoining the city. He thought his hour had come, and prayed, "O God, spare me for the sake of my young wife and only child." They found out their mistake, and cried, "Shure, this is the Doctor; let him go." His excellent wife, who sat up that night in great distress till the husband arrived at two o'clock in the morning, passed

away to the brighter land only a few months ago, greatly beloved and respected; and his child, then a year and a half old, for whom he prayed that night, is now Dr. Savage, one of the leading practising physicians of Guelph, Ont., and an official member of the Methodist Church.

As a local preacher, Mr. Savage occasionally rendered service to the New Connexion and Primitive Methodist Churches. For preaching in a chapel of the latter body, supplying for the Rev. J. A. Bairstow, who was then publishing his Bible Dictionary, he was put on trial. When about to be condemned he remembered that the Rev. Richard Reece, an ex-President of the Conference had, on one occasion, done likewise. Mr. Savage defended himself by saying, "If I follow in the footsteps of the President, I cannot be far wrong." The trial collapsed on the ground of "no case." In the matter of preaching for the New Connexion Church he was not tried, but was censured in the Bradford Quarterly Board for supplying the pulpit of the Rev. A. Lynn, an aged New Connexion minister.

Mr. Savage introduced Methodism into Kerby Malham, at that time occupied by no religious denomination save the Church of England. The large room was crowded, and as it was a warm summer evening, Mr. Savage took his stand by the door. In his audience was a constable sent by the vicar of the parish, who was also a magistrate, to arrest him should he attempt to preach. All went quietly until the text was taken, when the constable cried out, "Are you licensed?" Mr. Savage replied, "Yes." "Where did you get your license?" "In the High Court of Heaven, issued by Jesus Christ, endorsed by the Holy Ghost, and accepted by the Methodist Church." The constable rejoined, "None of your nonsense, sir. What magistrate licensed you?" The preacher replied, "I never asked to be licensed." The constable then said, "I arrest you in the name of Queen Victoria." As soon as he laid his hands on Mr. Savage, a number of Yorkshire miners in the audience jumped up, and cried, "Thou shan't touch the lad." The constable ran, and they after him, while the undaunted minister composedly continued his discourse.

In October, 1839, he was honoured by being called to preach one of the Centenary sermons in Kirkgate Chapel, Bradford, after which he was presented with a volume of Dr. Jackson's "Centenary of Methodism."

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

In one of the revival services held by Mr. Savage a remarkable incident occurred. He went up to a tall man of gentlemanly appearance, about thirty years of age, and asked him about his spiritual state. He replied, "If you speak to me about my soul I will knock you down." At this Mr. Savage dropped on his knees beside him, and began to pray, continuing a long time. When he arose the gentleman was found forward kneeling. Ten o'clock having arrived, Mr. Savage announced he would close the meeting; but at this moment three tall young women, sisters, said, "O do not close the meeting; there is our brother whom we never saw on his knees before." The meeting was continued, and when twelve o'clock, midnight, struck, Mr. Bradley (afterwards the Rev. Flesher Bradley, of the Canadian Primitive Methodist Church), rose from his knees soundly converted to God. Dr. Towler, of Wingham, Ont., is the son of one

of the sisters above referred to. Two of these ladies became the wives of Primitive Methodist ministers in Canada. Mr. Bradley was named after the Rev. Mr. Flesher, a leading Primitive Methodist minister of England, after whom the town of Flesherton, Ont., takes its name. Mr. Bradley, on a return visit from Canada, reminded his spiritual father of his vow respecting Canada, made in his youthful days, on the occasion of Rev. Peter Jones' visit to Woodhouse Grove Academy. The way was soon to open, but not without passing through some painful, if unique, ecclesiastical experiences.

THE "FLY SHEETS" CONTROVERSY.

About this time the expulsion of Rev. Messrs. Dunn, Griffith, and Everett from the Wesleyan Conference took place, because they would not answer certain questions about the famous disturbing Fly Sheets, nor promise in future to refrain from publishing the proceedings of Conference in a certain paper. The excitement throughout the Church was intense. In five years the membership decreased over 100,000, that is, in the time mentioned the Church lost nearly one-third of its whole membership. One reason for this intense feeling was the fact that the great British principle of "fair play" had been outraged. Dr. Bunting again and again had refused practically to be put on trial in a similar manner by means of questioning without charges, and ministers on his side of the house had repeatedly reported the proceedings of Conference to certain papers, without reproof, much less expulsion. The common people therefore asked, "Why make flesh of one and fowl of another?"

THE "HALL OF REFUGE."

Mr. William Savage had the keenest sympathy for these expelled ministers. He entertained them in his home, hired a hall, capable of seating two thousand persons, for them to preach in, and called it the "Hall of Refuge." The membership of the Church was greatly troubled. For sympathizing with these men hundreds had already been excluded, and hundreds more knew not when the axe, or rather the pen, would deal them likewise a finishing blow. Mr. Savage urged them, however, not to leave the Wesleyan Church, exhorting them to hold together, and declaring that a brighter day would certainly come. In this hall the Revs. Thomas Rowland and James Bromley also preached. The cost of attending meetings to arrange for delegates to present their grievances to Conference, payment of the travelling and entertainment expenses of the expelled preachers, along with the cost of the hall, which was $25 per week, made the total expense foot up to a large sum. It is estimated that in two years and a half the bill ran up to $3,000, the greater part of which fell upon Mr. Savage. But his business flourished exceedingly, and thus he was enabled to meet all calls, which he did cheerfully.

During this time his wife's family, which had been Methodists since 1740, greatly desired him for peace' sake to exhibit a submissive spirit to "the powers that be," and he suffered intensely from the shyness, suspicions and antipathies of his former friends, but "none of these things moved him." The following is an illustration of the intense feelings of the times. In order to show confidence in Mr. Savage, the people of a certain chapel near Huddersfield invited him to preach their anniversary sermon. The superintendent of the circuit, unknown to Mr. Savage, was opposed to this

arrangement. When the superintendent, who himself occupied the pulpit, finally declined to allow Mr. Savage to preach, the people simply lifted him out on their shoulders, and brought Mr. Savage in by the same method. Had the latter known all the facts at the time, he would not have preached under the circumstances.

HIGH-HANDED PROCEEDINGS.

Before leaving the Bradford Circuit, the Rev. Edward Walker, superintendent of the circuit, drew his pen through Mr. William Savage's name, and thus deprived him both of his membership and local preacher's standing, at one stroke. This was in violation of the famous "Plan of Pacification," adopted by the Manchester Conference of 1795, which enacted, amongst other matters, that no member could be expelled without charges, and a trial by his peers. Mr. Savage unearthed this rule, which the Rev. Daniel Walton said had not once been applied in fifty years, though hundreds of members had been treated in exactly the same manner as Mr. Savage. They either did not know their rights, or had not time, ability or courage to maintain them. So Mr. Savage, who had been a local preacher since he was eighteen, and was now thirty-three years of age, and having attended to all the spiritual duties required by his Church, suddenly found himself outside the fold. Would he, like others similarly situated, quietly submit? No. He appealed to the Minor District Meeting, with the Rev. Francis A. West (a warm friend of the Rev. Joseph Fowler, the author of these Notes), as chairman. The District Meeting sustained Mr. Savage's appeal. The case naturally came up in Conference. The young man's father, the Rev. Thomas Savage, was present during the whole time of this painful and exciting debate. I now transcribe from Dr. Gregory the fuller story of this most interesting case.

DR. GREGORY'S ACCOUNT.

"At this nick of time, an incident occurred which checked to a notable extent, the summary evictions. The Superintendent of the sister circuit, Bradford (Kirkgate), on returning from the Conference, had found that a young local preacher had taken part in a public meeting in, I think, the Temperance Hall, the purpose of which was the raising an annuity for the three expelled. The Superintendent was about to leave the circuit, and had chivalrously resolved not to leave the household of faith in an insanitary state for his successor to set right. So having inquired into the report, he found that 'behold! it was true.' He met the sympathizer's class for tickets and withheld his token of membership in the Methodist Society.

"Now it so happened that this young man was the son of a successful minister, a but half-flogged, though full-fledged, Grove lad, and had himself served in the ranks of the ministry in South Shields and at Settle. Being a great out-door preacher and, like his father, a resolute revivalist he had vociferated himself to the grave's mouth. He was the brother detailed to evangelize the overflow of Billy Dawson's congregation, which crowded the capacious sanctuary, Brunswick, Leeds, the last time he stood in its stately pulpit. He was the last man ever arrested in England for preaching out of doors without a license.

THE LEGAL BATTLE.

"Now when he found himself on the wrong side of the Methodist door, he rubbed his solemn penetrating eyes, and asked himself whether this sudden, expeditious dismemberment was quite according to Grindrod. That refractory Judge Blackstone of Methodism not only assured him it was not, but went so far as to point out to him the process of redress. So he reported himself to the Chairman of the District as illegally expelled, and wished to know his remedy. The result was a Minor District Meeting, which reinstated the complainant. This discussion had a very salutary influence, saving hundreds of well-worth-keeping members to the dear 'Old Body.' It showed that members could not be dismembered in the cavalier fashion which

had been set by some respected ministers. This case came up at Conference, and, of course, I watched its progress with intensest interest. Happily for Methodism, the Chairman of the District was no less able, steadfast, cool, and tried a champion of liberty and law than Francis A. West [who represented Mr. Savage]. A determined struggle was kept up, under the leadership of Dr. Bunting, to rescue the over-zealous Superintendent from the humiliation involved in the restoration of the excised member. The question was debated foot by foot, like a battle in a mountain pass. But the veteran commander found himself confronted by a redoubtable antagonist in Mr. West. At last the question turned upon the sweep and stringency of the law of 1835, as applied to private members, and if Dr. Bunting could have made his point, the Minor District Meeting would have been nonsuited. But West then waxed bold, and quietly confronting his interrogators, brought them up by this strong exclamation: 'You will scarcely make our "Declaratory Law" directly contradict the law of which it claims to be declaratory.'

"Dr. Bunting saw that the case was lost, and lost no time in giving up his sword with grace and dignity. He moved the adoption of the report of the committee, which Dr. Newton seconded.

"By this decision a most valuable man was saved to Methodism, besides the hundreds kept within the fold. This was the redoubtable William Savage, Robert Fowler's school-fellow, who became his fellow-minister in Canada." ("Side-Lights," pp. 471–473.)

ARRIVAL IN CANADA.

On the conclusion of this debate his father wrote him of the decision of Conference, saying, "Now, my son, that the victory has been won, you can honourably let all agitation cease" and advised him, on receiving his certificate of standing, and so soon as he could close up business, to retire to Canada, where he might pursue the work of God under less exciting circumstances. He talked over the matter with his brother, John Wesley Savage, who was then studying preparatory to entering upon mission work in China. Finally they decided to come to Canada, where they were both received by the Conference. This was in 1854, when William was thirty-six years of age, and had four children. Thus now was fulfilled the vow of his boyhood. His reception into the Conference was supported by Rev. Drs. Ryerson, Green, Wood, and other influential ministers. Here he laboured in the "active work" most energetically for thirty-nine years, during which time twenty churches have been built on his charges, and since his superannuation, six years ago, he has been "in labours most abundant."

All these years he has kept quite reserved on his English experiences. The late Rev. Dr. Carroll, who always had a keen ear for interesting bits of Methodist history, and who by some means got an inkling that Mr. Savage, previous to his coming to Canada, had passed through some exciting incidents, took a special journey on one occasion to his home in order to glean the facts. But Mr. Savage made no sign, simply saying, "Brother Carroll, I am making history, not writing it." It is only since Dr. Gregory's book has appeared that Mr. Savage has felt called to make any communications upon the subject.

When the Rev. Dr. Thornton visited Canada as President of the Canadian Conference, which that year was held in the Elm Street church, Toronto, he espied amongst the members the Rev. William Savage, his old pupil at Woodhouse Grove Academy. He sent a request to meet him in the vestry at the close of the session. As they met, what reminiscences surged through their memories! The greeting was very touching. Dr. Thornton kissed him, and as he embraced him cried out, "My old school-boy." When Dr. Punshon came to this country, knowing as he did Mr. Savage's history,

he told him he was surprised that he took so little part, comparatively speaking, in Conference work. But, save when principle is at stake, Mr. Savage is a most unobtrusive and peaceful brother.

REVISITING ENGLAND.

In 1896, forty-seven years after the famous debate over his case in the British Conference, Mr. Savage returned to England. On Alston Circuit, where his father had once quietly restored 245 members arbitrarily excluded by his predecessor, he was received with great favour, and everywhere introduced as "the son of the man of peace." At the Conference he was also received with great cordiality, and placed in the seat of honour next the ex-Presidents. In the old records of the Conference he had been described as a "Chartist Methodist," which was intended as a term of reproach—a badge of disloyalty. One of the ex-Presidents suggested that if he would send up a request to the President, "that foul epithet" would be removed. "No," replied the veteran, "let the record remain. Every plank of the Chartist petition is now the law of the land, and has been so for many years. I was only living fifty years in advance of the time."

May our venerable brother's hearty laugh, his well-told reminiscences, and his powerfully sympathetic prayers long continue to cheer us!

Guelph, Ont.

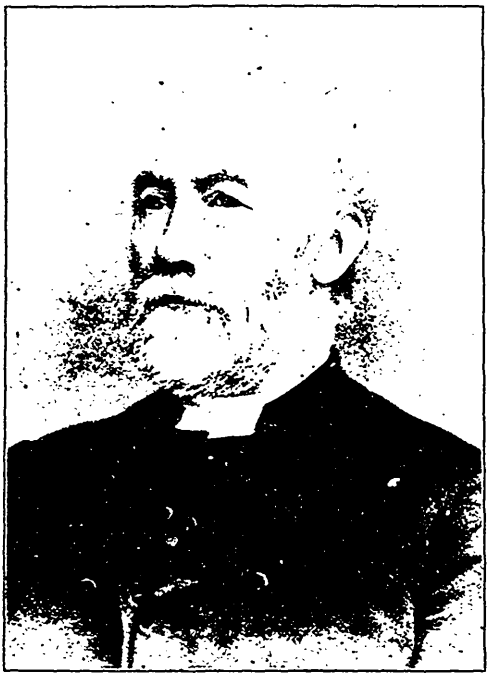
THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bells sad and slow,
And tread softly, and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.
. . . . . .
His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

— *Tennyson.*

A HUNDRED YEARS OF CANADIAN METHODISM.*

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D.



THE REV. ALBERT CARMAN, D.D.,
General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada.

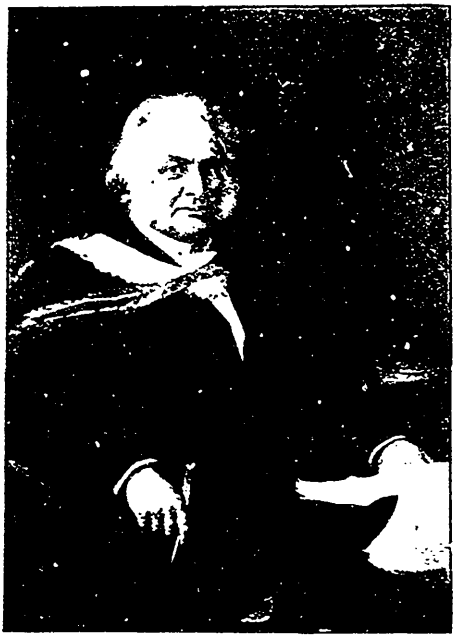
In no part of the British Empire has Methodism made greater progress than in the Dominion of Canada. Although about a million and a quarter of its population are of French origin, and of the Roman Catholic faith, yet Methodism numbers one-fifth of the entire population, and in Ontario, the largest and most populous province, it claims one-third of the people. The interesting article by the Rev. Dr. Wilson on "Methodism in Eastern Canada,* suggests that a supplementary article on Methodism in Central and Western Canada may find a place in the oldest organ of that British Methodism which is "the mother of us all."

It is a curious circumstance that the first Methodist preachers in both Lower and Upper Canada were British soldiers. In Quebec, Mr. Tuffey, a commissary of the 44th regiment, began in 1770 to

* Reprinted from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for March, 1899.

* See METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW, July, 1899, p. 43.

preach to the soldiers and Protestant immigrants of that city. Six years later George Neal, major of a British cavalry regiment, began to preach to the settlers on the Niagara frontier. At the time of the American Revolution a number of British subjects who remained true to the old flag left their homes in the revolting colonies and came to Canada. These were known as the United



THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON, LL.D.,
Founder of the Public School System of Ontario.

Empire Loyalists. Among them were Paul and Barbara Heck, Philip Embury, and other Palatine Methodists from Ireland, who, in 1765, had organized in New York the first Methodist Society in the United States. They came to Montreal in 1774, and afterwards formed a Methodist class at Augusta on the St. Lawrence in 1788.

The first Methodist itinerants who visited Canada in 1790 and 1792 were William Losee and Darius Dunham, missionaries from the newly organized Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. These Gospel rangers preached their way among the scattered settlements on the banks of the St. Lawrence and on the Niagara frontier. They were true pathfinders of empire, preparing a highway for the kingdom of God. They made their lonely way on horseback or on foot through primeval forests, their roads marked only by blazed trees; that is, trees from which a great slice had been hewn with an axe to indicate the settler's path. They often slept beneath the forest shade, kindling their watch-fires to keep at bay the prowling wolf and bear, or found a cordial welcome in the log shanty of the pioneer settler, and a sweet repose upon a bed of pine boughs or a bundle of straw. They were mostly men of stalwart frame, for few others could endure the hardships of the itinerant life. Their meagre wardrobe was carried in their saddle-bags, together with their Bible and hymn-book. They studied their sermons as they rode through the forest, and their exultant hymns resounded through its echoing aisles. Where there was no road they threaded the streams and bays in the Indian's light canoe, or in winter walked on snowshoes over the frozen and snow-drifted surface. The scattered settlers gathered in little groups, eager to hear the word of life, in the ample kitchen or barn of some friendly neighbour, or beneath the blue summer sky. Thus were laid by these faithful men the foundations of the goodly structure of Methodism in this land.

Yet Methodism did not escape the persecution which was its fate in the Old World as well as the New. Towards the close of the last century a warm-hearted Irish

Methodist, James McCarty, who had been converted under Whitefield's ministry, began to preach among the Methodist settlements near Ernestown, on the St. Lawrence. We quote from the Rev. Dr. Stone the following record of persecution :

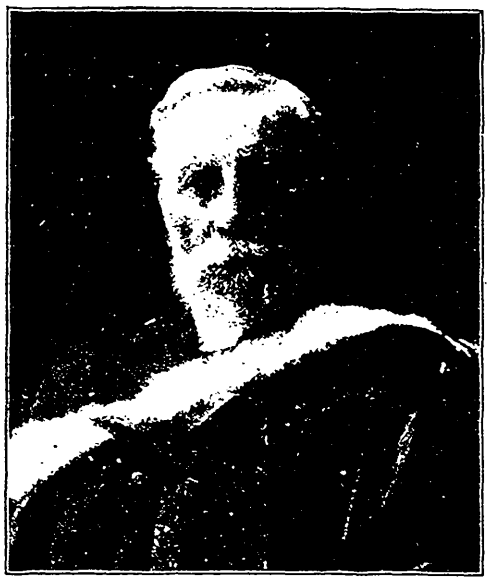
"Under an edict passed by the Legislative Council, that all vagabond characters should be banished from the province, McCarty was arrested by certain zealots of the Church of England, and, after being treated as though he were a common felon, was tried and convicted as a vagabond—the only cause of complaint being that he was preaching the gospel without the sanction of the Church of England—and was sentenced to solitary confinement upon one of the Thousand Islands. Four Frenchmen were selected to convey him to the place assigned; but they, being more merciful than their employers, put him ashore upon the main land, whence he immediately made his way back to Ernestown, to his wife and family. On the following Sabbath he again held service in the house of Mr. Robert Perry, when he was once more arrested, but released on bail, to appear in Kingston the next day. He did so, was immediately placed in the cells, and shortly afterwards sentenced to transportation. His family never saw him again; and, whether the unsupported testimony of one man—that he recognized the clothes of a murdered man near Kingston as those of Mr. McCarty—be true or not, it is certain he died a martyr."

One of the most successful of those early pioneers was the Rev. William Case. Our Indian missions, of which he became the father, have been the special glory of Canadian Methodism. He gathered the red-skinned children of the forest about him in an Indian mission settlement, and taught them at once the way of life and the arts of civilization. The labours of the Methodist missionaries in restraining the savage instincts of the red men, often jealous of the invasion of their hunting grounds by the whites, cannot be overestimated. The stories of rapine, pillage, and murder which stained the annals of the early English and early French colonies in America are absent from those of Upper Canada. In the valleys of the Mohawk and Delaware, and later of the Ohio and the Wabash, the dread Indian war-whoop often rang, and the fields, and even the hearthstones, were reddened with the settlers' blood. The Indians bade defiance to strong bodies of troops, and carried widespread ter-

THE REV. S. S. NELLES, LL.D.,
Late Chancellor of Victoria University.

ror throughout the frontier homes. But for a hundred years the just dealings of the British and Canadian Governments with the red men, and the influence, chiefly, of Methodist missions, prevented any hostile outbreak in Canada. Such trophies of missionary labours as John Sunday and Peter Jones, native apostles to their fellow-tribesmen, have pleaded on the platforms of British Methodism the claims of Indian missions.

It will be very gratifying to Englishmen to know that the British Methodists, Woolsey, Rundle, and Evans, were the pioneers of Indian missions on the vast prairies of Western Canada, where roamed innumerable herds of buffalo, and in the "Great Lone Land," where roll the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca. It was Evans who invented the syllabic characters which reduced to writ-



THE REV. NATHANIEL BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D., *Chancellor of Victoria University.*

ing the widely spoken Cree language. By its use an intelligent Indian can learn to read the Bible in two or three weeks, or even less. In this character the Scriptures were printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Cree hymn-books, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and other books are printed at our Toronto Book Room for our missions.*

Mr. Evans cast his first type in metal made from the lead-foil linings of tea-chests sent to the Hudson Bay forts. His first ink was made from gunpowder,—a much better employment of this agent in spreading the Gospel than in firing hostile bullets. When Lord Dufferin was told of Mr. Evans' invention, he declared that many a man had received a monument in Westminster Abbey for a less noble service to mankind.

The memory of Rundle is perpetuated in the name given to a noble mountain in the Canadian National Park, at Banff. A short distance from its base is the Indian mission, Morley, named after the revered and beloved William Morley Punshon, for five years President of the Canadian Wesleyan Conference. Here is the McDougall Orphanage, perpetuating the memory of the Rev. George McDougall, the intrepid missionary whose eloquence has been heard on British platforms. After forty years of missionary toil he was found frozen to death on the prairie. The story of his heroism would fill a volume. His son, the Rev. John McDougall, walks in his footsteps and carries on his work.

British Methodists are familiar with the stirring tale of the labours among the Northern Indians of the Rev. Egerton R. Young, who travelled hundreds of miles on snowshoes, and slept in the snow beneath the sub-Arctic skies with the thermometer at forty degrees below zero. He was one of many who encountered similar hardship for the building up of Christ's kingdom in these waste places of the earth. Where the Rev. George Young, over thirty years ago, planted the first Methodist mission in the Red River Settlement is now

* The same principle has been adopted by the Rev. William Murray in preparing syllabic symbols in the Mandarin dialect for blind and for *sighted* persons in China. See article by Miss C. F. Cumming, in *Missionary Review of the World* for February, 1898.

the mid-continent city of Winnipeg, with forty thousand inhabitants, nine Methodist churches, and a well-equipped Methodist college. The Manitoba and Northwest Conference, organized in 1884, now numbers 199 ministers, 526 preaching appointments, 17,692 members, and last year raised for connexional purposes $189,975.

On the Pacific coast another Methodist missionary, Dr. Ephraim Evans, planted Methodism in Victoria, Vancouver Island. Through the labours of Thomas Crosby, the Indian settlement of Fort Simpson, once a scene of pagan savagery, has been converted to a prosperous Christian village. Its beautiful church, which will contain eight hundred people, was erected chiefly by the contributions of the Indians, and largely by their personal labour. Here is the Crosby Orphanage, and a hospital managed by Dr. Bolton, a devoted medical missionary. In the steam-yacht "Glad Tidings" Thomas Crosby has sailed many thousands of miles along the coasts and up its rivers, founding missions and confirming the Indian churches. Russ, Robson, and Browning—the last a son of the venerable local preacher who recently passed to his reward after labouring to well-nigh his ninetieth year—have been pioneers among the miners of Cariboo, the colliers of Nanaimo, and the scattered Indian tribes of the sea coast and of the Rocky Mountains.

Of the vast and lonely prairie region of the mid-continent, the poet Whittier wrote :

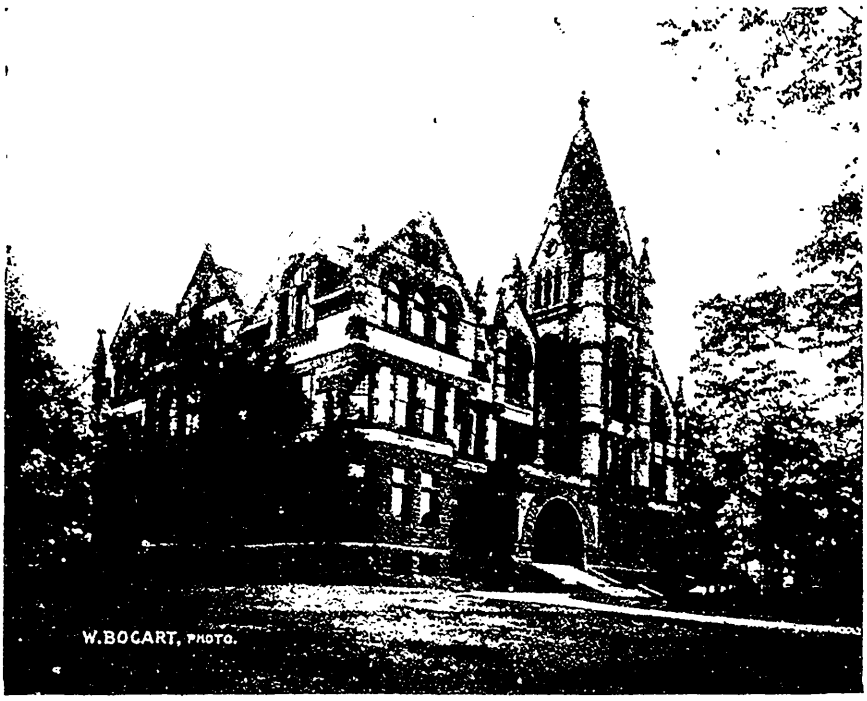
> I hear the tread of pioneers
> Of nations yet to be ;
> The first low wash of waves where soon
> Shall roll a human sea.

His prophecy is being fulfilled. Populous towns and cities are springing up, humming with busy industries and beautiful with churches and schools. Its fertile soil needs merely to be "tickled with the hoe to laugh with a harvest." In its huge granaries are stored for transhipment its surplus grain. In 1897 there were exported from our Western prairies twenty million bushels of wheat and many thousand head of cattle.

At Rossland, a new gold-mining centre, we have an energetic missionary, and to meet the rush of gold-seekers on the Klondike our Church has sent a medical and an itinerating missionary, to be followed by others as the work develops.

THE REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D.,
Secretary of Education.

We cannot describe in detail the triumphs of Methodism in the older provinces. In Montreal we have nineteen beautiful churches. One of them, a magnificent stone structure occupying an entire square, is the most costly church in Canadian Methodism. Here for fifty years the Hon. James Ferrier was superintendent of one of the oldest and largest Sunday-schools in the Dominion, returning every week from the Senate at Ottawa to be present at its sessions. Here, too, is a vigorous branch of our Toronto Publishing House.

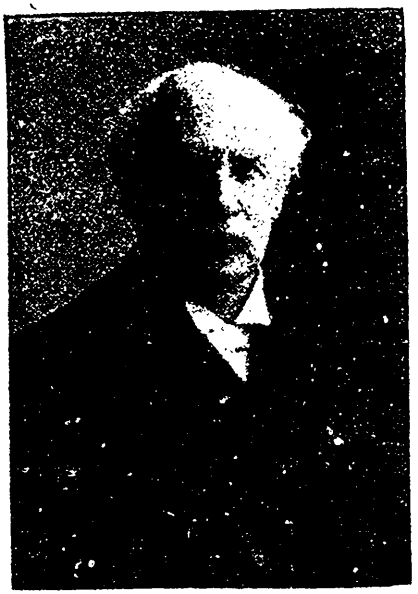


VICTORIA COLLEGE, TORONTO.

In Toronto we have thirty-four churches, many of them of great architectural beauty. Forever associated with the memory of William Morley Punshon, to whom it owes its erection, is the Metropolitan church, which stands in the heart of the city, in a square of four acres, and which seats two thousand five hundred persons. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, on a recent Sunday, worshipped with us, and were greatly impressed with the evangelical beauty and fervour of the service. In its beautiful lecture-room hangs a portrait of that man well beloved in Canada, Dr. Punshon, and one of its windows beautifully commemorates the elect lady, his wife, who sleeps among our honoured dead. Over its platform-pulpit is the white bust of that noble son of Canadian Methodism, Dr. Egerton Ryerson. In front of the Government Department of Education stands, on a lofty pedestal, his monument—the only bronze statue of a Methodist preacher that we know, save that of John Wesley in front of City Road Chapel. But his noblest monument, one more lasting than brass, is the public school system of Ontario, whose foundations he laid broad, deep, and stable, and whose economy he successfully administered for thirty-four years.

At Toronto, too, is our Publishing House. The Christian Guardian, now in its seventy-first year, is a power for righteousness of incalculable service in moulding the life and thought of this young Dominion. Its Sunday-school periodicals have reached a circulation of three hundred and thirty thousand copies, with an issue of eighty thousand printed pages every day. This house, with three hundred work-people, under the able ad-

ministration, for the past twenty years, of the Rev. Dr. Briggs, last year issued more copyright books than all the other publishing houses in the Dominion together. Its occupies, with adaptations and additions, the historic British Methodist church, whose audiences have been thrilled with the eloquence of such British visitors



THE REV. DR. SUTHERLAND,
Missionary Secretary.

as William Thornton, George Scott, Joseph Stinson, W. Morley Punshon, Gervase Smith, and Alexander Duff.

Through the munificence of a Methodist layman, the late Hart A. Massey, Toronto possesses the best equipped Methodist city mission on the continent. It is a beautiful structure, erected at a cost of sixty thousand dollars, with a Methodist minister in charge, two deaconesses, a hundred lay workers, and is a perfect hive of religious and social activity. Mr. Massey has also given to Toronto the largest public hall in the Dominion, and one of the largest on the continent, which holds five thousand persons. Here the great religious assemblies, the Moody evangelistic services, our Epworth League and Methodist missionary conventions are held.

The generosity of the same gentleman, a man sprung from the people, a man inured to toil, has bequeathed two million dollars to religious and philanthropic purposes, to be administered chiefly by the Methodist Church. His sons—who are at the head of one of Canada's great manufacturing industries, employing sixteen hundred men, and sending agricultural implements by the thousand to Australia, Argentina, and Bulgaria—maintain the traditions of their father's house by active service in the Methodist Church, and by generous aid to its efforts.

In all our cities, from Quebec to far Vancouver, Methodism is represented by goodly churches, faithful pastors, vigorous Sunday-schools, and active Epworth Leagues, while scarce a hamlet in the Dominion, or frontier settlement, or lonely fishing station, or mining camp is without its modest Methodist meeting-house. Methodism is foremost in every good work and social and moral reform, and especially in the great temperance campaign now in progress in our country.

In Queen's Park, Toronto, is our splendidly equipped Victoria University—which recently celebrated its sixty-third birthday—one of the oldest and best endowed in the Dominion. Its beautiful college buildings, costing two hundred thousand dollars, are the gift of the generous Methodist layman, the late William Gooderham. In federation with the Provincial University of Ontario, it is largely moulding in secular education the intellectual life of the community, and is also one of the great

theological schools of this continent. Few colleges have had more able and scholarly presidents than the late Drs. Ryerson and Nelles and the present Chancellor Burwash; their administration of this institution covers forty-eight years. We have a strong theo-

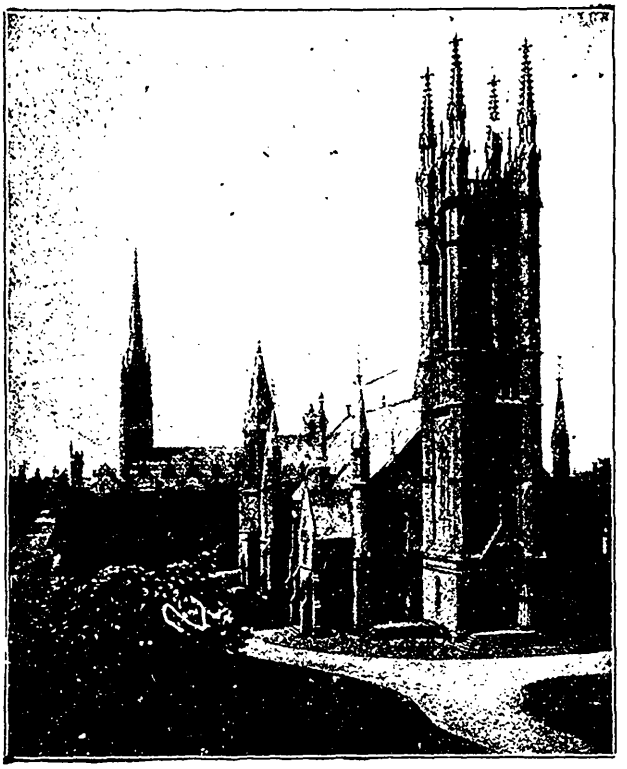
THE REV. DR. BRIGGS,
Book Steward at Toronto.

logical School at Montreal, in affiliation with McGill University, under the able presidency of the Rev. Dr. W. J. Shaw, as it was for many years under that of our blind man eloquent, Rev. Dr. Douglas. We have also, besides our university and college at Sackville, N.B., successful colleges for both sexes at Stanstead, Belleville, St. Thomas, Winnipeg, and New Westminster, and vigorous ladies' colleges at Whitby and Hamilton. The genial and eloquent Dr. Potts, so well known in Great Britain, is the indefatigable Secretary of Education for our Connexion, and is in labours and travel more abundant in the administration of his office.

The seal of the divine approval has been signally placed upon the union of the Methodist Churches of this land. Its numbers have increased from 1,663 ministers and 169,803 members at the date of the union in 1883, to 2,031 ministers and 282,259 members in 1899. Its resources have been greatly increased, its institutions have been strengthened, its missions have been multiplied, its spirituality has been deepened. The remarkable growth of the Epworth League, and its missionary and evangelical enthusiasm, are of brightest augury for the future of Canadian Methodism.

We must not omit to pay a tribute of appreciation to the self-denying toil and consecrated zeal of our apostolic chief superintendent, the Rev. Dr. Carman. At the call of duty he surrendered his life tenure of the episcopate in one of the uniting Churches for a quadrennial election in the united body. He has been unanimously re-elected to his high office, and has survived two of his revered and honoured colleagues, the Rev. Dr. Rice and the Rev. Dr. Williams. He seems to renew his youth in the vigour and vivacity with which he travels from end to end of the Dominion, and gives, more than any other agent, unity and solidarity to its operations, alike in our large cities, among the fishing villages of Newfoundland, the lumber camps of our great northland, and the mining settlements of British Columbia. In 1898 he visited Japan to confirm the churches and encourage the missions in the Land of the Rising Sun.

The missionary interests of our Church were long administered by a faithful son of British Methodism, the late Dr. Enoch Wood, then by Dr. Lachlan Taylor, and for the last thirty years by Dr. Alexander Sutherland, who is con-



METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

stantly on the wing, travelling from Bermuda to Japan to superintend its operations.

At the General Conference of October, 1898, Canadian Methodism made another forward movement. Inspired by the example of the mother Methodism of Great Britain, it resolved to close the century with a million dollar thank-offering for the signal manifestations of the favour of God. This project has been taken up with enthusiasm, and we are confident will be accompanied by great blessing to the Church at large and to its individual members.

Dr. Wilson's able article on Methodism in the Maritime Provinces has so fully covered the ground, that we omit further reference to the vigorous work our Church is carrying on in that part of the Dominion.

It is in no boastful spirit, but in recognition of the good hand of God that this record of progress is made. To God alone be all the praise.

Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

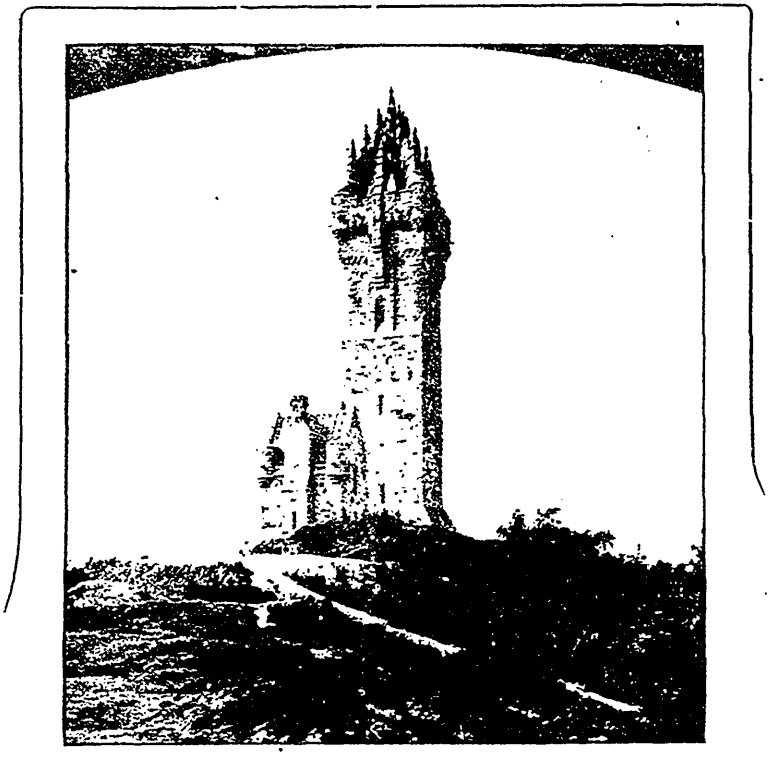
NEW PATHS.

We wake to see a new world spread
With whiteness from above,
The sullied paths of yesterday
With joy we find are swept away,
In this new proof of love.

And now, as we again step out
To make fresh paths to-day
We gratefully this day receive
And strive with humble hearts to leave
A pure unsullied way.

WALLACE WIGHT.

BY THE REV. JOHN MACLEAN, M.A., PH.D.



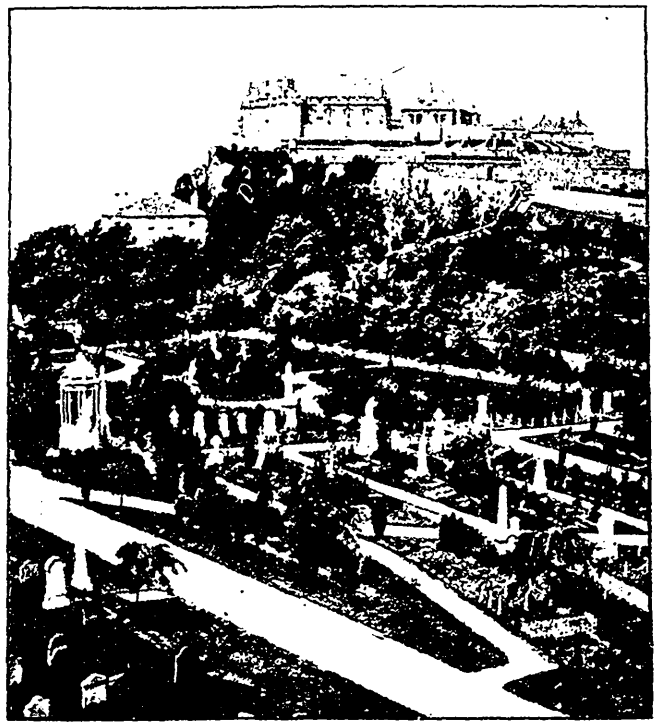
WALLACE MONUMENT, ON THE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN.

"Fell Southrons said that Wallace felt na sair
Guid devotion, sae, was his beginning,
Conteined therewith, and fair was his ending."

Romance has pictured no grander career, though he died upon the scaffold, than that of Sir William Wallace, the hero of Scotland. The glorious deeds of the Cid are inwrought in the literature of Spain, but there is not a Scottish heart that does not thrill with emotion at the mention of the name of him who laid the foundation of the liberties of the men of the heather. A halo of immortality encircles the uncrowned heads of Wallace and Burns which increases in brightness with the passing years. Scotland enjoyed a period of tranquillity, and was more civilized and prosperous during the reign of Alexander III. than at any other time in her history. It was a sad night for the country when the good king rode along the coast of Fife, near Kinghorn, and in the dusk was thrown over a precipice and killed. The date is worth remembering—March 19, 1286—for it marks the close of a time of peace and plenty, and the incoming of an era of adversity and red-handed war.

Alexander departed enshrouded

in the affections of a grateful people, and the keen eye of the Southron king, Edward I., watched for the opportunity of uniting the kingdoms of England and Scotland. The hour had not yet come, for there were barriers in the way of subjugation or peaceful annexation, and Edward was an astute statesman, who preferred the peaceful mode of litigation to the



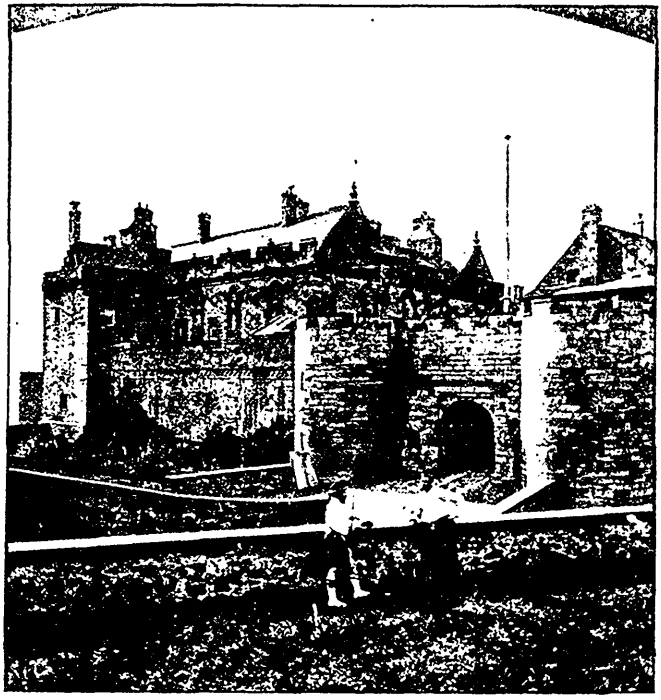
STIRLING CASTLE, FROM CHURCH TOWER.

doubtful measures of war with a courageous and patriotic race. The fragile maid of Norway, daughter of King Eric, and granddaughter of Alexander III., was the heiress to the Scottish throne, and Edward saw a chance of uniting the kingdoms by the marriage of the fair maid to his own son. The young couple were cousins-german, and within the degrees prohibited by the canon law, so the Southron monarch sought a dispensation from the Pope. The fates were against him, for with the arrival of the papal bull granting permission, came also the announcement of the death of the young queen at the Orkneys.

The cupidity of the unscrupulous king was aroused by the claims of no less than eleven competitors for the throne of Scotland, of whom the chief were Baliol and Bruce. He had resolved to subdue the kingdom, but as he was not prepared to use force of arms without a pretext, he resorted to legal process for discovering the rightful claimant to the throne by an examination of the State papers, meanwhile asserting his right of over-lordship.

On November 17, 1292, Edward declared in the hall of Berwick

Castle in favour of Baliol. Three days later John Baliol swore fealty to the king of England, and his coronation as king of Scotland took place at Scone on the last day of the month. King John, as the vassal of Edward, was subjected to a condition of humility and isolation, and, goaded by the Community of Scotland, he renounced his allegiance to the King of England. The Scots took up arms, only to be defeated with great slaughter by the English troops at Dunbar Castle. John resigned his kingdom on behalf of Edward, and poor "Toom Tabard," the king of Scotland, was sent to the Tower for safe keeping. His heart must have been strangely warmed when he heard some years afterward of the decisive victory of Bannockburn.

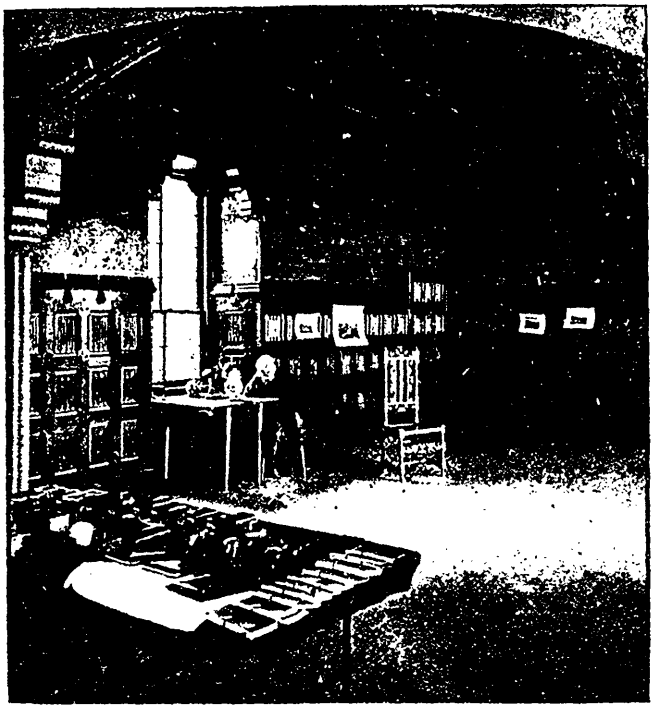


STIRLING CASTLE.

The conquering Edward passed triumphantly through Scotland, distributing offices to his favourites, established a new Treasury at Berwick on the model of the Treasury at Westminster, made a new seal for the realm after destroying the Great Seal of Scotland, removed the Holy Rood, and carried away the Stone of Destiny, upon which the kings had been crowned, and enshrined it in the coronation chair of Britain. These acts aroused the turbulent spirit of the people, and the day of retribution was at hand.

An obscure young man of Scottish blood felt keenly the sad condition of his country. With the soul of a hero burning with passion, he vowed to free the land from the rule of the oppressor, or die in the attempt. Blind Harry, the minstrel, waxed eloquent as he sang the virtues of William

Wallace, "In happy tym for Scotland thow was born." The hero of Scottisli liberty was the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace, of Elderslie. He was born in 1274 or 1275. The Wallace family belonged to the county gentry, and their son William enjoyed such training as fitted him to become bold and free among men. He received the elements of secular and religious education from the monks of the Abbey of Paisley, which was then the centre of learning for the district. The youth was able to read and write English, Latin, and French. He understood Gaelic, and was versed in ancient and modern history, the science of his day and simple mathematics. He was sent to the priest of Kilspindie, in the Carse of Gowrie, for further instruction. It was while there that, in his seventeenth year, he entered upon his career as the avenger of the wrongs of his native land. While at Kilspindie he was grossly insulted by a young Englishman named Selby, and in the scuffle struck his assailant dead. He escaped to the house of a friend, where the lady disguised him in a dress of her own, and set him down to spin. At night he fled from the town. His father and brother had been slain by the English, and the young man brooded painfully over his troubles. Branded as an outlaw, he fled to the hills. While fishing in the waters of Irvine, five Englishmen passed by, and proceeded to appropriate his fish. He fought with them, and killed three of the men. He sought refuge in Laglane Wood with a single attendant. In several single-handed combats he



DOUGLAS ROOM, STIRLING CASTLE.

worsted his enemies, and the news of his prowess awakened the public mind to a prophecy that the English should be turned out of Scotland by the hand of a Wallace.

"For sooth, ere he decease,
Shall many thousands in the field make end,
From Scotland he shall forth the Southrons send,
And Scotland thrice he shall bring to the peace,
So good of hand again shall ne'er be kenned."

band was reduced to only sixteen men. Several times he narrowly escaped being slain, and twice was compelled to disguise himself as a woman to elude the scouts who were intent on securing his head. His victories aroused his countrymen, and he became the champion of the liberties of Scotland.

Hope sprang up in the breasts of the men of the heather. With a

GREYFRIARS CHURCH, STIRLING.

Wallace gathered a band of fifty young men of heroic hearts, and rode toward Loudon Hill to await in ambush for an English convoy proceeding to Ayr. The one hundred and eighty horsemen scorned the small band on foot, but so valiantly did the hero and his men ply their swords that one hundred of their enemies were slain. With a force of only fifty men he defeated five hundred English. By frequent skirmishing, his little heroism that could not be daunted they said:

"The rycht is ouris, we suld mor ardent be;
I think to freith this land, or ellis de."

While Wallace was smarting under terrible wrongs, the hopes of patriotic Scotsmen rose high, and troops of friends enlisted under his standard. While quietly returning from mass, he was set upon by two hundred men. He reached his own house, and his wife held

the enemy in parley while he escaped. The English put his wife to death, but their crime was soon avenged when Wallace returned and slew its perpetrators. The champion of Scottish freedom became so popular that he found himself at last at the head of three thousand horsemen and many footmen.

Soon nearly the whole of Scotland north of the Forth was under the control of Wallace. The stalwart champion, on learning that the English army was making for Stirling, hastened to dispute the passage of the Forth. The English general sought to induce Wallace to come to the king's peace, but his proposals were indignantly spurned. As the hero sternly watched from the slopes of the Abbey Craig the enemy slowly defiling across the bridge, at the opportune moment the blast of his trumpet was the signal for attack upon the divided forces. The English army was completely routed, and so great was the victory that in ten days not an English captain was left north of the Tweed, except in Berwick and Roxburgh. Scotland was delivered, and Wallace became the guardian of the realm.

"Scotland for the Scots" was the aim of the great deliverer. Blind Harry puts into the mouth of his hero the chief thought of his heart,

"Be caus I am a natyff Scottis man,
It is my dett to do all that I can—
To fend our kynrik out of all dangeryng."

Scotland was suffering from great scarcity of food, and to relieve the distress as well as to restore order, strengthen the defences, and foster industry, Wallace divided the country into military districts, instituted energetic measures, and made frequent raids into England. Again Edward made extensive preparations for war. A great battle took place at Falkirk, when the flower of the Scottish army was slain. It was a terrible blow to Wallace, and was due chiefly to the superior numbers of the enemy, to internal dissension, the precipitancy of the Scots, and above all to the treachery of Comyn, who commanded the cavalry, and heedless of what befel the foot-soldiers, fled without striking a single blow.

Great was the rejoicing in London at the news of the victory. Wallace, saddened by the defeat, but more by the causes which led to it, resigned the office of Guardian of Scotland, and quietly went to France. In his retreat he sought to further the interests of his native land by appealing to King Philip, the Pope, and the King of Norway. After being absent four months, he returned to begin anew his guerilla warfare.

In the meantime Bruce had been appointed by the Scots nobles Guardian of Scotland. Edward's attempts to subdue the fractious nation met with no success, and the Scots, united in the defence of their country, made repeated raids into England. The Pope laid claim to Scotland as a fief of the Holy See, a claim that was rejected by Edward as well as the barons of Scotland. The king of England made preparations to resist the attacks of the Scots, and was defeated near Roslin.

The treacherous Comyn submitted to Edward, Bruce bowed his knee to the Southron king, and Stirling Castle surrendered to the English. This was not a victory to boast of, as there were only twenty-six persons in the castle. In this dark hour the one Scots leader who was determined to live or die a free man was William Wallace.

There was not much heard of Wallace for the next five years after the battle of Falkirk, but he

was not inactive. Vain were Edward's attempts to conciliate the man who feared not death, but boldly said, in the language of Blind Harry :

> " In this caus that I wend,
> Sa that we wyn, I rek nocht for till end,
> Rycht suth it is that cenys we mon de ;
> In to the rycht, quha suld in terrour be ? "

Such a man must be caught if he could not be won, and who should lead the hunt but a renegade Scot, Sir John de Menteith. Foul befall the name of the man who could so far forget his country. His reward may be seen in the traitor's face cut in stone in Dumbarton Castle, where formerly he was governor. A trap was laid to ensnare Wallace under the guise of an interview with Bruce to talk over the affairs of the kingdom. A treacherous attendant removed his arms as he slept, and sixty men secured the man whom Edward feared. He was hurried by by-paths to London, where he arrived on August 22, 1305. The farce of a trial was gone through next day at Westminster, and he was condemned to death for treason. They dragged him at the tails of horses through the streets of London to the place of execution. The Psalter which he habitually carried about with him was held, at his request, before him by a priest until his executioners had done their will. His head was placed on London Bridge, and the four quarters of his body were sent to Newcastle, Berwick, Stirling, and St. Johnston. Here was a patriot dying for his country, who was stigmatized as a traitor, but he never did homage to the king of England, and was only a prisoner of war. He laid the foundation of Scottish independence, and sealed his faith with his blood. There would have been less rejoicing in London could the English have seen six months ahead, for in that time the banner of freedom waved defiance from the towers of Lochmaben, and Bruce was crowned at Scone king of Scotland. Soon after Edward II. invaded Scotland, and with thirty thousand men met Bruce at Bannockburn, but was utterly defeated, and Scotland was declared a sovereign and independent kingdom.

Let us for a brief space look at

> " The manlyast man, the starkest off personn,
> Leyffand he was ; and als stud in sic rycht
> We traist weill God his dedis had in sycht.

He was of gigantic proportions, with strength in agreement with his size, of goodly mien and boundless liberality, a man of indomitable courage. He was a political and military genius. Opposed by the ablest generals and most seasoned warriors of his day, he defeated them all. He was humane toward all unwarlike persons, saving women, children, priests, and weak folk, but unmerciful toward men of war. His men loved him as a brother, and were faithful to him as their chief. He was keenly alive to the needs of the kingdom as seen in his earnest endeavour amidst warlike activity to resuscitate its industry and commerce, and reorganize civil order. He was destitute of personal ambition.

NOTE.—It strangely illustrates the spirit of the times that the father of Edward I. left charge that his bones might not be buried till they were borne in triumph from Berwick bounds to the utmost highlands. King Robert himself ordered that his heart should be embalmed and sent to Palestine to be buried in Jerusalem. According to tradition, the good knight Douglas, charging against the Moors in Spain, hurled the precious casket containing the king's heart "a stone cast and well more" into the ranks of the enemy, exclaiming,

> " Now pass thou forth before
> As thou wast wont in field to be,
> And I shall follow, or else dee" ;

and then fought his way to it and recovered it, " taking it up with great dairtie." It was brought back and buried in Melrose Abbey.—ED.

He was a man of the people, and was loved by them with a devotion which words cannot express. He made the ascendancy of Bruce possible, and was in every sense the true deliverer of Scotland.

Scotsmen are doing their share in imperial expansion, consolidation and administration, but that share would be indefinitely deferred and marred, did not the uncurbed passion of freedom pervade their nature. Freedom has found its truest type for Scotsmen in the name and person of Sir William Wallace, and is it too much to say that as all the world loves the lover and the hero, so it cannot help admiring the man who loved Scotland more than himself. Like the peal of a clarion do the stirring words thrill the hearts of the sons of the heather—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled—
Scots wham Bruce has often led."

Neepawa, Manitoba.

NOTE.—A word as to our cuts. The royal borough of Stirling, with its famous castle, perched upon a lofty crag, is one of the most picturesque and historic places in all broad Scotland. The view from the ramparts, of the lovely valley of the Forth, and the purple-vested Ben Voirlich, Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi and the rest of the Titan brotherhood, is unsurpassed even by that from Calton Hill. "Queen Mary's View" is a small opening in the wall where the "fair mischief" watched the tilts and tourneys in the jousting yard below. Here is a quaint old hall, adorned with strange mythological figures, where the ancient parliament of Scotland used to meet. In a gloomy chamber of the palace, James V. slew with his own hand his guest, the Earl of Douglas; below is the monument of bold Wallace Wight, shown in our initial cut, and hard by the world-famous field of Bannockburn. —ED.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

Farewell, Old Year, the rustle of whose garment,
Fragrant with memory, I still can hear;
For all thy tender kindness and thy bounty
I drop my thankful tribute on thy bier.

What is in store for me, brave New Year, hidden
Beneath thy glistening robe of ice and snows?
Are there sweet songs of birds, and breath of lilacs,
And blushing blooms of June's scent-laden rose?

Are there cold winds and dropping leaves of autumn,
Heart-searching frosts, and storm-clouds black and drear?
Is there a rainbow spanning the dark heaven?
Wilt thou not speak and tell me, glad New Year?

As silent art thou of the unknown future
As if thy days were numbered with the dead;
Yet as I enter thy wide-open portal,
I cross thy threshold with glad hope, not dread.

To me no pain or fear or crushing sorrow
Hast thou the power without *His* will to bring;
And so I fear thee not, O untried morrow!
For well I know my Father is thy king.

If joy thou bringest, straight to God, the giver,
My gratitude shall rise, for 'tis His gift;
If sorrow, still, 'mid waves of Grief's deep river,
My trembling heart I'll to my Father lift.

If life's full cup shall be my happy portion,
With thankful joy I'll drink the precious draught;
If death, my waiting soul across life's ocean
But little sooner to my home 'twill waft.

So, hope-lit New Year, with thy joys uncertain,
Whose unsolved mystery none may foretell,
I calmly trust my God to lift thy curtain;
Safe in His love, for *me* 'twill all be well.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE NATION.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,

Chancellor of Victoria University.

We celebrate to-day the sixty-third anniversary of the founding of our college by Royal Charter, in 1836. The event was in itself one of no little importance to our Church and to our country. To our Church it meant the founding of her great moral and religious work upon principles of the highest intelligence, and the advancement of her people to the position of prominent influence which they occupy to-day. To our country it meant a new advance in the struggle for civil and religious liberty and equality, a struggle long since crowned with permanent and perfect success. In the advancement of these principles, the charter was a step forward, not for Canada alone, but for the whole Empire, for it was the first Royal Charter for an institution of higher education granted outside the control of the Established Church.

Our Charter Day anniversaries in the past have repeatedly marked important points in our own college history. Such were the opening in 1841, by Dr. Ryerson, of the first college in Ontario with university powers; the opening in 1851, by Dr. Nelles, which was almost a new beginning of our academic history; the opening in 1887, when Dr. Nelles was ending a life-work which had given Victoria a permanent place in the educational history of Canada. The present is another such epoch, as it closes the old century. Another year will launch us into the new.

This turning-point between the centuries is being marked in many of our churches by an effort for the more thorough equipment of the Church's work at home and for a wider extension of her work abroad. In this effort Victoria is taking her part and good progress is being made, as we have already reached the seventy-sixth thousand in our endowment movement. An important part of this movement is the work undertaken by our graduates. Already over eight hundred graduates in arts have gone forth from the halls of Victoria, and more than two thousand from her faculties of medicine, law, and divinity, while since her first opening, sixty-three years ago, more than five thousand students have received from her hands their highest educational advantages. The class leaving college last spring was the largest in the history of the college, and the entering class of the present year is most encouraging both in numbers and ability.

It is a very fitting thing that the college and the university should take their place in this twentieth century movement, for they are a noble part of our heritage from the past century, and they are inseparably linked in with the history both of our churches and our country. It is now just a hundred years since the foundations of our university were laid in Upper Canada. The twice-sifted settlers who came to Canada to preserve their British institutions were many of them university men. They well understood the importance of education in the founding of a new country. They built perhaps more wisely than they knew when they resolved first of all to make provision for a university, then for

* An address given on Charter Day at Victoria University, 1899.

four collegiate secondary schools, and finally for elementary schools. But the problem which presented itself to them in the founding of this provision for education was no easy one. Our U. E. Loyalist fathers were religious men. They recognized the importance and office of religion in the work of education. Their conception of education embraced the development of the moral and religious elements in education as well as the physical and intellectual. But here arose the difficulty which delayed the educational foundations of 1799 for full thirty years, an entire generation.

If morals and religion are the basis of education, and the State takes charge of education, how can education stand independent of all entanglement with the Church? The answers have been various. The sentiment of our people has been that the moral and religious side of education rests with the Church and pre-eminently with the Sabbath-school, while the State in the system of public schools takes the general charge of the secular side of education. So far as public schools and high schools are concerned, there has been an attempt made to solve the problem, but when we come to the college we meet a new difficulty, and we see the attempt to solve it in the federation scheme in our great Provincial university to-day in which the various Churches have their colleges linked in with the Provincial university, some of them doing their work in one way, others in another way, some taking the full responsibility of an arts course, as Victoria, others confining themselves to theological work, as Wycliffe and Knox, and others combining the work to some extent, as the case of St. Michael's just across the way; but in all cases the Church taking part in this great work of education side by side with the State, but at the same time on thoroughly independent lines, the Church receiving no aid from the State, and the State free from all entanglement in religious matters.

Recently we have heard a great deal of criticism with reference to the Provincial University. We do not wish to take time to-night to repeat that criticism; perhaps if we did so it would be giving it undue importance. The criticism may be right and it may be wrong. There can be no doubt that there are dangers that lie around a State university, like all State institutions. The professors may degenerate into small officials of the civil service, and you know the character that officers of the civil service are likely to assume. We do not think it can be said that the professors of the university are of that character. We know them pretty intimately, and know that the great majority of them are men who love their work and are devoted heart and soul to it, men who are laying their very best talent and ability and energy upon the altar of their country in this great cause of education. In saying that we are only doing justice to these men.

There is also perhaps a danger in connection with a State university of the great body of the people feeling that the university is provided for out of the public funds and that they need have no care or interest with reference to its support, its enlargement or its future. To take that position is, of course, to throw the university, like all other branches of the public service, into the sphere of politics. It is to devolve upon the Ministry in power the entire responsibility of every addition that might be made to the university endowment and of every other expenditure that might be necessary for the more perfect efficiency

of the university work. We think this very undesirable. The university should live in the hearts and affections of all the people. It is peculiarly the institution of all the people. Some classes of our society, especially the labour unions, are disposed to look upon it as peculiarly a rich man's institution.

We know the university students thoroughly. Two-thirds of the boys pursuing their university studies have to win their own way by the sweat of their brow, sometimes by the most laborious employments. Some have delivered newspapers, others have worked as conductors or motormen, or in factories, and many labour on the farms to win their way. It is not the sons of rich men who are climbing up to the top of the ladder in our university class lists, and are winning the medals and scholarships, but the sons of those who are born without the patrimony of wealth.

That means that the university is above all other institutions in this land the friend of the poor man and the poor man's children, the institution which brings up the best blood and the best brain of the ranks that had least money, and places the brainy men in the highest positions in the land, keeping the whole machinery of our commercial, industrial and clerical life in touch with the great body of the people from whom these recruits are continually being brought, through the instrumentality of the university. It is peculiarly a popular institution for the benefit of the people, and especially for those people who might be disposed to grumble at any extra expenditure or outlay for the university. It is said that the man who would enjoy a higher education should pay for it, but this principle would lead to the higher knowledge becoming a prerogative of the wealthy people and to the wealth ruling our country.

The first work of the university is to furnish the country with men, men in the very best sense of the term, and the very first criterion which should be applied is, "What kind of men does it produce? Where do you find your university men?" In judging of university systems, and especially in judging university systems in the world, perhaps that criterion is the very best that could apply. There is no doubt that in the matter of scholarship the German universities, especially during the past century, have stood pre-eminent as places where the most thorough type of scholarship has been produced. While that is true, no country under the sun has been so served with grand men, all-round men, moral men, men whose intellectual powers have been called out, all-sided men, men of profound faith, of high social culture and polish; no country in the world has been so served with grand men as has old England, God bless her. When one speaks of that side of university life, and of the results of university work, it seems to me that the English universities, after all, have done the grandest work, all over the country, of any institution in the world to-day.

But another function of the university is to furnish the country with the necessary scholarship. There never was an age when scholarship, when learning, was more necessary than to-day; the entire industrial revolution has made the world more than ever dependent on scholarship. One of the best young men in the university has left his post as teacher at $1,000 or $1,200 a year and has been employed by a great manufacturing establishment in this city at $4,000. That means that this institution is so dependent on

the higher learning in the department of chemistry that it can afford to take the most perfect scholarship and skill and pay high for it for simply industrial purposes. Then in the department of medicine the call to-day is for the highest scholarship. Medical knowledge is not of an empirical character. Medical science to-day is founded at every turn upon the most careful investigations of a scientific character, which needs men of the highest scholarship. Physical science is running the street-cars to-day, and controls nearly all means of communication, and perhaps in the century to come, when the rivers to the north of us are devoted to running machinery throughout the province in the absence of the coal which we do not possess, it will be still more essential. Scholarship is more necessary than ever before, and to the university we must always look as the fountain head in which scholarship can be acquired.

Again, the university is the fountain head from which must come the knowledge supplied to all our people through the public schools. The university prepares the high school teacher for his work, and in turn he trains the teacher of the elementary school. The university becomes not the apex, the climax of our educational work, not the lonely summit of the mountain attained by the few, but the very foundation of the whole structure. The method of teaching and the subjects taught, and the entire ideal of education, are dominated from the university. If, then, the millions expended in our educational work are well spent, if the methods, subject matter, and ideals of education are to be perfect, we must keep a most jealous eye upon our university. It is the very heart of our educational life.

Looking at the future, there are two or three things which we think are greatly needed: first of all, the loyal, hearty support and co-operation of all our people in the work of building up a great national university; second, in the university itself we need the harmonious working of all the elements of the university on perfectly equal terms, with no one jealous of any other branch or department; third, we want our Government and all our liberal people to take hold of our university, we want our people to take hold of our colleges and our Government to take hold of our great central university and put it in a position second to none on this continent. "Let us join heart and hand," he concluded, "in this great enterprise, and let our gift for the twentieth century be such a gift as our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren will bless us for in the days to come."

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Make it a glad one, Thou dear Lord,
To whom the years belong;
Make it a happy year, all crowned
With love, and praise, and song.
Fill it, yea, let it overflow
With loving gifts from Thee;
And best of all, dear patient Lord,
A grateful heart would be.

A heart to thank Thee for the gift
Of each new year of life,
A heart to trust the Hand which sends
Each joy, or care, or strife.
A heart to pray (and to believe
That Thou dost answer prayer),
A heart to hope, a heart to love,
A heart to keep and share.

O tender Christ, bless Thou this year!
Bless Thou its dawn, and bless
Its noon-tide and its evening, Lord,
And let each heart confess
As days and weeks and months go by
To help the year grow old,
That of Thy glory, King of kings,
The half not yet is told.

THE OLIVER CROMWELL STATUE.

BY THE REV. DR. LATHERN.

THE NEW STATUE OF CROMWELL AT WESTMINSTER.

An Oliver Cromwell celebration meeting was held in Queen's Hall, London, on November 14th, 1899, at which Lord Rosebery was the principal speaker, and on the same day a Cromwell statue was unveiled in Parliament Square.

It has been a humiliating thought that England has been so long unable to find for Oliver Cromwell a place in her trophied temples, or niche of honour among her ancient and renowned kings.

Stuart statues crown some of the

noblest squares of English cities, and portraits of the indolent and frivolous Charles II., and the voluptuous beauties of his court, line the national galleries. But, until now, no fitting place has been found for the ablest statesman, the greatest soldier, and the most sagacious and enlightened ruler of his time.

The erection of this colossal statue in front of Westminster Hall signalizes righteous reaction from the period of the Restoration. "It was an extraordinary, a singularly significant, spectacle when a peer who had been prime minister was seen addressing an assemblage, in which were Bishops of the Established Church, members of the House of Lords, and Commoners of all political parties, in praise of a regicide in whose honour a Conservative Government had erected a statue in obedience to the will of the people." Lord Rosebery's speech on the occasion is said to have been the finest he ever delivered, and to have aroused an intense enthusiasm.

And yet Cromwell needs no monument of stone. Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches" must ever constitute for him a noble and enduring memorial; while the unveiling of a national statue will add new zest to the perusal of those magnificent volumes. They are a complete revelation of the man; and, making allowance for the rough work which fell to his lot to accomplish, exhibit a character of singularly consistent and noble type, and a mind regal in its simplicity and grasp. Through the infallible test of continuous and consecutive correspondence, an ordeal that few public men in troubled times can creditably sustain, these letters afford ample refutation of the partial and puerile histories, with their medium of distortion and prejudice from which many of our earliest impressions were received.

Simultaneously with the unveiling of the Parliament Square statue, appears the first instalment of Oliver Cromwell's Life, by John Morley, profusely illustrated, in the current number of The Century Magazine. It promises to be a most brilliant biography of the illustrious Puritan. Speaking in his Prologue of the figure of Cromwell emerging from the mists of time, Mr. Morley hints at alleged contradictions of career and varied semblances, from the hypocritical usurper to the transcendental hero. But it is claimed by this latest and probably most gifted biographer that Cromwell's largeness of aim, "his freedom of spirit, and that energy which comes from freeness of spirit; the possession of a burning light in his mind, though in the light of our times it may have grown dim; his good faith, his valour, his constancy, have stamped his name, in spite of some exasperated acts, upon the imagination of men over all the vast arena of the civilized world, wherever the English tongue prevails."

The first appearance of Oliver Cromwell in public life, 1628, was not prepossessing. He was a respectable farmer, of good lineage, but there was about him no expression of polish or gentlemanly refinement. Yet underneath an ordinary appearance, uncourtly manners, seamed and sallow features, and harsh, untunable voice, might be detected the stamp of highest manhood. A powerful frame, firmly compressed lips, a massive brow, over which fell flowing hair, parted in the middle, and resolute attitude, as of conscious destiny, marked him out for leadership in troubled times. His utterance was vehement, and his sentences were often bewildering in their confused verbiage, but these parliamentary speeches had

the weight and force of practical wisdom, and from the first were "very much hearkened unto."

Those were days of deep humiliation, perverted justice, trampled right, arbitrary taxation, unconstitutional levies, forced loans, exorbitant fines, wholesale monopolies, feudal exaction, the Thorough and Star Chamber, and a government without parliament for nearly twelve years. They were days of Charles I., given to dark and perverse ways,—for the Guise blood was in his veins,—and of Strafford and Archbishop Laud.

Even more galling and irritating than the deeply designed and despotic schemes of Thorough, by which the rights of a free people were so seriously imperilled, was the tyranny of ecclesiastical administrations. Innovations were made in established forms of worship. Canons and ceremonies were multiplied to a vexatious degree. For the upper classes, there were flowers and incense, millineries and upholsteries; and for the common people, sports upon the village green. For loyalty to conscience and conviction there were whips and pillories, slit noses and mutilated ears, fines and imprisonments. A system of surveillance was extended to every corner of the realm, and during that regime England was "merry England," no more.

Short parliaments having been vexed into tempestuous violence and hastily dissolved, the Long Parliament met in 1640. Grievances were now redressed with an unsparing hand. The boundaries of constitutional liberty were accurately defined. Strafford was impeached and Laud imprisoned. The Star Chamber and High Commission were swept away. A "grand remonstrance" was presented to the king. Extreme measures produced reaction, and a royalist party was organized, that for a time gave promise of wiser administration.

But Charles, who promised to consult responsible advisers, proved incurably prone to a wretched king-craft. He preferred other counsels, and chiefly through his perverseness and duplicity the nation was plunged into fratricidal strife.

For nine long years there was civil conflict in England. With varied and alternating fortunes, the tide of battle between royalist and parliamentary forces swept through the land; but ever with a bright light in Cromwell's conquering track, until his "crowning victory" was won, and he became master of the Revolution.

To the Lord General, Milton addressed his matchless sonnet, 1652:

"Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies and His work pursued,
While Darwen's stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resound thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

Transition from civil war to established government, always a thorny track, was extremely difficult at the period of the Commonwealth. But the Lord General was no longer the simple Puritan squire. His mind expanded with the greatness of the occasion, and, by the right divine of the gift of ruling, he proved himself to be regal in all but name.

Had Oliver Cromwell's administration not been thwarted by obstreperous parliaments, and by fierce and factious sectaries, who regarded his magnanimous policy

as time-serving compromise, it would probably have presented a model of moderation and wisdom. As it was, under all its disadvantages, the Protectorate is entitled to honourable recognition and a bright record in the annals of English history.

In an age of political and ecclesiastical intolerance, civil and religious liberty were established on lines to which there had been no previous parallel. Constitutional law was administered upon a greatly improved system. Parliamentary representation was reformed with such thoroughness that even now, after centuries of tolerant legislation and enlightened State policy, we are but working out the same programme. The public service was opened to fair and honourable competition. Learning and literature were patronized and protected. Oxford and Cambridge universities were fostered, and Durham University founded. Eminent men, irrespective of party or political principles, such as Owen and Usher and Jeremy Taylor, were specially distinguished. On the bench was Sir Matthew Hale,

> "For deep discernment praised,
> And sound integrity, not more than famed
> For sanctity of manners undefiled."

John Howe, the illustrious author of "The Living Temple," became chaplain to the Protector; while greater Milton, already meditating his sublime and immortal song, filled the important office of Latin Secretary of State.

But the consummate and commanding ability of Oliver Cromwell's civil administration was even surpassed by the splendour and successes of his foreign policy. The maritime superiority of England, lost under the Stuarts, was regained, and her proud commercial rival, the United Provinces, was glad to accept of peace at any price. A special mercantile treaty was negotiated with Denmark. An embassy was sent to Sweden, and Oliver Cromwell won the romantic interest of the young Queen Christiana. He commanded the friendship of France, the haughty Louis and the crafty and brilliant Mazarin, and from them received costly presents of wine, tapestry, and Barbary horses. The proud empire of Spain was humbled, her treasure-ships were brought in triumph to London, and the valuable island of Jamaica wrenched from her western possessions. Pirates of Tunis and Tripoli, long the scourge of commerce, and the terror of the high seas, were chased and chastised. With the conquering Blake he swept the Mediterranean, and fixed his eagle eye upon Gibraltar as a strategic fortress rock and a most desirable acquisition to his country. The Vatican was threatened by the thunder of his guns, and persecuted communities in distant Alpine valleys, and blood-stained Piedmont, were protected by the potency of his name; so that, in recent Armenian atrocities, the thought uppermost with Protestants of England was, "O for an hour of Oliver Cromwell!"

Thus was realized the "splendid improbability" to which the Lord Protector was pledged, that, before his death, he would make "the name of an Englishman as much feared as ever was that of an ancient Roman."

"England," says Goldwin Smith, "feels safer beneath the aegis of his victorious name; and the thought returns in danger, not that we may have a Marlborough or a Black Prince, but that the race which produced a Cromwell may at its need produce his peer, and that the spirit of the Great Usurper may again stand forth in arms."

Halifax, N.S.

DR. BUTLER AS I KNEW HIM.

BY THE REV. A. W. NICOLSON.

This eminent Irish-American, scholar, preacher, and missionary, whose great work in India and Mexico is so well known to all readers of Christian enterprise, spent a few weeks in the Lower Provinces during 1866. His recent death brings back to memory some singular circumstances in his career as related by himself in public and in private conversation. It rarely falls to the lot of a man who springs from ordinary life to go through such marvellous extremes of danger and honour, of hope and fear, as followed each other in Dr. Butler's history. He was a noble specimen of manhood in those days of his prime. Fresh of face, portly, alert, brimful of the humour of his native land, eloquent and versatile, he carried an audience through a two hours lecture giving them scarce time to breathe. Bursts of applause were broken into by the impetuous speaker sometimes, in his impatience to overtake the ideas that hurried upon his memory and imagination.

His lecture before the Conference of 1866, which survivors will always regard as the crowning occasion of the old Centenary, St. John's, existence, was the treat of a lifetime. The spacious building was crowded with the members of Conference, at that time attending from Newfoundland to western New Brunswick, before the first Union of Canadian Methodism.

Notable hearers had the lecturer, many of whom have been numbered with the host beyond, to whom Dr. Butler himself has recently been gathered. Dr. Richey, the Nestor of the Conference, was there, his fine classic features, his silky curls of grey hair, and his expressive eyes making a marked picture as he leaned over the pulpit, in front of which the lecturer occupied a large platform. Dr. Dewolfe, too, whose besignant expression and flowery eloquence were associated with keen scholarly intuitions, sat among the elevated group of notables, sometimes suggesting a word, when Dr. Butler, just returned from India, hesitated, as the English language now was partially rusty to his tongue. Brewster, the man of marvellous imagination; Narraway, the logical, persuasive orator of Provincial Methodism: Albrighton, whose ear and eye and tongue were trained in all the proprieties of personal appearance and speech; MacMurray, also an Irishman, the theologian among his brethren. These and many other appreciative hearers mingled with the best citizens of St. John listening to Dr. Butler.

His subject was, "The Sepoy Rebellion." For over two hours he stirred his audience, from the philosopher to the beardless boy. All clapped and wept and laughed by turns. Dr. Butler had been entrusted with the serious duty of organizing the converts of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that vast territory into compact shape. While there he found himself in the centre of the cyclone that swept over wide districts and shattered the best structures of society far and near. He described how he first went into Lucknow or Cawnpore with letters of introduction to the authorities, going up to the Residence on the back of an elephant, and guarded right and left by British

soldiers, for there was suspicion of treachery before the rebellion broke out. This strange experience he contrasted with his last visit to the same city before returning, and after the war was over. There were bazaars open along the principal streets, sellers and buyers perfectly secure under new laws and police guardianship. A rollicking son of Erin, relieved from soldier's duty for the day, went out loaded and primed with strong drink for fun and mischief. Beginning at one end of the bazaars he strode along the street shouting and shaking a heavy stick, the Sepoys fleeing in every direction.

An officer stepped into the magistrate's court and reported the wild conduct of the Irish soldier. "Arrest him at once," said the irate magistrate. "We have tried," answered the officer, "but he is wild, and we cannot take him." "Send out a corporal's guard, then, and bring him, if necessary, at the point of the bayonet." The soldier and his shillalah were at length brought in. "What do you mean, man," said the man of law, "by this disturbance of the peace?"

"Arrah, there, yer anner," was the reply, "I've jist bin perfarming me vow, please God. Manny a sore mar-rch I've had after the villyuns, across the hot sands, and I promised the Holy Lady if oncet I got a chance I'd flake them. And now, if yer anner jist says the wurred, I'll clane the streets of the city of 'em, I will."

Then the lecturer aptly quoted the words so descriptive of a cowed and conquered people, "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." No better picture of the terrible revenge which Nana Sahib brought upon his hordes was ever presented than in that passage. But the inimitable drollery of the Doctor's recital, as he brought out the Irish soldier's yells and contortions, sending the Sepoys scurrying in all directions, kept his audience in uncontrollable laughter. Dr. Richey was hidden behind the pulpit, above which his head would emerge at times long enough to show the effects of the fun on his classic features. This writer sat near him and enjoyed Dr. Richey's defeat in his attempts to keep cool and grave, quite as much as Dr. Butler's electric storm of eloquence.

Another memorable picture of that great lecture was the scene of the guard which Dr. Butler and some companions organized in self-defence. After describing the narrow escapes from the savage rebels, whose cunning and cruelty were too much for many innocent Europeans in those terrible days and nights, he told of the gathering on the mountain top of a few scores of men, women and children, with no food and in momentary danger of insult and death. The troop of Falstaff, he told us, was not more grotesque than this self-constructed guard. The women and children were huddled away in a cave, while the men—merchants, tourists, mechanics, and this minister of the Gospel, provided as best they could means to defend them.

A pathway leading to the mountain summit, wound about a point some distance below, where the Sepoys must show themselves if they approached. This path the beleaguered men cut away so far that only one person could pass at a time. "Then," said the Doctor, "we took turns, musket at shoulder, to watch that narrow pass and pick off any scoundrel enemy who might show himself." Some one in the audience called out, "Would you have fired, Doctor?" "Fired?" he asked. "Yes, minister and all; and when the last bullet went

out I would have turned the butt (the boot he pronounced it) end of my gun and clubbed them to my last breath." It was a tremendous applause that greeted him then!

It became my happy lot to drive with Dr. Butler over the marsh country of Tantramar, being then stationed in Sackville. He was looking at this time toward Mexico, where he subsequently repeated, for the Methodist Episcopal Church, the same organizing methods which he had followed in India. His amazing energy, his almost restless ambition to be employed for his Master, his massive ideas, his clear apprehensions of the divine possibilities open to the Church if only she were willing to go forward, his masculine manhood, joined to so sweet and tender a spirit, kept one thinking and wondering and questioning at every turn in the conversation. On our return we obtained from him and Dr. Dewolfe a privilege we highly esteemed of having them both engaged in dedicating our child in baptism, bestowing their joint names on the occasion.

We have known many men mighty in the eloquence of pathos and description, but the equal of Dr. Butler on the platform we have never listened to. There were and are great orators on that rare bench of Bishops across the line, several of the very chiefest of whom we have heard, the versatile McCabe, the superb Fowler, the massive Newman, the intense Foss, the scientific Warren, the unique Taylor, with others of wide fame, but Butler, who never was called Bishop, was yet worthy of being ranked among the noblest Romans of them all. He finished his great work, and his day's darg was done.

New Glasgow, N.S.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door,
When the sands were wasting thin;
And the frost lay white on the Old Year's thatch,
And his hand grew chill as he slipped the latch
To let the New Year in.

And the New Year perched in the Old Year's chair,
And warmed by the Old Year's fire;
And the Old Year watched him with wistful gaze
As he stretched his hand to the fading blaze,
And cinders of dead desire.

And the Old Year prated, as Old Years will,
Of summer and vanished spring;
And then of the future, with grave advice,—
Of love, and sorrow, and sacrifice,
That the seasons' round would bring.

And the New Year listened, and warmed his heart,
In the bloom of the Old Year's past;
But he gave no heed to the thorns that lay
In the bud and blow of a coming day,
And nodding, he dreamed at last.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door
And warmed in the Old Year's chair;
And the Old Year talked till the New Year slept,
Then forth in the night he softly stepped,
And left the New Year there.

DENIS PATTERSON—FIELD PREACHER.

BY KATE THOMPSON SIZER,

Author of "Avice Tennant's Pilgrimage," "Alys of Lutterworth," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES TRESIDER.

AT THE GRAVE.

CHAPTER XXII.

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL."

Denis Patterson's illness lasted a long time. The injuries received on that day of riot and mob-fury were of a serious nature. A stone had struck his head as he fell into the river, and the previous rough handling from his assailants had also left traces. He had suffered more than any one; the other Methodists, even Mr. Wesley, had escaped with nothing worse than menaces and bruises.

The squire was carefully and kindly nursed in the Haworth parsonage. But, when he had partially recovered, he craved for his own home in Longhurst, and Mr. Wesley granted his faithful follower a furlough at last. The squire came back to Longhurst when October splendours were lighting the woodlands. As he sat in the post-chaise—he was not strong enough for horseback travelling yet—he watched all with the eager delight of one who has been shut away from "the goodly earth and air."

A yellow ash drooped at a turn of the road; it was like a sudden gleam of sunlight on the dark hedgerow. The elms were striped with russet and pale gold, and the fading bracken clung around their feet in splashes of cinnamon and ochre. There were scarlet hips along the roadside, and drops of coral on the hollies. A blackbird sat feeding hungrily as the squire passed, plunging his slender yellow bill among the berried sprays. All the pleasant country sights and sounds stole in on the sick man's consciousness in a healing harmony.

When he reached the long pasture before his house, he sat up, leaning forward to look. There stood his home, fair and well-kept as ever. Rows of trim stacks behind it testified to Tom's farming ability, and sleek-looking cattle were grazing in the meadows. The lattice-panes of the house-windows glittered, clear as diamonds. Late pink roses were on the porch, and Michaelmas daisies stood in sober, cheerful array along the garden paths. The door opened as the chaise drove up, and a tall boy ran out, shouting, "Welcome!"

The squire looked at him in uncertainty. "Is it——?" he began.

"You have not forgotten me, have you?" cried Tony reproachfully. "I have been living in your house all these years, and Bethia says your kindness has made a man of me. Don't you think" (anxiously) "I shall be a man before very long? I am ten, and big of my age. Tom says I am a wonderful help to him. We have ever so much to show you. Tom and I. There are new calves, and such a beauty of a foal; and we have got the harvest up, and drained the swampy meadow, since Tom last wrote to you. Oh, do come in and hear about it all."

The boy's chatter was useful in dispelling the emotion which the squire, still weak from illness, felt at seeing his old home again. He laughed at Tony's enthusiasm, accepted his

hand to help him out of the chaise, and was able to return composedly the quieter greetings from Hannah and Bethia who awaited him in the porch.

It was very strange to come back and find his home so changed, and yet so unchanged. Mr. Patterson had only visited it twice for a day in the four years since he left it, and had not had time then for more than a surface glimpse. As a sick man now he spent of necessity long hours indoors, and the household life flowed on in its quiet stream before his eyes. At first it was with a pang (though it had happened by his own wish) that he saw strangers so at home by his old hearth. When little Bab perched herself on the chair that had been his wife's, or children's laughter rang from the room where she had lain silent in death, it smote him sharply. But he soon perceived that his sacred past was guarded with all the reverence he could desire. Frances' books and Frances' workbasket were in their old places, and never touched by careless hands. Every little relic she had left was safely preserved, and when he visited her grave in the churchyard, he found it beautiful with the starry white flowers of the small everlasting.

"Bethia planted them," Bab confided to him shyly. "She said it was the only return we could make for your great goodness."

Bethia's place in the altered household was naturally a prominent one, and the squire watched her actions with curiosity and interest. He admired the tact she brought to bear on various delicate relations. She was not the mistress of the house and never aspired to be, but he saw that even the stiff-willed Hannah bent to her opinion, while Betsy served her with the devotion of love. The children under her care were well trained, and throve like happy plants in the sunlight. The squire thought the plan he formed long ago at the Foundery had succeeded well.

Bethia was sitting by the parlour fire one winter evening, teaching Bab and another of the orphan girls to knit. The warm light shone on her fair hair and sweet, gentle features, and touched into ruddy tints her neat dress of sober brown. The little girls wore gowns of dark red, as simply made as Bethia's; but she could not deny them the brighter colour, knowing that children love gay hues as they love flowers. Mr. Edmonds sat near, buried as usual in his book. Tony was in the kitchen, discussing some farming business with Tom.

No sound broke the quiet except the little girls' voices as they asked for help in the difficulties of their work, or Bethia's soft tones as she answered them. The picture was so pleasant and homelike that the squire could not keep his eyes from it. Looking up, Bethia met his gaze, and blushed a little.

"I have some news for you, Mr. Patterson," she said, recovering herself. "I met the vicar to-day in the village, and he bid me say he would call on you soon."

"That is news, indeed," said the squire, rousing himself. "He has not lately been a warm friend to me."

"He is changing, I think," answered Bethia.

"Yes, so Hannah told me," returned the squire, looking interested; "she said your visits to his old nurse had influenced him."

"Mary Pilgrim's influence might tell on him, mine could not do much," replied Bethia, vexed to feel a rosy flush creeping up on her cheeks, and hoping the squire would think it the reflection of the firelight.

"Others would not say so," said Mr. Patterson with an animation that surprised himself, and caused Mr. Edmonds to look up from his book.

"Ah, what are you saying?" he asked, pushing back his spectacles. "Were you talking of the vicar? He has lost his evil genius now that bad man Larkins is seized for the war, and he is improving fast. We shall see him a Methodist yet."

"May your prophecy prove a true one," said the squire, relapsing into silence, while Bethia, delighted to hear her father identify himself so clearly with the interests of religion, smiled across at him and forgot to notice that Mr. Patterson's eyes were resting with quiet intentness on her again.

"Call Tony and tell him to bring his Latin grammar," she said to her little sister, when the knitting lesson was over.

Bab darted off on the errand; she was her sister's willing helper on all occasions, and would grow some day into a winsome maiden much like Bethia.

"Who teaches Tony Latin?" said the squire. "Your father?"

"No; I do," answered Bethia, wondering if he thought the accomplish-

ment unfeminine; for the studies of ladies in the eighteenth century were usually confined, as Lord Byron wished them always to be, to their Bible and the cookery-book.

"I had to learn many things of the kind to help my father when he was a printer," she added, almost in apology for her own attainments.

But the squire did not think such an apology necessary. He had the reverence for learning which a scholar who studies late and with difficulty his own, found her answers so full and fresh, that an hour flew by in conversation that was delightful and invigorating to both.

When the squire went up to his room, he opened his Bible by chance at an unexpected place. Mr. Wesley, with a touch of the superstition of that age, sometimes consulted the sacred volume as if it were an oracle. Denis Patterson had caught the habit from his leader, and he started as his eyes fell, without any warning, on a

THE PROPOSAL.

generally feels. He listened admiringly to the patient instructions bestowed on the somewhat reluctant Tony, and took home for his own use certain clearly-put explanations.

"How much you must have read and thought before you knew so much," he said, privately determining to ask her opinion on some points in new sermons he was making.

"I have had a quiet life, with leisure to think," answered Bethia modestly; and the squire, putting before her certain mental difficulties of line from the Proverbs: "A prudent wife is from the Lord." The colour mounted to his face. He trembled and felt shy as a girl. Yet a flood of strange, unexpected happiness seemed to rush, warm and living, upon him.

Were there new ties, new love, possible, besides those that lay, broken and cold, in the grave by Longhurst church? Hannah had often said to him since he returned: "Miss Bethia is one of the mistress' own sort"; but the squire had not hitherto at-

tached any special meaning to the words. Now the vision of the soft gray eyes and serenely smiling face rose up before him, and he felt it was worthy to set beside the face so long and dearly cherished in his deepest heart.

Frances would have wished him to be happy, he knew, for she was always unselfish in her love. Bethia was like her, and would never grudge the prior claim of the dead wife. The squire lay sleepless all night, wrapt in his new dream of delicious enchantment till, sudden and cold, a sharp fear smote him:

What would Mr. Wesley say?

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT DID MR. WESLEY SAY?

A visit was due before long from the great evangelist. Longhurst was included in his regular rounds, and just now he was anxious about the recovery of his valued assistant preacher. Under other circumstances Mr. Patterson would have looked forward with joy to his leader's coming; but in the present case a certain consciousness made him shrink from encountering those far-seeing eyes.

He had not said a word to Bethia of the new thoughts and emotions springing up in him in a flood tide not to be restrained. He was loyal to Mr. Wesley, and would not take so great a step without his sanction; and if his leader frowned upon the new plan, Denis would endure the frowns alone, they should not fall upon Bethia.

But he watched her now with a lover's earnestness, and every day her charms multiplied in his eyes. The sound of her voice as she sung lullabies to Sophy's little Harry, her gentle admonitions to the other children, and her low tones of sympathy to the villagers who brought her their troubles, were sweet as music in his ears. He knew her face by heart; each shadow and light in the soft gray eyes, the smooth brow surrounded by the gold-tinted hair, the modest, frank glance, the serene curve of the lips, as sweet in rest as in smiling; these things came sometimes even between him and the new sermons he was making. He reproached himself, he was angry in secret at his own weakness; but, after all, he was only a man. Also he recognized—or the conscientious squire would have fought a stronger battle with himself—that this love had more that was spiritual than earthly in its elements. Once again God was using a woman's hand to lead him upwards.

Mr. Wesley arrived in the dusk of a December evening. The farmhouse kitchen was alight with the glow of a hospitable fire, and the faces of the little company that had gathered to meet him shone with as warm a welcome. Mr. Wesley gave a smile and a greeting to all present—his memory was as marvellous as royalty's—and a special kindly word to the bairns. He preached them a sermon like himself, clear, pointed, spiritual. The meeting broke up and the evening passed, before there was time for the personal intercourse his host was dreading.

It came at last, however. Bethia had taken her part as usual in the household duties, and then retired with her youthful charges. Mr. Patterson was unaware that he had followed the maiden's movements with watchful eyes; indeed, he had tried to keep his glance from wandering to her sweet face. But Mr. Wesley was a keen observer. When Mr. Edmonds, now grown rather feeble and tottering, had taken his candle, and they heard his slow steps ascending the stairs, Mr. Wesley turned to his sole remaining companion, and said with startling directness:

"Brother Patterson, beware of idols."

The blood rushed to the squire's fair-skinned face. He stooped and adjusted a crackling log on the hearth before he answered:

"Idols win the heart from God, Mr. Wesley. Nothing does that with me, I humbly trust."

"Perhaps your thoughts are more of earth than you know, Brother Patterson," was the uncompromising answer. "I fear that young maiden is proving a snare to you."

"She has helped me more than any one but you—and one other," replied the squire with energy.

"Then it is true that you love her?" said Mr. Wesley.

"I do," and the squire looked up, his blue eyes shining as he made the avowal.

John Wesley was silent, gazing into the depths of the ruddy fire. Perhaps something in the squire's words reminded him of episodes in his own life. He had loved "not wisely but too well;" and his memory must have held many a bitter-sweet page.

Disappointment and trial met him whenever he tried to find happiness in woman's love and home life. It was from a nest stirred up and shaken that he took his eagle-flights. Perhaps his own denials added a shade of austerity to his character, but perhaps they gave also a deeper insight and sympathy; for no gain can teach like loss. He began in a softer tone:

"But you are pledged to the life of a field-preacher, Denis Patterson; will you give it up and turn back?"

"No," said the squire, with quiet decision; "if she takes me, she takes me as I am."

"Then you will leave this pleasant home," said Mr. Wesley, looking round at the room in which they sat, with its air of comfort and safe shelter; "you will leave all this, though further brightened by a wife's affection, and go out again to face cold and weariness and peril for the Master's sake?"

"Have not I promised it?" said the squire, with a grave simplicity that won his hearer's admiration.

"You are a brave soul," cried Mr. Wesley, grasping his friend's hand warmly. "But still, you are falling to a lower level," he added, contemplating him with regret, for a touch of his early High Church asceticism clung to John Wesley long.

"A lower life." The squire smiled happily. "In Eden God gave man a helpmeet, and whenever now He does the same a bit of the lost Paradise comes back."

Mr. Wesley looked at him, a smile thawing all severity out of his face.

"You are far gone, I see, Brother Patterson; and arguments will not avail. This thing I will say, you might search far without finding a worthier bride. Bethia Edmonds is not only fair of face, but most sweet and pious of soul."

"It is true," answered the radiant squire.

"So I give my blessing on your projected union, and will join your hands when you ask me to do so," said Mr. Wesley, looking at his friend with sympathy and affection.

This was more than Denis Patterson had dared to hope. He lay down to rest with a light heart, and rose up in the morning joyful, till the remembrance came that he had still to win his bride; and to his astonishment he found himself turning bashful as a girl at the prospect.

Bethia wondered, having no clue to the mystery, what made her host stammer and blush in addressing her for several days after Mr. Wesley's visit. She grew shy, though she could not have told the reason, of being alone with him; and avoided him so successfully that poor Mr. Patterson began to despair of ever gaining his opportunity.

One came when he least expected it. Crossing a distant field on his farm one wintry afternoon, he saw small, delicate footprints in the snow, and to his joy espied a trim figure moving a few yards ahead.

Bethia wore a hood and a long cloak of dark green, a colour that might have been borrowed from the clumps of green-needled firs she was passing. A lock of her fair hair had escaped from its hold and curled round the edge of her hood in pretty contrast to the dark green hue. A soft pink rose to her cheeks as the squire's steps came beside her, and in her look and air there was an agitation which her lover hoped must augur favourably for him.

"Do you know that after Christmas I shall leave Longhurst again?" he asked, plunging into his subject without giving himself time to choose phrases.

"I did not know, but I supposed it; I knew that your life allows scarce a halt," answered Bethia, feeling uneasily that the squire's blue eyes were regarding her steadily, and that the hot blood was mounting to her face in response.

"Yes," replied her companion, taking up her words gravely, "mine is a broken, changing life; and, therefore, I have scarcely the right to ask what nevertheless I do ask of you."

"I have time for more work," said Bethia, thinking Mr. Patterson was going to lay some fresh plan for the benefit of the village before her.

"I was not thinking of work," he answered, to her surprise, his voice deepening with emotion, "but of love. Bethia, will you share such a precarious, unresting existence as mine? We have the same hopes and the same aims, we work for the same Master; but our lives apart are lonely. I for one should be stronger with your love to support me; and you, Bethia, would not my love bring you a little happiness?"

He tried to take her hand, but she resisted, looking troubled.

"You forget, Squire Patterson," she said, purposely giving him his village title of respect, "I am your inferior, your pensioner! weighed down too

by the burden of helpless ones I must care for. Go and ask some happier, freer lady."

"Your cares have made you what I love," he answered tenderly; "and in taking you I will take your burdens, too."

"No, no," she replied, with determination, looking up at him; but then meeting the love in his eyes, her own dropped, and the rosy blushes came.

"You love me?" he whispered, bending over her.

The blushes vanished, and paleness came instead.

"But, Squire Patterson—your wife," she returned in a low tone, holding him off.

His face changed.

"Have I said I should forget her?" he asked, in moved accents. "Do you think that my life will ever be as though she had not lived? No, you may know the truth of my love by this; that, even to you, I must and do profess that she will always keep her own place in my heart."

"That is right and just," Bethia answered warmly. "Indeed, Squire Patterson, I could not love you if you had been disloyal to your wife's memory."

"Then you do love me," said Denis, quick to take advantage of her unconscious avowal.

The warm colour dyed even her brow. Her eyes sank in utter confusion, and she tried again to recover the hand of which her wooer, in spite of her, had managed to gain possession.

"I did not mean—oh, what was I saying?" she stammered.

"But you will not unsay it," said the squire, growing bold; and, although the mounting colour made her fair face like a damask rose, Bethia did not unsay it, then or afterwards.

"Mr. Wesley was afraid you would want me to give up my preaching," said the squire, as they paced up and down the snowy field, which, to their fancy just then, seemed perfumed and blossoming as spring.

Bethia opened her shining, happy eyes, in astonishment.

"How could he think so? He does not yet know me. You could have no title I love better than—Denis Patterson, Field Preacher."

"I knew you would say so," was the lover's quiet rejoinder of intense satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END, BUT A NEW BEGINNING.

Denis Patterson was well now, and needed back at his work. The early Methodist preachers were allowed but a short space in their lives for romance. Wooing and betrothal and wedding must all take place by Christmastide, unless the lovers wished their marriage to be indefinitely postponed. And Christmas was only three weeks away.

Mr. Wesley wrote word that he would marry the pair as he had promised. But it was difficult to find a church near, in which the clergyman would allow him to perform the ceremony. Bexley, where the vicar was an old friend, was talked of, and the bride and bridegroom also debated whether they should go to London, where there were several liberal-minded clergymen whose churches would be freely offered to the great evangelist.

In the midst of these discussions, the Vicar of Longhurst walked up one day to the farm.

"I have called," he said, in a manner dashed with embarrassment, yet sufficiently cordial, "to congratulate you on your coming marriage, Mr. Patterson. The bride has won many hearts in Longhurst beside yours."

"Thank you for your praise of her," returned the squire, much pleased, while the vicar cleared his throat, and hesitated before speaking again, in a way very different from his old bluff readiness.

"I have heard," he began at last, "that you wish the Rev. John Wesley to perform the marriage ceremony. My church is at his service, Squire Patterson; though, perhaps, you will let me take some small part in making such an old friend as yourself happy."

Denis was surprised and very touched. His own voice faltered as he said:

"This is great and unexpected kindness, Mr. Noakes, and no place could be so pleasant for me to be married in as Longhurst church."

"So I supposed." The vicar cleared his throat again unsteadily. "And to such an old friend as you, squire, I may say that a man makes mistakes sometimes; but, if he is a man, he will own them. I have said hard things of the Methodists; I wish to take them all back."

"Then no Methodist will ever remember them against you, Mr. Noakes," said the squire heartily.

The vicar bowed gravely, and went on:

"Your wife—that is to be—has lived the life of a saint in the parish; her influence has gone further than she knew. And you, squire, have done much to show me my mistakes. May we be friends once more?"

"Gladly," answered Mr. Patterson, grasping the other's hand.

"Mrs. Noakes will be at the marriage, which takes place, so Mr. Frant tells me, on Christmas Day; and I hope many parishioners will attend, too, to show how high in our esteem and love you and your future wife stand."

The vicar said good-bye, and hurried away. Under his formal phrases a good deal of emotion was hidden, and the squire hastened joyfully to tell Bethia what had passed.

He was glad, as he knew Mr. Wesley would be, at such a reconciliation with the representative of the church in Longhurst. The early Methodists clung to the church in which they had been nurtured, and did not leave it till after long thought and careful deliberation. But

The old order changeth, yielding place to new.
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Between the old and new there need be no disagreement. Why, on the contrary, are not the old churches proud that new and vigorous branches should spring from them and take separate roots? Those who say persistently that "the old is better," forget that growth, when hindered, means decay and death.

On Christmas Eve Bab came running excitedly to her sister.

"Bethia, here comes a grand coach up the pasture. It is drawn by fine gray horses, and a little black page sits on the box by the coachman. What grand madam is coming to visit you?"

"I do not know."

Bethia looked out of the window in some perplexity, but then her face changed brightly.

"THE PREACHER AND THE BRIDEGROOM RODE AWAY."

"Why, Bab, do you not see? It is sister Sophy."

"I have not seen sister Sophy for so long I almost forget her," said Bab, drawing back shyly.

"Go and fetch Harry to welcome his mother," Bethia bade her, and ran down the stairs to greet her sister at once and warmly.

"What brings you here through the frost and snow?" said Bethia, leading Sophy in to the fire, and taking off her wraps with affectionate haste.

"Your wedding," answered Sophy. "It roused up every spark of curiosity I possessed, and I begged Lady Amelia" (Sophy had long left the Countess of Huntingdon's sober household, and was now companion to a

dashing young lady of rank) "to lend me the use of her coach and men, and she good-naturedly allowed me to come."

"I am very glad," said Bethia, who was on her knees chafing Sophy's cold hands and looking up into her sister's face.

Sophy had changed more in the four years than Bethia. Her dress was as gay as it used to be; she had long left off all signs of widowhood. Her hat, with its purple veil, set off her dark curly head and flashing dark eyes becomingly. She wore velvet and costly furs, fastened by jewelled pins. But there were lines in her brow where Bethia's was still fair and smooth, and a hardness in her face and voice that contrasted with her sister's gentleness and repose.

Bab entered, leading little Harry by the hand.

"Give me a kiss, child," said Sophy, leaning down carelessly. "There, don't cry," she added, as the boy fixed big, startled eyes on his almost unknown mother. "I have sweetmeats and toys for him in the coach. Go, ask the black page for them, Bab."

Then, as the two children went off together, she said:

"Harry is a disappointment to me. He does not grow like his father."

"But he is your child," cried Bethia, longing to awaken more mother-love in her sister and soften that hard look in her face.

"More yours than mine, I think," answered Sophy, arranging her hair at the glass. "I never cared for children, you know."

They sat together later in the day in Bethia's chamber. Sophy had made the squire's acquaintance, and asked his hospitality for herself and the servants she brought till the next day. It was granted willingly, and Sophy condescended to approve of her future brother-in-law.

"Pity he is a Methodist, though," she remarked privately to her sister. "Did you infect him, or he you?"

"We are both Methodists by conviction," answered Bethia with dignity, on which Madam Sophy put her head on one side and laughed.

"I have brought you a present of a wedding gown," she said, after a long chat on various subjects, old and new.

Bethia looked dismayed, rather than grateful. Sophy understood the look.

"Oh, you need not be frightened," she said with a smile. "I know that you Methodists dress as plain as Quakers. But what fault can you find with this?"

She pulled the wrappings off a parcel, and showed a white gown, of plain, but rich, stuff. Not a bow or frill marred its pure simplicity. Bethia's eyes rested on it with pleasure.

"I made it myself, and I shall dress you in it to-morrow; you will look like a lily in it, or a white nun; I don't know which," said Sophy, pleased that her gift was appreciated. "Tell me, Bethia, you are happy in this marriage?"

She spoke with more emotion than had been heard in her tones before.

"Very," Bethia assured her earnestly.

"You are so meek you can put up with a second place," she said, eyeing her keenly; "and men are so different to women. The squire can love once again. If I had been in his place—ah, there will never be more than one Harry for me!"

She uttered the words passionately, and a tear fell on the white surface of the wedding gown. Bethia saw it and was glad. It showed that at the core of her sister's nature there was a soft spot still, and she hoped that the human love so fondly cherished might some day lead Sophy to the divine.

Christmas morning came with pealing bells. A north wind blew, but sunshine too fell on the snow-clad fields and the distant hills. Bab and the other children had gathered great bunches of red-berried holly, and ivy, and pure Christmas roses, and stood in a bright, smiling, youthful group at the church door as the bride and her father came up. The church was full. Sophy was there with intent, dark eyes that for once had forgot to smile. Mr. Frant stood by the squire on this happy day, as he had stood by him in many a good deed before. There were old people Bethia had nursed, little children she had taught and cared for, nearly all Longhurst had brought good-will and kindly wishes for the pair they knew and loved.

Mr. Wesley spoke the words of the service, looking on the bridegroom with brotherly sympathy. The vicar gave the responses, and Bethia listened, wondering that such joy and brightness should come to surround a life like hers, once so lonely. She was like a lily, as her sister said,

in her white dress with her crown of golden hair; and the people pressed on each other to get a glimpse of her sweet face as she passed down the aisle after the service. Bride and bridegroom paused at a quiet grave in the churchyard. The snow had been swept from it, and a fresh wreath of white everlastings lay on the green mound.

Love is immortal," said Bethia, as they stood beside it.

"What she began you have finished," said the squire, in broken tones.

Next morning the preacher who had joined their hands and the bridegroom rode away. Bethia sent her husband forth, as the lady wished to send her knight in the poem—

To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
That the wicked bear along;

and she remained behind to do her old work among the orphans and the poor, and to keep a flame of home happiness burning, to which the squire could return and warm heart and soul, in the intervals between his arduous work.

"You will be happy, my brother and sister," said Mr. Wesley, "for you live for something higher than each other."

And Bethia, as she watched them ride away, her husband turning again and again for another glance, wore on her face the bright calm look of one for whom the prophecy was already being fulfilled.

THE END.

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"The Lord, he will be with thee, he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee."—Deut. xxxi. 8.

He, hereto Who safe hath kept thee,
Safe to keep henceforth is near;
Fearless, then, thou mayest enter
On another untried year.

What it holdeth—more of suffering,
Or some marvel of relief;
Sweet surprise of joy re-given,
Or new mystery of grief;—

Whether to its latest moment
Thou must tread earth's toilsome ways,
Or if almost ere it open
Past shall be thy pilgrim days;—

He, and only He, discerneth,
At Whose word the seasons move;
But His wisdom faileth never,
And unchanging is His love.

Hereto safely He hath kept thee,
Henceforth safe to keep is near;
Fully, then, in Him confiding,
Enter thou the untried year.

Toronto.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting
Another year with Thee!

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace:
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!

YOUR LITTLE BROTHER JAMES.*

BY CAROLINE H. PEMBERTON.

"YOU TAKE THIS AND HOCK IT."

CHAPTER I.

There is nothing so hard to kill as a baby nobody wants. If some one had loved your little brother—whose name was James—perchance he would have turned his face to the wall and died; but being unloved and fatherless and a burden to his mother, who longed to be rid of him, he lived on, in spite of cold, hunger, whooping cough, measles, marasmus, and long-continued and heartless neglect—for it seems sometimes as if nature hates to make a little grave unless she knows that it is to be kept green with tears.

"It's just to plague me that he lives!" his mother cried. "Why ain't he like other people's young uns? There's nothin' ever a-goin' to kill him." And she set him on the floor with a hard thump.

Thus the floor became early in life the abiding-place of little James, who developed, while in the crawling stage, a remarkable sagacity concerning things good and things evil; concerning pins that were meant to be held for hours in the mouth without swallowing, and apple-cores and orange skins that were to be swallowed with impunity—at least by your Little Brother James.

He was a cunning baby, after the fashion of a little cub—but with far greater need of cunning! He would lie for hours with his cheek against the floor and his thumb in his mouth; his eye fixed on a distant, unattainable, beloved object, until discretion ceased to be the better part of valour. Then with breathless activity, when the right moment came, would he scramble and wriggle over chairs, boxes, and rickety tables to carry out the long-cherished campaign of acquisition, by which a crust of bread on the window-sill became a toothsome morsel in the hungry little mouth.

As he grew older, he toddled out the front door alone into that great

*Dr. H. Clay Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday-school Times*, in introducing this impressive story to the American public, describes it as a narrative of facts, and emphasizes the importance of its lessons. "It gives a glimpse," he says, "of a large class of outcast children in our great cities, neglected and wronged by those who should be their protectors. "It shows that such children are often led to believe, and that many believe of them, that they are hopelessly under the curse of their parents' misdoing. Misunderstood science and perverted Christianity have combined to induce the belief that not only is there a real sense in which the children feel the evil influence of the sins of their parents, but that in all things the

wide world, which he knew as The Street, and which became to him henceforth home, school and playground. When he fell down he picked himself up without haste or wounded pride, and, if hurt, he knew better than to cry aloud.

At eight years of age little James was a curly-haired, bright-eyed youngster, whose knowledge of life had been gained by deep experience. The trolley cars which had lately begun to run in the neighbourhood failed in their endeavour to crush him beneath their wheels, while the horse cars, which they displaced, had long ago given up the attempt in despair, albeit he had always been seen on the track until the horses' hoofs were upon him—only to reappear on the curbstone smiling, unharmed and unconcerned, after the car had passed.

He attended school in an irregular fashion, and learned enough to read the signs of the shops, and to write his name with chalk on the steps of other people's houses. He had become an expert in the art of pawning household goods, and ever since he could remember had undertaken these mercantile transactions, not only for his mother, but for various other women in the neighbourhood.

"You take this and hock it," his mother would say, giving your Little Brother a push down the steps, while she laid in his hands a bundle and a scrap of paper containing an almost illegible request to the pawnbroker to send the money back by bearer. Little James knew the choicest resorts where articles of all kinds could be "hocked," including those select and highly favoured merchants who never asked any questions.

His mother was absent very frequently all day, and the door locked; so that it seemed not only safe, but perfectly just for little James—if he wanted anything to eat—to withhold a portion of the proceeds, and report that this was all he had received, or that he had lost the ticket, or that a big boy had robbed him of the missing pennies, or that a "Cop had chased him, and he had fallen down and the pennies had rolled out of his pocket. He varied these explanations from time to time, and presented the most appropriate with a winning smile and a deeply apologetic air.

A lie is a wronged child's only defence, and your Little Brother's shield of falsehood was adjusted to meet all the emergencies of life.

In the evening little James was to be seen on the street until ten and twelve o'clock at night, and sometimes all night, when it seemed the part of wisdom to keep out of his mother's sight.

Your Little Brother's experiences were not confined wholly to the streets. Various charitable institutions took charge of him for limited periods, while his mother was secluded in a city prison, but he invariably escaped from their custody and returned to his old haunts. His third escape from the good intentions of the charitable made up the last indictment that deprived him of the sympathy of respectable people. The officers of the Humane Society were obliged to hunt him from shelter to shelter, from stable to packing-box, from alley to highway, until at last they collared the child and brought him before a magistrate for commitment to a reformatory.

Little James, in his ninth year, now entered the ranks of a scientific classification. He was enrolled as a "Juvenile Offender." His character was briefly summed up on the magistrate's page as "incorrigible," and without any further charge against him than the fact that he had run away from three separate orphan asylums, he was committed to the House of Reformation.

"Why did you run away, boy?" asked the magistrate, with an air that was both judicial and benign.

A procession of all the things he particularly detested in institutional life passed through the mind of the small culprit, and he appreciated the importance of making a wise selection. It is always difficult to produce a

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children's teeth must be set on edge because of the sour grapes their parents have eaten.

"It shows also, and here is a prime value of the narrative, that this view of the case is not a right view; that all souls are God's, and that every child has God for a Father, and may claim by faith a place in the family of the redeemed. 'Heredity' in this sense gives hope for every child of the Father of all, and gives a claim for brotherly help to every 'outcast' child in city or country. 'Environment' may be changed, if 'heredity' cannot be. An outcast child can be surrounded by the best of influences, if only those are found who will be ready to care for him in love. In this narrative it is shown not only that the best work in caring for children is done by the individual for the individual, but also how this loving care can best be secured."

creditable reason from that well of likes and dislikes which is the mysterious source of childish energy.

A vision of children sitting down and standing up simultaneously at a given signal, passed through his mind; of interminable rows of mugs and slices of bread on a long, narrow table, with benches on either side; of a large, desolate room known as the "play-room," with nothing to play with except benches, which could not be stood on, jumped over, nor moved from their place along the wall, and the echo of an oft-repeated command rang in his ears:

"Children who put their fingers in their mouths will be sent to bed with one slice of bread and no milk."

Of course, it would be absurd to mention this last restriction to a grown-up human being. It was an idiotic, personal insult, the memory of which filled him with scornful anger—but it could never be mentioned to an adult—least of all to a magistrate, although it had contributed largely to his persistence in seeking escape.

All the other horrors were of the same class; they were equally unmentionable, because the universal rule of childhood is:

"Never explain to grown-up people what they cannot understand."

So your Little Brother, after a long pause, during which he fidgeted from one foot to the other, at last drew from the depths of his mental processes the following:

"I ran away because they whipped me and didn't give me enough to eat."

This bold statement was promptly dissected and laid bare as a calumnious falsehood, corporal punishment being forbidden by the managers of the institution, and the diet known to be both wholesome and abundant.

The magistrate and the officer of the Humane Society looked sad, and your Little Brother's pallor increased, notwithstanding his air of defiance; but he did not whimper as the constable stepped forward and led him away to the House of Reformation.

If the sum of his offences left anything to be desired, his rags, dirt and scowling forehead completed the portrait of the juvenile offender, against whom society must arm itself with high-walled reformatories, stripes, bars, compulsory tasks, and military discipline.

And as yet he had offended no one—being but a child of nine, homeless and friendless—and many had offended him from the moment of his birth, and of them is it not written: "It were better that a millstone were hanged about their necks, and they were thrown into the midst of the sea, rather than that they should offend one of these little ones"?

But it is not given to the sons of men to see as do the angels in heaven, in whose eyes this child stood as the offended one, and not as the offender. It was not given to your Little Brother to speak with the tongue of men or of angels, and tell the story of his wrongs. He could not explain to the worthy magistrate, nor to the representatives of a great Christian charity organized for his protection, how unendurable seemed the restraints of the well-managed Homes from which he had escaped; how dear and familiar those muddy streets, which his baby feet had trod as nursery and playground. Nor could he describe the shame and despair that fill the heart of the charity child when he finds himself robbed of all individuality. Like an infant Hercules he had wrestled with the monster Neglect, and had wrung the gift of life from a thousand untoward circumstances. But this pitiful, unnatural independence of a baby, with its silent reproach for the past, and its dreadful significance for the future, served only to fit him with a title that was so effective as to place him at once beyond the pale of human sympathy.

CHAPTER II.

"Are all these young children really bad?" asked a gentle-faced visitor as she stood in the centre of the well-lighted workshop in which two hundred inmates of the reformatory were busily engaged. The Prefect lowered his voice as he replied, with emphasis:

"I don't like to shock you, madam, but I assure you every boy in this room is more or less depraved and unfit to associate with other boys. It would be an outrage to allow them their liberty."

The visitor shivered, and looked from one boy to another with evident shrinking. Little James was among the workers, and bent his cropped head low over his task. He had overheard neither question nor an-

swer, but he understood perfectly the meaning of her glance. His mind was already stamped with the consciousness of his classification, and one of the greatest of the many unavoidable evils of a reformatory was rapidly sapping the foundations of character.

Your Little Brother soon fell into a routine of work, study, pastime and punishment. He attached himself to various comrades, and discussed with the air of a connoisseur the petty crimes for which these lads had been committed to the institution. No care on the part of the managers and superintendent was able to prevent this filtering of evil knowledge from the graduates in crime to the beginners. The deeds of the juvenile law-breaker became the common property of the inmates. The first question asked of a new arrival was:

"What did you do to get here?"

His story of transgression was heard with eagerness, and passed from one to another. In this way, boys who had done nothing worse than play truant from school learnt all there was to learn of till-tapping, house-breaking, and petty larceny of all kinds. Little James heard many a detail he had never known before, and imparted similar information to those who came to the institution more innocent than himself.

He progressed rapidly in the schoolroom, and laboured with great apparent zeal in the workshop. He discovered the art of chewing tobacco without detection—notwithstanding that the practice was strictly forbidden—and learned to sham sickness in order to escape overwork; to listen attentively to the discourse in chapel, and to sell forbidden eatables to his comrades at the same moment. His knowledge of crime became greatly extended, while at the same time he earned two honour marks and a pocket-knife for good conduct.

But after six months of reformation he was unexpectedly discharged into the custody of his mother, who, for reasons of her own, applied for his release immediately after her own from the House of Correction. The Reformatory happened to be overcrowded at the time, and he was permitted to leave it before the expiration of his term, in order to make room for others.

After his release it seemed to little James that the streets were swarming with ex-inmates of the House of Reformation.

He met them on every street corner, and claimed their acquaintance in that spirit of free-masonry that distinguishes tramps and jail-birds all the world over.

A few months later he was drawn into a company of petty thieves calling themselves the "Flying Heels," several of the members having made his acquaintance in the Reformatory. Your Little Brother was delighted to accompany them on their nightly pilgrimages. His mother being again under arrest, he took up his abode with his new friends.

An agile, quick-witted, trusty little boy is useful in all emergencies, but for purposes of crime he is doubly valuable if he happens to possess an innocent, childish face, and can look you straight in the eye and tell an astounding falsehood without winking. Your Little Brother could do all this, and he had besides a vast experience in disposing of salable goods. He was put forward to do the dangerous part of the work—to climb through the broken shutter of a store, to squeeze through the iron grating of a cellar window, and to open the door of a vacated house at midnight to his more cautious companions.

The "Flying Heels" dealt chiefly in lead pipe. This may not seem to the uninitiated a very valuable commodity, but to petty thieves there is nothing more alluring than the prospect of such booty. It has a recognized market value, and there are places where it can be sold and no questions asked. If questions were asked, your Little Brother could always parry them, and utterly mislead and confound his interlocutors. Many were the adventures in which he figured as the hero, and the depredations of the gang were becoming a source of mystery and annoyance to the police.

It was in September that the climax of these adventures was reached. An unoccupied house was broken into and yards of expensive plumbing were cut away, to the destruction of fine woodwork, frescoed ceilings, and velvet carpets. Little James, growing bolder with each victory, carried a sample of the booty to a hitherto untried dealer. The man examined the pipe carelessly and turned to the dusty shelves to replace a faded shawl—and to press an electric button.

The little thief waited impatiently

and half-angrily for his decision, but without any sense of danger—until a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he found himself in the grasp of a powerful city detective. Tears and struggles were of no avail. By night he was lodged in the Central Station House, and after a brief hearing the next morning before a magistrate, he was carried in a van with a number of adult prisoners, and thrust into a cell in the county prison to await trial at court.

The waiting cell of a city prison is not a pleasant resort, even to the most degraded criminal. The air is close, the food intolerable, and the walls, floor and bedding generally infested with rats and vermin. Your Little Brother wept bitterly for days after his incarceration. The vermin distressed him by day, the rats terrified him at night, and the food at all times made him ill. The hours of darkness were insupportably long, and after daylight had faded from the high, narrow aperture that served as a window, little James fell upon his knees and sobbed aloud with his head pressed against the stone wall. The screams of miserable wretches insane from drink, pierced the stone walls (impenetrable only to joy and sunlight) and smote his ear with fresh terror.

"Oh, Mister, gimme a pardner—why can't I have a pardner?" he wailed.

A kind-hearted keeper, who brought him soup and bread, smiled grimly, and thrust in a burglar of nineteen to share his cell. This soothed the fears and added greatly to the comfort of your Little Brother. He fell asleep without more tears. The time passed quickly the next day, and the hours were spent in talking, playing cards, and chewing tobacco.

Sunday was distinct from other days, owing to the arrival of a band of evangelists, who sang hymns and preached a sermon for the benefit of the prisoners. When the service was over, the door of the cell opened, and a middle-aged gentleman, hymn-book in hand, opened a conversation with his little younger Brother, whom he failed to recognize.

"How shocking to see a little boy in a place like this! What have you been doing?"

"I got took up," said little James, tearfully, ignoring first causes.

"You see," continued the old gentleman cheerfully, "the way of the transgressor is always hard. I have very little time to-day, as I have a great many poor souls to talk to. But I want you to remember two things—one is, that Jesus loves you, and the other is, that He wants you to love Him. Do you know who Jesus is?"

"Yes," lisped the Little Brother, looking up with eagerness, having been carefully coached by the burglar of nineteen to meet all the requirements of Sunday visitors, "He was born in a manger in Bethlehem of Judee; I heered all about Him in Sunday-school."

"And He says, 'Suffer them to come unto Me,' even such little children as you. Dear me, this is a sad sight, a sad sight!" for the haggard beauty of the upturned, tear-stained face of his Little Brother at that moment revealed the relationship, and smote his heart. Little James had indeed the face of an angel, and stood peering through the iron grating as if heaven lay outside, and hell within those iron boundaries.

"Can't you git me out?" he asked, plaintively.

"That is beyond my power," answered the preacher, sadly. "I fear you will have to take the consequences of your sin. Is there anything else I can do for you?" Your Little Brother pushed closer to the grating and gazed with all his soul into the eyes of the philanthropist.

"Can't you git me a leetle piece o' tobaccy?" he asked wistfully.

The burglar of nineteen in the rear of the cell waited hopefully for the result of this momentous petition—in which he had more than a joint interest—and continued to hold an open Testament piously on his knee. The worthy preacher withdrew, shaking his head mournfully. The keeper made his appearance, and closed the iron door as the evangelist moved away.

"He is a bad one," said the keeper, emphatically. "Looks little and innocent, but he is the leader of a gang of thieves—that young rascal—and only nine years old!"

"I suppose it is a case of natural depravity," commented the philanthropist, cheered by an hypothesis that seemed to clear all righteous souls of responsibility.

"That's it—natural depravity and no bringing up; allowed to run the streets day and night, and this is what it brings 'em to."

The suggestion of environment as an allied factor in the case did not disturb the old gentleman's theory, for

he continued his study of social phenomena from cell to cell without any further unpleasant consciousness of being his Little Brother's keeper. He felt indeed a renewed confidence in the eternal fitness of things which ordained from the first that he should adorn the outside and his brother the inside of a prison cell.

The day of the trial came at last, after seventeen days of imprisonment. Dear, gentle mothers, who would suffer self-reproach if you shut your naughty darlings within a closet for thirty seconds, calculate if you can, the mental, moral, and physical effect of shutting a child of nine in a prison cell for seventeen long weary days!

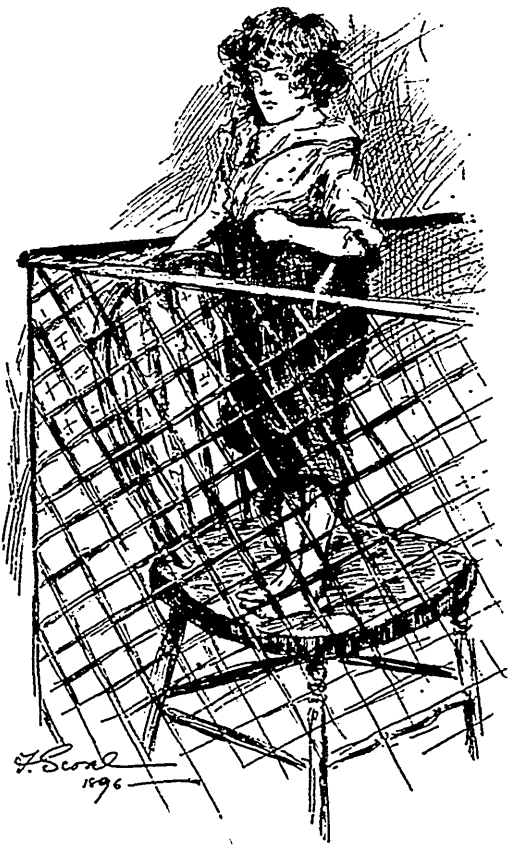
Little James was dazed by the shifting scenes of one day's experience—the van, the crowded court-room, the prisoners' dock, the witness stand—and deeply impressed was he by the officers of justice and the court crier, whom he mistook for the judge, until he finally distinguished that arbiter of his fate—a grave, over-worked elder brother, sitting immovably calm above the sea of faces.

Ragged, barefooted and filthy, your Little Brother faced the court, and in faint, faltering accents acknowledged his share of the criminal transaction. He was so small that he had to be stood upon a chair in the prisoners' dock in order to be seen by the court, and so ragged was he that his chest and right arm were entirely bare. Only his trousers held together, and they, being too large, were clutched firmly in his little dirty hands to prevent slipping. When asked by the District Attorney how much he received of the booty, he lisped:

"I didn't get nothin' but six cents," in such a aggrieved, childish whisper, that everybody in the court-room laughed, and even the judged smiled.

Little James resented the laughter, having expected sympathy instead. The older lads had escaped with nearly all the booty, leaving him the risk, the punishment, and six cents! He scowled and hung his head, and the tears came into his eyes. Further evidence was presented to show that this was not his first offence, and that he had already served a term in the House of Reformation, which facts he stoutly denied, knowing them to be to his disadvantage.

The officers of the Humane Society appeared, and related again the story of his midnight wanderings and frequent escapes from the orphan asylums, thus proving that he had always been incorrigible—or homeless. In the eyes of the law they were much the same thing. Altogether, things began to look very black for your Little Brother. The forces of law and order were ranged against him, and even the tender hand of charity was rised to strike him down—at least, so it seemed to the little offended one, as his wide-opened, frightened eyes turned from one to another strange face.



"The forces of law and order were ranged against him, and even the tender hand of charity was raised to strike him down."

At last he raised his eyes to the judge, at whom he had hardly dared to glance during the trial, and saw with surprise that he was engaged in conversation with a strange lady, who stood with upturned, eager face, and the judge's countenance wore its kindliest expression. He listened attentively, nodded, and the strange lady extended her hand and thanked him with an air of gratitude and a smile.

The judge took his seat and announced briefly that he would commit the child to a charitable association that had undertaken to provide him with a home and proper care.

"He needs both more than punishment. You can take him, madam," and he inclined his head graciously toward the strange lady who had converted him to this novel view of a juvenile law-breaker. But he was really delighted to escape the unwelcome necessity of committing another little wretch to a reformatory.

At such an unexpected and wholly incomprehensible sentence, little James, who had braced himself to expect the worst, concluded that some particularly terrible doom had been selected for him. With a burst of tears he sank into a heap of rags and curls on the chair. An officer of the court lifted him out of the prisoners' dock, and set him on his feet beside the strange lady, who clasped his hand firmly, and led him forth into the open air.

As they passed along the street, she devoted herself to carefully adjusted conversational efforts with her small charge, but the boy answered in monosyllables, with his face turned away. Every object in the street appeared to be of absorbing interest to him just at that moment. He gazed longingly at a slop cart drawn by a jaded old horse, and when that passed at a fire-plug, turning his head to inspect it critically from time to time, until it vanished from sight as they turned a street corner.

A wild squirrel from the woods would have been more responsive than was your Little Brother, who conceived that he was now within the grasp of another gigantic philanthropic machine with reformatory screws attached, to be set in motion later. More than hunger or cold did he dread the prospect of being reformed, and he secretly determined to resist all such efforts and to escape as soon as possible, unless prevented by stone walls of unusual thickness and height.

"You will like the country when you get there," the lady said, despairingly, as they passed within the doorway of the society's office.

Your Little Brother's mental picture of the country included a large stone building, with innumerable inmates in uniform, and invisible but inflexible rules controlling every impulse. The country might lie like a boundless prairie on every side, but it formed nothing more than a colourless background to the central figure of the Reform School, which rose prominently in all his visions of philanthropy.

"I don't want to go to no country," he answered, with a burst of tears. "I want to go home to my mother." Like all street urchins, he knew the value of this appeal to the maternal instincts, but he was miserably apprehensive that the sensibilities of even a female apostle of organized benevolence lay forever beyond his reach.

With a cold sinking of the heart he realized that his effort was a failure, for the hand tightened on his shoulder, and the face—albeit a woman's—grew stern instead of tender.

THE PAST YEAR.

The year is past and over.
What has it done for thee?
Hast thou grown in love and each Christian grace?
Hast thou grown more meet for the heavenly place?
What may the record be?

The year is past and over.
Gone are its golden days
In the which to serve the dear Lord of love,
And to lay up treasure for realms above,
Winning the Master's praise.

The year is past and over.
Say, hast thou spent it well?
Hast thou lived each hour with a purpose true,
Hast thou done each task thou wast called to do?
What does the record tell?

The year is past and over,
Save but a breath for prayer:
For the tasks undone, for the evil wrought,
O Thou God of grace, is forgiveness sought,
Farewell, farewell, Old Year!

—*Robert M. Offord.*

AN EPIC OF EMPIRE.*

It is no small credit to Canada and its Queen City, that one of the most important historical works of the century now drawing to a close, has been written in the quiet library of the Grange, one of Toronto's oldest homes. One of the most striking features of this book is what we may call its modernity, its vital touch with the throbbing problems of the times in which we live. The present thus throws a strong light on the past, and the past illumines the problems of the present.

Professor Goldwin Smith's charm of style marks every chapter of this history. The crystal clearness of each sentence, the graceful turn of phrase, the *curiosa felicitas* of word, the pointed apothegm and pregnant phrase are all here. We are lured on and on by the classic beauty of style, apart from the historic interest of the narrative and the philosophic reflections of the historian.

The earlier period Professor Smith sketches with firm but rapid hand, reserving for fuller treatment on ampler canvas the growth of constitutional liberty under the later sovereigns of Britain. The sympathetic treatment of the Great Protector is of special interest, as, after so many years of obloquy and hatred, Cromwell has received the late distinction of a statue in Parliament Square, above which his mouldering head had so long been pinnacled in scorn.

The unheroic story of the Georges, and the record of parliamentary reform and its results, are presented with a vigour and vivacity which make the dead past live again. In the closing chapters the story of the United Kingdom expands into the epic of the British Empire, embracing 360,000,000 of people in the homeland and scattered over the globe. Here is a mighty theme awaiting a new Camoens to write a nobler Lusiad. What we shall probably wait in vain to have done in verse, Professor Smith has done in prose.

The author's philosophical reflections illumine almost every page. Referring to the advantage of Great Britain's insular position he says: "Islands seem dedicated by nature to freedom. They will commonly be peopled at first by men bold enough to cross the sea, nautical in their habits and character. In later times, the island nation, the sea being its defence, will be exempt from great standing armies, while fleets are no foes to freedom."

In a single sentence this graphic writer can portray a character. Speaking of Alfred, "the model man of the English race," he says: "Round the head of Alfred a halo has gathered; his history is a panegyric; yet there can be no doubt of his greatness as a saviour of his nation in war, as a reorganizer of its institutions, of which pious fable has made him the founder, as a restorer of its learning and civilization."

In a fine vein of irony Dr. Smith disproves the alleged superiority of the conquering Normans to the conquered Saxons. "Philosophic historians call the Norman conquest a blessing in disguise. Disguised the blessing certainly was to those whose blood dyed the hill of Senlac, or whose lands were taken from them and given to a stranger. Disguised it was to the perishing thousands of the ravaged north. Disguised it was to the whole of the people, enslaved to foreign masters, and for the time down-trodden and despised. But was it in any sense a blessing?" And he goes on to show the noble elements of freedom, civilization and piety of the old Saxon stock.

In a severe arraignment of the Roman Catholic Church at the time of the conquest he says: "The Church had wandered far from the hillsides of Galilee, on which peasant crowds listened to the simple words of life and love. It had become dogmatic, sacramental, ceremonial, thaumaturgic, sacerdotal, hierarchical, papal. It had framed for itself a body of casuistry and a penitential tariff of sin. It had set up the confessional and the influence which to the confessional belongs. It had invented purgatory and masses for the dead. It had imbibed into its own veins not a little of the polytheism which it slew, worshipping the Virgin and the saints, adoring relics, practising pilgrimage. It had borrowed from the East asceticism and set up the ascetic ideal. It had adopted clerical celibacy, severing the clergy from the commonwealth and from the home. It had become intolerable and persecuting."

He admits the service which it rendered in curbing the despotic power of the

* "The United Kingdom," a political history in two volumes, by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Pp. xi-650; vi-482. The Macmillan Company, New York; Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

monarch and "by opening in an age of feudal aristocracy, the paths of preferment to the poor and low-born, whom it raised through its order to high places, both ecclesiastical and secular."

Like the scholar of large and liberal culture that he is, Professor Goldwin Smith vindicates the Puritan from the misrepresentations which have been so long current. "Our best reason for sympathizing with the Puritan and parliamentary cause in the coming battle is that in that camp on the whole were the most powerful and enlightened minds and the noblest characters of the day."

Of Puritanism as a system he says: "Compared with Catholicism it was rational. Compared with Catholicism it was tolerant. It had no Inquisition, no Jesuits, no Index, no *autos-da-fe*. It brought man, without the intervention of church or priest, into direct communion with his Maker. Its spirit was independent, high, and, in the battle with the Evil One, heroic. Its morality, though narrow, austere and somewhat sour, was pure and strong. If it was not favourable, it was not hostile to culture, and among its votaries were highly cultured men. Education it zealously promoted as a safeguard against priestcraft and as a key to the study of the Bible."

But though the Puritans passed away they left an indelible stamp upon the character of England: "Of Puritanism we hear no more; that mould nature breaks, as she had broken the mould of the Roman Stoic, of the Crusader, of the Huguenot, not without working something of each character into the abiding fibre of humanity. In its place came political nonconformity, having its seat chiefly in the middle or lower middle classes; sober-hued, staid and comparatively unaspiring; lacking culture, since it was excluded from the universities; lacking social refinement, since it was out of the pale of high society; uncongenial, therefore, to apostles of sweetness and light; yet keeping the tradition of a sound morality, as we still acknowledge in speaking of the nonconformist conscience; not rebellious or revolutionary, but struggling from age to age by purely constitutional effort for the removal of its disabilities, and, as an oppressed body, fighting always on the side of freedom. Its annals are not poetic or picturesque; but England might have been an Anglican Spain, less the Inquisition, if the nonconformists had not been there."

When the nation had again sunk into religious apathy and ignorance, another great moral movement was to save it from, perchance a lapse into atheism and revolution like that which in France overturned both throne and altar in the dust. "When in the eighteenth century," says Dr. Smith, "there came a religious revival led by a great evangelist and organizer in the person of John Wesley, it found the masses barbarous as well as without religion. Born and cradled in the establishment, Methodism could there find no abiding home. The new wine of the Gospel burst the old bottle of state religion, and the evangelist in his own despite was driven forth to found outside the Church of England the free church of the poor.

"The moral improvement of the nation, which by this time had begun, was due less to the influence of the court than to that of Methodism, with which assuredly the court had little to do, and of the evangelical movement within the establishment which Methodism set on foot; perhaps also to the alarm which the spread of scepticism had given the clergy, and to a recoil from the impiety and immorality of the Voltairean school."

The readers of this epic of empire will turn with special interest to the record of the making of Canada. Beyond the exploits of arms, the policy of statesmen, Dr. Smith regards as the truest elements of national greatness the valour and the virtue of the sturdy pioneers who laid the foundations of the empire in this land: "To the memory of conquerors who devastate the earth, and of politicians who vex the life of its denizens with their struggles for power and place, we raise sumptuous monuments; to the memory of those who by their toil and endurance have made it fruitful we can raise none. But civilization, while it enters into the heritage which the pioneers prepared for it, may at least look with gratitude on their lowly graves."

"ICH DIEN."—"I SERVE."

"Ich Dien," should be the motto
Of every human heart,
Living to serve all others,
Bearing a brother's part
For suffering or in glory,
For bliss or sorrow's smart.

"Ich Dien," we're born for service,
To help our fellow-man,
God's ministering spirits,
Part of His own great plan,
With joy let us then render
Such service as we can.

Toronto. —*Katherine A. Clarke.*

CECIL RHODES OF AFRICA.*

BY W. T. STEAD.

THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES, P.C.

Mr. Rhodes occupies no official position in South Africa. He is no soldier, neither is he intrusted with any official or diplomatic functions. But he is still, in war as in peace, the most conspicuous figure on the South African stage.

Mr. Rhodes, finding that war was inevitable, suddenly found himself restless at Cape Town, and, yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, set out for Kimberley on the very eve of its investment by the forces of the Boers. There he is, and there he is likely to remain. He has equipped a force of four hundred men at a cost of £15,000, and cheerfully awaits the development of events. Of the wisdom of placing himself in such an exposed position, almost within grasp of the enemy, it is unnecessary to speak. Mr. Rhodes is not a man who acts upon calculation in such a case, but upon instinct.

Cecil J. Rhodes, a dozen years ago, was unknown outside the narrow confines of the Cape Colony. General Gordon, who had been in South Africa, had met him there sixteen years ago, and formed so high an estimate of his character, that when he started on his heroic mission in the Soudan in 1884, his first act was to telegraph to Mr. Rhodes, asking him to accompany him to Khartoum. Mr. Rhodes was then Treasurer of the Cape Colony, and so he was unable to accept General Gordon's invitation. Had it been otherwise, the recent history of Africa, both North and South, would have to be rewritten; for the life of one of

*Abridged from the *Review of Reviews* for November.

these men and the death of the other are the two great factors which at this hour dominate the destinies of Africa.

If you want to understand Cecil Rhodes, it is necessary to begin by remembering that General Gordon knew him well and trusted him absolutely. General Gordon was the Bayard of our generation. No more absolutely selfless man ever served his country and his Queen. That pure and lofty spirit was never stained even by the calumny of those sordid souls who delight to impute to others the folly and baseness of their own nature. General Gordon was a man passionate for humanity, a very knight-errant of philanthropy, full of religious mysticism and an abiding sense of the reality and the power and the love of God. Alike in life and in death, he stands before the world a man of the stuff of which saints and martyrs are made; the most conspicuous and splendid type of the hero which Britain in these latter days has given to the world.

A PARALLEL—

Both men were singularly selfless. Neither of them was married. Each of them had dedicated his life to the pursuit of a lofty ideal, over which both had brooded long years in the solitude of the African desert. To each of them, although in widely different ways, had come an abiding sense of the insignificance and brevity of life compared with the eternal realities which underlie the fleeting phenomena of this transitory life. It is difficult to say which despised more profoundly the gewgaws of pomp or the trappings of power, although Rhodes undoubtedly had a keener sense of the possibilities within the grasp of those who possess the sinews of war. Both were devoted to the service of their country, and each in his own way had a deep sense of the justice that was due to the dark-skinned races among whom their lot was cast.

Rhodes, like Gordon, was a man of action rather than a man of speech. Both possessed that rare gift of personal charm, which is due to a certain frank simplicity of manner and directness of speech. Both, in short, were real men and not shams, earnest men with a keen outlook into the world of men, strenuous to do with their might whatever their hand found to do in their brief working-day of life. Rhodes, like Gordon, was a man accustomed all his life to ponder the problems of empire. I said of him years ago that some men think in parishes, others in nations, but that Rhodes thinks in continents. So did Gordon. The voluminous papers which the latter wrote on questions of Imperial policy are a mine of political wisdom, in which statesmen might still delve and quarry with good profit.

—AND A CONTRAST.

There were differences between the two friends, as is natural between men one of whom believes in God Almighty, the Father of all men, as his Father and personal Lover of his soul, and the other to whom it seems but an even chance whether there be any God at all. One was a soldier; the other a diamond-digger. One had commanded armies and conducted negotiations in three continents. The other had merely made a million in South African finance. Nevertheless they knew and trusted each other; and in Gordon's confidence in Rhodes there is the best possible answer to the vulgar calumny which represents the great African as a mere millionaire of the Bourse, or an unscrupulous intriguer in Imperial politics.

THE GREATNESS OF THE MAN.

Cecil Rhodes is at this moment, notwithstanding his temporary eclipse after the unfortunate affair of the Jameson Raid, the greatest personage in the British Empire, bar two; the greatest man bar one. The Queen and the Queen's Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, alone tower above the African Empire-builder in the estimation of the world, both within and without Greater Britain. After Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Chamberlain is a bad fourth. It was not until Mr. Rhodes fell on evil days, and was exposed to the bitter disappointments of unaccustomed failure and disasters, that the general public began to realize how great a man the Empire had reared in South Africa.

Mr. Rhodes was not a born millionaire. He was born, if not without a penny, at least in the usually impecunious condition of the younger son of a country parson. Neither did he start in life with any favourable handicap. He had to abandon his studies at Oxford in order to flee for his life to South Africa, to escape the fell disease which had apparently fastened itself upon his lungs. So ill was he before he left England, that his physicians never expected he would live for a twelvemonth, even in South Africa. But the pure dry air of the African veldt worked wonders. Rhodes not only recovered his health, but being fortunate in the early days of diamond-digging in Kimberley, he laid the

foundations of a great fortune. Then, with characteristic doggedness and tenacity of purpose, he came home and completed his studies at Oxford. He was not a book-worm. His life at the University was more social than intellectual. But he went through the term of an undergraduate's study, graduated in due course, and returned to Africa. The episode is worth remembering, not merely because of the light it throws on Mr. Rhodes' character, but because it will be found hereafter to bear fruit in his aspirations after the realization of the unity of the English-speaking race.

HOW HE MADE HIS FORTUNE.

Young Rhodes was very fortunate in his financial operations. By degrees it became evident that he was coming to the top. The Jews there, as elsewhere, proved too many for the Gentiles. But there was one Gentile whom they could neither circumvent nor overcome. Ultimately, when the time came for the great amalgamation of all the various interests engaged in the diamond fields in one great trust or combine, Mr. Rhodes stood forth as the amalgamator, and the colossal De Beers Company is the monument of his success. He is reputed to be a rich man. It is true that he has the control of millions. But I seldom knew a rich man who had less ready cash. If any one were to give Mr. Rhodes a million sterling today, he would not have a penny of it tomorrow. As soon as he gets money, he spends it or invests it in the service of the Imperial idea.

HIS RELATIONS TO THE NATIVES.

In his dealings with his own workpeople, Mr. Rhodes is just and generous. It is the fashion to denounce his treatment of the Kaffirs, five thousand of whom earn a dollar a day in the diamond compound at Kimberley; but the Rev. Donald Macleod, one of the Queen's chaplains and editor of *Good Words*, who recently made a personal investigation of the facts of the case, has published a very remarkable testimony to the effect that after the missionaries no person has done so much for the African natives as Mr. Rhodes.

HIS RELIGION.

Mr. Rhodes' conception of his duties to his fellow-men rests upon a foundation as distinctly ethical and theistic as that of the old Puritans. If you could imagine an emperor of old Rome crossed with one of Cromwell's Ironsides, and the result brought up at the feet of Ignatius Loyola, you would have an amalgam not unlike that which men call Cecil Rhodes. But deep underlying all this there is the strong, earnest, religious conception of the Puritan. Mr. Rhodes is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a religious man. He was born in a rectory, and, like many other clergymen's sons, he is no great Churchman. Upon many questions relating to the other world his one word is "I do not know." At present he has on his mind the development of Rhodesia, the laying of the telegraph line to Tanganyika, the Cape to Cairo railway, and the ultimate federation of South Africa. These four objects preoccupy him. So he went on digging for diamonds, and musing, as he digged, on the eternal verities, the truth which underlies all phenomena.

HIS IDEAL.

"What," asked Mr. Rhodes, "is the highest thing in the world? Is not the idea of Justice? I know none higher. Justice between man and man—equal, absolute, impartial, fair play to all; that surely must be the first note of a perfected society. But, secondly, there must be Liberty, for without freedom there can be no justice. Slavery in any form which denies a man a right to be himself, and to use all his faculties to their best advantage, is, and must always be, unjust. And the third note of the ultimate towards which our race is bending must surely be that of Peace, of the industrial commonwealth as opposed to the military clan or fighting Empire." Anyhow, these three seem to Mr. Rhodes sufficient to furnish him with a metewand wherewith to measure the claims of the various races of the world to be regarded as the Divine instrument of future evolution. Justice, Liberty and Peace—these three. Which race in the world most promotes, over the widest possible area, a state of society having these three as corner-stones?

Who is to decide the question? Let all the races vote, and see what they will say. Each race will, no doubt, vote for itself, but who receives every second vote? Mr. Rhodes had no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that the English race—the English-speaking man, whether British, American, Australian, or South African—is the type of the race which does now, and is likely to continue to do in the future, the most practical, effective work to establish justice, to promote liberty, and to ensure peace over the widest possible area of the planet.

CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH CANADA.*

THE CHRISTENING OF THE CHRISTMAS LOG.

This elegant volume, we judge, is the most dainty bit of art publishing yet done in Canada. This the illustrations we present we think will show. It is very difficult to render a snow scene in black and white The cut on page 85, and the snow-clad forest scenes in the book, we have never seen surpassed in skilful rendering.

Only from an occasional phrase would one suspect that the author was not an English writer. Added to his fine prose style there is a vivacity and brightness that seem the special grace of the French mind. The author admirably translates into English idiom the child-like faith, the superstitions, the household joys and sorrows and the national traditions of our French Canadian fellow-citizens. It is a step back again into Brittany to read again of the baptism of the Christmas log illustrated by one of Mr. Coburn's cuts and the weird superstition that accompanies it.

"All the servants of the old chateau fell on their knees, while the old gamekeeper, with bare head, advanced towards the large fireplace, whose light shone like a glory around his long, white hair, outlining as on a golden background, the majestic and imposing figure of the old man.

"'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!' said he in a low and solemn tone, while his knotty and trembling hand dropped a

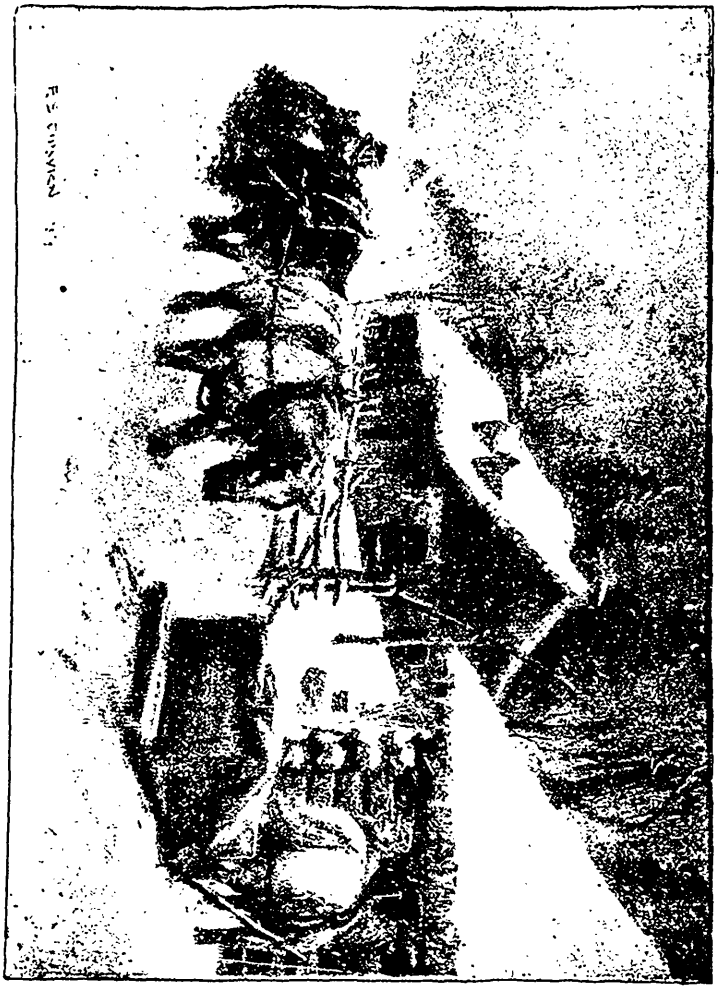
*"Christmas in French Canada," by Louis Frechette, with Illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company, Limited, and William Briggs. Price, $2.

ruby-like stream of wine on the heavy fragment of oak bitten by the winding blaze.

"The bystanders had not time to say Amen before a wild gust of wind swept aside the flames of the hearth, and in the opened door stood the evil and deformed figure of Count Robert de Kerfoel."

the log across the threshold and disappears into the darkness.

"'Ever since that night,' says the old grandam who recounts the quaint Breton legend, 'one can see on the shining disk of the moon, in clear weather, a man with a twisted knee, stooping under a strange burden in which those



"WE WERE LATE IN ARRIVING."

The wicked Count forbids the celebration, and, pointing to the blazing fire, commands gamekeeper Joel to throw away this emblem of a cursed superstition.

"'My Lord Count,' said Joel, kneeling down in fear, 'the Christmas log has been baptized. I'd rather die than touch it. It is sacred. Beware of God's hand, my Lord Count.'" The wicked Count drags

who see clearly enough can make out a half-burnt log still flaming here and there. The unfortunate Count Robert is condemned to carry the burden on his shoulder until the day of the last judgment.'"

The story of Santa Claus' Violin is as sweet and tender as anything of Hans Andersen. The snatches of old French

chansons and carols are very charming. The legend of the Loup-Garou, which corresponds to the wehr-wolf of German story, combines the weird with a touch of humour. The wicked miller and his crony refuse to attend the midnight mass on Christmas Eve, but spend the sacred hour in a wild carouse, during which they both become very drunk, and one turns into a loup-garou and back again before morning. It was alleged tha only by drawing blood could a loup-garou be restored to human form. In incontestible evidence whereof one of them has a cut in his ear, which, with profane rationalism, he declared was done by falling on a pail, instead of recognizing it as a stroke of grace that saved his soul.

The story of the Phantom Head describes the perils of winter travel in crossing the ice at Quebec and the tragic results which sometimes followed. A realistic sketch describes the return of a *coureur du bois* from the far-off Klondike, embracing in a snowstorm on the Edmonton trail a telegraph pole, the advanced sentinel of civilization, as if it were a sacred cross.

"I stood for a moment in astonishment. But suddenly my heart leaped within me, and I gave a cry—a cry choked by a sob. That bare, barkless trunk, that lifeless tree, emerging from the soil like a lonely mast in mid ocean, had been planted by man's hand. It was a telegraph pole!

"We had passed Athabasca Landing and were on the trail to Edmonton.

"Can you understand!

"A telegraph pole! The advance sentinel of civilization. Was it not like a friendly hand stretched out towards me from the threshold of my own country? Was it not a greeting from a rediscovered world, the welcome to a living, cultivated land, peopled by intelligent beings, by comrades and by friends! Was it not . . . was it not home!

"I was re-entering social life after twenty-two long years of exile in the savage solitude. More than that, it was almost a re-entrance into family life, for that wire which I could hear humming above my head was a link between me and the past; it connected me with my village, with the paternal roof now dearer to me than ever, with my poor old mother, to whom I almost imagined I could send a cry of joy and comfort despite the weary 3,000 miles that still lay between us.

"Can you understand?"

In these sketches Mr. Frechette has portrayed, we think, as no one else has done, the vein of Celtic poetry in the hearts of his countrymen.

"THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BIBLICA."*

This great work will occupy, we believe, much the same position in biblical literature that the Encyclopædia Britannica occupies in the general field of letters. It is issued from the same press and in large part by the same editorial management. This is a guarantee as to the mechanical excellence and up-to-date scholarship of the book. Indeed, some critics may deem it a little ahead of date, that it is in some respects more advanced than the general consensus of biblical scholarship concedes.

The master hand of Professor Robertson Smith, to whom many of the most important biblical articles in the Britannica are due—a hand, alas, now stilled forever—is seen in the general plan of many of the details of this great work. The most eminent biblical scholars of the world are among its contributors. The great universities of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, Göttingen, Strassburg, Leipsic, Bonn, Geneva, Leyden, Pennsylvania, New York, Dublin, are represented by their ablest biblical students. The articles on history and archæology leave nothing to be desired. Never have such clear, concise summaries of the most recent discoveries in Assyria and Babylon been presented as those by Messrs. King and Pinches, of the British Museum. Where necessary, the articles are copiously illustrated with maps and engravings.

Professor Cheyne, of Oxford, writes on the creation, deluge, the Canaanites and many other topics. He does not regard the biblical narrative of the creation as historical, but as partly poetical and partly a "revelation myth" designed to teach spiritual truth. It would certainly be hard to defend on either scriptural or

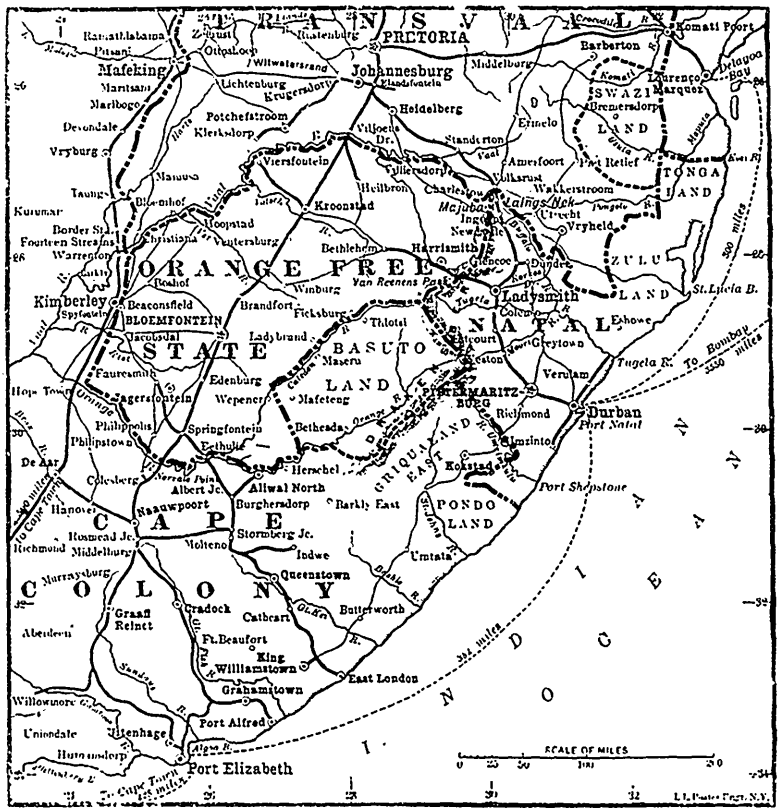
* "Encyclopædia Biblica: A Critical Dictionary of the Literary, Political and Religious History, the Archæology, Geography, and Natural History of the Bible." Edited by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., and J. A. Sutherland Black, M.A., LL.D. Vol. I., A-D. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., Limited, 1899. Large 8vo. Pp. xxviii-1143.

scientific grounds Milton's crude pictures of a lion springing from the earth and "pawing to get free his hinder parts."

The treatment of the Canon of the New Testament by Dr. Robinson is to our mind much more satisfactory than that of the old Old Testament Canon by Professor Budde, of Strassburg. The latter seems to accept most of the conclusions of the higher critics as proven. We do not find the *Didache*, or the Teaching of the Twelve, treated under that word, but under the sections Baptism and The Church, it is very fully described. Other important subjects discussed are Adam and Eve, Anti-Christ, Apocalypse, Apocrypha, Covenant, Creation, Deluge, Daniel and Demons. By means of cross references greater unity and utility are given to this book.

When this great work will be completed, which it will be in three more volumes, within two years, it will be, in our judgment, the best apparatus on the study of biblical subjects that we know. Even though we may dissent from some of its conclusions, the great mass of the the work will be of unchallenged accuracy and of the highest scholarship.

The World's Progress.

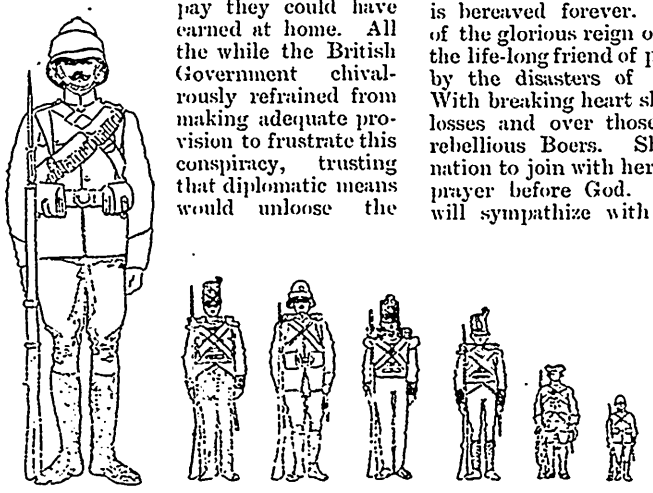


THE SEAT OF WAR.

The map presented herewith, which we reproduce from the *Independent*, gives a clear conception of the vast region in which the world-shaking war is in progress in South Africa. The difficulties of the task before Great Britain will be better understood if we remember that it is 850 miles from Cape Town to Mafeking, and that it is a great deal further from Cape Town to Ladysmith. The transpor-

tation of an army of 100,000 men six or seven thousand miles by water, and many hundreds by land, over a rugged country with imperfect railway communications, beset on every side by wary, stubborn foes, is one of supreme difficulty.

For over fifteen years the Africanderbund has been contemplating the revolt from the control of Great Britain and the establishing of a great Dutch confederacy in South Africa. With the money wrung by unjust exactions from the Outlanders the Transvaal has been filled with the best artillery that the Creusot and Krupp works could furnish. The same means has enabled Kruger's Government to subsidize German and Austrian artillerists with three times the pay they could have earned at home. All the while the British Government chivalrously refrained from making adequate provision to frustrate this conspiracy, trusting that diplomatic means would unloose the knot which it seems the sword alone could cut.



Although General Methuen has encountered a serious reverse, he has already won three victories in seven days, and no doubt will rally his forces before long and relieve Kimberley. The resistance of these lone posts on the veldt, Kimberley and Mafeking, against overwhelming odds shows the enormous advantage of defence over attack. This explains the difficulties that Methuen and Buller will have to overcome.

The repulse of Buller is serious, but, thank God, not irreparable. It has sent a thrill of patriotic resolve throughout the wide Empire. It has done more to consolidate Greater Britain than a score of victories. The presence of Roberts and Kitchener will be worth an army corps.

The Uses of Adversity.

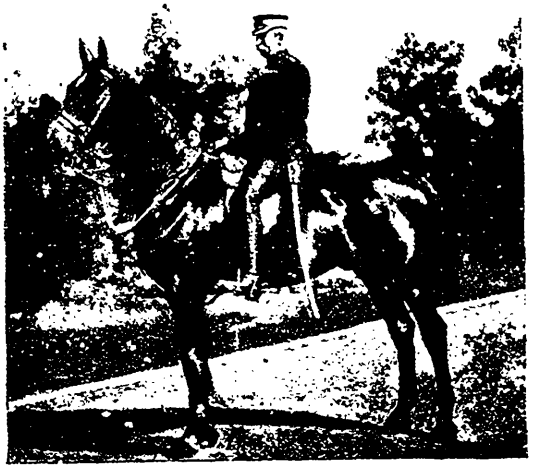
Canadian patriotism responds promptly and eagerly to the needs of the dear old Motherland.

The temper of the mother country and all her colonies is but aroused to intenser determination by these reverses. If her cause be just and right—and we believe it is—at whatever cost, it must be maintained. It is not merely the suzerainty of the Transvaal that is at stake, but the stability of the world-wide British Empire. It is the most sombre Christmastide that Great Britain has known since the dark days of the Crimean war. The whole land is filled with mourning; scarce a noble family has not suffered in some of its branches, and many a humble home is bereaved forever. The closing years of the glorious reign of our good Queen, the life-long friend of peace, are saddened by the disasters of her brave troops. With breaking heart she weeps over their losses and over those, as well, of the rebellious Boers. She calls upon the nation to join with her in humiliation and prayer before God. Every loyal heart will sympathize with her sorrows and besiege the Throne of Grace that soon righteousness and peace may kiss each other, and sorrow and sighing flee away.

The cut illustrating the comparative size of Britain's foreign expeditions, shows at a glance how great is the task Britain has before her. With the reinforcements now called forth the army in the field will soon be twice as great, and the colossal size of the British soldier in the cut will have to be more than doubled.

Upon General Buller and the other British leaders in South Africa rests the tremendous responsibility of maintaining the prestige of the Empire amid conditions of unparalleled difficulty. We doubt not he will be found equal to the task. The following items as to his record will be of special interest to Canadian readers, as in our own country he won his earliest laurels:

Maj.-Gen. Sir Redvers Buller was born in Devonshire, England, in 1839, and was commissioned in the British army when only nineteen. He was twenty-one when he first saw active service in the China war of 1860. After various routine duties



GENERAL BULLER.

he was sent to Canada, and in 1870 took part in the Red River Expedition, and won the commendatory notice of Lord Wolseley.

In the important campaign against the Zulus, under Sir Evelyn Wood, he commanded the horse, and in March, 1879, in this campaign, he won the Victoria Cross by devoted gallantry. Two of his officers and a trooper who had been dismounted he took, one after another, behind him on his own horse, and brought them beyond danger, and at the same time he succeeded in the orderly withdrawal of his whole command without loss.

On the relief of General White, defending for weeks Ladysmith, an open town with no protective works save those improvised by his troops, the attention of the world has been focused. We trust that before these lines reach the reader that relief will be accomplished. These British generals are not the men to foment war. Knowing its terrible grim reality they would avoid its horrors, but at the command of duty they count not their lives dear unto them, and are ready to lay them down for their country's safety.

Heroic Defence.

Already the war has made a desert of Johannesburg, which a few weeks ago was one of the busiest places in the world. One of our pictures shows its streets crowded with representatives of many races from many lands. Now it is a desolation, and the wealth created by British industry is almost totally destroyed. The same thing is true of Kimberley, whose busy market-place in the piping times of peace we show. The mines are filling with water at the loss of $50,000 a day, but this is nothing to the loss of precious lives whom its defence and relief has caused.

The defence of the lonely outpost of Mafeking is one of the most heroic in history. Beleaguered with armed hosts, stormed at with shot and shell, its little garrison held that outpost of empire as was held that of Lucknow during its awful siege, "and ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England flew."

GENERAL WHITE.

STREET SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG, BEFORE THE WAR.

Continental Jealousy.

The armies of England and the United States are the only ones in the world which are recruited by volunteers. The ranks of all the others are filled by conscripts who are forced, often sorely against their will, to spend several of the best years of their life with the ranks. Thus the whole nation is armed, but the ranks of industry are depleted, and a stigma is cast upon honest labour as being less noble than the art of war. Meanwhile, the commercial enterprise and energy of the Anglo-Saxon people are capturing the commerce of the world. Great Britain was able with scarcely a perceptible interruption of commerce to send her great army of 100,000 men with vast stores of ammunition, 6,000 miles in six weeks, in two hundred transports to South Africa, and this great fleet comprised only 13 per cent. of her commercial marine.

The jealousy of the army-ridden nations of Europe goes far to explain the bitter hostility of the continental press towards this "nation of shop-keepers" that with its strong right arm—the most powerful navy in the world—defies their combinations and machinations. The yellow journals of Vienna and Berlin, of Paris and Madrid, find no stories too preposterous to retail to the disadvantage of the "perfidious Albion" of their imagination. The secret service money of the Transvaal, extorted from the hapless Outlanders, may further explain the Cassandra prophecies of this venal foreign press.

The *Magyar Nemzel*, of Budapest, commenting on the British check in South Africa, expresses the warmest sympathy for the British army in its misfortune, and adds: "Every liberal nation in the world would deeply regret if the position of Great Britain, the standard-bearer of civilization, were shaken. Austria-Hungary would sorely feel the consequences of any loss of power in England."

American Sympathy.

Beyond the ties of blood and brotherhood between Great Britain and America, the intellectual and moral sympathy between these imperial democracies, for under different forms their spirit is the same, will bind them in a moral alliance closer than any formal treaty. The visit of Kaiser Wilhelm to his royal grandmother has emphasized the new German rapprochement. This new Triple Alliance is thus welcomed by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, at a great trade dinner at New York:

"I say without hesitation that if there are three great nations in the world that God and nature meant for eternal peace and amity with each other, those three are Great Britain, Germany, and the United States. We are rivals in trade, just as you friendly merchants of New York are all rivals in trade. But we are also indispensable customers to each other, and we have a common interest in the East, the interest of the open door. So, we welcome to the East all the world,

and are sure that those we shall see oftenest there will be our English and our German friends. Together we shall enter the vast, awaking unknown, where dwell one-fourth of the people of the world, and together in peaceful rivalry we must bear our respective shares of the white man's burden in the dark places of the earth."

"THE FOOL FURY OF THE SEINE."

The irritation of the British people at the filth and obscenity exposed in the name of wit or humour in the *Journal pour Rire* and other so-called comic papers, is natural, but rather foolish. So long as it touched only Mr. Chamberlain his monocle could glare defiance; but when it touched the person or office of the Queen, a subject sacred to every true Briton, it rasped him to the quick.

It was scarcely diplomatic to warn the people of France to mend their manners, or their colonies would be taken from them, but it was a broad intimation of the strength of the Anglo-Saxon and American alliance or intent.

It is something like, as Young says,

"An ocean in a tempest wrought,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

But his admonition seems to have for a time suppressed the insolence of the gutter-snipes.

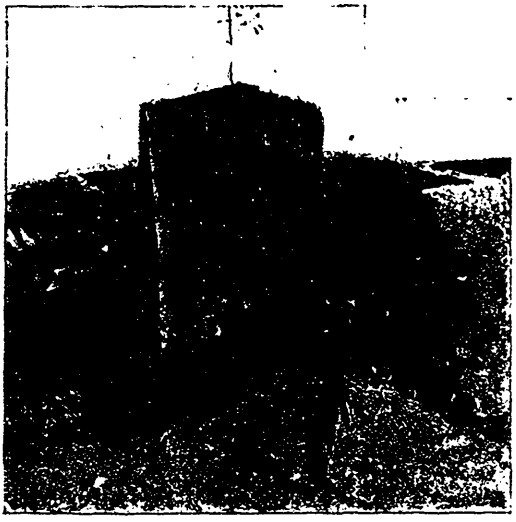
The French Government seems to be honestly endeavouring to guide the ship of state amid stormy winds, difficult seas and rock-strewn channels. The worst enemies of France are the Yahoos who disgrace the French name and chivalric traditions of the French race. The liberty of the press is all very well, but it was not for such reckless license as this that Milton contended in his memorable plea. It is intolerable that a few fanatics, like the incendiary who "fired the Ephesian dome," should imperil the safety of the commonweal.

The French have many noble and generous traits. They responded with enthusiasm to the kindness of the British who, after the siege of Paris, fairly choked the railways with supplies of food for its famished people. Their village and the rural life is for the most part simple, honest and pious, or, at least, devout. Even in Paris, the supposed capital of the world's vice, an outward semblance at least of virtue is more strict than in freer communities. The *police des moeurs* is more rigid than in England. We have seen more flaunting vice in the streets of London and Liverpool and Glasgow and Edinburgh than we ever saw in Paris—more on Saturday night in the high street of the modern Athens, beneath the shadow of St. Giles Cathedral and John Knox's house—bare-headed and bare-footed women, drinking at the public bar—than we ever saw in Paris or Vienna, in Brussels or Berlin. There may be vice in these places but it pays the deference to virtue of concealment. It is to be feared that drunkenness is increasing in France—that instead of their com-

MARKET DAY AT KIMBERLEY.

paratively innocuous light wines they are soddening their brains with absinthe and a vile decoction made from petroleum.

The draft of the entire manhood of the nation for several years for the army and the social demoralization that so often results is weakening the vitality of the nation. Vital statistics show that the death-rate is increasing and the birth-rate decreasing; that France is literally a dying nation. Since the Franco-Prussian war the sturdy Germans, who from the time of Tacitus have been marked by their domestic virtues, have increased by ten millions, while France has relatively fallen far behind. Her vices are her



LOOK-OUT POST AT MAFEKING.

"And ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England flew."

Sedan. She has lost more than the entire population of Alsace and Lorraine by her sins. The Church, that should be a bulwark of virtue, the guardian of the family and home, especially in the cities, has little power as a moral force. Only some great revival in religion, a new Luther or a new Wesley preaching a new reformation, or a new Jonah warning the nation to turn from its sins or it shall be destroyed, can prove the salvation of France.

Balfour on the Boers.

"They have been lavishing the money, brought to them by others' industry year after year, in buying the newest form of armaments, in heaping up stores, in piling up cartridges and rifles and machine guns and quick-firing guns and field guns and siege guns and fortification guns."

"We have learned our lesson," added Mr. Balfour, impressively. "Never again shall we allow to grow up within our midst communities of our own creation, in a position to use the liberties that we have granted to them so as to turn their country into a place of arms to be used against us. . . . The people of this country are unalterably determined that the paramount power in South Africa shall be the paramount power indeed, and that the Pax Britannica shall be supreme over all the regions in which the Queen now has territorial rights or paramount rights arising from her position."

The Soudan.

The Soudan is now open, says the Chicago, Ill., *Record*, and General Gordon's work, brought to an end by his tragic death in Khartoum, in 1884, is on the way to completion. British rule in the Soudan cannot be other than the blessing it has proved in Egypt. Since 1884 this once fertile province has been a wilderness. Whole villages have been destroyed; famine has decimated the population; slavery has blighted their lives, and inconceivable cruelty and oppression have made human life a nightmare. All this is now at an end. Khartoum has heard the last of the Khalifa's arrogant demands, and the home-loving Soudanese can henceforth sow and reap in peace. A new era of progress and education is before the upper Nile country. Already British funds have erected a college at Khartoum. Under Lord Kitchener's able guidance the bankrupt province, like neighbouring Egypt, will emerge from its troubles and enjoy increasing prosperity that must have a favourable effect on all Africa.

Exit Aguinaldo.

The Philippine campaign is virtually over. The guerilla war may linger for some time amid the swamps and fastnesses of Luzon, but with Aguinaldo a fugitive, his so-called government chased from one itinerant capital to another, and finally scattered, the ball lies at the feet of General Otis, who, by vigorous action in

trampling out the smouldering sparks of revolt, may restore his somewhat injured reputation. The Tagalogs are not the Boers. They are more like the stinging mosquito of their native swamps than the fierce, tusked pachyderm which the Boers so much resemble in character, as in name. The release of three thousand Spaniards held in bondage for many months is one of the pleasing results of American victories.

It was a surprise to the Tagalogs that they were neither tortured or murdered by their conquerors as they were led to expect. When relieved from this bugbear they soon develop the eager desire to be "*Pacificos*" and "*Amigos.*" Who can doubt that they will respond to the benign influence of justice and kindness? Who can doubt that beneath the education of Anglo-Saxon institutions of the Christian religion the polyglot people of the Philippines will develop a higher type of civilization than they have ever known before. Already the Methodist Episcopal Church is making Luzon a district of the Singapore Mission. Bishop Doane of the American Protestant Episcopal Church reports the Tagalogs are the most moral and religious people he ever met, but mere children in ability to govern themselves. "But the deadly trail of war is over the land. Manila is a hell-hole with four hundred and thirty saloons. The drunkenness and the vice of the city gives the Spanish priests the chance to say, 'See the result of American civilization.' Thus as long as this demoralization exists it will be impossible to try to convert Tagalogs and other Filipinos. Let the army do its work and get away. Then, and not till then, will Methodists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians stand any chance."

Polygamy Rebuked.

The unanimity of the people of the United States in opposition to polygamy is emphasized by the vote declining to give Brigham H. Roberts a seat in the House of Representatives, until his case has been sifted. The vote was 302 to 30. Before the House opened, a pyramid of petitions against the admission of the Mormon polygamist, ten feet high, had been piled up in front of the reporters' desk. Some of the rolls which formed it were two feet in diameter. These petitions represented seven million names, perhaps the largest number ever forwarded on petitions to the House on any single subject.

Senator Mason, whose resolution of sympathy with the Boers was, in the American House of Representatives, so quietly shelved by being sent to the Committee on Foreign Relations, is, it seems, as hard on his own Government as on that of Great Britain. "I would rather," he said, "resign my seat than treat a dog the way we are treating the Filipinos."

DISSATISFIED.

I asked, with the Old Year dissatisfied,
Ah! who will tell me how to mould the New
Fair to my wish?
The last December day
Was slowly vanishing into the void,
The void that swallows all.
"Tis not for thee
To mould the year."
I know not whence the word.
Perhaps it sparkled from a great white star
That palpitated in the purple night.
"If thou art richer, stronger, more alive,
The year thy wealth, thy strength, thy life will show
As in a mirror. With thyself the task,
Yet hast thou help. The duties set for thee
Are like a soil for growing; and above
God's blessing is this bright and bounteous sky."

I stand upon the threshold of two years,
And backward look, and forward strain my eyes;
Upon the blotted record fall my tears,
While, brushing them aside, a sweet surprise
Breaks like a day-dawn on my upturned face,
As I remember all Thy daily grace.

Thou hast been good to me; the burdened past
Thou hast borne with me, and the future days
Are in Thy hands; I tremble not, but cast
My care upon Thee, and in prayer and praise
Prepare to make the coming year the best,
Because of noble work and sweeter rest.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

It is a relief to turn from the tumult of war and its bloody scenes to the mild victories of the Prince of Peace. The recent meeting of the Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church was of a very encouraging character. Dr. H. K. Carroll thus summarizes the results in the *Independent:*

The debt, which two or three years ago amounted to nearly two hundred thousand dollars, has been removed. The receipts for the year were $1,236,544, showing an advance over the previous year of $54,755. This, however, does not include the receipts for the debt, amounting to $63,568 the past year, and to $103,355 the previous year, the total receipts for 1899 being over $1,300,000, the largest income of any one year during the decade.

The roll-call of the missions was itself a prophecy of the final conquest of the world for Christ. The reports from India, China, South America, and Africa are inspiring. Even the home mission is largely foreign, if that is not an Hibernicism. It embraces within the bounds of the United States, missions to the Swedes, Germans, French, Spaniards, Bohemians, Hungarians, Italians, Portuguese, Chinese and Japanese. Mission work is being undertaken in Porto Rico and the Philippines.

The Church Extension Society reports since 1865 an income of $6,500,000. This aided the erection of 11,000 churches. This Church has also dispersed millions of money for the extension of churches in the South by the Freedmen's Aid and Missionary Societies.

No Church in Christendom is doing a grander work at home and abroad than the sister Methodists of the United States.

Twentieth Century Fund.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, issues a special monthly on the new century education. Our Twentieth Century Fund is going with a swing. Within two months of its inception, Dr. Potts was able to report over one-half million dollars. The sympathy is widely spread. It is not confined to a few large centres, but extends to the remotest regions. From Newfoundland and far Bermuda to the Pacific coast a great wave of thanksgiving is sweeping. No better test is there of religious earnestness than this. "I would rather" said Dr. Smith, the Southern delegate at the General Conference, "see the Church lay a million dollars on God's altar than hear it shout halleluias till the heavens rang, if their giving did not accompany their songs." Not merely are the rich devising liberal things but the poor are planning modes of self-denial that they may join in this great thank-offering. Verily this faith and zeal and consecration shall not go unrewarded. It seemed especially significant that our recent Sunday-school lessons should turn upon the grace of giving, its privilege and obligation, and that therewith was coupled the immutable promise of God to pour out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. Their gifts are already proving a benediction to the givers.

For higher education alone, the Twentieth Century Fund offerings in the Methodist Episcopal Church already reach $1,780,515.

"Now for the Other Half!"

Is the title of a stirring editorial in the *Wesleyan* which makes a strong appeal for united effort to raise the balance of this fund, for the long pull, the strong pull, and above all a pull all together. The other half of the million dollars will take more time and more toil to raise than the half already pledged. What remains to be pledged will be pledged for the most part in small sums, from a large number, and in response to careful, kindly, persistent, personal canvass.

Victoria University.

The Theological Conference at the Victoria University was conducted on a high plane of Christian thought. The papers were able, some philosophical, some theological, some plain and practical, all inspired by an intense religious earnestness. Some of these we have already secured for presentation in the pages of this magazine. The Class-leaders' Convention, which formed part of the Conference, was eminently a practical and profitable meeting.

The University Extension lectures announced by the professors of Victoria, cover a very wide range of thought and are of very great interest. We think it

very important that the university should come in touch with the every-day life of the people. These lectures are available for any place within reasonable reach, for the nominal sum of $5.00 and, of course, expenses of travel. This entails a good deal of extra work upon the professors, but will be of great advantage to the communities who enjoy their lectures and to the university, not so much from the benefit of the small fee, as from the sympathy created in higher education.

Methodist Congress.

The ever-fertile brain of Bishop Vincent has devised a new movement in Methodism, viz., the holding of an annual congress of its most devout and scholarly men for the discussion of the profoundest problems in science, philosophy and religion. The first of these was held at Pittsburg a year ago, the second in Cincinnati last month. It was, says the *Central Christian Advocate*, a congress of "truth-loving, truth-seeking and truth-speaking men. There was an entire lack of dogmatism or autocratic authority, even the protests of critics were in nearly every instance couched in a brotherly vein. Their spirit was devout, courageous and winning." While covering much the same ground as our own theological conference it had a somewhat wider range, discussing the principles of evolution, city problems, popular heresies, and the like. Bishop Vincent thus expresses his conclusions: "The second congress was successful in its attempt to encourage the discussion in frank and thorough fashion of some of the living issues of the age concerning which we dare not be ignorant or indifferent; to aid in the right estimate of modern critical thought and of a rational and radical spiritual life. The sessions of the St. Louis congress were full of inspiration and gave to all who were present a larger hope concerning our beloved Church in the new century." We hope to see our Canadian conference grow into such a large and influential gathering.

The Resignation of Principal Shaw.

The many friends of the Rev. Dr. Shaw, head of our Theological College, Montreal, will learn with regret of his resignation from the important office whose duties he has discharged with such conspicuous ability. Dr. Shaw's health has been for some time in an increasingly unsatisfactory state, and he finds himself physically unequal to the care and responsibility connected with the principalship of the college. For twenty-six years Dr. Shaw laboured as Professor of Greek and Dean of the college, and since the death of Dr. Douglas, as its honoured Principal. Nearly four hundred students have received his instruction during that time.

He has seen the college grow from small beginnings to its present vigorous development, to which his personal labours have very largely contributed. Of this noble record he might with modesty say, "Magna pars fui."

We are glad to know that Dr. Shaw's services will not be lost to the institution, but that as a professor his ripe scholarship may be employed, we hope, for some years to come. Beyond the sphere of the college and the sphere of Methodism, Dr. Shaw has rendered valuable services to the State as a member of the Council of Public Instruction of the Province of Quebec, as a Protestant Commissioner of Montreal, and as chairman of the Central Board of Examiners for teachers in the Province of Quebec. In this way he has largely helped to mould the educational future of that province.

St. James' Church.

Dr. T. G. Williams reports very encouragingly concerning the progress of St. James' Church Relief Fund. Although the Twentieth Century scheme largely engrosses attention, still enough money has been paid to reduce the interest by over $4,000 a year. What is more encouraging still, the earnings of the Temple Building have been greatly increased. It is hoped that this valuable property may soon be sold; the remaining debt could then be easily handled.

We congratulate the editor of the *Epworth Era* on having so successfully completed the first year of that paper. It has been a great help to the Leagues and a credit to the Methodist Church. It has reached a circulation of 6,000, which the editor hopes to increase by at least 2,000 during the coming year. We wish him every success in this important department of his important work.

A new rule of the Japanese Government forbids the religious instruction in the church schools in that country. This strikes a strong blow at the very object

for which these schools were organized. The missionary bodies in Japan unite in urging a repeal of this regulation, otherwise the schools must retire from the field of popular education and confine themselves merely to mission work. This would be a great loss both to Japan and to the schools. Our Canadian missionary authorities are acting in concert with those of the other Churches in this matter.

Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, has resigned because of failing health. Dr. Storrs has been sole pastor of the church since its incorporation fifty-three years ago.

The English Wesleyans purpose holding a comprehensive educational exhibition in Birmingham. We think a similar exhibition might be arranged in important centres in the larger cities in Canada. We are sure it would stimulate educational interest and increase educational givings. The exhibition will be arranged in a series of courts, representing various parts of the mission field—India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Western and Eastern Africa, Fiji, and Palestine. The exhibits will include specimens of native dress, ornaments, household utensils, weapons, and other objects illustrating the daily life, customs, industries, and religions of the different countries. There will be special courts illustrating an Indian zenana and a Hindu wedding. Chinese receptions will be arranged. Lime-light lectures will be given by missionaries and others. English and native music will be rendered.

There are 25,000 declared Methodists in the British army. Wesleyan chaplains accompanied the troops on shipboard and to the front, and Methodist soldiers will prove that, as did Cromwell's "Ironsides" and the Scottish Covenanters, religion makes no man a poltroon. The Church is girding itself to the task of caring for the families left behind, some of them inevitably destined to be widowed and orphaned by the tragedy of war.

Many articles of special importance for which we had not time to arrange, nor space to announce, will appear in the MAGAZINE for 1900. One of these will be a character-sketch of the famous Joseph Parker, City Temple, London, England, founded upon his unique autobiography.

SIR GEORGE KIRKPATRICK.

It makes one's heart ache to see in the illustrated English the portraits of the gallant officers who laid down their lives upon the African veldt for Queen and country, and as we believe, for a righteous cause. But the death of one whom we have seen and know affects us more profoundly than that of many of whom we have only heard. The death of our late Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Kirkpatrick, removes one who lent lustre to the high office which he held, even when suffering from mortal illness, who discharged his duties with dignity and courtesy and left a record stainless and pure. "He wore the white flower of a blameless life through all this tract of years," and will be remembered as one of the best Lieutenant-Governors his native province ever had.

MR. L. R. O'BRIEN.

In the death of Mr. L. R. O'Brien Canada has lost one of her most distinguished artists. He had a fine sympathy with nature, and rare skill in interpreting her various moods. There was a very poetic feeling about his art work. He was a thorough Canadian, born at Shanty Bay, on Lake Simcoe, educated at Upper Canada College and trained in architecture and civil engineering in Canada. He was for ten years President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Art. His water-colour work was of special excellence, especially many noble pictures of the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks. Mr. O'Brien was as genial and courteous in social life as he was distinguished in art. He was a man of deeply religious character, a prominent member of the Catholic Apostolic Church, of which the late Edward Ryerson, the oldest of the Ryerson brothers, was for many years the head in Canada.

The death of Garret A. Hobart, Vice-President of the United States, produces scarcely a ripple in the world of politics. He was an able lawyer, a man of much business ability and director of several great railways. Like many successful men, he had to fight his own way in early life. He taught school, studied law and entered the State and federal Legislature. The only chance for a Vice-President to become famous is the death of the President, as did Johnson on the death of Lincoln.

Book Notices.

The Life of William Cochrane, D.D. By R. N. GRANT. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

The life-story of any man, if it be well told, may be of absorbing interest, especially the story of such a man as the ex-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Mr. Grant, the well-known "Knoxonian" of the *Westminster*, writes in racy style. William Cochrane at twelve years of age was a bookseller's message boy in Paisley. Early orphaned, God took him up, found him friends who put him through college in Ohio, and opened his way to thirty-six years' pastorate of Zion Church, Brantford, a remarkably busy and fruitful life, and the highest honours the Canadian Presbyterian Church could bestow. A pathetic interest is given the volume by the last two sermons, which were left in manuscript, but never preached. The book is an incentive to noble being and earnest doing.

How Much is Left of the Old Doctrines. A Book for the People. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

When the revision of the Old and New Testament Scriptures was made, a great many persons were surprised to hear that several hundred changes had been made in the Scripture text. They were reassured, however, to learn that not one of those changes affected religious truth, that they only gave stronger emphasis to the old, old doctrines, on which the Church so long had lived. So also with the criticism and shifting of these latter days. They but signify the steadfastness of the "impregnable rock" of Holy Scripture. "We have received a kingdom which cannot be moved, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain."

With most of the conclusions of Dr. Gladden we agree. "Certain it is," he says, "that this Jesus is, more than any other, the central figure, the central force, of modern history. And here is the Book which tells me what I know about Him. Is there any other book which has, which can have, for me a value to be compared with that which I must set upon this Book? If you and I go to the Book," he adds, "not to cavil or to criticise, but wishing for peace and power and wisdom and courage and comfort and promise of the life to come, with open mind receiving the influences it is fitted to impart, we shall find, what countless millions have found, that it is able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

The author fairly pulverizes the old Calvinism which once held sway, but which no man now living now holds. He assails too, "the stiff sort of materialistic philosophy which is just as fatalistic as Augustine or Calvin for us." He shows that the so-called "reign of law" can be *over*ruled by the human will, much more by Divine will. That there is a *super*natural as well as a natural, even in controlling an electric lamp.

From some of the author's conclusions as to the Arch-tempter of mankind and even of our Lord, we must dissent. The revolt from the superstitions of the Middle Ages may carry one into an opposite extreme error.

A Century of Science and other Essays. By JOHN FISKE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

Few men in America are so well qualified as Professor Fiske to write on the subject which gives the title to this volume. He passes rapidly in review the great advance made in the realm of science in this most wonderful of all the centuries. It is only by looking back from the hill-top of the century's close upon the progress of a hundred years that we can get any conception of the vast strides that have been made. The chief achievements of science, indeed, have been almost entirely those of the last half-century.

Professor Fiske accepts unreservedly the doctrine of evolution; not the blind, blank, inexorable reign of iron law, but a theistic conception of the unfolding of God's will and purpose from age to age. "The doctrine of evolution," he says, "which affects our thought about all things, brings before us with vividness the conception of an ever-present God—not an absentee God who once manufactured a cosmic machine capable of running itself, except for a little jog or poke here and there in the shape of a special providence. The doctrine of evolution destroys the conception of the world as a

machine. It makes God our constant refuge and support, and nature his true revelation; and when all its religious implications shall have been set forth, it will be seen to be the most potent ally that Christianity has ever had in elevating mankind."

Professor Fiske has contributed an important interpretation of this theory, by his argument on the part played by the prolonged infancy of mankind in the development of the social and domestic affections and of altruism as opposed to egoism. Professor Drummond has also worked out this idea in his "Ascent of Man."

Professor Fiske devotes seventy pages to a systematic study of his intimate friend, Francis Parkman, and fifty to pulverizing the Bacon-Shakespeare folly. "Some Cranks and their Crotchets" is the title of a delightful essay describing the "Insane Literature," or, as he softened it, the "Eccentric Literature," which came to Harvard University during the five-and-twenty years of his librarianship.

Beyond the Hills of Dream. By W. Wilfred Campbell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

In this dainty volume we think Canadian verse has reached its highest expression. While the poems attain a very high average, some of them stand out with supreme excellence. The pathos of "The Mother," who cannot rest even in the grave for love of her orphaned child, has seldom been surpassed. The lofty patriotism of "England" and the "World Mother," stirs the pulses like a bugle-call. The musical refrain and quaint conceit of "Children of the Foam," haunts the memory. The moonlit waves of our autumn lake are thus described:

"Out forever and forever,
Where our tresses glint and shiver
On the icy moonlit air;
Come we from a land of gloaming,
Children lost, forever homing,
Never, never reaching there;
Ride we, ride we, ever faster,
Driven by our demon master,
The wild wind in his despair;
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Wan, white children of the foam."

The question in the "Lazarus of Empire" where "the poor beggar, Colonial, sits at Britain's gate," has been abundantly answered in the last few weeks.

"Doth she care for us, value us, want us,
Or are we but pawns in the game;
Where lowest and last, with our areas vast,
We feed on the crumbs of her fame?"

The threnody on the death of Lampman is worthy of Keats. In the strong poem, "Peniel," we think the writer has misconceived and misinterpreted the meaning of the Scripture which is so grandly treated in Charles Wesley's "Wrestling Jacob."

The Honey-Makers. By Margaret Warner Morley, with numerous illustrations by the author. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

The story of the bee people is one of fascinating interest. Ancient and modern literature contains many books on their industry, their skill in architecture, the wonderful sagacity of their organization. Before the manufacture of sugar the bees supplied almost the only sweetening that was known. Baron Huber and Sir John Lubbock and many others have made a special study of the busy bee; but we know no writer who has made their biography so interesting and instructive as Margaret Warner Morley in her books on the Bee-People and Honey-Makers. The first part of this book deals with the structure, habits and intelligence of the bee—one of those fairy-tales of science which surpass the fascination of fiction. The second part is quite unique so far as we know. It treats of the place of the bee in the literature of the world, ancient and modern, from the old Vedic books of India to the folklore of many lands and the poet's wealth of interesting allusion. This is followed by a chapter on the economic importance of bee culture which will be a revelation to most people.

New Epistles from Old Lands. By Rev. David Gregg, author of "Testimony of the Land to the Book." Illustrated. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Few things will do more to make vivid the story of the Bible than a personal study of that best commentary on the sacred text, the land of the Bible. Dr. Gregg during his six months' tour through these old lands laid up the material for these discourses inspired by their sacred scenes. Carmel and Sharon, Galilee and Judea, the associations of Nazareth,

Bethlehem and Jerusalem—all these are inwrought with the story warp and woof of the Scriptures. As here presented the reader will find in them new appreciation and love of the Bible and new spiritual insight and strength. Dr. Gregg procured salutations from many of the churches abroad, at Jerusalem, at Athens, at Cairo, at Rome, to his own Church. One of the most interesting of these is from the church of John Wesley in England, the old City Road Chapel, the mother church of Methodism throughout the world, to the Church of John Knox in America. The book has fifteen excellent illustrations.

Sermons in Stones and in Other Things. Some Practical Lessons for Life Drawn from Every-day Surroundings. By AMOS R. WELLS. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

Professor Wells was for a good many years, we believe, an instructor in science in an American college. He employs in in this chapter the scientific method of illustrating moral subjects. He finds "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything." Plant life, starland, electricity, the telephone and camera, printing and gardening, furnish themes for strong, terse, pithy talks on the highest Christian themes. Talk of science spoiling poetry! It gives it an illumination which it never had before. Of this the poems of Tennyson and Browning and the sparkling chapters of Professor Wells are striking illustrations.

Supplementary History of American Methodism. By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. 8vo. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Like a voice from the other world comes this posthumous volume by the Macauley of Methodism, a man who has told to a wider range of readers than any other the wonderful story of Wesley and his work. This volume covers about a quarter of a century, from 1866 to 1891, together with an appendix bringing it down in brief to 1897. Dr. Stevens had a great subject and he has treated it greatly. He has sketched the growth of the Church throughout the broad continent, especially in the new West. He has described the growth of its missions in many lands, the development of great movements, lay representation, theological education, women's work, the organization of the young life of the Church in the Epworth League, the Sunday-school development, university extension and the like. Fourteen portraits of makers of American Methodism are presented, with vivid pen-and-ink sketches of many scores beside.

The American in Holland. Sentimental Rambles in the Eleven Provinces of the Netherlands. By WILLIAM ELLIOTT GRIFFIS, L.H.D. Boston & New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-403. Price, $1.50.

Dr. Griffis is not a native of Holland, but he has a strong admiration of the country and sympathy with its people. He has studied it during six visits—not rapid tourist journeys, but leisurely rambles and sojourns. He has made a special study of its history and has edited an admirable student's edition of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." He is well equipped, therefore, for this sympathetic account of Holland and its people—not merely its larger cities, but each of its eleven provinces, its highways and by-ways of travel and out-of-the-way places, His purpose is to reveal the romance and poetry underlying the Dutch epic of toil and triumph.

The whole land still thrills and throbs with the heroism of the stirring conflict of the Dutch under the immortal William the Silent with Alva and the Spaniards. England is under obligations to the Dutch for one of the best constitutional sovereigns she ever possessed, William III. When the Boers of the Transvaal and the Free State are incorporated in the South African Confederacy, they will become, we believe, as loyal Britons as are the Scotch who fought so long against the English, but who now carry the Union Jack in triumph to the ends of the earth.

Dr. Griffis gives charming sketches of Dutch home life, of the universities of Leyden and Utrecht and church and civic life. The book is illustrated with nearly a score of half-tone engravings.

The Old Book and the Old Faith. Reviewed in a Series of Lectures by ROBERT STEWART MACARTHUR. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Toronto: Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 432. Price, $1.50.

There is a marvellous vitality about this old book. It has withstood the assaults

of many generations of destructive critics, and is still, in Mr. Gladstone's phrase, "an impregnable rock." It is, to change the figure, an anvil of steel on which many hammers that sought to destroy it have been broken in pieces. No book in the world's history has ever had so wide a circulation. The miracle of Pentecost has been repeated, and in almost all the babbling tongues of earth do men hear, in their own mother tongue wherein they were born, the word of God. Beyond any other influence it has moulded the thought and mind of Christendom. Its leaves, like the tree of life, are for the healing of the nations. Dr. Macarthur's admirable volume sets forth with clearness and force the manifold claims of Scripture, shows its unique inspiration, its peculiar authority, its remarkable unity, its biographical honesty, its matchless poetry, its indestructible vitality, and many other important aspects of this divine revelation.

One Way Round the World. By DELIGHT SWEETSER. With Illustrations from Photographs. Third edition. Indianapolis—Kansas City. The Bowen Merrill Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The centre of gravity of publishing seems to be shifting rapidly westward. A few years ago it was thought that nothing could be published outside of New York or Philadelphia. Already Toronto, Chicago and San Francisco have become centres of a large publishing trade, but we have seen nothing published, in either east or west, more dainty in its make-up or more beautiful in its illustrations than this book, which bears the imprint of Indianapolis and Kansas City, and which has already reached a third edition.

The writer is a bright and intelligent young lady, who has girdled the globe under very favourable conditions. She enjoyed immensely her visit to the fairyland of Japan, made an intelligent study of the great Chinese Empire, followed the outposts of Great Britain in the Orient and Occident, was fascinated with the exquisite architecture of India, and had a glimpse of Egypt, the Continent and England. The numerous half-tone vignettes are very artistic and beautiful.

Archibald Malmaison. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Illustrated by FREELAND A. CARTER. 12mo, cloth, 265 pp. Price, $1.25. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a very handsome new edition of Mr. Hawthorne's book published twenty years ago. The writer exhibits in this story a vein of genius akin to that of his father, the author of "The Scarlet Letter." Like that book it is somewhat sombre in character, turning upon the double consciousness in which a man is unconscious in one condition of his acts and thoughts in another. The opinions of several medical experts are given as to the scientific explanation of the problem of the tale. It bears a resemblance to Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but was written before that famous story. In a curious chapter of "Afterthoughts" the author describes the genesis of the tale, somewhat as Poe describes that of his famous poem "The Raven." The illustrations and make-up of the book are very handsome, but the dénouement is rather weird and gruesome.

LOOKING FORWARD.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Think of the glad and glorious things,
  Laid up in God's bright heaven,
For shadowed lives to whom scant store
  Of earthly joy is given.

Think how the heart-blooms, here repressed
  As flowers by frost-chilled air,
Will have their foldings sweetly drawn
  To full expansion there.

Think how the voices, sorrow stayed,
  For all of time that be,
Shall join in the rejoiceful songs
  Of a blest eternity.

Think; for, thus thinking, thou canst smile
  In dark affliction's face—
And, when her shades most thickly fall,
  Canst still God's goodness trace.

Toronto.

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ow love, and taste its fruitage pure:
  Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
  And find a harvest-home of light.

—*H. Bonar.*

I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe;
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

—*Wm. Blake.*