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RAPPERSWYL—ON LAKE ZURICH.

THE Methodist Magazine.

June, 1891.

ZURICH AND ITS MEMORIES.

II



CENTRAL CEMETERY, ZURICH.

In modern religious history the name of Zurich is of no small importance, for here movements began whose influences were felt far and wide. Christianity was introduced into Zurich in the time of the later Roman emperors. During the dynastic struggles of the Middle Ages the inhabitants exhibited from time to time their independence of ecclesiastical authority by expelling their clergy, and for this offence they were twice laid under an interdict by the Pope. The ground was therefore prepared, to some extent, in Zurich for a reformation of religion. The good work was

begun here by Ulrich Zwingli, simultaneously with, but independent of the movement inaugurated by Luther in Germany. From those days until now Zurich has remained a stronghold of Protestant ideas. We may here mention some of the chief events and landmarks in Zwingli's life.

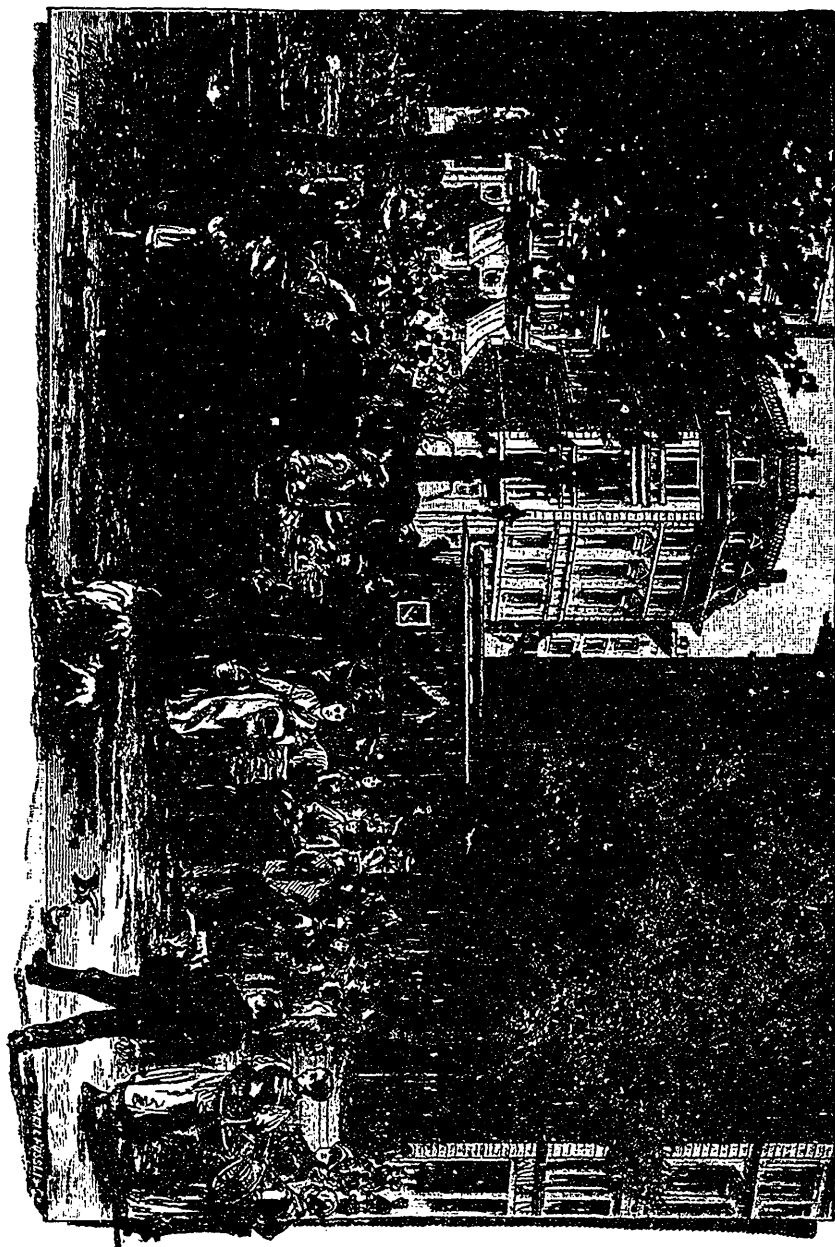
Among the mountains of Switzerland, where freedom ever had her home, were many lovers of religious liberty and many leaders of reform. But towering above them all, like the snowy Jungfrau above the Bernese Alps, shines afar the majestic character of Ulrich Zwingli. On New Year's Day, 1484, seven weeks after the birth of Luther, in a lonely chalet overlooking Lake Zurich, lying far below, the future Swiss Reformer first saw the light. His boyhood was spent as a goatherd amid the mountain solitudes. "I have often thought," writes his friend Myconius, "that being brought near to heaven on these sublime heights, he there contracted something heavenly and divine." In the long nights of winter, while the storm howled aloof, the boy listened with thrilling pulse to the stirring tale of Tell, and Furst, and Winkelried, and to the Scripture stories and quaint legends of his pious grandmother. As his father was the well-to-do amman or bailiff of the parish, young Zwingli was sent to school successively to Basle and Berne, and to the University of Vienna. He studied literature, philosophy and theology, and developed an extraordinary talent for music. He read his first mass in his native village in his twenty-second year.

The Swiss cantons then, as often since, hired their sturdy peasantry as mercenary soldiers to the great powers of Europe. Twice, Zwingli accompanied, as chaplain, the troops of his native canton to the Italian war. He came back, like Luther, disgusted with the idleness and profligacy of the Italian monks, and with the corruptions of the Italian Church. By tongue and pen he remonstrated with his countrymen against the mercenary shedding of their blood for a foreign power, and sought to revive the ancient spirit of liberty. He devoted himself with intense zeal to the study of the Scriptures in their original tongues, which quickly loosened from his mind the fetters of Rome.

In 1516 Zwingli was transferred to the vicarship of Einsiedeln on Lake Zurich, long the richest and most frequented pilgrimage church of Europe. As many as 150,000 pilgrims were wont to visit it annually. The object of adoration was an ugly black doll, dressed in gold brocade and glittering with jewels—Our Lady of Einsiedeln. Zwingli's whole soul revolted against the flagrant idolatry. He boldly preached Christ as the only sacrifice and ransom for sin "God is all around you and hears you,

wherever you are, as well as at Our Lady of Einsiedeln's. Christ alone saves, and He saves everywhere."

STREET SCENE IN ZÜRICH—MARKET DAY.



This new and strange doctrine smote the hearts of the people like a revelation from the sky. The pilgrims went every where

telling the strange news. "Whole bands," says D'Aubigné, "turned back without completing the pilgrimage. Mary's worshippers diminished in numbers daily. It was their offerings that largely made up the stipend of Zwingle, but he felt happy in becoming poor if he could make others rich in the truth that maketh free." To the Pope's nuncio, who called him to account, he said: "With the help of God, I will go on preaching the Gospel, and this preaching shall make Rome totter." And so it did. The civil governor caused the inscription to be removed from the lintel of the church, the relics which the pilgrims revered were burned, and the new doctrines prevailed.

In 1518 the Cathedral Church of Zurich became vacant, and Zwingle was elected preacher. On New Year's Day he entered the pulpit, from which as from a throne he thenceforth ruled the souls of men. "To Christ," he cried, "to Christ will I lead you—the true source of salvation. His word is the only food I wish to set before your souls." He began forthwith to expound the Gospels and Epistles—long a sealed book to the people. With his zeal for the Gospel was blended a fervid love of fatherland. Piety and patriotism were the twin passions of his soul. He sternly rebuked those who for the love of money lent themselves as the hireling soldiers of foreign Powers—thus, as he called it, "selling their very flesh and blood." "The cardinal of Zion," he said, "who recruits for the pope, rightly wears a red hat and cloak; you need only to wring them and you behold the blood of your kinsmen."

At Zurich, Zwingle was brought into direct antagonism with the papal power. Over the wild St. Gothard Pass had come from Rome an indulgence-monger of even more flagrant impudence than Tetzl. "Here," cried Abbot Samson, "are pardons on parchment for a crown—on paper for threepence." He bargained with the Knight Jacques de Stien to exempt from hell forever himself and his five hundred men-at-arms, for a dapple-gray horse to which he took a fancy. Walking in procession with his acolytes around the churchyard, he pretended to see the souls of the departed escaping from the graves to heaven, and exclaimed, "*Ecce volant*,"—"See how they fly!" A wag climbed the belfry tower and shook a bag of feathers on the procession, crying in derision, "See how they fly!" Zwingle sternly denounced such impious mockery of religion, and forbade the Pope's indulgence-monger to enter Zurich.

The zealous labours of the Swiss Reformer wore upon his health, and he was ordered to repair to the baths of Pfeffers. Here, in a frightful gorge between impending rocks, in a house shaken by

the concussion of the raging torrent and drenched by its spray, and so dark that lamps had to be burned at midday, for some weeks he dwelt. The fearful plague known as the Great Death—*der Grosse Tod*—now broke out in Zurich, more than decimating



VILLAS AT ZURICH.*

the population. Zwingle hastened from his refuge to the place of

* The villas of the wealthy manufacturers and landed gentry of Zurich are very elegant, as will be seen from the accompanying engraving.

danger among the dying and the dead. He was soon smitten down, and never expected to rise again. In that solemn hour he wrote in rugged verse a hymn of faith and trust:

"Lo, at the door, I hear Death's knock ;
Shield me, O Lord, my strength and rock ;
The hand once nailed upon the tree,
Jesus uplift and shelter me."

He was at length restored to the pulpit of Zurich, and preached with greater power than ever. "There was a report," wrote his friend Myconius, "that you could not be heard three paces off. But all Switzerland rings with your voice." The Reformed doctrines spread from town to town. At Basle, on the festival of Corpus Christi, instead of the relics which it was customary to bear through the streets, was borne a Bible with the inscription: "This is the true relic; all others are but dead men's bones." Attempts were made by the agents of the papacy to take away the Reformer's life by poison, or by the assassin's dagger. When warned of his peril, the intrepid soul replied: "Through the help of God, I fear them no more than a lofty rock fears the roaring waves." The town council placed a guard around his house every night.

Like Luther, the Swiss Reformer perceived that the enforced celibacy of the clergy was a yoke which the Scriptures had not imposed, and one which caused unspiritual natures to fall into sin. He therefore wrote against the Romish rule, and showed his consistency by marrying a worthy widow, Anna Reinhardt, who made him a noble and loving wife.

A fashion of the time was the holding of public disputations on the topics of controversy between the Reformed and Romish Churches. A celebrated one, which lasted eighteen days, took place between Eck and Faber, champions of the Papacy and the Reformers, Ocolampadius and Zwingli. A contemporary rhymer thus describes the scene:

"Eck stamps with his feet and thumps with his hands ;
He blusters, he swears, and he scolds ;
Whatever the pope and the cardinals teach,
Is the faith, he declares, that he holds."

But the simple truth of the Gospel shone all the more conspicuously by contrast with the sophistries and superstitions of Rome.

"I came not," says Christ, "to send peace on the earth, but a sword." The doctrines of the Cross in the early centuries arrayed

mankind in hostile camps—the friends of Christianity and its foes. So was it during the Reformation era. All Europe was marshalled in two great armies—the adherents of the Romish Church, and those who embraced the soul-emancipating doctrines of the Reformed faith. In Switzerland the hostile lines were sharply defined; canton was opposed to canton, city to city. The Protestant free cities demanded religious toleration and the right of return for those who had been banished for conscience' sake. The Catholic cantons refused this demand, and a Reformed minister was apprehended and burned. At Berne and Basle tumults broke out, and the images of the saints were hurled from their niches and trampled under foot. Men-at-arms buckled on their hauberks and helmets, seized lance and arquebuse, and through mountain passes and forest defiles marched for the attack or defence of the Reformed faith.

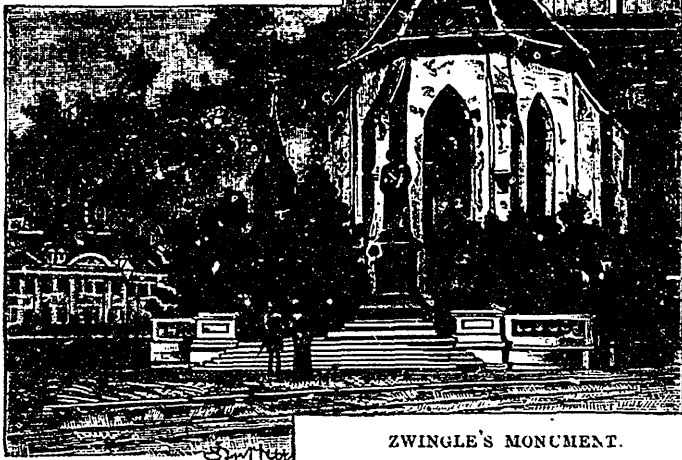
“Luther and the German Reformation,” writes D'Aubigné, “declining the aid of the temporal power, rejecting the force of arms, and looking for victory only in the confession of the truth, were destined to see their faith crowned with the most brilliant success. Zwingle and the Swiss Reformation, stretching out their hands to the mighty ones of the earth, and grasping the sword, were fated to witness a horrible, cruel, and bloody catastrophe fall upon the word of God. The army of the Catholic cantons advanced against Zurich. The Zurich lansquenets marched out for the defence of their native city. ‘Stay with the Council,’ said the burgomaster to Zwingle; ‘we have need of you.’ ‘No,’ he replied, ‘when my brethren expose their lives I will not remain quietly by my fireside.’”

Then taking his glittering halberd, he rode off with the troops. Every day divine service was held in the camp. No dice, no cards were seen, no oaths were heard; but psalms and hymns and prayers consecrated each hour. The war was for a time postponed and an armed truce prevailed.

The Catholic cantons, without warning, renewed the war. Their attack upon Zurich was like the deadly and resistless sweep of one of their own mountain avalanches. Not till the papal army held the heights near the city was their approach known. It was a night of terror in Zurich. The scene is thus described in the vivid pages of D'Aubigné:

“The thick darkness—a violent storm—the alarum bell ringing from every steeple—the people rushing to arms—the noise of swords and guns—the sound of trumpets and drums, combined with the roaring of the tempest—the sobs of women and children—the cries which accompanied many a heart-rending adieu—an earthquake which violently shook the mountains as though nature shuddered at the impending ocean of blood: all increased the terrors of this fatal night—a night to be followed by a still more fatal day.”

At break of dawn, October 11th, 1531, the banner of the city was flung forth, but—sinister omen—instead of floating proudly on the breeze, it hung listless on the pulseless air. Forth from his happy home stepped Zwingle, clad in arms. After a fond embrace from his wife and children, he rode forth with the citizen soldiery of the town. The brave-souled woman kept back her tears, although her husband, brother, son and many kinsmen were in the ranks—destined to return no more. Zwingle went forth with a presentiment of disaster; yet not for a moment did he falter in what he considered the path of duty. "Our cause," he said to his friends, "is a righteous one, but badly defended. It will cost me my life, and the life of many an upright man who wishes to restore to religion its native purity, and to his country its



ZWINGLE'S MONUMENT.

ancient morals. But God will not forsake His servants: He will help even when you believe all is lost. My confidence is in Him alone. I submit myself to His will."

As the forlorn hope climbed the Albis mountain to its crest, they beheld the hostile army, 8,000 veteran men-at arms, strongly encamped, and heard the fierce challenge of their mountain horns. Against this host the little Protestant republic could oppose in all scarce 1,800 men. It was with the utmost difficulty that the rude artillery of the period was dragged up the rough mountain road,

and the arduous climb exhausted the strength of the mail-clad men-at-arms. When the Protestant troops at length gained the upland meadows, every head was uncovered, every knee was bowed in prayer. The Catholic army also fell upon their knees, and amid solemn silence each man crossed himself and repeated five Paters, as many Aves, and the Credo. Then their leader, desecrating the words of religion to a cruel war-cry, exclaimed: "In the name of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, and of all the heavenly host—Fire!" and volley upon volley flashed from the levelled arquebuses and echoed back from the surrounding mountains. "How can we stay calmly upon these heights," exclaimed Zwingle, "while our brethren are shot down? In the name of God, I will die with them or aid in their deliverance." "Soldiers," cried the leader, "uphold the honour of God and of our lords; be brave, like brave men." "Warriors," said Zwingle, who stood helmet on head and halberd in hand, "fear nothing. If we are this day to be defeated, still our cause is good. Commend yourselves to God."

The action had scarcely begun when Zwingle, stooping to console a dying man, was smitten by a missile which struck his head and closed his lips. He struggled to his feet, but was twice struck down and received a thrust from a lance. Falling upon his knees he was heard to say, "What matters this misfortune! They may indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul." These were his last words. As he uttered them he fell backwards and lay upon the ground, his hands clasped, his eyes upturned to heaven. Crushed beneath the weight of numbers, the little band of Protestants, after performing deeds of heroic valour, and leaving five hundred men dead upon the field, was utterly defeated. Twenty-seven members of the council and twenty-five Protestant pastors who accompanied their flocks to the field of battle were among the slain.

The darkness of night was now gathering on the field of battle. In the deepening gloom, stragglers of the Catholic army prowled with torches or lanterns over the field of carnage, to slay the wounded and to rob the dead. The dying Reformer lay upon the gory field, hearing the groans of the wounded and the shouts of the victors, and surrounded by the mangled bodies of the dead. Beyond the moonlight and the starlight he looked up into that heaven whither, all life's battles and fightings over, he was soon to pass. "Do you wish a priest to confess you?" asked a soldier prowling near. Zwingle could not speak, but shook his head. Hereupon the rough trooper began to curse him as a miscreant heretic. Curious to know who it was who thus despised the saints,

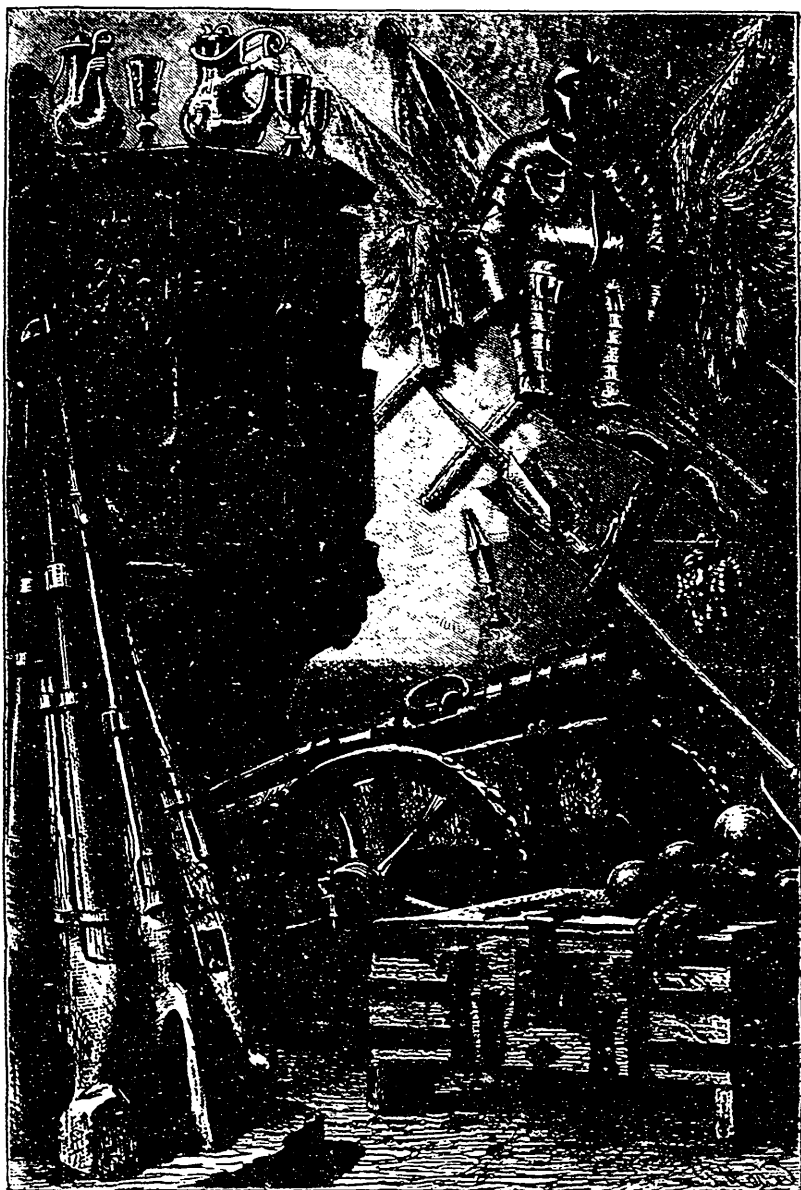
though in the very article of death, he turned the gory head to the light of a neighbouring camp fire. "I think it is Zwingle," he exclaimed, letting it fall. "Zwingle," cried a papal captain, "that vile heretic! Die, obstinate wretch!" and with his impious sword he smote him on the throat. Thus died the leader of the Swiss Reformation, in darkness and defeat, on the field of Kappel, by the hand of a hireling soldier.

But still further indignities were heaped upon his mangled frame. The ruthless soldiery demanded that his body should be dismembered and distributed throughout the papal cantons. "Nay," cried a generous captain, "peace be to the dead. God alone be their Judge. Zwingle was a brave and loyal man." But the cruel will of the mob prevailed. The drums beat to muster, a court-martial was formed, the dead body was tried and condemned to be quartered for treason, and burned for heresy. "The executioner of Lucerne," writes D'Aubigné, "carried out the sentence. Flames consumed Zwingle's disjointed members; the ashes of swine were mingled with his; and a lawless multitude rushing upon his remains, flung them to the four winds of heaven."

The kindled fire of the Swiss Reformation seemed extinguished in blood. Zurich on that night of horrors became a Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not. As the wounded fugitives, escaping through the darkness, brought the tidings of disaster, the tocsin of alarm knelled forth, and tears and lamentations resounded through the streets. Almost every household mourned a husband, brother, son, among the slain. Anna Zwingle had lost all three, and her son-in-law, her brother-in-law, and other kinsmen besides. As the fatal news, "Zwingle is dead! is dead!" rang through the streets and pierced like a sword her heart, she knelt amid her fatherless babes in her chamber of prayer and poured out her agonized soul to God.

The city in the hour of its deepest despair was roused to heroic effort. It rallied every available man and gun. The imminent danger of the capture of Zurich was averted, and another battle with the army of the papal cantons was fought. The latter made a night attack, the soldiers wearing white shirts over their armour and shouting their watchword—"the Mother of God"—that they might recognize each other in the dark. The men of Zurich were again beaten, and eight hundred of their number left upon the field. But they proved too stubborn a foe to be completely conquered. Zurich maintained the Protestant faith; and from the pulpit in which it was first preached by Zwingle,

it has ever since been manfully declared. On the neighbouring battle-field a gray stone slab commemorates the spot where the



IN THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM, ZURICH.

Swiss Reformer fell; but his truest monument is the Protestant Church of his native land, of which he was, under God, the father and founder.

Zwingle died at what may seem the untimely age of forty-eight; but measured by results his life was long. The great mistake of his life was his consent to the use of carnal weapons for the defence of the Bride of Heaven, the Church of Christ. Wiser than he, Martin Luther over and over declared: "Christians fight not with the sword and arquebuse, but with suffering and with the cross. Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." "My kingdom is not of this world," said the Master, "else would my servants fight." Not with weapons forged by mortal might, but by weapons of immortal temper—the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God—shall earth's grandest victories be gained.

The influence which Zwingle's ideas have continued to exercise upon thought in Zurich down to our own day illustrate the truth of the Reformer's words: "They can kill the body, but not the soul."

The organization of the University of Zurich is similar to that of the German universities. At the present time fifty-one professors and forty private tutors are engaged in teaching here. The number of matriculated students is about four hundred.

The students of the University and Polytechnic form quite a characteristic element of the population of Zurich, comprising as they do the representatives of all nations. The cosmopolitan spirit which pervades these institutions has communicated itself to the burghers also, so that Zurich is a town in which foreigners from every part of the world soon feel completely at their ease.

In spite of their rigid Protestantism the people of Zurich have always taken great delight in the sound of their church bells, and it would not be easy to find a place in which so many magnificent peals of bells are to be met with within a limited area as on the shores of the Lake of Zurich. The effect produced when all the bells are rung in unison is extremely fine. The melody is heard far out over the lake and throughout the surrounding country. When the daylight wanes the great bell of St. Peter's celebrates the departing Sunday with its grand peals swelling over the entire valley. But it is on New Year's Eve that the bells of Zurich sound most solemnly. At midnight the inhabitants, old and young, assemble by thousands on the bridges and along the quays to hear the bells ring the old year out and the new year in, and the songs and the New Year's greetings of the people mingle with the melody of the chimes. The great bell in the Grossmünster dates from the year 1451 and is of large dimensions, weighing about four tons.

The Armoury is well worth a visit, containing as it does many objects of historical interest. It contains a cross-bow, called after William Tell, fine suits of armour, two exquisitely-worked halberds, targe, shields and flags, a rifled breech-loading field-piece of 1611, ancient bronze cannon, cannon encased in leather, "The Bride of Zurich," with the inscription: *Ich bin ein Jungkfrau wolgestalt, Welchen ich kuss der wirt nit alt.* "A maiden I of lovely mould, He whom I kiss will not grow old," Zwingle's weapons, his pulpit, etc.

Situated in the plain of the Sihl, where the last slopes of the Uetliberg descend to the valley, the Central Cemetery has gradually become one of the most beautiful of Swiss burial grounds. The situation is the most appropriate that could have been selected. Far from the din of the town, in the spacious valley overlooked by the solemn Uetliberg, there is nothing to disturb the silence befitting a spot dedicated to a purpose such as this. The snow-white and often very beautiful monuments of the dead contrast prettily with the dark green of the shrubs and trees lining the paths that lead through the cemetery.

The town of Rapperswyl, shown in our frontispiece, on Lake Zurich, occupies an extremely picturesque situation at the foot of the Lynden hof, a hill planted with limes. The old castle, shown in the upper part of the cut, was restored in 1871, and commands a splendid view from the tower. The other pictures in the cut show the parish church, Capuchin monastery, with the "God's Acre" crowned with graves.

PRAYER.

LORD, what a change within one short hour
 Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
 What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
 What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
 We kneel, and all around us seems to lower:
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
 Stands forth in sunny outline brave and clear.
 We kneel how weak! we rise how full of power!
 Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
 Or others, that we are not always strong,
 That we are ever overborne with care,
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,
 Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
 And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

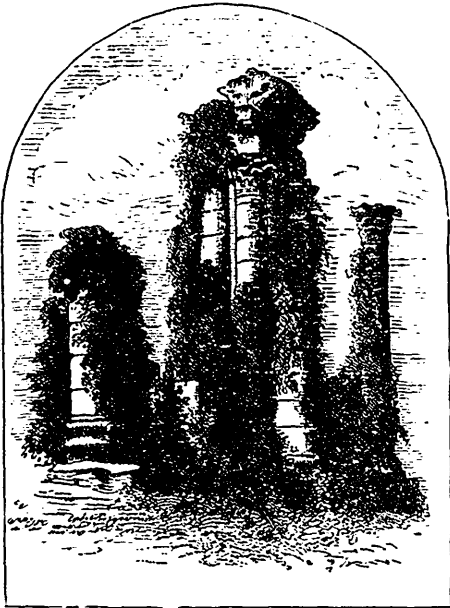
—Trench.



IN THE MARKET-PLACE, NEUCHÂTEL.

IN THE JURA—NEUCHÂTEL.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.



ROMAN COLUMNS, BESANÇON.

MANY rapid tourist visitors to the continent of Europe make a common mistake. They imagine that a place or city can be known, understood and really appreciated in the very short time which they can devote to what is termed "doing it." For the tourist with limited time this is very difficult to avoid, if, indeed, it is not inevitable.

While it is very true that the hurried traveller sees and retains in his memory much that is beautiful and grand; it is also true that there are moods of the arch-goddess

Nature, which utterly refuse to reveal themselves to the superficial observer; those deeper and more subtle effects that only show themselves to him who forces their revelation by lengthy stay and continual intercourse.

This is especially true of the mountainous region of the Jura. The majority of people see the Jura, either on their way to Switzerland, when they are too eager for the first glimpse of the snowy Alps beyond; or, returning from the glories of the higher Alps, when the Jura seems tame and uninteresting. Thus they catch little more than a most superficial glimpse of this region of romantic, wooded hills. The general impression from the train is a range of hills with lovely pine forests, much the same as any other pine woods, with here and there a few dashes of cliff or a rocky ravine to relieve the monotony.

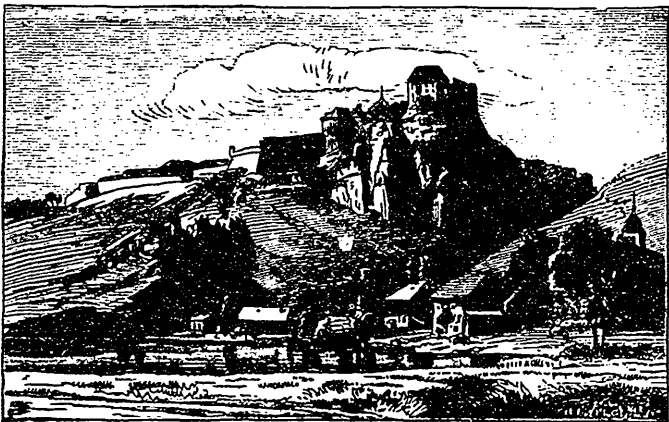
This may, in a sense, be true; but it is not all. Make a prolonged stay in the Jura of several months, with head-quarters, say, at Neuchâtel. Make this quaint old city the starting point

for numberless walks, climbs, explorations and excursions; visit alone the wild ravines and hidden streamlets that do not lavish their beauty on every hurrying traveller; stand on some of those



THE JURA IN WINTER.

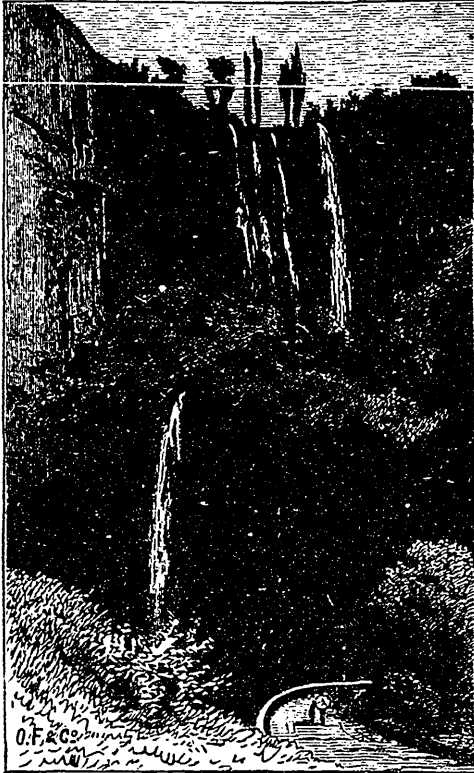
proud peaks that rise out of their pine forests and look on the snowy giants in the far distance; follow the little paths, that with such delicious vagueness wind in and out among the fragrant slopes. You will discover the most exquisite little valleys, hidden away from the noisy world, each with its rocky gorge and



FORT JOUX AND ST. PIERRE DE LA CLUSE.

streamlet, each with its cliff and waterfall. You will see long vistas of forest scenery, where the wild flowers mingle with the moss and pine needles, in a combination of the most lovely

colours. Visit these spots, and by dint of many walks and peregrinations, surprise these quiet beauties for yourself, and after a month or two, perhaps, you will begin to appreciate that powerful charm which the Jura region must exercise over every true lover of nature, and which steals over the spirit as insensibly as the dusk that creeps over the fields on a summer's evening.



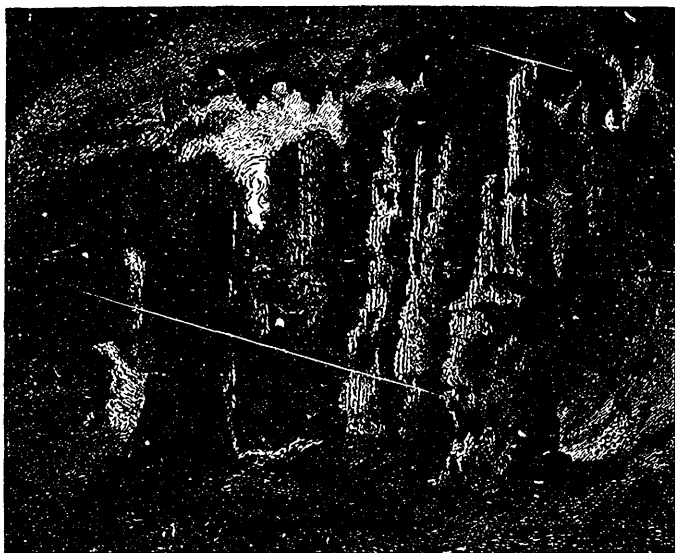
CASCADES OF SYRATU, MOUTHIER.

The Jura is, indeed, a most romantic district, and one that fully repays a protracted stay. To those returning from a sojourn among the sky-scaling Alps it will certainly look dwarfed; but what is lost in size is more than made up for and gained in expression. The whole region in the summer time is one of Nature's fairest smiles, under which lie hidden secret meanings and charms that only reveal themselves to the one who coaxes their revelation and knows the smallest variation of her hills and valleys.

The geological conformation of the Jura gives to the mountain that characteristic ap-

pearance shared by all of a similar structure. The mountain limestone, of which they are composed, runs horizontally across the range in winding and well-defined strata. Here and there it may be seen, tilted up on end, and boldly starting out from the softer surroundings, forming a light-hued jagged peak with serrated edges. From time to time the traveller will come across spaces of wild beauty, where the bare white rock rises suddenly out of the moss-strewn ground, looking as if some giant hand had rudely torn from its surface the warm covering of pines, mosses and lichens, which on all sides renders the contrast the more marked.

Very often, too, in the neighbourhood of such spots the diligent observer may discover dark openings in the rock through which he may with difficulty squeeze himself. These are entrances to long and winding passages between the twisting strata which pierce far into the interior of the mountain. We ourself have explored many hundred yards of these winding and tortuous caverns, and provided one keeps a clear remembrance of the different turns and twists of the passages, the journey, with a good lantern, is both interesting and instructive. The air is damp and cool pools of water, deep and dark, into which the water drips continuously from the roof above, are scattered throughout these



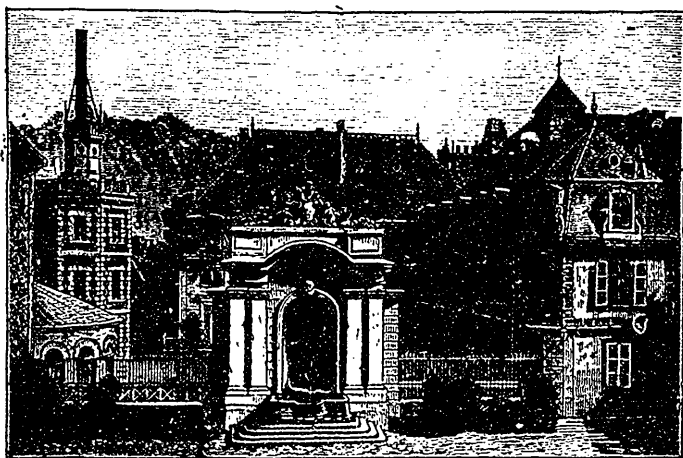
STALACTITE CAVERNS IN THE JURA.

caves. There is on all sides a perfect silence but for the peculiar drip, drip, drip of the water. Only a dull echo responds to the noise of the feet. These interesting caves form a perfect network all along the sides of the Jura, and the intricate windings that thread the hills round Neuchâtel we have often explored and wandered, not infrequently giving ourselves up for lost.

In the neighbourhood of Neuchâtel there is a famous stream that will well repay us to follow its windings for some distance into the mountain home and source. The Areuse is a wild mountain torrent, that varies from a quiet, though never a clear, stream, to a rushing, foaming river. We suddenly plunge into the jaws of a defile so dark and gloomy that we almost imagine it to be the entrance to an enormous cavern. The little path we fol-

low is fixed to the side of the weathered walls like window-sills to the wall of a house. The defile deepens and darkens at every step; the roar of the foaming torrent grows louder and louder, till we have to shout to make our voices heard. At one point in the gorge a man could with ease, though not with safety, span with his legs the width between the cliffs, so close do the edges of the ravine approach each other. But immediately beneath him the walls widen out enormously, eaten away by the violent undercurrents.

Passing out of this miniature *via mala*, a space of lovely green fields is reached, hemmed in on all sides by towering pine-clad mountains. Here it is that, for the first time, we obtain a view



THE BATHS OF SALINS.

into the interior of the Jura, which repays almost any amount of trouble and time to see. Far ahead a wider horizon opens out, and bounding it between the sky and earth, looms up an amphitheatre of cliff so perfect, so enormous, and with a circle of such wide, sweeping, and majestic proportions that it fairly takes our breath away. It comes as a complete surprise; for we had not thought the Jura contained anything half so grand. This is the famous *Cruet du Vent*, the caverns of the wind. In a perfect semicircle, the broad strata of the limestone sweeps round its sides with the most beautiful regularity.

The winds here roar with an inimitable grandeur of sound from one end to the other, as if trying to escape from their rocky prison. Six hundred feet into the air these walls rear themselves up, bare and unadorned, and from the summit the impression is,

if possible, grander even. Within this giant's cauldron, the air currents seem to be extremely involved.

The railway from Paris to Berne pierces its way by means of tunnel and embankment through a portion of this great valley. In approaching Salins we cannot help being struck by the striking situation of the place; the forts crowning the lofty rocks are visible at a great distance; on the left rises *Mont Poupet*, an outpost of the Jura, while the torrent of *La Furieuse* pursues its turbulent course at the bottom of the valley. The town occupies the background of the narrow gorge, and rises amphitheatre-like for a length of nearly two miles.

The salt works of Salins produce three thousand tons of salt



SOURCE OF THE AREUSE.

annually. The springs are worked by hydraulic pumps. Three wells supply five hundred hectolitres daily.

With a farewell glance at the above illustration of the pretty source of the *Furieuse*, we turn to the more immediate neighbourhood of the historic city of Neuchâtel. Around its antique houses, its castle and cathedral cluster many memories of bygone days which make it a centre of very great interest to all who love to ponder over the past and read the lessons that history has to teach.

On all sides, in graceful slopes, lie the vine-covered hills that touch the very shores of the blue lake. Here in autumn when the oranges are in full swing the sight is picturesque. But before we explore a few of the beauties of the city itself, let us climb the rounded hill, that runs from immediately behind the

castle hill in our illustration, and from its summit discloses a view unparalleled in the whole Jura region. At our feet lie the blue waters of the lakes of Neuchâtel, Bienne and Morat, while in the far distance the sunlight is reflected from a blue fragment of the lake of Geneva. Across the lakes, in indistinct haze, lie rounded hills and fertile valleys, studded with villages and pretty church towers, and behind these, in ever ascending gradations, rise step upon step the steep shoulders of the higher Alps. Behind these, again, stand out in a magnificent background the white peaks of the Alps in a glorious panorama that stretches from Sentis to Mount Blanc and the Matterhorn.

The history of the old city at our feet is a peculiarly interesting

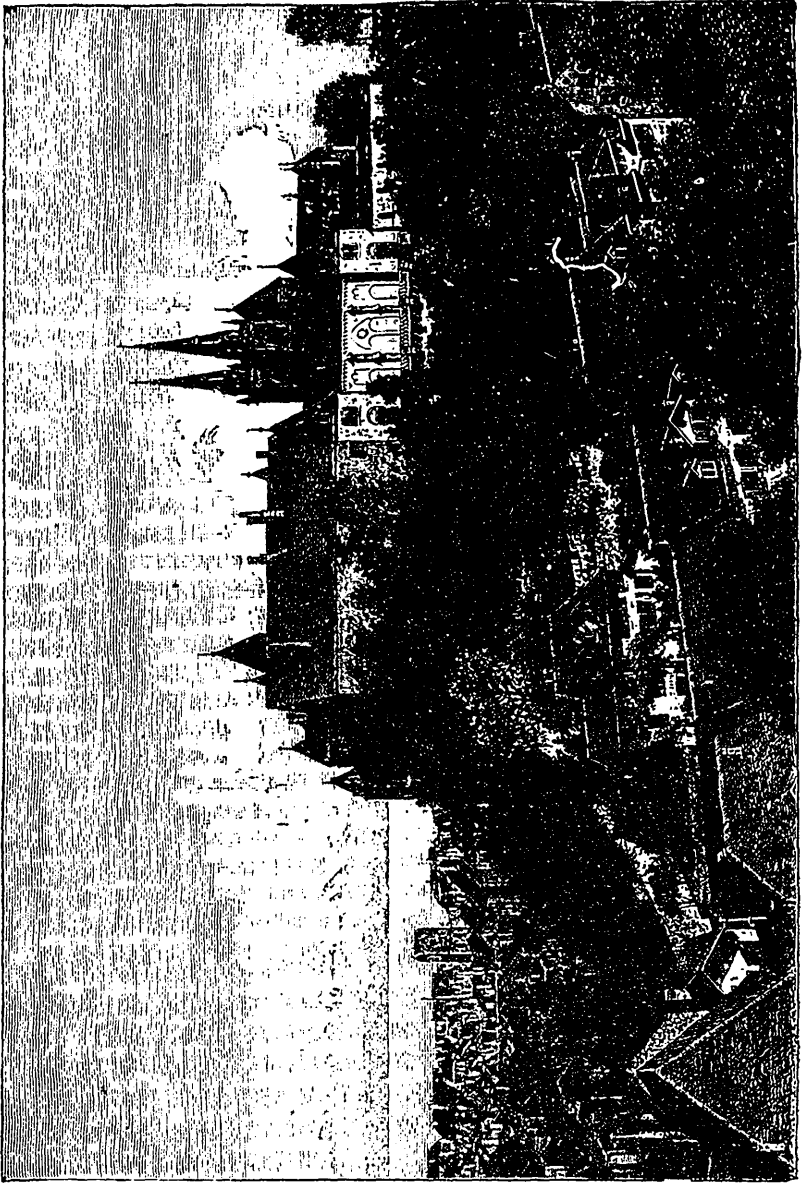


THE RHONE AND RHINE CANAL, IN THE JURA REGION.

and eventful one, from the time when the *Novum Castrum* was a Roman fort to the time when it at length regained the freedom of its canton in 1857. Its surroundings, its streets, and its institutions are full of recollections of such men as Marat, the Revolutionist, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Farel, the Reformer, and the great scientist and learned Professor Agassiz, who for some years filled a professorial chair in the college. The ancient castle, which stands so picturesquely on the heights, has been turned into public offices. It adorns the city, however, none the less that it combines usefulness with ornament. The old cathedral dates from the twelfth century. Marat was born in a little village called Budry, that lies nearer the Areuse.

In the woods behind the city are some enormous specimens of those erratic blocks, which, lying on rocks of a totally different

nature, point to some far distant home, and, as well, to some tremendous carrying power that has borne them so far and



CHATEAU OF NEUCHATEL.

dropped them like hailstones all through these woods. Some of them—notably the *Pierre de Boudry* and *Pierre a Bot*—are as large as a good-sized cottage, and rise to an equal height with the surrounding trees.

MORE ABOUT BARBARA HECK AND FAMILY.

BY THE LATE REV. A. W. CUMMINGS, D.D., LL.D.

IN 1774, Paul and Barbara Heck, with their five children, Elizabeth, John, and Jacob, born in New York in the years 1765, 1767, and 1769, and Samuel and Nancy, born in Camden Valley in 1771 and 1773, left their second American home, at Ashgrove, N.Y., and located in Montreal, Lower Canada.

The only incidents worthy of note, during their fourteen years' residence in Montreal, were the marriage of Miss Elizabeth to Mr. Owen Bower, the early death of Miss Nancy, the other daughter, and the enlistment of the father, Mr. Paul Heck, in a volunteer corps of the British army.

Of this last event Bishop Merrill gives the following graphic account:

"Paul Heck, the husband of Barbara, entered the British army under General Burgoyne. When his regiment was captured by the Americans, Mr. Heck was on furlough, visiting his family, where he was discovered and taken prisoner by some patriot soldiers, who started to take him to General Washington's camp. On their way they stopped at night in an unoccupied farm-house, where they went to sleep with their prisoner between them. In the night Mr. Heck got up without disturbing his captors and left the house and went into the woods. Of course, he did not return to his home, nor could he rejoin his regiment, now prisoners of war. He made his way to Canada, which was the most natural thing for him to do under the circumstances. In the meantime Philip Embury had died, in the same neighbourhood where the Hecks lived, and his widow had married a Mr. Lawrence, of the same Methodist society. As soon as practicable Mr. Heck sent for his family; and his wife and children, with the Lawrences, and others of the first Methodists, went into Canada and settled near Augusta, where they formed the first Methodist class in that province. Thus the same persons originated Methodism in three different centres.

In this extract are a number of mistakes. Mr. Heck's general was not Burgoyne, but Haldimand. Canada was then his home, and he went to it. He did not enter the service from Ashgrove, as the Bishop's account implies, but from Montreal. Embury died some time before Mr. Heck enlisted. Mr. Heck did not, after his escape from captivity, send for his family to come to him, but he went to them. He did not settle near Augusta, but in the township of Augusta.

The Bishop's history ignores entirely the fourteen years' residence in Montreal. My authority for the correction is George Heck, Esq., the youngest of the four worthy sons of Samuel Heck.

I knew them all sixty years ago, when John was a young man of twenty-four or five, a merchant at North Gore, Canada, and George a lad at home, five years younger than myself, and my



VIEW ON THE LAKE ST. LAWRENCE, FROM "OLD BLUE CHURCH," NEAR MONTREAL.

intercourse with him has continued to the present. George never left home, was the executor of his father, has held all his papers, and those of his grandfather, Paul Heck, also. He became a

member of the Methodist Church at an early age, and has taken a lively interest in this chapter of Methodist history. Confident that the Bishop had fallen into error, I wrote to Mr. George Heck, still residing at the old homestead of his father, and where his grandmother, Barbara Heck, died. His modest reply, dated May 24, 1884, contains these statements:

"My grandfather, Paul Heck, did join a volunteer corps for one year. His discharge is now before me. It bears date Quebec, August 24, 1778, signed by Robert Leake, General Haldimand, Commander-in-Chief."

He gives the same account of the capture, only that it was not while at home, and of the escape, but says:

"My grandfather volunteered in Canada, and after his escape returned to his home," which at that time was Montreal, Lower Canada. In answer to my questions Mr. Heck continues, "I always understood that grandfather Paul Heck was a U. E. (United Empire) Loyalist."

Ten thousand of the devoted friends of George III. swelled the sparse population of Canada just after the war of 1776. They all drew lands as a reward of their loyalty. Paul Heck and all his living children drew each two hundred acres of land in Augusta, Canada. In his letter now before me, Mr. George Heck says, "Some of the patents for these lands are yet in my possession."

The War of the Revolution being over, Paul and Barbara Heck, with two sons, John and Samuel, left Montreal in 1788 to make a home in Upper Canada. Lot No. 14, near Big Creek, in the township of Augusta, drawn by Samuel, was chosen for the purpose. The arrangement was that Samuel should remain with and take care of his parents. Jacob, the second son, settled as a merchant in the city of Quebec. At Big Creek, about four miles back from the St. Lawrence River, the Hecks enjoyed again the society of many of their old friends from New York and Ashgrove. Unaided by a pastor, these Wesleyan laymen organized themselves into a Methodist society. Samuel, the son of Philip Embury, was chosen as the leader.

His mother, now the wife of John Lawrence, was a member of his class, as was her husband, also Paul and Barbara Heck, and others of the first class formed in America by Embury, in New York, and here started Canadian Methodism. On this farm, in a Methodist neighbourhood, Paul, Barbara, and Samuel continued to reside, until the aged patriarch, Paul, Embury's principal assistant in erecting John Street Chapel, in New York, received his discharge from earth. He died in 1792. Samuel soon after

sold the farm on Big Creek, and purchased a tract of six hundred acres almost directly in front, on the St. Lawrence River. He built here a comfortable residence, to which, with his mother, he removed in 1799. Here Mrs. Barbara Heck spent the remainder of life, enjoying the confidence and love of all her kindred and of the numerous friends who recognized her as the "foundress," as Dr. Abel Stevens most appropriately denominates her, of American Methodism. She died in her chair, with her old Bible on her lap, so quietly and peacefully that the friends around her scarce knew the moment of her exit, on August 17, 1804.

Her grave beside her venerated husband, marked by an appropriate monument properly inscribed, is situated in the cemetery at the old Blue Church on the St. Lawrence, in the township of Augusta, about three miles west of the town or village of Prescott, in Canada, and a mile east of her last home. Two years after his mother's death, Mr. Jacob Heck sold his business in Quebec, purchased the east half of Samuel's farm, and very near the house in which his mother died, and erected a large stone mansion, after the style of the old mansions in Montreal and Quebec.

Here with his accomplished wife and five daughters, but one of whom, I think, ever married, Mr. Heck lived and died. This whole family were Methodists, and were buried near the graves of the grandparents, Paul and Barbara.

The Rev. Samuel Heck, after the death of his mother, built a new house on the opposite side of the road from his brother, Jacob. Here he and his wife and some of his children died. At the old homestead, during the summers of 1824 and 1825, I resided in the family of the Rev. Samuel Heck. He was then the most honoured local minister in that part of Canada. He officiated at more baptisms, marriages, and funerals than any other Methodist minister that I knew.

His house was the frequent resort of many of the old Methodist patriarchs, the former companions of Mrs. Barbara and Paul Heck, as it was the home of the itinerant preachers who travelled the old Augusta Circuit, which then embraced some seven or eight of the present pastoral charges.

During the intervening years until the present, I have continued my friendly relations with this honoured family. The subjects of this article were often talked of. That the Barbara Heck, beside whose grave in Canada I have so often stood, was the heroine of the first chapters of Dr. Bangs' "History of Methodism in New York," that she lived, and died, and was buried when and where I have described, I am as confident as I am that President

George Washington spent the last of life, died, and his mortal remains rest at Mount Vernon, in the State of Virginia.

NOTE.—The engraving in the April number of this MAGAZINE, as also the engraving which accompanies this paper, are made from the excellent water-colour sketches done by Mrs. C. I. Gara, of Erie, Penn. Mrs. Gara has published in a Cleveland journal an admirable account of the death of Barbara Heck, which closes as follows: “She died in 1804, with her Bible on her lap, and was buried on the banks of the great St. Lawrence River, a few miles above Prescott, in the ‘Little Blue Church Cemetery,’ which may be seen by travellers on up and down steamers during summer seasons. Inscribed on the tombstone are the words, ‘In Memory of Paul Heck, died 1792. Barbara Heck, wife of Paul Heck, born 1734, died August 17, 1804.’ In the spirit of pilgrims to the Holy Land, many annually visit this sacred spot, where swaying pines sing requiems over the last earthly resting-place of a noble-hearted, devoted Christian woman.”

“THE REFINER OF SILVER.”—“FEAR NOT.”

MALACHI III. 3.

SERENELY on my thorny way
From year to year, from day to day,
My steps are led by guiding Hand,
From land to sea, from sea to land.

I know, though molten heat be great,
Who sits to watch the liquid state:
When His blest image falls within,
Then doth the Master's work begin.

He will not make the flame too strong,
He will not leave the flame too long;
No fear have I of furnace-fire,
Since what He wills I most desire.

In all His words believe I must,—
For though He slay, in Him I trust:
He is my Light, my Life, my All;
What could affright?—what can appal?

His purpose chose me in the past,
When, in the billowy fire cast,
My dazed eyes all my treasures saw
Burn like the stubble and the straw.

No, not my erring will be done!
The Master's work is but begun;
He'll take the silver from the flame
To stamp His image and His name.

—Clara Jessup Moore, in *March Lippincott's*.

HOMEWARD FROM THE ANTIPODES.

BY LADY SYDNEY KINTORE.

Sydney, New South Wales, Thursday, October 30th, 1890.—We were off at last. One tug having tried in vain to swing our sturdy cables, departed ignominiously in search of another, and between them they had started the good ship *Alameda* on her way. It was pleasant enough while we steamed down Sydney harbour—"the most beautiful harbour in the world," as we have all been told in our time—but why are the stewards laying fiddles on the saloon tables? "Well, ma'am," answers a friendly official, "guess it will blow a bit outside." It *did*, and meals were but thinly attended for the next twenty-four hours; at least, I have been told so, I was not there to see.

Monday, November 3rd, found us at anchor in Auckland harbour, New Zealand, and before it was light coaling had begun. Did you ever try to sleep on a coaling vessel? If so, you will not be surprised to hear that, after a hurried toilet by candle light, we landed about 5 a.m., regardless of cold wind, sleeping town, and chances remote of breakfast. Auckland is a pretty little place, standing on the shores of another lovely harbour. There is an interesting museum, too small to bewilder, but large enough to contain amidst collections of skulls, quaint birds and their eggs, some excellent Maori carvings, war canoes, native houses and implements; besides these, a pair of stuffed "keas," in the act of devouring a young lamb, are curious, this New Zealander being the only known instance in natural history of a flesh-eating parrot. Sir George Grey's collection, too, is well worth a visit, with its priceless missals, the Bible from which Guttenberg set up his first types, and numberless native carvings. Then, if you have kind friends who drive you to the top of Mount Eden, whence you see a view over the whole surrounding country, and others who, with true Scotch hospitality, entertain you to lunch and fill your cabin with sweet-smelling flowers, childhood's favourites in Old Country gardens, you will regret, as we did, to say that saddest of sad words, "Good-bye!"

Life on board ship is much the same all the world round. A penny steamer on the Thames or a three-thousand tonner on the Pacific is equally pervaded with a mysterious smell of hot oil, curry and cooking vegetables. Whether the wind is "aft," or "ahead," or "abeam," it is sure to produce, in a greater or less degree, that uncomfortable feeling under one's waistband, and a

curious swimming in that part of the head usually supposed to contain ideas. As to the nightly descent into creaking cabin and closed ports, suggestive rolling board and slowly swinging lamp, and where yesterday's limp skirt and to-morrow's cloak stand out at perpetual right angles to the wall—let us forget it, if we may. The *Alameda* has started for Honolulu.

Six days afterwards I was sitting in a cool spot on deck reading one of "Tasma's" most fascinating stories. A hot, moist wind had been blowing all the morning, making everything sticky and uncomfortable, while occasional showers of tropical rain had sent us hurriedly into the social hall for shelter. "Have you any letters for Titnita?" said our captain, as he strolled along. Letters! I should think so. Had I not struggled against circumstances on several successive evenings in the saloon, in order to send our earliest news to the loved ones in Australia? And there, sure enough, was land on our starboard bow; at first only an outline, then a tropical island, cocoanuts and palms standing thickly against the sky line, and native huts nestling on the beach amidst greenery that grew to the water's edge. There are the natives paddling as hard as a lumpy sea will permit them, laughing, shouting, scrambling.

We had hardly stopped when the men from the canoes climbed on board like so many cats. In five minutes the decks were one moving crowd of undressed Nayainin natives and miscellaneous dressed bargaining passengers. They seem to be a fine lot of men, these Titnitians, with warm red skins, beautiful teeth, intelligent faces, and hair which nature intended to be black, but which art and quicklime have bleached to various shades of red, white or tawny yellow. There was only one woman, a pretty little thing, dressed in the universal tapa, or native cloth, with long wreaths of sweet-smelling leaves over her neck and shoulders. The sterner sex were not troubled with clothes, but owing to their colour, the large amount of tatoo on the body and legs, eked out with small portions of tapa cloth, this was scarcely noticeable. Each man brought something for sale—imitation war clubs, tapa cloth, fans, lemons and bananas forming their chief stock in trade. But trading time was short, for in less than an hour the signal was given, and presto! overboard they all jumped. The ship was immediately surrounded by men swimming like fish, while their goods and chattels floated round them in the water. When last seen they had regained the boats and were paddling vigorously ashore, laughing, chattering, and counting their gains.

But what of the letters? They went ashore long ago and will wait at Titnita for the next steamer passing south. "Subsequent

events, they interested me no more." Trade winds must blow, I suppose, and currents flow, but I wish they would not do it *quite* so much. A tropical shower is not pleasant just when you have settled yourself comfortably with books and work for the morning; neither is the sensation described as "pitching" entirely agreeable to the average landswoman. In time one learns to bear it philosophically, but to enjoy it, never.

November 14th.—About 3 p.m. we steamed through a large opening in the coral reef and found ourselves by the Honolulu wharf. The colouring on all sides was lovely. Behind us the sea we had so lately crossed, looking calm and ultramarine in a deceptive distance; nearer, the water, shallowing on the reef, changes to a brilliant emerald outlined by white surf. In front the town, with its many-coloured roofs, partially hidden by groves of cocoanuts, palms and bananas. The king's palace, with its high, square-built towers, stands out conspicuously against a background of green and blue hills. In the harbour itself, royal and other boathouses, built far into the water on wooden piles, numerous native craft, and the *Charleston*, a big United States man-of-war, all contributed to the composition of a picture which you must see for yourselves, for I cannot describe what is indescribable.

We land and walk to our hotel so as to see something of the town. Alas, our friend the tourist has already been before us. Curios are dear and not always genuine. The streets through which I walked were narrow and dirty, and very trifling purchases cost many dollars. Gladly we leave the shops and find ourselves among gardens and snug houses standing a little back from the road in the shadow of their own trees, palms and cocoanuts everywhere. Here a hedge of scarlet hibiscus, there passion flowers, bananas, mangoes, and on every side flowers and greenery, the very names of which I do not know.

But it is already afternoon, and if we do not start at once darkness will overtake us. Inverurie joins a party going to the "Punch-bowl," a very perfect, extinct crater, seen this morning from the sea as a bright red spot against a background of green hills, and from whence they expect a lovely view. I, taking a buggy, drove to Waikiki, the Brighton of Hawaii. The road skirts the sea, only divided from its shore by single houses, here, as elsewhere, almost hidden among palm groves, a dense green. Such pretty houses, some of them are built bungalow fashion, with deep verandas; others again are more like American villas, for the American is everywhere, and what is not Hawaiian is Yankee. More of that anon.

Native grass houses stand side by side with their wealthier and uglier neighbours, for the Hawaiian is not crowded out with any special "quarter," and that, I think, is one reason of the peculiar picturesqueness of Honolulu. Every house is covered with flowers—jessamine, passion flowers, and hidden away among trees, their gardens margined by the sea sand and deep blue water, where bathers can enjoy themselves undeterred by fear of sharks, these gentry being safely excluded by the coral reefs. There is such delicious softness in the air, laden with a hundred scents, and continuously above the varying sounds of evening I hear the deep boom of the surf.

On our left we are passing a Chinaman's garden; a short time ago it was a morass. He rented the ground for a trifle, dug deep ditches for the water, and on the embankments thus made planted bananas. The trees now yield two crops a year, and these rows of great green lanes are wonderfully picturesque into the bargain. How I wish it would not get dark. Before us is "Diamond Head," even in this light looking gray and bare. But the driver has got down to light his lamps, and long ere we regain Honolulu I can smell and hear new scents and sounds, but see nothing new.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

God never would send you the darkness
If He felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand
If the way were always bright:
And you would not care to walk by faith,
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain would not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of seven-fold heat,
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet,
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low,
And, well, if your lips do quiver—
God will love you better so.

THE METHODISTS OF MOAB.

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

AMONG the mountains of Moab, rising like a mighty wall to the east of the Dead Sea, stands the Bedouin town of Kerak, retaining, in name and in site, direct descent from the ancient city of Kirharaseth, mentioned in the Old Testament history. It was the only town left standing when Jehoram invaded Moab, owing its preservation to a cruel strategy (2 Kings iii. 25), and Isaiah names it, with its neighbouring city of Ar (Isaiah xv. 1), in his prophecy of woe upon that country. It is a wild, rough region, inhabited by even wilder and rougher people, far away from the beaten tracks of ordinary tourist travel, and little known, even by name, to the world of western civilization. The treacherous tribes of the rapacious Bedouin infest the whole surrounding country; their black tents are pitched here and there over the lowland valleys, where their flocks find pasture, and their small and squalid villages dot the heights around.

It is an important place, nevertheless, this town of Kerak, for it lies right in the track of the great caravan route, which there crosses through the mountain-passes of Moab to the towns and villages of the interior, and it forms thus an entrepôt in the miscellaneous trade and travel of the Arab world. The town occupies a most romantic situation, being built on a lofty, rocky platform, three thousand seven hundred feet above sea-level, yet commanded on every side by even loftier heights, while deep valleys cut it off on all sides, except in one narrow neck, from the encircling ranges. This platform is triangular, measures about a thousand yards on each side, was once strongly fortified, and is still enclosed by a half-ruinous wall flanked by seven heavy towers. It is entered through two tunnels cut in the rock, each nearly a hundred feet long, one on the north side of the town and one on the south. The citadel, a massive building, is separated from the town by a moat cut in the rock, and probably dating from the Crusades. In early Christian times it was the see of a bishop, and the Crusaders, mistaking it for Petra, established in it a Latin bishopric of that name, a title still retained in the Greek Church. Porter, in his hand-book of Palestine, from which the foregoing details are taken, says of the present inhabitants of this ancient and interesting place, that they are "as fanatical, as covetous, and as reckless a set of vagabonds as ever polluted a country;" and from Burckhardt's time to the present they have

been wont to plunder, and sometimes imprison and hold for ransom, the few venturesome travellers that have put themselves within their power.

In this Arab town, with so strange a history, so striking a site, and so unsavoury a reputation, have lived for five years past, two of the most self-denying and courageous missionaries in the world, their names hardly known, their work little noted by even those most interested in the work of missions. Yet these five years in the history of their patient heroism, form no unfitting sequel to the Acts of the Apostles; and in their potential bearing upon the conquest of the Arab world for Christ, and the part to be played therein by Methodism, have an interest and import almost without parallel. Five years ago an English Wesleyan local preacher, named Lethaby, with a little private means, a little knowledge of medicine, and, as the event has proved, not a little of the spirit and self-sacrifice of the Good Physician, became filled with a longing to give his life-service to the alleviation of the woes, spiritual and physical, of the sorely needy and long-neglected inhabitants of the lands identified with the early history of our race, and so closely associated with our dearest interests and holiest thoughts. Going to Jerusalem with that intent, he finally decided, probably on Wesley's principle of going not to those who need you, but to those who need you most, to make his abode at Kerak; and so to that robber-fastness, with his life in his hand, he accordingly set his face.

It is about seventy miles in a straight line from Jerusalem to Kerak, but the journey in reality is both roundabout and toilsome; and, withal, encompassed with such multiplied "perils of robbers" and worse, that the man who essays it must needs be stout of heart and set of purpose. Lethaby, however, had both a brave heart and a great purpose, and none of these things moved him, so in due time, after many an adventure, he arrived at Kerak. He had been warned not to go, and now that he was on the spot, he was, to put it in the mildest way, most unmistakably unwelcome; but he had come to stay, and he stayed. His few books and scant wardrobe were hardly of staple or sufficiency to excite Arab cupidity. He was evidently no venturesome trader or rich Frankish howadji on a pleasure tour, and as he asked no higher favour than to be allowed to live in one of their hovels and, without pay or reward, to doctor their sick people, and teach their dirty and neglected children, he was contemptuously allowed the privilege he sought. The sheik gave him a written assurance of permission, and the people accorded him a dubious toleration. Here, then, in a single mud-walled apartment, serving at once for

bedroom, kitchen, parlour and school-room, Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby—for his noble-hearted wife has been with him all through—began to exercise the sweet and civilizing influence of Christian lives given up completely to the helping, in body and soul, of the people among whom they had cast their lot. The sick, in all sorts and stages of Oriental loathsomeness, had healing and help so far as the missionary's skill and medicine could give it; the children, wild and uncouth as the lean dogs that prowled about the town, were gradually gathered in and taught the elements of learning, secular and sacred. Words of divine truth and love, wisely and gently uttered, were dropped here and there as seed-corn, falling, in some cases at least, to take evident root. And thus, with a patient love of service to men which obtained none of its fervour from glamour or romance, this heroic man and woman toiled on untiringly at their self appointed task, with scant reward or recognition of their kindly services. For four years they worked on alone, shut up entirely in their isolated mission, with little communication even by letter with the outside world.

Last year about this time, they were gladdened by the coming of a helper, Miss Arnold; and on the 17th of March, 1890, an English gentleman and his wife, who have adventurously traversed many of the more unbeaten tracks of Syria, paid a visit to Kerak, and in a recently published book,* the following sprightly account of the incident is given. It is especially noteworthy, as the *Methodist Times*, from whose critique on the book the extract is taken, observes, as giving the impression formed of the Lethabys and their work by an intelligent and unbiased eye-witness:

“As our horses scrambled up the steep side of the hill on the summit of which Kerak stands, we saw a little man in European dress, worn to the extreme of tenuity and shabbiness, climbing down on foot, and knew that it must be Mr. Lethaby come to welcome us. He walked by our side, as wondering we passed through the tunnel into the wretched collection of one-storied hovels which constitute the town. As we threaded the dirty lanes from which ill-looking faces stared out upon us, it was a pleasure to see a female figure clothed in a neat, clean, simple English dress and apron, crowned by an honest, smiling, friendly English face. This was Mrs. Lethaby, and here in this one poor room, lighted only by the door, is the residence and school-room of the missionaries and the mission. For four years have this little hero and heroine lived and laboured on amongst the Keraki, being subject to continual insults, threats and robberies. And three or four weeks before our visit, Miss Arnold had joined them. The

* *With the Bedouins: A Narrative of Journeys and Adventures in Unfrequented Parts of Syria.* By Gray Hill. With sixty-eight illustrations and a map. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

poverty in which they live, their careful attention to the bodily ailments of the people, and the fact that the Moslems of the place are little more than Mussulman in name, having the Bedouin laxity and indifference in religious matters, account for their being allowed to live at all. Indeed, Sheik Salet mentioned to us in an indifferent tone that he intended to kill Mr. Lethaby some day. Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby are so patient, so simple, so earnest, so averse from manufacturing hypocrites, so free from cant of any kind, so careless of small doctrinal and ceremonial points, so brave and determined, that we were lost in admiration of their zeal and devotion. The daily perils and annoyances to which they are subjected would be enough to drive away all but those of lion heart.

One little instance made an impression upon us. Mrs. Lethaby told us that the walls of their room, being old (for they did not build a house, but only rented a room), were infested by snakes and scorpions, and that she often lay awake at night listening to the peculiar crackling noise made by these creatures in breaking out of the crumbling mortar. Four lean cats who had found a refuge in the mission room from the storms of Kerak life, rewarded their benefactors by hunting the crawling things. The only pleasant time the missionaries have is when, work being over and the door locked, they can read aloud some interesting book and endeavour to forget their surroundings. All Mr. Lethaby's little means having been exhausted in his mission, his efforts are only supported by friends in England. So difficult and uncertain is the communication with the outside world that, although as the crow flies the distance from Jerusalem is not, I suppose, much more than seventy miles, yet they told us they were sometimes four months together without getting a letter, or being able to send one; and Mrs. Lethaby said, and probably with accuracy, that my wife was only the third English woman who had visited Kerak since the Crusades—she and Miss Arnold being the other two.

Whatever religious opinions the reader may hold, or even if he have none, let him but see what we saw of the devotion of the missionaries of Kerak, let him but witness, as we did, the effect which their gentle, true, and merciful lives, lived in the midst of savage, false, heartless, and ignorant people, have upon the children growing up under their influence, and unless his mind is warped by theological bigotry, or anti-religious fanaticism, he must recognize that here a noble work is being done, and he will not stay to inquire whether the doctrines taught are those which are, in his opinion, of the right colour. When the character and knowledge of the Keraki are raised to something like the level attained by the average of that part of mankind which is called civilized, it will be time enough for the 'subtle schoolman, more studious to divide than to unite,' to quarrel over the nature of the education to be given."

Such, then, is the work and such are the surroundings of the Methodists of Moab; the self-sent and at the first self-supported, pioneers of Methodism in that land, indeed, the sole representatives of the great missionary army of Methodism—and they unofficial—among the populations, nomadic and settled, of Palestine and Syria. They have chosen voluntarily probably the hardest soil in that long-desolated vineyard; they have not entered in at one of the open doors—and they are many and wide—but have

pushed one open for themselves, and there, in their heroic isolation and self-denying labour, they emphasize the Macedonian cry which, possibly among Methodists, has gone too long unheeded. Last autumn, Mr. Lethaby paid a flying visit to England, told here and there to sympathetic ears the simple story of his work, gathered up some free-will offerings to aid in its maintenance and development, and then hastened back to Kerak. There, to-day, he and his noble helpers are toiling on.

In these days when so much is said, not always, possibly, without reason, about missionary dilettantism abroad and limp and self-indulgent church life at home, it is refreshing to be able to turn to such a chapter as this in the annals of the modern Church.

The following is an extract from Mr. Lethaby's last letter before returning to Kerak last November. Surely a work evoking such enthusiasm as distinguishes Lethaby, and consecrated by the martyr-death of Ion Keith Falconer, is worthy of being taken up :

“And now I write, within two hours of my departure, to say that I return single-handed to the field; though half-a-dozen offers of service have been tendered, those who seem qualified for the work at this time have withdrawn at parental and family solicitation. Well, the Lord knows that for a longer time, apparently, two women and one man have to attend to the bodily, mental, and spiritual needs of scores of thousands of those who are made in His image, redeemed by Christ's blood, equally with ourselves; and, if we are faithful, He will give strength, grace and guidance. Again, then, my principal petition is for the supplications of my Christian readers—according to the prayer card which we have issued—that the Holy Spirit may ever inspire and accompany every effort, and make it effectual to the conversion of souls; that, especially, our dear Bedouin boys and girls may in yet greater numbers be ‘made wise unto salvation,’ and a blessing to their own people; that we who are in the front may be graciously kept from falling into errors of thought, word and deed, and blessed with ‘a right judgment in all things’; and, as seems most important, that the cruel, lawless conduct of Turks and Ishmaelites may cease, and such protection be vouchsafed that the way may be opened for myself or others to go on to those Arabian fields which are not so much ‘white unto the harvest,’ as ripe and brown with the dust of many centuries during which immortal souls have been forgotten by the labourers of the Lord of the harvest. Oh, that even now the disciples might ‘lift up their eyes!’”

NOTE.—So far as I am aware, the work of Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby is still dependent upon voluntary support, though it is possible that the Wesleyan Missionary Committee may now give them a grant in aid of it. In any case, however, pecuniary help is doubtless greatly needed, and would be gratefully appreciated; and if any of the readers of the *MAGAZINE* would like to aid this heroic couple, and will send their contributions to me, in care of the Editor, I will undertake to see that they are duly and promptly forwarded by the safest mode to Kerak. Soon, I hope, we shall have missionaries of our own in some part of these ancient lands. [G. J. B.]

SHALL WE HAVE A MEDICAL MISSION IN PALESTINE?

In support of the appeal which I am making for the starting of a pioneer Methodist Medical Mission in Palestine or Syria, and in answer to the natural and very essential question, what will it cost? I can hardly do better than put before your readers an extract from a letter just received from my friend, Dr. Mackinnon, of the Edinburgh Medical Mission in Damascus, mine host during my stay in that famous city. It supplies, I think, what we need at this point, a vivid and faithful picture of the crying need of help which obtains almost everywhere out there, and an accurate estimate of its probable cost:

“As regards ourselves, we are plodding on where you left us. My work has increased till I am at my wits' end to know how to manage it,” writes Dr. Mackinnon. “I intend, very shortly, writing my Society on this point. Something must be done; I alone am quite unable to manage the affair. Cases, some sad, sad cases requiring operations, are constantly presenting themselves at the Dispensary. We have at present six beds, but what are they among so many? Every bed is occupied, and still they come. One case went out to-day, and another stepped in almost before the bed got cold. Over one hundred cases daily apply for medical relief; and I cannot, with my other work, see more than fifty or sixty. The others go away and come again and again. There is no use shirking the question—a hospital must be built, a nurse must be got; and if the work remains as heavy as at present, an assistant must be sought.

“I do not know if I told you we have now an Imperial Iradé, tantamount to a Firman, for a hospital. Ever since obtaining this we have remained unmolested on the part of the government, although the daily preaching of the Gospel in the waiting-room is not well received by the fanatic portion of the population. We are sometimes told in a quiet way that we had better, in the meantime, discontinue it; but we never heed these things, and just go on as usual.

“Old Yusef, alias ‘Old Polyglot,’* is still to the fore. He is a wonderful old man, true and faithful, and instant in season and out of season.

“Your question regarding medical mission and schools I must think over, and speak with the missionaries about. For my own

* A venerable old Armenian, speaking several languages, the Dispensary servant, and a devoted and zealous Christian, testifying for his Master and preaching His Gospel to the hundreds who flock to the Dispensary with the greatest earnestness and boldness.

part I would welcome another Medical Mission in the land. The large villages to the north seem to me to be the best part; but whether they are regarded as the property of any church or not I do not know. I shall write you again about that.

"The cost of a Medical Mission varies according to place. But suppose an ordinary case:

EQUIPMENT OF MEDICAL MISSION.

"Instruments, £60 to £100; Drugs £40—say for both, £120.

"To equip medical man, etc., including books, personal effects, instruments, drugs, furnishing consulting room and dispensary, say nearly £200.

"Yearly expenses:

Medical man's salary.....	£200 to	£300
" " home.....	30 "	40
Rent of dispensary.....	30 "	40
Dispenser's wages.....	16 "	30
Manservant.....	16 "	30
Extra drugs.....	25 "	35
Extras.....	20 "	40

From £337 to £515

"The expenses of the Damascus Medical Mission, including rent, £44, dispenser's wages, man and maid-servants' wages, light, fire, furnishing, four to five beds and inmates, food for them, extra drugs bought in town, etc., etc.; in short, everything required by the large dispensary and embryonic hospital, except my salary and the drugs from home, amounted to:

1886-1887.....	£183	18	7
1887-1888.....	146	18	2
1888-1889.....	164	9	5
1889-1890.....	189	2	0

"Of this we raised here in Damascus by fees in the dispensary (not outside, that is a separate account), donations and collection box:

1886-1887.....	£48	4	0
1887-1888.....	47	8	0
1888-1889.....	69	9	11
1889-1890.....	64	2	2

"You will see, then, that for the last two years it has cost my Society about £100 to £125, besides my salary and drugs from home, to keep up the work here. Fees taken outside the dispensary form a separate account, these to go to the Society.

"There is a sort of understanding between the Church Missionary Society and the Presbyterians that the Church Missionary Society takes Palestine up to Baniyas, and the Presbyterians Syria and the north as their respective spheres of labour. Since getting so far, Mr. Crawford, the new missionary, dropped in; I spoke about your question, and he was of the idea that a Medical Mission was what was most needed in this land. He is a great advocate of Medical Mission work."

Now, then, there can be no question as to need and probable cost, in the judgment of one most competent to give an opinion. The only question is, shall the man and the money be forthcoming? Who will answer?

MY SOUL, COME IN.

BY LEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

“While I was musing the fire burned.”—Ps. xxxix. 3.

My soul, come in from the world to-night,
Thou art far too burdened with all its care:
Thou hast never a moment of sweet delight,
Shut in from its din with thy Lord in prayer.
Come in, thou hast tarried too long abroad,
To thy Holy of Holies to-night return,
And hold communion alone with God,
And while thou art musing the fire will burn.

Come in, my soul! Thou art all alone
In the busy mart, with its bustle and blare;
The chamber of prayer is beside the Throne:
There is strength, and healing, and solace there.
Come in and talk with thy risen Lord,
He waits for thy coming, and will not spurn
Thy utter trust in His princely Word:
And while He is speaking the fire will burn.

Thou needest the fire to purge thy dross,
To leaven with life and to cast out sin;
The spell of power for thee is *The Cross*,
And prayer brings the *Fire of Pentecost* in.
Then wait on the Lord, thou soul of mine;
To repent the past can alone return
Thee into the current of life divine;
There, while thou art musing, the fire will burn.

Thy Lord on Tabor, at eventide,
Transfigured, stood on the Mount of Prayer,
And now in thy life shall be glorified,
And the *beauty* of heaven shine clearly there.
If thou wilt bow before God, my soul!
The world will know thou hast seen His face,
And others will yield to His sweet control
By thy prayer-found fire of redeeming grace.

THE ELMS, Toronto.

“THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.”*

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has chosen as the theme of his latest poem—the crowning work of his life, as we think it is—the most august and solemn theme in the whole range of human thought and history. The story of the incarnation and life of Our Blessed Lord, of His cross and passion, of His resurrection and ascension, with all the momentous and stupendous consequences thereof, form a theme for devout and reverent poetry incomparably superior in interest, to the “Nether World” and “Paradise” of Dante, or the “Paradise Lost” of Milton. And devout and reverent is every line of this noble poem. The story of the blameless Gautama, of his self-sacrifice and abnegation, furnished the distinguished author of “The Light of Asia” with a noble theme; but he here completes and supplements that splendid poem with a sympathetic study of a diviner incarnation, a nobler life, and a sublimer sacrifice. We hope that many of our readers will give themselves the benefit of careful study of this poem. All that we can hope to do in these pages is to point out a few of its more conspicuous features, and call attention to a few of its gems of thought.

The beautiful introductory poem indicates the spirit in which the author undertakes his task, called thereto by a divine and solemn voice.

“The Sovereign Voice spake, once more, in mine ear,
‘Write, now, a song unstained by any tear.’

“‘What shall I write?’ I said. The Voice replied,
‘Write what We tell thee of The Crucified!’

“‘How shall I write,’ I said, ‘Who am not meet
One word of that sweet speaking to repeat?’

“‘It shall be given unto thee! Do this thing!’
Answered The Voice: ‘Wash thy lips clean and sing!’”

Then the scene opens at Bethlehem:

“So many hills arising, green and gray,
On Earth’s large round, and that one hill to say:
‘I was his bearing place!’ On Earth’s wide breast
So many maids! and She—of all most blest—
Heavily mounting Bethlehem, to be
His Mother!—Holy Maid of Galilee!”

* *The Light of the World; or, the Great Consummation.* By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. J. Berkinshaw, 86, Bay Street, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

After the song of the angels, the poet, with clear assurance, moralizes thus on the final reign of peace and brotherhood :

“PEACE, pledged, at last, to Man !
 Oh ! if there only ran
 Thrill of such surety through one human soul,
 Would not the swift joy start
 From beating heart to heart,
 Lighting all lands ; leaping from pole to pole ?

“PEACE, PEACE—to come ! to be !
 If such were certainty
 Far-off, at length, at latest, any while,
 What woe were hard to bear ?
 What sorrow worth one tear ?
 Murder would soften, black Despair would smile. . . .

“What lack of Paradise
 If in angelic wise,
 Each unto each, as to himself, were dear ?
 If we in souls desried,
 Whatever form might hide,
 Own brother, and own sister, everywhere ?”

The poem was meditated amid the sacred scenes of Bethlehem. The author says :

“What time, with reverent feet, I wandered there
 Treading Christ’s ground, and breathing Christ’s sweet air.”

The chief scene of the poem is in the palace home of Mary Magdalene, three years after the death of Christ. The poet describes Pontius Pilate, with his wife Claudia Procula, taking refuge, from the discomforts of their camp tents, in the house of Mary Magdalene. The restless proconsul, summoned before Cæsar, on account of alleged malversations of office, cannot sleep for thought of the deeper wrong and damning guilt of his consenting to the death of Christ :

“The pale, sweet Man ; the Man that was ‘the King.’ . . .
 Whom, of all Jews, I hated not, nor scorned.”

Pilate recounts, with bitter remorse, his part in the sad scenes of the *Pretorium*, and goes his way summoned to Rome to defend himself against the very accusation of treason against Cæsar which he vainly tried to escape by his condemnation of Christ. In the following eloquent lines the poet describes the converse of Mary Magdalene, wherein she sets forth the holy character of the Lord she loved.

“Thereat she rose
 Stateliest,—and light of living Love and Truth

Made fairer her fair face, kindled her eyes
 To lovelier lustre, while she told the things
 Which had befallen after Calvary.
 How, surely, with the sad days ending there,
 New days had dawned and hope unknown to earth.
 How He walked here, the shadow of Him Love,
 The speech of Him soft Music, and His step
 A Benediction ; making sick folk whole,
 The lame to walk, the lepers to go clean,
 And taking back the dead from Death, by might
 Of some deep secret which He had from Heaven.
 Until—at that hard triumph of the Cross,
 In hour, and way, and by th' appointed hands—
 He Himself passed, mild and majestic,
 Through Death's black gate, whose inner side none saw
 Before He set it wide, golden and glad,
 Conquered for us of the Unconquerable."

A more sympathetic auditor she found in the gray-beard Magus, who came from farthest Ind, to inquire once more concerning that prophet of the Most High to whose birthplace in Bethlehem he had been led by the Guiding Star six-and-thirty years before. Mary recounts her story, as learned from the Mother of Jesus and from apocryphal legend :

"What was, in the beginning of these things,
 Scantly I know by hearing, and such word
 As sometimes, from the brothers of my Lord,
 Or from His Mother, fell. But those not apt
 Greatly to speak ; since, well-nigh to the end
 Scant honour found He in His father's House :
 And She who bore Him—blessed beyond all
 Of mortal mothers—bore a load besides
 Of love and fear, wonder and reverence,
 So heavy on her heart that her still lips
 Were locked as if an Angel held them close.
 Only you saw, if Heaven should seek on Earth
 Fit mother for its Messenger of grace,
 Those were the eyes,—communing with the skies—
 That was the face,—tender and true and pure :
 There was the breast, beautiful, sinless, sweet—
 This was the frame,—majestic, maidenly—
 And these the soft, strong hands, and those the arms,
 And those the knees,—bent daily in meek prayer—
 Whereto the Eternal Love would needs commit
 The flower of Humankind to bud and blow.

"I, who have been that which He found me, hide
 My stained cheeks in my hands, speaking of her
 Who showed so noble, humble, heavenly,

So virginal and motherly ; so fair,
The Rose of Women."

Recounting the flight into Egypt, she says :

 " On their way
'Tis told the palm-trees stooped to give them fruit ;
That dragons of the deserts slid their scales—
Shamed to be deadly—into cleft and den ;
That robbers, by the road, flung spear and sword
Down on the sand, and laid their fierce brows there,
Convinced of evil by mere majesty
Of Babe and Mother. And dry Roses bloomed
Back into beauty, when their garments brushed
The Rose-bush ; and a way-side sycamore
Beneath whose leaves they rested, moved his boughs
From noon till evening with the moving sun
To make them shade. And, coming nigh to On,
Where stands the house of Ra, its mighty God—
Cut in black porphyry, prodigious, feared,—
Fell from his seat. But if all this be so
I wot not."

She thus describes the blameless life of the thirty years in Nazareth :

 " His trade He plied, a Carpenter, and built
Doors, where folks come and go, unto this hour,
Not wotting how the hands which wrought their doors
Unbarred Death's gate by Love's high sacrifice ;—
Tables whereon folks set their meat, and eat,
Heedless of Who was 'Bread of Life' and gave
Such food that whoso eateth hungereth not.
And, in those little lanes of Nazareth,
Each morn His holy feet would come and go
While He bore planks and beams, whose back must bear
The cruel cross. And, then, at evening's fall,
Resting from labour, with those patient feet
Deep in white wood-dust, and the long curled shreds
Shorn by His plane,—He would turn innocent eyes
Gazing far past the sunset to that world
He came from, and must go to ; nigh to Him,—
Nigh unto us, albeit we see it not,
Whereof Life is the curtain, and mute Death
Herald and Door-keeper. One eve, they say,
The shadow of His outstretched arms—cast strong
By sun-down's low-shot light,—painted a Cross
Black on the wall ; and Mary, trembling, drew
Her garment o'er the lattice."

The following sweet song is chanted describing that shadow of the cross :

 " Meek and sweet in the sun He stands,
 Drinking the cool of the Syrian skies ;

Lifting to Heaven toil-wearied hands,
Seeing His Father with those pure eyes.

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

“We know what message that even-tide
Bore, when it painted the Roman cross,
And the purples of night-fall prophesied
The hyssop to Him, and to us the loss.

“The Crown which the Magi brought to her
It made a Vision of brows that bleed ;
And the censer, with spikenard, and balm, and myrrh,
It lay on the wall like the Sponge and Reed.

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

With bitter tears, Mary, whom the poet identifies with her of Magdala, out of whom our Lord cast seven devils, confesses her sin, her sorrow, and her forgiveness.

“’Twas there, at Kenna, ’mid my thickest sins,
Red outwardly with murder ; inwardly
Black to the heart’s core with wild wickedness,
Dwelt in by all the seven dark devils of Hell,
I saw my Lord ! Oh, first I saw my Lord !
And, sir ! I heard His voice. . . .

“Wherefore, I followed to Capernaum,
One in His lengthening train—the last and least—
Unnoticed ; for I cast aside my webs
Of Coan, and my torques of Roman gold
At Kenna—and dressed as our peasants use
Along the Lake.”

Then in exquisite verse she describes the teachings of Our Lord on that “fair Sinai”—the Mount of Beatitudes.

“The Kingdom came on that soft mountain-slope,
Not with the battle-trumpets, not with neigh
Of war-horse, flecked with purple foam, and neck
Clothed with the thunder ; but by this mild Voice
Telling how lowly souls shall be the Lord’s
Of the New Kingdom, and the Sorrowful,
The meek, the seekers after righteousness,
The merciful, the just, the peace-makers,
And they who for their brothers’ sake, and Right,

Have suffered persecution. Oh, sir! think ;
In that one mountain morning—at one word—
All our world changed ! Poverty rich ! sick hearts
Comforted ! those who weep to laugh and sing,
This earth the Ante-room to neighbouring Heaven ;
Wise souls its salt ; pure souls its lamps ; set high
Like cities upon hills, like candlesticks
Lighting the house ! ‘ So let them shine,’ He said,
‘ That men see your good works, and glorify
Your Father in the heavens ! ’”

Under the spell of this Holy Presence and these divine teachings, all the base in her was changed to love and worship.

“ All my heart
Burned so with worship that the blessed flame
Purged it of sin, and shame and sorrow,—left
Only the gold behind of grateful ache
To praise and thank and love and honour Him ;
To follow Him with humblest service still
Through life and death.”

She thus describes the scene in Simon’s house and the holy words of Jesus :

“ Wherefore, this I say :—
Her sins—her many sins—are wiped away,
Even as from these my feet her tears were wiped ;
FOR SHE LOVED MUCH ! But where forgivingness
Is little, love is little.’ . . .
And—ah !—beyond all music ever heard—
Fell dulcet on mine ears : ‘ Go thou in peace !
Thy faith hath saved thee ! Go in peace ! Thy sins
Are all forgiven.”

Then became she one of the most faithful of the disciples of our Lord. She thus records that life in Galilee :

“ He led us—Lord of lovely pastorals—
Through these fair paths, grown to seem Paradise,
Heaven being so near. Women and children drew—
Bright with the light of Love’s new Kingdom come—
Into his train ; and gave Him laughing guards
Of little ones, who clustered round His knees—
Wiser and bolder than we others were—
Of dark-eyed, wistful Syrian wives and maids,
Glad to be poor, because He loved the poor
And made them wealthy with His word. The Lake,
The lonely peaks, the valleys, lily-lit,
Were synagogues. The simplest sights we met—
The Sower flinging seed on loam and rock ;
The darnel in the wheat ; the mustard-tree

That hath its seed so little, and its boughs
Wide-spreading ; and the wandering sheep ; and nets
Shot in the wimpled waters—drawing forth
Great fish and small ;—these, and a hundred such,
Seen by us daily, yet never seen aright,
Were pictures for Him from the page of life,
Teaching by parable.”

“ Yet most He loved to teach of love,” she said, and then recounts the story of the prodigal.

“ And, oh ! what heart
Throbb'd not amongst us, while the Master told
Tenderly,—meaning all the world to hear,—
How—yet a long way off—his Father saw,
Saw him, and had compassion ; nay, and ran,
And fell upon his neck, and kissed the boy
Mouth to mouth, Father's lips on Son's lips pressed,
Staying his words of sorrowful self-blame
With dear impatience ;—leading us to learn
That God's love runneth faster than our feet
To meet us stealing back to Him and peace,
And kisses dumb our shame ; nay, and puts on
The best robe, bidding Angels bring it forth,
While Heaven makes festival ; for Angel's meat
Is happiness of man.”

The Indian Magus, who had all his life been seeking for the light, recognizing a light above the light of Buddha, exclaims :

“ Whence are words to thank
These words which teach me where thy Jesus filled
The leaf of wisdom in, and wrote for men
The Name Lord Buddha would not say nor spell ?”

A brilliant chapter recounts the splendour and the pagan pomp and wealthy merchandise of Tyre, and our Lord's visit thither and contact with this heathenry, soon to be, by His sacred ministry, brought back to the service of its rightful Lord.

Dwelling with grateful and adoring love upon the love of God, revealed in Christ, this woman who loved much, for she was much forgiven, thus expounds to the Indian sage this wonderful revelation of the Divine and eternal God in the human Christ :

“ This Godlike One,
This spotless, stainless, sinless, blameless Christ,
Whom none did once convince of one small swerve
From perfectness ; nor ever shall !—so strong
The elements obeyed Him ; so divine
The devils worshipped ; so with virtue charged
The touch of Him was health ; so masterful
The dead came back upon His call ; so mild

The little children clustered at His knee,
And nestled trustful locks on that kind breast
Which leans to-day on God's—Consider, sir!
A human heart beat there! a human brain
Pondered, and pitied, and was sorrowful
Behind that Sovereign brow.”

Rising to the conception of the perfect kingdom of God on earth, in golden words Mary describes the golden age to be, and the Golden Rule,—the motto of the world:

“But with Christ to love,—
With Him to show us what lay lost in us—
Man by His birth, God by His deathlessness—
For His sake all the race of men grows great;
Old laws are spent! What need command us more,
With crash of Sinai's thunder, not to rob,
To murder, covet, bear false witness? Those
Were chained for Hatred;—Love is done with them!
Love, standing with the children, at His knee,
Spells the new lesson that the neighbour wronged,
The poor left comfortless, the foeman slain,
Were kinsmen used unkindly, lovers lost;
Being one household, with one Father, God,
One eldest brother, Christ.”

An exquisite passage is that in which the beautiful Shelomith, the beloved daughter of Jairus, called back to life by the words of Jesus, tells with a strange reserve the story of her recall from the spirit world. More touching still is the account of the raising of Lazarus, identified as the brother of this Mary Magdalene, and as the rich young lawyer, who went away grieved from Christ because he had great possessions, and whom our Lord recalled from the grave, and who is further identified as the young man who watched our Lord with loving sympathy on the evening of that dark hour at Gethsemane:

“So Jesus, sitting with a babe
Asleep upon His breast, and on His knee
One round-eyed ‘Angel of the Kingdom,’ nursed
Full fatherly:—a shallop drove its keel
Sharp on the tinkling shingle, and thence gave
My Brother to our band. For I had told
At Bethany how great the Master was;
How wise, how holy, how compassionate.
And El'azar sped, running through the reeds;
And 'hrust past peasants, mothers, and the Twelve;
And kneeled and prayed: ‘Good Master! wherewithal
Shall I gain Life eternal?’ Jesus said:
‘Call me not good! None is all good save One!

Thou knowest the Commandments?' at those words
 Reciting Moses. Quoth my brother, then,
 'All these have I observed from my youth up !'
 And Jesus seeing, loved him ; kissed his head
 As Rabbi's will when scholars answer well ;
 But bade him go his way, sell all his goods,
 And give his shekels to the poor, and buy
 Treasures in Heaven. Thereat El'azar turned
 Sorrowful, for he was a Ruler, owning vines,
 Milch-kine and olive-yards. Yet, that kind kiss
 Lay strong upon him ; and he did this thing
 And gave much wealth, and lived for better gold,
 And grew the Master's friend, faithful and close,
 Ministering, when we came to Bethany."

Then she describes the illness of her brother, the delay of
 Christ, the hopeless sorrow of the sisters :

"Too late ! too late !
 Why had He tarried, only seven leagues off,
 Who might have healed ; and El'azar so loved ?
 'Lord, had'st Thou but been here !' brake from my lips,
 'My brother had not died !' Then, as I think,
 To see our tears, and all those mourning folk,
 And know our lamentation one salt drop
 In this world's brimful sea of misery ;
 Bethinking how, by night and day ; near, far,
 Eyes stream, hearts crack, and homes are laid in waste
 For terror of this secret-footed Death
 Which comes unseen, and slayeth silently ;
 And hath not answered once, though myriads ask :
 'What art Thou ? Wilt Thou give us back our Dead ?'
 Bethinking Him of this, compassionate,
 Folding all human sorrows in His heart,
 Our Heavenly Master groaned in spirit ; shook,
 A-tremble with that vast Love, gathering
 Against His breast all such as weep on Earth.
 'Where have ye laid him ?' sighed He. When I said
 'Lord ! Come and see !' the gracious eyes were wet
 With tears which comfort all tears.

"Jesus wept.

So, to the Tomb we came. The gray slab made
 Its monstrous door, where tread of guests falls not,
 Nor knock is answered, but the Dead within
 Keep speechless company, and, in the dark—
 With none to visit them save rat and worm ;
 Nothing befalling but a bone which drops ;
 Moulder together, all a-dust and dry,
 Saying no word,—disconsolate, undone,
 Staring with empty eyes at olive-roots
 Whose fruit they used to pluck—for others now !

Saying no word! Husband and Wife and Child,
Brother and Sister,—who were wont to mix
Lips, hands, and hearts in Earth's warm fellowship,
Silent and separate, on noisome beds.
Oh, till He lived did we not dread our Dead
So still, so altered, so unlovely, so——?"

Then follows the transcending miracle, and the happiness of the overjoyed sisters over the brother of their love.

But the shadows are gathering over that holy life—the scenes of the Last Supper, the anguish of Gethsemane, the betrayal, the cross and passion on the tree. We would gladly quote the exquisite pathos of those closing scenes, but space will not permit.

“Measure what a pang
Tore us, and mocked our faith, and made our hopes
Fall, leaf by leaf; like last leaves, when the blast
Of winter strips the vineyard gray and bare!”

All their high hopes were gone. “They trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel.”

“For our King's drink the hyssop on the sponge!
For our King's purple the slow-trickling blood!
For our King's courtiers the writhing thieves
This side and that! for our King's ministers
Those legionaries with the savage spears!
For our King's praises gibes of passers-by!
For our King's throne the cruel torturing Tree! . . .
Ah, never since tears rolled—since human hearts
Beat quick with hope, to break in black despair,
Lay Love so wingless, Faith so quite forlorn
As that dread day, on guilty Golgotha!”

And Mary recounts how on the morning of the first Easter, at the early dawn, she came to the garden—

“Was full of doves that cooed, as knowing not
How Love was dead, and Life's dear glory gone,
And World's hope lay there in the tomb with Him.”

But alas!

“Fled, too, my last fond hope, to lay Him fair,
And kiss His wounded feet, and wash the blood
From His pierced palms, and comb His tangled hair
To comeliness, and leave Him—like a King—
To His forgetful Angels. Weeping hard, . . .
For, while I lay there, sobbing at His feet
The word He spake—My Lord! my King, my Christ!
Was my name:

“Mary!” Only I turned
My quick glance upward; saw Him; knew Him! sprang
Crying: ‘Rabboni!—Lord! my Lord! dear Lord!’”

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

CANADIAN METHODIST MISSION IN CHINA.

BY THE REV. V. C. HART, D.D.

NEARLY all missionaries are earnest advocates of medical missions. From Africa to Syria and Persia, from India and China to Siam and Corea, hundreds of the most devoted missionaries plead for this branch of Christian work. The past few years has seen a wonderful change in missionary tactics, and the day is gone when medical missions are considered unimportant factors in the world's conversion. The Church Missionary Society sent able and experienced men to the "Happy Valley" of Cashmere; but after repeated failures, the idea dawned upon the Society that a medical missionary might be successful. One was borrowed from the Presbyterians and sent to the Valley. The work was opened, and has proved a grand success. Much of the wonderful success in Formosa is, no doubt, due to this branch of work, which was established in conjunction with the evangelistic. Siam was practically untouched by Christian influence until Drs. Bradley and House arrived upon the field. A boastful priest said to Dr. Bradley, "Have you come with your chisel to undermine our great mountain of Buddhism?" The Doctor was destined to wield one of the best chisels ever devised to cleave the flinty mountain of heathenism. He was to carry a most potent charm to dispel the horrid superstitions which had so long enslaved the Siamese.

Scarcely seven years ago, my friend, Dr. Allen, exchanged his newly begun work in central China for a position near the King of Corea. Corea was then destitute of missionaries, a sealed country as to Western ideas. No one dared to preach Christianity, or disseminate Christian literature. In the providence of God he had the one thing needful to capture the "Hermit Empire." The news that reached us a few months after his arrival startled the most sanguine and aggressive workers. Was it possible for a young and inexperienced man, without knowledge of the language, to capture the heart of the king, and obtain permission to teach and preach Christianity? Such was the fact, and it was accomplished by the simple act of healing the king's nephew. Dr. Post tells thrilling incidents in connection with his Syrian work. Medical men have opened more closed gates in China in the past ten years, than all other agents.

In obedience to home orders, the writer, early in 1887, repaired to the city of Chung-king, in the province of Sz-Chuen, to re-

establish the Methodist Mission, which, with the Catholic Missions, had been destroyed by a furious mob the previous year. The people were still suspicious and disposed to be hostile, as they were still labouring under considerable excitement over the events which had cast such a deep shadow over all mission enterprises in that beautiful province. The only pleasant phase discernible was the repeated inquiries by the people about "the Doctor" and his return. The united experience of scores of missionaries is the same as the writer's, and all pronounce a like verdict upon the need of medical missions, especially in the early stages of mission work.

Great Need in China.

No land calls more loudly for our efforts in this direction than China, and none affords greater facilities for reaching the masses by its employment. Half the population are afflicted with eye and skin troubles, brought on, not by the climate, but by neglect and ignorance of the laws of hygiene. Fevers and agues prevail to an alarming extent, and small-pox is always epidemic. The native physicians are powerless in the presence of disease. There are drugs in great abundance, and doctors everywhere, with scorpion, beetle, and tiger-claw mixtures, and surgeons armed with clumsy instruments to pick and probe at ulcers and superficial troubles. They are mere charlatans, of course, and prey upon the credulity of the ignorant—and all classes are fearfully ignorant of diseases and their origin. The profession is taken up by men without training or examination. The unsuccessful literary candidate hangs out a sign, and forthwith begins to concoct nauseous syrups, and spread plasters, the potency of which he has not the least conception of. The surgeon has as little idea of anatomy as the carpenter or stonemason.

The people have unlimited faith in charms, and a few flourishes with the pen upon coarse paper by a sorcerer, or Taoist priest, is a panacea for many ills. Disease is the presence of devils in the person afflicted, and when medicines fail, charms always come into play. John Hay says: "The very air in Spain is peopled with devils." In China, not the air alone, but the earth teems with millions of evil spirits, which delight to afflict poor mortals. The natives say, "Three feet above the head the air swarms with spirits." A popular Taoist book says, "Three inches below the earth's surface the spirits have their dwellings." The natives have great faith in amulets to ward off disease, and other evils. A copper coin, brightened upon a bronze image or upon a temple

bell, worn over the place afflicted will afford relief and keep off evil influences. It is needless to state more to show the blessing scientific surgery and the proper administration of medicine must have for a people like the Chinese.

While being myself a clerical missionary, my sympathies have been largely with medical missions, and during the later years of service in China much of my energies were directed in that channel. A few words of my personal experience may prove of interest to the reader.

For many years I had pleaded the privilege of opening up a mission at Nankin, a city second only to Peking in political importance, and well situated for effective work. The response from the mission authorities was always "No funds; wait another year." Finally in 1883, when on furlough in the United States, formal consent was obtained, providing sufficient funds could be secured, to begin the work. Before my return to China a lady of Oak Park, Ill., donated \$10,000 to found a hospital, and thus inaugurate the long-desired work. In the autumn of 1883 the Nankinese saw a foreign-built house-boat pass up the canal from the great river Yangtze and anchor below the powder mills, within a stone's throw of the site of the world-renowned Porcelain Tower. The grim city walls towered a hundred feet above our frail craft, while tens of thousands of merchants and artisans pressed over the marble bridge in full sight below. We hastened to lay our plans before the officials, and sought their co-operation. Our arguments were of no avail, and we left them with their words, "We do not desire a hospital," ringing in our ears.

The rebuff was unexpected, because the medical work had already received cordial support at Canton, Tientsin, and at many other great centres. With a sad heart, but determined will, we returned to our little home in the canal to wait patiently for developments, knowing full well that every step would be watched, and every possible obstacle put in the way of securing a building site. When Hudson Taylor withdrew his recruits from Nankin he is reported to have said, "I abandon the city to the devil." It was looked upon as the hardest of all fields. Whenever the missionary went through the streets he met little but abuse. Officials and people seemed leagued together against all missionary efforts.

The winter passed, summer came and went, and another winter, before our efforts were crowned with success. The struggles of those eighteen months will never be effaced from my memory. At last the site was secured, and two officials were delegated by the Viceroy to put up the boundary stones. The site was not the

one purchased, but an exchange, which gave to the Viceroy in the eyes of the people more public spirit and benevolence than the old gentleman ever possessed, for he was, if anything, more conservative than his predecessor, who declared when he gave to the Presbyterians a small plot of ground that "no more land would be given to foreigners." Long before the hospital was finished both officials and people were proud of the fine structure, and eagerly inquired when the Doctor would come. The opening day was a perfect victory; sixteen high officials came to the chapel, listened to our prayers, and songs and speeches. They then sat down with our foreign visitors and our missionary ladies to a bountiful repast in the principal ward. A singular incident occurred directly after the opening. One of the officials soon after his return home found his two wives in hot dispute, the end of which was both attempted suicide with opium. The doctor was summoned, and, although the women were stupid, and more dead than alive, mustard, a stomach pump, and coffee did heroic work and they were saved.

The first day the hospital was opened to the public—and a nominal fee was charged—two hundred and fifty sick people passed its portals, were preached to, and doctored by our colleague, Dr. Beebe. It was a day never to be forgotten. Women brought children with scrofula and ulcers. Even the blind came, hoping to be restored to sight. Consumptives in the last stages found their way by the aid of friends, and pleaded to be cured. All through the hot summer, long before the hour of opening scores, and sometimes hundreds, crowded about the outer gate and clamoured for tickets. On one occasion the gates were forced, the walls broken, and the crowds took possession of the chapel court. Such eagerness we considered pardonable, knowing, as we did, the motives which urged them on.

For five years the sick multitudes have come and gone; thousands of them healed have gone forth, and heralded far and near the wonderful skill and goodness of the foreign doctors. Grateful patients have sent presents; tablets of costly material and of ingenious devices have been erected by appreciative officials. The attitude of people and officials has wholly changed. The general results have been patent to all workers. Every society now represented in the city has been directly benefited by the presence of the hospital. So much so that, whereas, five years ago it was almost next to impossible to purchase a small plot of ground or even rent a dwelling, now large plots are freely purchased; the people are no longer terrorized by the officials and threatened with imprisonment should they part with land or house to the hated foreigner.

The old conservative city, with a circumference of twenty-two miles, the queen of the Yangtse River, the most famous literary centre of the empire, has been touched in every part by this plain humane institution. Converts have been won, and all the missions are reaping thus early through the means of the widow's gift. Dr. Jellison, in a late letter from Nankin, says: "We are advancing in the work and converts are coming. We treated 3,800 patients during the three months ending January 1." Another missionary writes that they are receiving probationers at the rate of twenty each quarter.

We turn from this interesting field, and point you to another city and province eighteen hundred miles to the west, to that great province, the richest and most populous in China, whose area is greater than all Japan, and population twice as great. The Canadian Methodist Church proposes to enter and cause it to blossom in spiritual things as it does in temporal affairs. This province, called Sz-Chuen, *Four Streams*, "is an empire of itself," as Bishop Ames once said of the State of Missouri when pleading for young men to man her vacant fields during the civil war. On the one hand are the wild tribes, as yet unreached by missionary enterprise; near by is Thibet, and westward the great and undeveloped province of Kansuh. Politically it is in touch with Pekin and Thibet. The language of Thibet could be learned from priests and tribute-bearers who resort to Chenten. Within its fertile valleys are one hundred walled cities, besides a host of populous market towns and villages. One language is spoken over all this vast territory. The committee has chosen Chenten as a centre from whence the vast territory is to be reached.

No other section of the empire affords so many attractions to the zealous, consecrated worker. The district is remote from direct foreign intercourse, consequently missionaries will be the sole representatives of our Christian civilization. Here they may carry forward their plans unhindered by the presence of ungodly foreigners and the train of evils which follows the advent of foreign trade in China. The staff of workers as now constituted is two medical men and two preachers. The medical men are well-fitted for religious work, their hearts are in full accord with the spiritual development of the mission, and the Church is to be congratulated in being able to command such pioneers for her medical mission. Although hundreds of bright young men are fitting themselves for this work, it is not likely to be overdone. There are but eighty medical missionaries in China, and 360,000,000 of people—one doctor to 4,500,000.

The Financial Need.

Missionaries without good backing cannot be eminently successful. The Missionary Society will look after their support, which we understand will be sufficient to keep them from want. To call missions self-supporting is a misnomer, there are none such. Some that are so called, cost individual Christians more than they have ever paid to organized societies. The missions to Africa are as costly as any in the world. The Church may count upon pouring out rich gifts if she is to take the world for Christ.

These medical men need instruments and medicines, charts and a manakin. Wherever we open chapels they will need funds to fit up dispensaries. Within a day's journey from Chenten are some twenty walled cities and as many market towns, lying along navigable streams or in rich valleys. These must be reached from the centre, and a dispensary in each large place would do untold good. Five hundred dollars will fit up one in connection with a chapel. Have we not twenty devoted Christians who would like to put as many dispensaries into that richest valley of the world? We shall need a plain but well-equipped hospital at Chenten, able to accommodate one hundred patients. Such a building can be put up for \$6,000. Surely there is some well-to-do layman who will take this department as a memorial for his children to watch and pray for. In connection with it we need a commodious chapel, capable of seating five hundred people: it will cost \$3,000. We also want funds for a school to train native assistants, both clerical and medical: \$4,000 will be enough.

These several objects will cost not less than \$15,000.

Will it pay to venture this sum upon new work? We may as well ask, will it pay to send the men to the field? If it will pay to send the men, surely it will pay to give them a modest start. What will the Sunday-schools of Canada do? Who will bring them in touch with this new forward move? We have all been reading about Wesley and the wonders he accomplished. Let us, as followers of Wesley, combine to do a grand thing for poor, dark China. This is the opportunity of a life-time, and as stewards of the manifold gifts of Christ we are responsible for the work we can do for the perishing millions of heathen darkness.

Let us remember the words of 2 Corinthians xiv. 15, "For the love of Christ constraineth us: because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again."

BURLINGTON, Ont.

SPRING.

BY ROBERT EVANS.



I saw the living leafage of the spring,
What time the voices of the grove and dell
Their tender tales of love so sweetly tell ;
Lo, the clear dew-drops there stood quivering
As though on their own rays they might take wing,
And all the leaflets tremble with the thrill
Of nature's music over vale and hill.
As if some undertone soft echoing
Had lisped the name of each, and sung its praise,
The beauty of its form, its mitred edge,
The vivid green it tenderly displays ;
Its rustling ripple o'er the waving sedge,
And all the harmonies of light and shade
In which it's virgin beauty was arrayed.

HAMILTON, Ont.

TRUE LIVING.

To live is to do
What must be done ;
To work and be true,
For work is soon done.

'Tis living for others,
To lighten their load ;
'Tis helping your brothers,
And trusting in God.

DAMPNESS.

It is not to be wondered at that the ancients regarded water as one of the elements of which all things are composed; for it is a truth demonstrated by modern chemistry that almost all natural objects contain a large proportion of water. Not only the plants that drink the summer showers, and show by their juicy succulence that they have incorporated the liquid streams into their substance, but the very soil in which these plants grow, and the solid rocks themselves, contain a large proportion of water. And, when we take away from animals, and even from man himself, the water which they contain, the amount of solid residue left behind is surprisingly small. It is true that, in all these cases, our senses give evidence of the presence of water, and do not require the corroborative testimony of chemical analysis. The moisture adhering to soil and to rocks, the juice of plants, and the blood and other fluids present in animals, all evidently acknowledge water as one of their chief constituents and testify plainly to the presence of this liquid.

But if we were to suppose that water is always absent from those substances which to our senses give no evidence of its presence, we should commit a great mistake. The dry and solid rock consists largely of water; and clay, though baked in the summer sun and dried in the summer breeze, cannot be robbed of all its moisture. When the washerwoman buys fourteen pounds of transparent and apparently dry soda, she in reality pays for nine pounds of water, and gets but seven pounds of real soda, instead of the fourteen that she supposes she is getting. In short, water is present everywhere—in the dry wood that has for years formed our furniture, and even in the apparently perfectly dry dust that blows about our streets.

Even the air, on a dry and sultry day, when everything is parched and when every breath seems to burn our throats, is charged with moisture. That warm and apparently dry air contains moisture is easily proved. An ice pitcher becomes covered with dew, not because the pitcher *sweats* through from the inside as it is said to do, but because the water held in suspension by the hot air, even when apparently dry, contains a considerable amount of moisture. Procure a small quantity of salt of tartar, a cheap drug that may be obtained from any apothecary, and, on a dry day, lay it on a common plate, and expose it to the atmosphere. In a short time it will have attracted from the air an

amount of water sufficient to dissolve it, and it will have become converted into an apparently oily liquid, called by the old chemists, who did not fully understand the changes that take place, oil of tartar. The experiment will be more convincing, perhaps, if the salt with its containing vessel—which in this case, however, should be as light as possible—be placed in the pan of a moderately delicate pair of scales, and carefully counterbalanced. In this case, the abstraction of the moisture from the air is rendered evident by the gradual increase in the weight of the salt and the descent of the pan in which it is placed.

If, then, moisture may be regarded as everywhere present, it becomes a nice point to determine when anything, such, for example, as the air we breathe, our houses, beds, clothes, etc., may be considered damp. To look for perfect dryness would be a vain search; nor would it do us much good if we could find it. Perfectly dry air would remove the moisture from our bodies so rapidly that we should wither as if smitten with the blast of the simoom. In such an atmosphere, our throats would be parched as if in an oven, plants would wither; and nature become one universal desert. But, on the other hand, air that is too moist—that is to say, air that is really damp—produces effects that are equally disastrous. In such an atmosphere, metals rust and corrode, vegetable matters rot, and the growth of fungi, such as mildew, mould, etc., is generally promoted. Air in this condition is universally regarded as unwholesome; and it consequently becomes an important practical question to determine when our dwellings are really damp, and to distinguish between this condition and that in which bodies may be considered as ordinarily and properly moist. Theoretically, the question is one that is not easily solved; but practically, it is not so difficult. Let us consider the case of the air; and find out, if we can, what the conditions are in which it may be said to be damp.

When perfectly dry air is brought into contact with bodies containing water in a free state, there instantly begins a strife for the possession of the liquid. Since water evaporates at all temperatures, even when it is frozen solid, the air surrounding the moist body becomes loaded with vapour, and, as it then gradually mixes with the air in its neighbourhood, its place is supplied with drier air, until the whole air contained in the room or vessel has been saturated with water. The point at which this saturation occurs depends chiefly upon the temperature of the atmosphere. On a warm day the air is dry, not because there is little or no water present in it, but because, owing to its high temperature, it is capable of receiving and retaining a considerable additional

quantity of moisture. In other words, air and everything else is capable of holding in its substance a certain definite quantity of water. If the amount of water present is so great that it appears in the form of moisture, or if the proportion even approaches the limit which the body is capable of holding even before it becomes evident to our senses, we call it damp. Absolute dryness, then, is to be carefully avoided, and so is that degree of moisture in which objects part easily with the water which they hold. The evil effects of the first condition are to be seen in the dry and oppressive condition of an atmosphere heated by a stove or furnace; the results of an excess in the opposite direction are most clearly seen in unwholesome basements and damp and malarious cellars.—*The American Engineer.*

OBSCURE MARTYRS.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

“The world knows nothing of its greatest men.”

THEY have no place in storied page,
 No rest in marble shrine;
 They are passed and gone with a perished age,
 They died and “made no sign.”
 But work that shall find its wages yet,
 And deeds that their God did not forget,
 Done for their love divine—
 These were their mourners, and these shall be
 The crowns of their immortality.

Oh! seek them not where sleep the dead,
 Ye shall not find their trace;
 No graven stone is at their head,
 No green grass hides their face;
 But sad and unseen is their silent grave—
 It may be the sand or the deep sea wave,
 Or a lonely desert place;
 For they needed no prayers and no mourning bell—
 They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,
 And dried sad eyes till theirs lost sight;
 We shall know at last by a certain token
 How they fought and fell in the fight.
 Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld,
 Passionate cries unchronicled,
 And silent strifes for the right—
 Angels shall count them, and earth shall sigh
 That she left her best children to battle and die.

DEACON PHEBY'S SELFISH NATURE'.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.*

In a peaceful spot in an old Indian burying-ground among the New Hampshire Hills, on a fair June morning, I first saw the hero of my sketch. He was very unlike a hero as I saw him then. A strange, nondescript figure, I did not at first know if it were man or woman; for he wore over his rough brown coat a small plaid shawl of faded red and black, folded cornerwise with the point behind, and two ends crossing over the breast; a long blue-and-white checked apron was tied about the waist, and hung nearly to the ankles, almost hiding the shabby, patched trousers; his yellow hair was long, and fell over his shoulders straight and lank, and upon it he wore a broad-brimmed hat of coarse straw, tied down over the ears by a dingy blue ribbon.

On a mossy stone between two mounds, one long and narrow, the other looking like a child's grave, sat this quaint creature. It was knitting, and did not look up as I passed, butterfly net in hand, and I tried not to stare too curiously at the singular being. But as soon as I went in-doors I asked eager questions as to its identity.

"Oh, that's only Deacon Pheby," said Eunice Ann. "I thought you'd seen him afore. His folks used to live round here, they say; the Knightses they was. His mother was the Widder Knight, and there was two young ones, a boy 'n' a girl. They moved 'way from here 'fore I come, an' I never heerd on 'em till about a year ago, when this queer-lookin' feller come along, an' said he was the Widder Knight's boy growed up. An' folks says he really is; but seems 's if suthin' 's come over him. For they say he used to be a likely, smart boy, full o' sperrits, cuttin' up an' kitin' round, fishin' an' gunnin' an' trappin' an' sech. But he come back this way, dressed up in women's duds, an' callin' himself Pheby; says his ma's dead an' gone, an' the girl, too; but he don't tell much about himself, where he's been, or what he's been doin'. He's a good, pious sort, too; carries a Test'ment round in his aporn pocket, an' 'most allers has a hymn-book, too, an' reads 'em a lot. He's allers pleasant-spoken, an' dresse nice to dumb creeters an' young ones, an' partikerly to old folks, an' so they've got to callin' him Deacon, an' every one in Francony has a good word for Deacon Pheby, crazy 's he be."

This was all she, Uncle Eben, or any one else could tell me of the strange man. And it was only from himself, after frequent meetings in the Indian burying-ground, where he was a daily visitor, that I learned at last his pathetic story. I had watched

* Many of our readers will remember the exquisite story of "Fishin' Jimmy." They will read with delight this pathetic sketch from the same graceful pen, abridged from "The Seven Sleepers." Published by the well-known house of Harper & Brothers, New York.

him for days before I spoke to him. He always brought his knitting—a stocking of coarse blue yarn—but it did not grow very fast.

Our acquaintance began one day, as I ventured to swing my net around his very head in pursuit of a white admiral butterfly, the first of the season, by his remarking, pleasantly, "This 's a real nice butterflyey, gravesy kind of a place, ain't it, ma'am?"

This broke the ice, and we were soon friends. But it was not on that first day, nor for many days afterwards, that I gathered all his story.

"I don't rec'lect father; he was Pel'tiah Knight, from Bungay way. He died when we young ones was babies. Mother never said no great about him, an' I guess he wa'n't much to speak on. An' the fust thing I rec'lect was livin' with mother in the little house out by Sincler's Mill. How we come to be there, whether father'd worked there afore he died or what all, I can't say, for I don't know. 'Tennerate, there we was, jest mother an' Pheby an' me.

"Yes, ye might 's well know fust 's last, I ain't reely Pheby; I'm t'other one. We was twins—boy an' gal. I was Phebus, an' she was Pheby.

"We favoured each other in looks, but we wa'n't a mite alike in ways, she an' me. For I was jest a boy, with a real selfish boy natur'. I set by fishin' an' shootin' an' trappin'. I was allers outdoors, runnin' an' playin', hollerin' an' cuttin' up, full of my play an' my tricks, an' not much use to mother or comfort to her, I callalate. But Pheby, she was jest a soft, lovin', cuddlin' little thing, allers hangin' round mother, coaxin' an' huggin' her, an' keepin' close to her—a real house-cosset of a gal. I don't think there was anything so dreffle wicked in me. I was jest a self-seekin' boy, an' I never once thought mother or anybody expected or wanted kissin' an' cuddlin' an' takin' care on, so 'twas all left to Pheby, an' she done it. Mother—well, she was jest a mother, the real kind: there ain't but one real sort, ye know, though there's lots o' make-bleeve ones. I can't put her into talk, somehow—you can't never with mothers, ye know—she was—well, she was jest—mother. I knowed what she was allers, 's soon 's I knowed anything; I felt it inside the null time, when I was fishin' or playin' ball, or settin' traps, but I s'pose I never showed it much in them days, for I was dreffle selfish, 's I tell ye. But, true 's I live, I jest liked mother."

He patted the long green mound again, smiled a queer, tearful kind of smile, and went on: "But seein' 's we was so diffunt, an' I was sech a rough, ha'sh kind of a boy, an' Pheby sech a lovin', coaxin' little creetur, 'twas nat'ral—course 'twas—that mother should like her best, set by her a heap more. An' she done it. She never could bear to have her out of her sight; she wanted to see her an' hear her every blessed minute. I might be off all day long, wadin' Tucker Brook, or fishin' down Gale River in the spring, or shootin' pa'tridge an' squir'ls in the fall, or trappin' rabbits an' minks in the winter, an' mother didn't make no fuss

over me when I come home. But let Pheby go blueberryin' with the Quimby gals, or over to Almy Appleby's to play, or even out behind the house to pick dandelion greens, an' mother was allers worryin' an' frettin' an' watchin'. She'd go to the winder an' peek out, an' she'd stand in the door an' watch, an' she'd walk down to the gate, an' she'd call 'Pheby! Pheby!' long before 'twas time to think of her comin' home.

"When I think o' mother, seems 's if I 'most allers see her that one way—standin' on the door-step lookin' out, with her hand held up over her eyes to keep the sunshine out, lookin' an' lookin', kinder pale an' frightened like, watchin' an' waitin' for her little gal. She was allers kinder white an' thin, an' I tell ye she could put a drefle sight o' lookin'-for an' scariness an' waitin' an' lovin' into them eyes o' hern. They was diffunt eyes from any I ever see; drefle soft an'—oh, I don't know what they was, not even what colour. They wa'n't brown exackly, nor blue quite, nor gray nuther; they was jest mother-colour, I suppose. I tell you I liked mother.

"An' Pheby, she suited mother another way, too; she was kinder pious. Mother was real religious—raised that way. Her folks was all perfessors, 'way back 's fur 's she knowed about 'em. She come from Haverill, an' her gran'f'ther was deacon in the Cong'rational Church there. I didn't take much notice on it then; thought mothers was allers pious; 'twas one of the things made 'em mothers. If she hadn't been so I'd 'a' thought 'twas all right—that mothers hadn't oughter be. But seems diffunt now, an' I like to think on't. I can hear her v'ice lots o' times when I'm settin' here—kind of a lonesome v'ice 'twas—singin' about her kitchen work or over her sewin', 'How lost was my condition,' 'Oh, happy are they!' 'The Lord into His garden comes,' 'Broad is the road,' an' 'What var'ous hindrances.'

"Some of them hymns was pretty scary an' sollum, I can tell ye, for a young one to hear about bedtime. But my! we never minded it a speck when we heerd 'em in mother's kinder softly v'ice to them queer old moth'ry tunes. Why, when I had the earache or a stiff neck, I'd drop off to sleep in a jiffy to sech hymns as 'Stop, poor sinner, stop an' think,' or 'My thoughts on awful subjicks roll,' if 'twas mother sung 'em; and if sometimes I heerd a word that scaret me a minute about chains an' brimstun an' groans an' seath, why, the next minute 'twould be 'His lovin' kindness, His lovin' kindness, His lovin' kindness, oh, how sweet!' in that kinder shakin', soft, comfortin' v'ice o' mother's, an' I'd see 'twas all right, an' I'd drop off agin. But I was jest a boy, bent on my own 'musements, an' didn't think o' bein' pious myself; I left that to mother an' Pheby. For Pheby took to it nat'ral. She l'arnt off hymns by the yard, an' she said hull chapters o' Scripter', an' she allers put away her playthings Sat'day nights without bein' told, an' she read tracts bound up together with leather covers, an' Doddridge's 'Rise 'n' Progress.' She'd set still for hours over a life of a missionary an' his wives, an' like it, too. So she was a drefle comfort to mother that way 's well 's others;

an' bimeby she went through all the ne'ssary things—conviction an' conversion an' all the orthodox 'rangements—an' become a perfessor in the Cong'rational Church over to Francony. An' mother was so tickled that Sunday, but 'twas kind of a sollum tickle, an' I felt lonesome an' left out—for I was a mean-sperrited boy—when she an' Pheby set on the door-step after supper, an' talked, an' read the Bible, an sung,

“ ‘Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform.’

“Arter that them two was more together 'n ever, an' went off by theirselves, an' staid in their bedroom, an mother looked at me real sorrerful. An' Pheby, she talked right out plain to me about my sins, an' asked me real pers'nal questions out o' the village hymn-book, like, ‘Say, have you a arm like brass that you, His will oppose?’ an' ‘Is this the kind return?’ An' she'd say pieces out o' the last end o' the cat'chism about them pious boys in Scriptor, how

“ ‘Young King Josiah, that blest youth,
He sought the Lord an' loved the truth.’

“So I felt kinder 'shamed, an' staid off an' fished more'n ever, an' showed pretty plain that, 's Pheby said, I had a flinty heart, an' was a stubbun soul. I was a drefle bad boy, ye see, an' even if I'd sometimes make up my mind to be convarted an' a perfessor, jest to please mother an' take that sorry look out of her eyes, why, the next minute when I was fishin', an' felt a twitch at my line, an' struck a two-pounder, or what felt like one, an' he got off, why, I'd forget all about meetin's an' mother an' Scriptor, an' stay off all day long, an' night too 'most, to git that fish. An' so 'twas—so 'twas.

“But bimeby there come a time when mother decided to move 'way from Sincler's Mill, an' go up into Canady, where she'd got a little piece o' land that had come to her from her folks, an' see if we couldn't do better up there.

“So we packed up our duds an' started. I never shall forgit 's long 's I live how the old place looked 's I left it that day, an' how nice an' snug an' quiet little Francony 'peared as we saw it ahind us, ridin' towards Littleton that mornin'. I was jest a boy then, full o' my games an' my fishin' an' trappin'. I never was a real boy agin. 'Twas a drefle journey, 'mong strangers, 'way up into that wild part o' Canady. We had a heap o' trouble to find mother's land, an' when we did it was 'way off in the woods, fur from any folks, with jest a shackly old log-house on it. We got a man 't the nearest town to drive us there an' fetch our things, an' when he driv off an' left us, seemed 's if we was outside the world an' all alone. I can't rec'lect much about that time, the gettin' there an' all, 's you'll see when I tell ye what happened. We'd been trav'lin' in the cars with a lot of em'grunts, dirty, furren kinder folks, an' I 'spose we ketched it o' them. 'Tenerate we hadn't hardly got into that lonesome, empty little

cubby-house afore we all three took sick, and found out—mother knowed it; she'd seed it afore—we all had that awful thing, smallpox.

"We was all alone; we couldn't go for help or doctors. If we could 'a' done it, mebbe we wouldn't, we was so afraid they'd carry us off an' shet us up somèwhere for havin' that dreffle complaint about us. So we jest done 's well 's we could, dosin' with ginger tea an' boneset an' sage an' saffron, for we'd fetched our yarbs along, o' course. I wa'n't 's sick 's t'others: I guess I wouldn't be, for somebody had to keep up an' do. Mother was awful sick an' crazy, an' her eyes got in a dreffle state; and Pheby, she jest went into a sorter stupid, sleepy kinder way, an' I couldn't rouse her up for nothin', not to eat or drink or take her physic. An' 'twa'n't more'n a few days when she fell faster asleep, an' I couldn't do nothin' to wake her up, an' poor pretty little Pheby was dead 's a nail.

"Dear! dear! dear! There was mother all het up, an' wild, an' most blind, not knowin' me nor nobody; little Pheby dead an' cold; an' me nothin' but a boy o' fourteen, an' a real selfish boy, too, to do for 'em. Don't make me tell all that—how I dug that little grave an' all, how I put her away, an' had the fun'ral, an' was sexton an' bearers an' minister an' mourners an' all my own self. It's much 's I can do to tell the rest, an' fact is I can't rec'lect jest what I done, for I wa'n't very healthy myself jest then, an' my head ached to split all the time.

"Fust I thought mother was goin' to die too, but bimeby I see she was gittin' a mite better, all except her eyes; but she couldn't see no more 'n a mole. Then I begun to think how I'd ever tell her that Pheby was dead, her little gal that she set by so, an' no one left to her but me, a onconverted, selfish-natur'd boy.

"I d'know when it fust come in my head what I'd do. Mebbe 'twas when I see she was stun-blind an' sorter feeble-minded yit. Anyhow, it seemed to come right over me someways that I mustn't let on jest then that 'twas Pheby 'twas dead, but make her think 'twas jest only me.

"Well, 'twa'n't so dreffle hard at fust. I put on a caliker bed-gown o' Pheby's in case she took hold on me, an' I used to bring her doses an' drinks, an' boost up her head to take 'em, an' she never took no notice who done it. But one day arter I'd laid her down, she reached out an' took hold o' my sleeve, an' she says, real faint an' whisp'ry, 'Who is it?' I waited jest a minnit to swaller afore I said it, then I says right out, 'It's Pheby, mother.' Somehow—it's queer, ain't it?—I never told a real up an' down lie afore in all my born days. Mother didn't like lyin'; an' somehow, with all my dreffle sins, I hadn't 'quired that. So I 'spose my v'ice was kinder shaky; but mother never noticed nothin'; she was so pleased she pulled me down an' kissed me, an' kep' whisp'rin', 'My little gal! my own little gal!' An' arter that she dropped off to sleep like a baby.

"I set there by her, for she'd got hold o' my hand, an' I tried not to think too hard, for my head wa'n't jest right yit. But I

couldn't scasily help wond'rin' how long I could keep it up, an' when she'd find out. An' then—for I was allers a mean, self-seekin' young one—once in a while I'd think how she hadn't said a word about me (the real me, I mean), or whether I was round, too. Jest 's if she could be expected to when her heart was full o' Pheby! An' she didn't for a good while. She was jest like a baby—eat an' slept, an' didn't trouble herself about nothin'.

“You're hoarse an' croupy, Pheby,” she says one time, an' I answered 't I hadn't got my v'ice back yit arter bein' sick. But one day 's I was soppin' her face to cool it off, she seemed to rouse up a mite, an' she says, ‘Pheby, where's your brother?’

“I couldn't speak out jest 't fust, an' afore I done it, she says agin, ‘Pheby! Pheby! where's Phebus, I say?’ I put my head down on the bed, for I was afeared I should bu'st right out cryin', an' afore I'd swallered 'nough to speak, mother says, ‘Oh, Pheby, he's dead!’ An' I heard her kinder sob, an' afore I knowed it I found I was goin' to up an' tell her not to cry, for I wa'n't no more dead 'n she was. But next minute she says, wipin' off the tears: ‘My poor boy! my poor boy! I hope he was prepared! But oh, my little gal, how glad your ma is that it wa'n't you!’

“Well, I was that onwholesome an' selfish that I felt a speek jealous at fust. But I see I must jest grit up, for I'd got a big job o' work; for, for all I could see, I'd got to be Pheby now the rest o' my days, or mother's days, anyway. An' arter all 's been said an' done, she did sob at fust when she heerd I was dead. I tell ye, rec'lectin' that sob 's been a big comfort to me lots o' times. For, ye see, I liked mother.

“Well, she didn't git her sight back, an' somehow she wa'n't never so clear in her head arter her sickness, or mebbe I couldn't 'a' kep' it up 's I did. But my! 'twas hard 'nough 's 'twas. If Pheby 'd been like some gals 'twould 'a' been easier. If she'd been a noisy, tomboy, bouncin' sorter gal, like Liz Jackman now, fond o' playin' with boys an' fishin' an' chasin' squir'ls an' all that, why, I might 'a' got some fun out o' bein' that kind. But to be a Pheby gal, soft an' quiet an' pritty-behaved an' 'fectionate, an', 'bove all, pious, why, it 'most stumped me, I tell ye. You can't s'pose it for yourself, for 't come nat'ral to you. You was born that way, an' didn't have to make no effort; but 'twas strainin' on me.

“At fust, when I was kinder weak an' shaky an' dreffle scaret about mother, 'twa'n't so diff'cult. I moved round softly an' spoke whisp'ry, an' wa'n't so awful diffunt from Pheby. But 's I got more rugged an' mother was better, why, I was allers on the p'int o' doin' some boy thing or other, an' sometimes I done 'em.

“Time an' time ag'in mother'd look kinder 'mazed, an' she'd say, ‘Pheby Knight, what air ye doin'? Ye seem to 'a' lost all your nice, mannery ways sence I was laid up.’ An' I'd rec'lect myself, an' sober down, an' put on my proper, gal ways ag'in, an' say, ‘You must scuse me, mother, that dreffle sickness upset me, an' I don't seem to throw it off yit.’ An' that allers seemed to 'count for ary queer thing I done. Anyway, I wa'n't so full o'

sperrits as afore we left Sincler's Mill. So much trouble an' wcurryin' an' makin' bleeve an' deceivin' 'd wore on me some, for, 's I told ye, I wa'n't no great of a boy, an' let little things wear on me. One thing was I missed Pheby—the real one—dreffle bad. Sisters is real lux'ries, ye know, any on 'em, an' when you come to a twin, a kinder phillerpenèr sister, why, it's like a piece o' your own self. An' I couldn't talk about her or cry over her afore mother, for why, I was Pheby, ye see, 's fur 's mother was concerned, an' 'twould 'a' seemed like sinful pride. An' then—for I was a stingy, mean-sperrited boy—I did hanker arter my fishin' an' gunnin' an' trappin'. I'm 'shamed to tell ye how hard 'twas not to try that brook ahind our cabin. I scasily durst look at one spot in it—a kinder dark, deep hole near a stun, I knowed 'most there was a big trout lyin' there in the shadder. You'll jest despise me when I say I run off once with my tackle, an' 'd jest throwed in my line an' seed a break, when mother calls out through the winder by her bed, 'Pheby, Pheby, ye ain't nigh the water, be ye?' I jerked out my line, an' throwed the pole down, an' run back, dreffle 'shamed o' myself; but I was mean 'nough to think a heap about that break, an' s'mise an' s'mise how much it weighed.

"But the very hardest o' all was the pious part. I hadn't took that into consid'ration when I begun, but it had to come over me 'most the fust day. 'Pheby, won't you read me a chapter?' says mother, in her quav'ry, thin v'ice.

"Now, though I was an ign'runt, onrighteous boy, I knowed what that meant, an' that 'a chapter' with mother allers went for Scripeter. So I went an' got the Bible an' set down by the bed, an' I says, 'What'll I read ye, mother?' 'One of the old chapters, Pheby,' says she. 'You know 'em all; the ones I like.' What was I goin' to do? I *wa'n't* Pheby, an' I *didn't* know 'em all, or ary one on 'em. I never'd took much notice when mother an' Pheby was readin' the Bible, an' even when they'd read to mc I was thinkin' in my triffin' way about fishin' an' playin', and *didn't* pay no 'tention. But I set my teeth an' opened the book. I thought mebbe it would open itself to the right kinder place, so I begun right off, jest where the leaves come apart. But I hadn't scasily begun afore I knowed I was wrong. For it was jest a string o' long names, all Bible names, o' course, an' good in their way, but no more approprit to read to a poor sick Christian than a school deestrick list. I stumbled 'long over Hakkoz an' Hupper an' Malchijer, an so on, awful scaret, an' knowin' I was on the wrong track, till mother says, 'Pheby, Pheby, what makes you pick out sech a chapter as that? I want suthin' comfortin', some of our fav'rits, ye know.' I tried ag'in, but I was certain I'd go wrong, an' so I did, for I hit on a place about buildin' the tab'nacle, an it was all about the len'th bein' so many cubics, an' the breadth so many cubics, an' the height so many cubics—int'restin' information, but no ways comfortin' to that poor blind, troubled soul. So there was nothin' for 't but to make some excuse an' put it off a little. So I said my head ached—an' it did

to split—an' I see mother thought the whole thing was 'cause o' that sickness, an' she must jest wait. But, I tell ye, it hurt me dreffle bad to think I couldn't be a comfort to her that way, an' I thought an' thought an' thought what I could do.

"Pretty soon another thing come up. Mother was low in her mind; 'twas dreffle hard for her to lay there, blind an' sickly, when she'd allers been sech a hard-workin, useful woman, an' when I see her a-cryin' softly to herself, I ast her if there wa'n't nothin' I could do for her, an' she says: "It makes your head bad to read to me, Pheby, an' ye can't see straight to find the right passages, nuther. But I know ye can jest sing me one of the old hymns, an' that'll be soothin' an' comfortin."

"Oh deary me! I never could sing much except when playin' games with the boys, an' I didn't know a single hymn or a hymn toon, while Pheby had a v'ice like a thrush. But I must do suthin', an' quick, too. I got out the hymn-book—Pheby know'd 'em all 'thout the book—an' I opened it softly; I didn't darst turn the leaves, I was 'feared they'd rustle, so I had to take the fust varse I come to, an' it was, 'Lo, on a narrer neck o' land.' I couldn't think o' any toon jest that minnit but 'Oatspysbeans'—a kissin' game toon, ye know—an' I struck up on that. It went pretty well to the two fust lines,

" 'Lo, on a narrer neck o' land,
'Twixt two onbounded seas I stand,'

but when it come to that third short one, ye know,

" 'But how insensibil,'

it wouldn't go one mite, an' I broke clear down.

" 'Pheby Knight,' says mother, 'be ye crazy?' But afore she'd got further'n that I didn't have to make bleeve; I jest bu'st out cryin'. 'I can't sing, I can't read, I can't do nothin' to help ye now,' I says; 'but oh, I do like ye, mother!' An' I did.

"Well, again she put it on the sickness, an' it passed over that time. But things kep' happenin'. I worked away at the Bible an' picked out cheerfier passages. I practised hymns, an' got so's I could make 'em go better, an' for a spell I kinder thought I was satisfyin' mother, an' pearin' like a good avrige Christian. I felt dreffle mean about it, though. There's things I can't put into talk, but you'll kinder guess at 'em; sollum, secrecy sorter things, like prayin', an' all that, an' whisp'ry little talks about s'bjicks I don't know nothin' about. My! my! arter one o' them talks, when I'd make bleeve for a spell, with mother talkin' softly an' cryin'—a kinder happy cryin' 'twas—I used to feel for all the airth like some one that had sneaked into the masons' lodge by some mean trick or t'other, an' got hold o' all their secrets. An' twa'n't long afore I found 'twas all for nothin' an' wuss, too. For one day I come in an' found mother a-cryin' 's if her heart would break, an' when I teased an' pestered her to tell me what the matter was, she jest throwed her arms round me an' says, a-cryin'

an' sobbin', 'Oh, Pheby, my little gal, I'm afeard—I'm afeard you've lost your 'surance an' become a backslider!' Then I see I hadn't done it right, arter all, an' that mother'd seed through me—found me out. Though anyway I hadn't exackly been a backslider, for I hadn't ever got high up enough to start me on a slide, so to speak. An' then I knowed that I'd got a bigger job afore me 'n I'd ever 'lowed for, an' that if I kep' on bein' Pheby an' pleasin' my poor old mother, I'd got to gin up makin' bleeve in one matter, an' be the real, true, genwine kind.

"I can't tell ye about all that, an' o' course you don't expect it. Somehow twa'n't so dreffle hard, arter all, an' once I'd done it, ary other part o' the hull business come easier some way. I got a awful heap o' comfort out on it, too. So you see even that was jest part o' my selfish ways. I don't s'pose there ever was a selfisher, mean-sperriteder boy than me them days. But twa'n't all smooth sailin', I can tell ye; there's lots o' gal doin's that comes awkerd for a boy. There's mendin', an' patchwork, an' knittin', an' washin', an' ironin', makin' beds, sweepin', dustin', an' all them house things. Makin' soder biscuits 's kinder worryin', ain't it, the fust time? Drawin' tea, too. An' pie. Pie's dreffle difficult till you get the hang on it. But, deary me! they was triflin' things, arter all; only I allers made so much o' little troubles.

"But I don't know but the biggest piece o' work, when all's said an' done, wa'n't l'arnin' how to be 'fectionate, an' have Pheby's little cuddlin' up, kissin', lovin' ways. I never'd been used to it, ye see, an' seemed 's if I couldn't get hold. I rec'lect the fust time I tried to stroke mother's hair 's I'd seen Pheby do, I kep' reachin' out an' haulin' back, reachin' out an' haulin' back, afore I darst touch that hair with my big, hard, rough hand. But I had to do it, an' lots o' sech things, for o' course I wa'n't goin' to have mother do without 'em 's long 's she wanted 'em; an' she did; I guess mothers gen'ally does. An' I got a good deal o' sech treatment myself too, an' I liked it, an' was mean enough sometimes to take it all to myself, an' 'most forgit 'twas all for poor Pheby that wa'n't there to enjoy it. For, ye see, 's I told ye afore, I jest liked mother.

"I don't mean to say that mother never said nothin' 't all about me—the real true me—for she did. But 'twas allers about my soul, an' how 'feard she was she hadn't done her duty by it, an' how 'twas mor'n likely 'twasn't prepared. It was kinder shiv'ry—though that don't exackly seem an approprit word for 't—to hear her dwell on the prob'ble sitwation o' that soul. For 'twas my soul, arter all, though I was makin' bleeve twa'n't, an' sometimes I'd try to speak for 't, an' venture to hope 'twould come out all right, bad 's 'twas. But she never 'peared very hopeful, an' I don't know 's I wonder at it.

"Well, it didn't last very long—this time o' havin' mother all to myself, bein' her fav'rit, her own little gal, to be coddled an' cosseted an' made much on. Mother didn't grow any ruggeded. She got dreffle poor, so 's I could heft her like a baby, an' I had

to do for her 'most 's if she was one; she was so weak an' helpless like. An' there come a time when she kep' me close to her ev'ry minnit, night an' day, an' wouldn't scasily let me out o' her sight. She didn't sleep good, an' I'd set by her in the dark, an' say hymns an' chapters, an' do for her, an' make much on her in my poor, rough way, 's much like Pheby's 's I could make it, but pretty diffunt, I guess, arter all.

"An' one o' them nights, 's I set there on the floor, close to the bed, an' it growed kinder cold towards mornin', I drewed a piece o' the counterpane up over me, an' sorter shivered, for I was a great hand to pamper my wuthless body, an' make much o' little trials. An' mother she tried to wrop the blankets round me, an' she says, 'Poor little gal, poor Pheby, wearin' yourself out for your old mother,' an' then she drewed my face down on the piller, an' she says: 'Pheby, you and me, we both knows I ain't goin' to be here long; an' I'd be dreffle glad to go, blind an' sick 's I am, an' like to be, if 'twa'n't for leavin' you. You've been a good darter to me, Pheby, allers. What should I ever 'a' done without you all these blessed years, partikler this last spell here in Canady, sence your brother died? Poor Phebus, 'twas awful to be took off 's he was, in the midst of his sins; but oh, whatever'd I done if you'd been took, an' him the one left ahind?' 'Mother,' says I, in a kinder whisper, 'mebbe he'd 'a' tried to help ye, bad 's he was, for—I 'most know, mother—he liked ye!' 'Well, I s'pose he did,' says mother; 'but he never showed it much, an' anyway he never could 'a' done for me 's you have, Pheby.'

"Then she talked to me a long spell. I see she was worryin' an' achin' to think o' leavin' me alone, a little gal, to get on by myself; an' it 'most seemed 's if I must tell her the truth, jest to set her mind at rest. But I knowed it wouldn't do then, she was so weak an' ailin', an' needed Pheby more'n ever to help her through with the last o' things. For I see it all plain enough now—she was goin' to die. She was a-growin' weak real fast. I couldn't leave her a minnit, even to get a doctor nor any help; an' 'twouldn't 'a' been any use, for she was struck with death, I knowed. She said a good many things 's she was able, whisp'rin' most on 'em right into my ear 's I sat on the floor there by the bed. But, o' course, 'twas all meant for Pheby. I own up I jest hankered for a word for myself—Phebus, ye know—afore she went off for good; but that was my selfishness, born in me, and 's nat'ral to me 's the breath I breathed.

"'I know,' she says—'I know I'll like it up there, an' I'm so tired out; but, Pheby, I can't make it seem 's if I'd be contented without you. I'm so used to ye. I'll miss ye dreffly, and I'm afraid ye won't come very soon nuther, for Scriptor says your days shall be long in the land, 'cause you've allers honoured your mother.' Then she waits a minnit, an' she says agin, puttin' her poor lean hand up to my face, 'Oh, Pheby, I wish I could take ye 'long too; 'twon't seem like home without ye. I'm afeard I'll be lonesome even there.'

“‘Mother,’ I says, not all on my own ‘count, but wantin’ so to comfort her, “there’ll be—Phebus. He ain’t much, I know, but—he’s one o’ your own folks, arter all.’

“‘I hope he’s there,’ says she kinder mournful; ‘but, ‘tennerate, he ain’t you, my gal. He never was very ‘fectionate.’

“‘No, mother,’ says I, he wa’n’t; but—mebbe—there’s jest a chance, ye know, that he’s altered some up there.’

“Agin she didn’t seem very sangwine, so I give up tryin’ to help her that way. Arter all, ‘twould be all right when she once got there.

“Towards the last she begun to tell me, over an’ agin, how she should keep on watchin’ over me an’ interestin’ herself in me, if she was ‘lowed. ‘I guess He’ll let me,’ she says, kinder weak an’ softly. ‘He’ll see how ‘tis, an’ how I’m frettin’ about ye, an’ He’ll let me keep my eye on ye.’ Arter that she kep’ up that one thing. Over an’ over she says, ‘most to the last minnit, ‘Rec’lect, I’ll be watchin’ ye all the time, Pheby;’ an’ agin, ‘I’ll keep my eye on ye, little gal; don’t forget that.’ So ‘twas to the end; jest little bits o’ words to Pheby; kinder good-byes an’ sayin’s about leavin’ her, promisin’s to watch her an’ keep run on her allers. But jest at the very last, when I thought she was actually gone, she opened them soft, moth’ry eyes o’ hern, that I thought was shet forever, an’ she looked straight up to the rafters, an’ she says, real loud an’ quick, an’ dreffle pleased like, ‘Why, Pheby!’

“Deary me! deary me! She’d found me out.

“I don’t rec’lect nothin’ more for a spell. Seems I was took bad arter that, an’ had a long sickness, a sorter head fever o’ some kind, so ‘s I didn’t know nothin’ nor nobody, an’ was crazier ‘n a loon. But I was took care on. I ain’t said nothin’ to ye o’ the folks that lived nighest our house, for it didn’t seem to have much to do with the story about me an’ mother. But they was dreffle good people, kinder Frenchy, an’ talkin’ a queer lingo, but the best o’ neighbours. I don’t know what we should ‘a’ done without ‘em. Mother never could get the hang c’ their talk, but I got so’s I could make out a good deal on it, an’ they was a heap o’ comfort to me afore she died. When I come to myself arter my sickness, there they was a-takin’ care o’ me, an’ doin’ for me ‘s if I’d been their own folks. Cath’lics they was, too, but Christians, if ever I see one.

“Well, ‘twas ter’ble to come to, an’ rec’lect mother was gone, an’ me the last one o’ the fam’ly left; an’ fust I couldn’t scasily bear it. But I had to; an’ it helped me a good deal to think how she an’ Pheby was in the same place now, an’ dreffle pleased to be together. But arter a spell there was another kinder consolation come to me, but a selfish sort it was. It was jest this, that mother bein’ dead, an’ gone where nothin’ could never worry her, I could stop bein’ Pheby or ary other gal, an’ be a boy agin. Oh, ye don’t know what that meant to me, for you’ve allers been one kind. But arter makin’ bleeve all them months, wearin’ gal’s clothes an’ actin’ out gal ways, why them very words, ‘a boy agin,’ set me ‘most crazy. To think o’ whittlin’, playin’ ball an’ marbles,

smokin' out woodchucks, goin' in swimmin', throwin' stuns, settin' traps, shootin' squir'ls an' pa'tridges, an' above all, fishin'. Why, I couldn't hardly stan' it, weak 's I was then. When I laid there, all het up an' thirsty an' tired, why I'd keep thinkin' an' thinkin' o' Sincler's Mill, an' Gale River right in front o' the ole house. I could 'most hear the water a-bubblin' over the stuns, an' see the moss, all soft an' wet an' slipp'ry to step on, an' look down into the dark holes in the shadders where the trout used to lay—I knowed ev'ry single one o' them holes 's well 's if I'd been raised in 'em—an' how I jest hankered an' hankered arter bein' in the old spot, a boy agin! Now you'd 'a' thought, arter all the lessons I'd had, an' the warnin's, that some o' the old selfish ways would 'a' been took out o' me; but no; there they was, an' I 'most forgot mother, Pheby, an' all for a spell, 's I thought over them old times when I was Phebus Knight, an' all gin up to my own self-seekin' pleasures.

“But I'm drest glad 'twas only jest for a spell, an' that I come to my right mind arter a little. 'Twas when I was gettin' better, an' 'lottin' on startin' for the old home pretty soon. I'd been thinkin' about mother, an' goin' over in my head all she said an' done, till I come to that last night an' the good-bye talk, an' o' course I come to the thing she kep' sayin' up to the end: 'I'll keep my eye on ye, Pheby; I'll watch ye all the time.' An' all on a sudden it come over me what that meant, an' what I'd got to do. Ye see, I knowed mother an' Pheby bein' together now would talk over things, an' mother'd see how 'twas, an' that Pheby was reely the one that died, an' that 'twas me, Phebus, that had took care on her an' done Pheby's part. I knowed that mother bein' a mother, one o' the real sort, an' Pheby bein' a soft-hearted little gal, an' my twin, too, they'd make more'n they'd oughter o' what I'd done, an' me bein' away an' all, they'd begin to feel kinder sorry for me, an' mother in partikler 'd fret about it, an' wish I hadn't had to give up all my boy doin's an' be a gal so long for her sake. Oh, I knowed mother, ye see, an' could tell jest how she'd worry about me, an' how 'twould half spile ev'rything up there in her new hum. Seemed 's if I could 'most hear hersayin': 'Oh, Pheby, I can't bear to think o' that poor boy, how he gin up his fishin' an' all, an' wored your clothes, an' jest stayed round me day an' night, so's I shouldn't miss a darter's care. An' he so selfish by natur' an' fond o' his own 'musements.

“I kep' hearin' that talk, in mother's fretty, sorry v'ice, an' I couldn't stand it no longer. I knowed she was allers a woman of her word, an' she had her eye on me now. An' when she seed me tickled to death at bein' free agin, throwin' off my gal duds an' my gal ways, an' goin' back to my rough play an' my boy doin's, it would stren'then her all the more in her 'pinion, an' she'd jest fret an' fret about all I'd gone through, an' how I'd done it all for her, an' she'd never had a chance to thank me for't. Well, o' course you see that the selfishest boy livin' wa'n't goin' to have heav'n spiled for his mother jest 's she'd got there, if he could do anything to help it. So 't seemed plain enough that I'd got to gin up any little idee I'd had about goin' back to be a boy agin,

an' keep on makin' bleeve. I knowed I could do it; I'd kep' it up so long, it come quite easy an' nat'ral now, an' I felt cert'in I could make mother bleeve I reely enjoyed bein' a gal, an' what's more to the p'int, that I had enjoyed it, an' she'd see she needn't fret no great about me an' my givin' up anything for her, for I'd done it jest for fun like, an' cause I reely liked it.

"So there ain't much more to tell, ye see. Course 's soon 's I see what any right-minded boy 'd a-seen at fust, why I wa'n't quite so mean, arter all, 's not to do it. So I jest kep' on. 'Tain't much, when ye come to think on 't. I'd done it for a long spell, an' I kep' on. There was jest one thing I couldn't do at fust, an' that was go back to Sincler's Mill. I dassent, ye see; I'd been sure to backslid, set me once in sight o' Gale River, an' Tucker Brook, an' the woods round the old place. So I stayed round there a spell, an' then I went off to one place arter another. I don't rec'lect jest what I have done. It don't seem very long one way; time's got by somehow. I've been sick a good deal I guess. From what they tell me, I s'pose I've had some 'tacks o' that kind o' head fever that come over me arter mother died. But twa'n't a ketchin' complaint, so folks used to take me in an' do for me; an' somehow I've had a very 'comf'table time, consid'rin'.

"An' I callalate I've sat'sfied mother by this time that I like women ways an' women clothes better than t'other sort. I come back here arter a spell; thought I could stand it better'n at fust. An' I'm dreffle glad I done it. For, ye see, this place here's such a sat'sfaction to me. Mother an' Pheby's buried in Canady, ye know. It was pretty hard to leave 'em there, an' not have nothin' to do for 'em to occ'py my mind like. But one time I happened to drop in here an' see this place, jest like a ready-made cem'tery. Course I knowed it wa'n't one; but arter makin' bleeve so long, what's one more bleeve makin'? So I picked out two graves for their'n—this long one for mother's, an' this little one for Pheby's; an' I jest take care on 'em. It's a dreffle comfort.

"I won't say that I 'ain't had a r'lapse 'casionally an' forgot I wa'n't a boy, but I allers rec'lected arter a spell, an' afore mother'd noticed anything, I guess. Why, it's only jest a few days sence one time I was settin' here knittin', an' I heerd Snide, 'Gene Elliott's black dog, ye know, a-barkin' an' whinin' an' yelpin'. An' I looked over in the medder, 'cross the road, an' there he was a-scratchin' up the sod, makin' the dirt fly, an' shakin' an' cryin' with excitement, like a Christian. I knowed he'd got a wood-chuck there in his hole; an' I forgot every blessed thing I'd oughter remembered, an' started for that hole. I throwed my knittin' down, held up my apern, an' run, a-callin' out: 'Good old Snide! take him, Snide! take him!' I was half way there, an' Snide he was waggin' his tail an' barkin' to me to hurry, when all on a sudden it come over me what I was a-doin'. I looked up quick to see if anybody up there had her eye on me; then I picked up my knittin', smoothed my apern, an' I says, real loud an' plain; 'I wonder if Nervy Eaton won't show me that new

stitch she was tellin' on? I'd like to make a tidy. An' mebbe I'd better set some bread to-night; it's bakin' day to-morrow.'

"I don't go very frequent to Sincler's Mill. It's kinder lonesome out there now. The old mill's all gone to rack, an' our house 's a shackly old thing—doors an' winders gone, an' things tumblin' to pieces. I was out there t'other day, though, lookin' round, an' thinkin' o' them times when I used to live there an' was a boy, with a hum, an' a twin-sister, an'—a mother. It kinder brought back things. Why, come to think on't, I 'ain't lived a mite like what I thought I was goin' to when I used to lay out things there 's I was fishin' or settin' round in the woods. I was 'most sure for a long spell that I'd be a pirate; or, agin, I kinder laid out to be a big hunter, to kill lions an' tigers an' sech wild creeters. Seems to me I was all for bein' a sea-cap'n one time, an' goin' whalin', an' killin' polar bears on the ice. My! I 'ain't done one o' them things. I've jest gone on my own selfish way, allers doin' nothin' for nobody. I was a-standin' near the river, jest acrost from the old house, a-lookin' at it. I didn't exactly like to go inside on 't, 'twas so lonesome, an' yer steps sounded so holler when you walked on the floor. But I looked at the old place a long spell. The door was gone, but the doorway was there, an' part of the steps, an' 's I was lookin' I see—right there, 's plain 's I see you now—I see mother. She was standin' right in the doorway. She had on a kinder indiger blue dress she used to wear a good deal, with white spriggles on it, an' a little hank'chief round her neck, an' she looked jest as nat'ral. She was lookin' down the road, holdin' up her hands over her eyes to keep the sun out, an' she was lookin' an' lookin', kinder pale an' scairt like, with a kinder watchin' an' waitin' an' wantin' look in her eyes—them soft, moth'ry eyes o' hern. She didn't speak, but jest 's I see her, why right out from under the bank, close by me, a little brown bird flew out, an' he says, loud an' clear, but kinder mournful like, 'Pheby! Pheby!' I tell ye I couldn't scasily stand it; an' whenever I think on 't now, it kinder upsets me. An' I look up through them tree-tops, with my eyes so wet it makes things all sorter dazdly, an' true 's I live I can see mother's face jest 's plain. She's lookin' out of a kinder doorway, an' her eyes is jest the same old mother-colour, so soft an' lovin', an' she's got a sorter anxious, waitin', watchin', wantin' look in 'em. An' I says to myself: 'Why, what's the matter o' mother now?' Pheby's to hum. I wonder if she's expectin' anybody else?'"

"WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
 And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest:
 Lives in one hour more than in years do some,
 Whose fat blood sleeps as it doth slip along their veins."

—Bailey's "Festus."

ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

CHAPTER X.

REYNOLDS BARTRAM was greatly annoyed by the results of the several interviews he had imposed upon the new assistant cobbler at Bruceton. He had silenced, if not conquered, all the older religious controversialists of the town, and found weak spots in the armour of many good people not given to controversy, whom he had beguiled into talking on religious themes. Why he should want to talk at all on such subjects puzzled the people of the town, all of whom had known him from boyhood as a member of a family so entirely satisfied with itself that it never desired any aid from other people, to say nothing of higher powers. Sometimes the Bartrams went to church—for social purposes—but always with an air of conferring a favour upon the Power in whose honour the service was enacted.

But Bartram had good enough reasons for his sudden interest in religion. He was in love with Eleanor Prency, and, with the manner of his family regarding everything that interested them, he was tremendously in earnest in his wooing. Like a judicious lawyer, he had endeavoured to make his way easier by prepossessing the girl's parents in his favour; but when he began to pass the lines of pleasing civility, within which he had long known the judge and his wife, he was surprised to find an undercurrent of seriousness, the existence of which in the Prency family he never had suspected. The judge appeared to estimate everything from the standpoint of religion and righteousness; so did his wife; so, though in less measure, did the daughter.

Such nonsense, as the self-sufficient youth regarded it, was annoying. To visit a pleasant family with the intention of making a general conquest; to be confronted by a line of obstacles which he always had regarded as trifling, yet which he was unable to overcome; finally, to be told that religion was a reality because it had changed Sam Kimper, one of the most insignificant wretches in town, from a lazy, thievish drunkard to an honest, sober, industrious citizen—all this was to make war upon Reynolds Bartram's constitutional opinions as to the fitness of things.

A change of opinion somewhere was necessary, so it must occur in the Prency family, and as soon as it could be brought about—this was Bartram's first conclusion after an hour of deep thought. If the Prencys chose to talk theology in the privacy of their family life, they were welcome to do so, but he wished none of it, and, unless his head had lost its cunning, he believed he could devise a method of preventing further inflictions of it.

He convinced himself that his best method would be to discover

and expose the weakness, perhaps hypocrisy, of the wretched cobbler's professions. Maybe Kimper meant all he said, and thought he believed something essential to religion, but had not scores of other common fellows in the town done likewise during "revivals" and other seasons of special religious effort, only to fall back into their old ways soon afterward? It was all a matter of birth and training, argued Bartram to himself; the feeblest and most excitable intellects, the world over, were the first to be impressed by whatever seemed supernatural, whether it were called religion, spiritualism, mesmerism, or anything else. It was merely a matter of mental excitement: the stronger the attack, the sooner the relapse. Sam Kimper would lose faith in his fancies, sooner or later; it might be somewhat cruel to hasten the result, but what was a little more or less of the life of such a fellow compared to the lifelong happiness of one of the Bartrams—the last of the family, and, as the young man believed, the best? Should the cobbler's fall be hastened, Bartram would make it right; indeed, he would volunteer in his defence the first time he should again be arrested for fighting or stealing.

But his plan did not work. Day after day he had made excuses to drop into the cobbler's shop and worry the ex-convict into a discussion, but not once did he depart without a sense of defeat. As he said to himself, "What can be done with a man who only believes and won't argue, or go to the bottom of things! It's confoundedly ridiculous." During his last visit he said: "Sam, if the Power you profess to believe in can really work such a change as you think He has done in you, He ought to be able to do almost anything else. Don't you think so?"

"That I do," said the cobbler, working away.

"You believe He has power to any extent, I suppose?"

"You're right again, Mr. Bartram."

"Of course, you think He loves you dearly?"

"I'm ashamed to think it—that any Bein' should love a good-for-nothin' feller like me. But what else can I think, Mr. Bartram, after all that's gone on in me, an' what He's said Himself?"

"Very well; then if He is so powerful, and cares so much for you, I suppose He brings you more work and better prices than any one else in your business?"

"Sam did not reply at once, but after a while he said; "It amounts to the same thing: He makes me work harder than I ever knowed how to do before. That brings me more money, an' gives me a hope of gettin' along better after a while."

"Oh, well, you have a family—quite a large family, I believe. Does He do as much for your wife and children as for you?"

"Whatever He's doin' for me is done for all of us, Mr. Bartram."

"Just so. But do you mean to say that what you're making enables you to do everything for your family that you should?"

The cobbler's face contracted under the shade he wore over his eyes. An evil smile overspread the lawyer's countenance. A little time passed; the discussion was becoming sport, such sport as the angler feels when a wounded fish, a hundred times

smaller than he is, is struggling and writhing in agony on its back.

"You don't seem certain about it, Sam," the tormentor finally said.

"Mr. Bartram," the cobbler answered in a little while, "what He done for me came about so quiet an' unknown-like that I don't know what He may be doin' for the wife and children. God knows they need it, an' as He came to look after them that was needy, I don't believe He can make a mistake an' pass by my house."

"But I should think you would be sure about it. Have all the children got good shoes and stockings and warm clothes? Winter is almost here, you know."

"No, sir; they haven't," Sam sharply replied.

The lawyer quickly caught the change of tone and made haste to explain.

"I didn't mean to disturb your peace of mind, Sam; I asked only in order to learn how much foundation there was to your faith. They haven't them, you say. How will they get them?"

"I'll earn 'em," said the cobbler, with a savage dash of his awl which one of his fingers barely escaped.

"But suppose you can't; suppose trade slackens, or Larry takes a notion to a new helper?"

"Then I'll beg, rather than have 'em suffer."

"And if folks won't give?"

"Then my folks 'll have to go without."

"In spite of your new, loving, strong friend, your Saviour? If He's all you take Him to be, aren't you sure He'll look out for your family?"

"Mr. Bartram," said the cobbler, resting for a moment, and straightening his weary back, "if I was in trouble—been doin' somethin' wrong, for instance—an' was hauled into court, an' had you for my lawyer—though of course I couldn't expect to have so smart a man—I'd ort to believe that you'd do everythin' that could be done an' ort to be done, ortn't I?"

"Certainly, Sam, certainly," said the lawyer, with his customary professional look of assurance.

"But I shouldn't know all about it in advance, should I? Even if you was to tell me all you meant to do and how you'd do it, I shouldn't take it in. If I could, why, I'd be just as smart as you—the idee!—an' shouldn't need you at all."

Both suppositions were so wildly impossible that the lawyer indulged in a sarcastic smile.

"Well, then," continued Sam, "here's Somebody helpin' me more than any man ever could—somebody that's smarter than any lawyer livin'; I suppose you'll own up to that?"

The idea that any being, natural or supernatural, could be wiser than one of the Bartrams was not pleasing to the lawyer, when suggested so abruptly, but it was conceded, after a moment of thought, by a condescending nod of the head.

"Then," Sam continued, "how am I goin' to be supposed to know all that He's doin' an' not doin' for me, and when He's goin' to do somethin' else, or whether He's goin' to do it at all? If I was as smart as a lawyer, I wouldn't need one; if I was as smart an' good as Him that's lookin' after me, there wouldn't need be any God or Saviour, would there?"

"Then you are satisfied He is God and Saviour, eh? Some wise men have believed differently."

"I only know what I was told an' what I've read for myself, sir. The man that put me up to it told me not to try to believe everythin' that everybody else did, but to believe as much as I could and live up to it, bein' extra particular about the living up."

"But you ought to know something, have some distinct idea as to who you're believing in. What do you know about Him, after all?"

"I know, said the cobbler, "just what I've told you before when you asked me the same question. I know He was once in the world, an' didn't do anybody any harm, an' done a great deal of good, an' taught folks to do right an' how to do it. Ev'rybody b'leaves that, don't they?"

"I suppose it's safe to admit that much."

"Well, sir, I'm tryin' to foller Him an' learn of Him and b'lieve in Him."

"Is that all?"

"That's enough, as far as I've got. You're a good deal smarter than I be, sir; won't you tell me how to go further?"

The lawyer shook his head and departed. The cobbler fell on his knees and buried his face in his hands. The lawyer, chancing to look in the window, saw the movement; then he drew his hat down over his eyes and sauntered off in a manner quite unlike his customary carriage of his handsome figure.

CHAPTER XI.

The genuineness of the change which had come over Sam Kimper slowly became the subject of general conversation in Bruceton. Judge Prency frequently spoke of it, so did his wife, and as the Prencys were leaders of village society, whatever interested them became the fashion. People with shoes which needed repairing visited the new cobbler in great numbers, each prompted as much by curiosity as business, for they seldom haggled about prices.

Sam's family, too, began to receive some attention. Mrs. Prency, having first secured a promise from Sam that the children should go to Sunday-school, if they could be decently clad, interested several ladies to the extent of bestowing some old clothing, which she hired a sewing-woman to make into becoming garments for Billy and Mary. Mrs. Kimper, too, was enabled to dress well

enough to appear in church, though she stipulated that she should go only to evening services.

"I don't 'mount to much, Mrs. Prency," said she to the family's benefactor, "there ain't much left of me as I once was; but I ain't going to have people look at me the way they do, any more than I can help."

"The feeling does you credit, Mrs. Kimper," said the lady; "but you won't long be troubled that way. The oftener you let people see you, the less curious they'll be."

Sam's new way of life, too, began to be discussed where men most congregated. Loungers at stores, the railway station and the post-office talked of the town's only ex-convict, who had not gone back to his old ways. Most of the men who talked of him did it in about the manner of spectators of the gladiatorial combats in ancient Rome; they admired the endurance and courage of the man, but seldom did it occur to them to stretch out a hand to help him.

There were exceptions to this rule, however. An old farmer who had brought a load of wheat to the station listened to the talk, asked a great many questions about the case, and finally said, "I s'pose you're all doin' all you can to help him along?"

The bystanders looked at one another, but no one answered in the affirmative. One man at last found words to say: "Why, he's tryin' to help hisself along, and we're watchin' to see how he'll succeed. Now, I was along by his place this mornin' an' seen him carryin' in the last wood from his wood-pile. 'Sam,' I hollered, 'don't you wan't to buy a load of wood? I've got some I want to sell.' 'I need it,' said Sam, 'but I ain't got a cent.' Well, mebbe I'd have trusted him for a load if he'd asked me; but it occurred to me to stand off and see how he'd manage it. It's cold weather now, an' if he don't get it some way his family 'll go cold. I went by there agin at noontime, but he hadn't got none yit."

"He's as independent-like," said another, "as if he hadn't been in gaol."

"You're a pack of heartless hogs!" roared the farmer, getting into his waggon and driving off.

"Can't see that he's any different from the rest of us," muttered one of the bystanders.

Could the group have known the trouble of the new cobbler's heart, as he bent all day over his work, and thought of the needed wood, their interest in the subject would have been enhanced. Sam's wife was a cold-blooded creature; the baby was somewhat ailing; it would not do for the fire to go out, yet the fuel he had carried in at morn could not more than last until evening. The little money that had come into the shop during the day would barely purchase some plain food, of which there was never in the house a day's supply. He had not the courage to ask credit for wood; his occasional attempts to "get trusted" had all failed, no matter how small the article wanted. He looked for Larry

Highgetty, his employer, to beg a small loan, but Larry, though he came into the shop every morning for his share of the previous day's earnings, could not be found that afternoon.

Suddenly, as the sun was almost down, Sam remembered that a house was being built several squares away. Carpenters always left many scraps behind them, which village custom allowed anyone to pick up. The cobbler devoutly thanked Heaven for the thought, closed the shop, and hurried away to the new building. The men were still at work, and there was a great deal of waste lying about.

"May I have some of these leavin's?" asked Sam of the master builder.

The man looked down from the scaffolding on which he stood, recognized the questioner, turned again to his work, and at last answered, with a scowl, "Yes, I suppose so. It would be all the same, I guess, if I didn't say so. You'd come after dark and help yourself."

Sam pocketed the insult, though the weight of it was heavy. So was that of the bits of board he gathered, but he knew that such thin wood burned rapidly, so he took a load that made him stagger. As he entered the yard behind his house he saw, through the dusk which was beginning to gather, a man rapidly tossing cord-wood from a waggon to a large pile which already lay on the ground.

"My friend," gasped Sam, dropping his own load, and panting from his exertion, "I guess you've made a mistake. I ain't ordered a load of wood from nobody. Guess you've come to the wrong house."

"Guess not," replied the man, who was the farmer that had freed his mind at the railway station during the afternoon.

"This is Sam Kimper's," exclaimed the cobbler.

"Just where I was told to come," said the farmer, tossing out the last sticks and stretching his arms to rest them.

"Who was it told you to bring it?" asked the resident.

The farmer stooped, took a large package from the front of the waggon and threw it on the ground; then he threw another, took his reins, turned the horses and began to drive out.

"Won't you tell me who sent it?" Sam asked again.

The farmer turned his head and shouted: "'Twas Jesus Christ, if you must know, and He told me to bring you that bag of flour and shoulder of bacon, too." Then the farmer drove off at a gait quite unusual to farm teams.

The cobbler burst into tears and fell upon his knees. When he arose he looked in the direction from which came the rattle of the retreating wheels, and said to himself: "I wonder if THAT man was converted in the penitentiary?"

The story, when Sam told it in the house, amazed the family, though little Mary giggled long on hearing the name of the supposed giver. No sooner was supper ended than the child slipped out of the house and hurried to the hotel to tell her sister Jane

all about it. Within half an hour the story had passed, through the usual channels, to all the lounging places that were open, and at one of them—the post-office—it was heard by Deacon Quickset. It troubled the good man a good deal, and he said, “There’s now no knowin’ how much harm ’ll be done the fellow by that speech. If he thinks the Lord is goin’ to take care of him in such unexpected ways, he’ll go to loafin’, an’ then get back into his old ways.”

“Didn’t the Lord ever help you in any unexpected way, deacon?” asked Judge Prency, who nearly every evening spent a few moments in the post-office lobby.

“Why, yes, of course; but, judge, Sam an’ I aren’t exactly the same kind of man, I think you’ll allow.”

“Quite right,” said the judge. “You’re a man of sense and character. But when Jesus was on earth, did He give much attention to men of your general character and standing? According to my memory of the record—and I’ve re-read it several times since Sam Kimper’s return—He confined His attentions quite closely to the poor and wretched—apparently to the helpless, worthless class to whom the Kimper family would have belonged had it lived at that time. ‘They that are whole need not a physician’—you remember?—‘but they that are sick.’”

“Accordin’ to the way you seem to be thinkin’, Judge Prency,” said the deacon, coldly, “them that’s most deservin’ are to be passed by for them that’s most shiftless.”

“Those who deserve most are those who need most, aren’t they, deacon? That is, if any one is really ‘deservin’, as we use the word.”

“Your notions would break up business entirely, if they were carried out,” asserted the deacon.

“Not at all, though I have never discovered that business is the first interest of the Almighty.”

“You mean to say that because I work hard, an’ get a little forehanded, I ought to take a lot of shiftless folks, an’ teach them to be lazy an’ depend on me?”

“Certainly not, deacon. How you do jump at conclusions! There aren’t a lot of shiftless people in this town; there are very few, and even they might be helped, and shamed into taking care of themselves, if you and I and some more forehanded people were to follow our Master’s example.”

“I’ve spoke to every unbeliever in this town about his soul’s salvation,” said the deacon. “I’ve always made it a matter of duty. Christ came to preach salvation, an’ I’m follerin’ His example, in my humble way.”

“Didn’t He do anything else?” asked the judge. “You remember what answer he sent to John in prison, when the Baptist seemed to have lost heart, and wondered whether Jesus were really Him who should come? He said that to the poor the Gospel was preached, but He gave half-a-dozen other proofs, each of them showing special care for men’s bodies.”

"Judge, you're talkin' materialism," said the deacon. "It's a spirit that's gettin' too common ev'rywhere."

"Oh, no, I'm not; I'm talking the words of Jesus Himself. Aren't they good enough for you, or are you like children at the table, who will take only what suits them, and ignore everything else?"

"Such talks never do any good, judge," said the deacon, buttoning his overcoat and turning up the collar. "I've spent a good deal of my life thinkin' about sacred subjects an' tryin' to lead my fellow-men in the right way. You ain't goin' to make me believe, at my time of life, that I've been all wrong, an' that Jesus Christ come on earth only to start a charity society."

"Nor to teach people to live right?"

"He wants 'em first to know how to die right. I should think, judge, that Sam Kimper had been convertin' you over again, an' doin' it backwards. That fellow has only got hold of one end of the Scripture—one little fag-end of it."

"Too small an end to be worthy of your attention, I suppose, deacon?"

"This is all wasted time and idle talk, Judge Prency," said the deacon, leaving the place so quickly that he forgot to ask for his letters.

CHAPTER XII.

One bright, breezy October afternoon Sam Kimper's daughter Jane got "an hour off" from her duties at the hotel, and proceeded to devote it to her highest ideal of possible enjoyment. There were many other pleasures for which she longed, but as they were unattainable just then she made the most of that which was within her reach for the time being. It was to array herself in her best and saunter to and fro in the principal streets, look into shop windows, and exchange winks and rude remarks with young men and women with whom she was acquainted.

Although her attire was about what one would expect of a drunkard's child who had spent her later days in the kitchen and corridors of an hotel, Jane was not an unsightly creature. She had a fine figure, expressive eyes, and a good complexion. Had any one followed her during her afternoon stroll, and observed her closely during her successive chance meetings with young men and women of her acquaintance, he would have seen hard lines, coarse lines, ugly lines in her face; yet when in repose the same face was neither unwomanly nor without an occasional suggestion of soul. It was a face like many others that one may see in the streets, entirely human, yet entirely under the control of whatever influence might be about it for the time being, the face of a nature untrained and untaught, which would have followed either Jesus or Satan, or both by turns, had both appeared before it in visible shape.

During a moment or two of her afternoon out Jane found herself approaching Mrs. Prency and Eleanor, these ladies being out on one of those serious errands known collectively as "shopping."

"Do see that dreadful dowdy girl!" exclaimed Miss Eleanor, whose attire was always selected with correct taste.

"She has never had any one to teach her to dress properly, my dear," suggested the mother.

"She might have some one who cared enough for her to keep her from appearing in public in red hair and a blue ribbon," said the daughter.

"Such girls have no one to keep them from doing anything they like, my dear. Let us try to be sorry for them instead of being disgusted."

"But mother——"

"Sh—h! She'll hear you. I'm going to bow to her. I wish you'd do the same."

"Mother!"

"To oblige me. I'll explain afterward."

The couple were now within a few steps of Jane, who, with an odd mixture of wistfulness and scare, had been studying Eleanor's attire. When she saw both women looking at her she began to take a defiant attitude, but the toss of her head was met by one of Mrs. Prency's heartiest smiles, accompanied by a similar recognition from Eleanor. Short as was the time that could elapse before the couple had passed her, it was long enough to show a change in Jane's face—a change so notable that Eleanor whispered, "Did you ever see any one alter looks so quickly?"

"Never, but I sha'n't lose any opportunity to see it again," said Mrs. Prency.

"Mother, dear!" said Eleanor, I hope you're not suddenly going to recognize every common person you may meet in the street. You're so enthusiastic."

"And so different from my daughter in that respect, eh, dear?"

"But, mother, you've always been so careful and fastidious about your associations and mine. I remember the time, only a year or two ago, while I was at school, when you would have been horrified if I'd had anything to do with a creature like that."

"You were a child then, my dear; you're a woman now. That girl is daughter of the poor fellow ——"

"Sam Kimper, that you and father talk of so frequently? Yes, I know; she was a horrid little thing in school, two classes below me. But, mother, I don't see why we ought to recognize her, just because her father has been in the penitentiary, and behaved himself since he came back."

"Because she needs recognition, dear child; because she gets it from plenty of people of her own class, and if she has it from no others she never will be any better than she is; perhaps she will become worse."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Eleanor, with a toss of her handsome head. Such people never change. There were plenty of such

girls in the same classes with me in the public school, and they've all gone off and married common, low fellows. Some of them were really pretty girls while they were young, too."

"All the more reason why others of the same kind should have some encouragement to do better, my child."

"But, mother," persisted Eleanor, "what possible good will it do that Kimper girl for us merely to recognize her in the street?"

"You may do as much more for her as you choose, if you think mere courtesy is not enough. Eleanor, you are a beautiful, happy girl; you know—and I remember—all a girl's natural fancies and longings. Do you imagine that being badly born and reared can keep that girl from having the same feelings? She probably wishes she could dress as well as the best, attract attention, be respected, have a real, fine fellow fall in love with her."

"The idea!" exclaimed Eleanor, laughing long and merrily. "But suppose it were all true, how can mere notice from us help her? I'm sure the minute we passed her she made a face, and envied me my better clothes."

"You will think differently when you have more experience, my dear. When I was as young as you I thought——"

"Oh, mother, there she is again," said Eleanor, crossing the street; "she's turning right toward us. And," murmured the young lady, after assuring herself that it was really the same combination of red hair and blue ribbon, "how different she looks!"

"Because two women of some standing and position chanced to notice her. Let's help the good work along, daughter." Then, before Miss Eleanor had time to object, and just as the cobbler's daughter was in front of them, Mrs. Prency stopped, extended her neatly-gloved hand, and said, with a pleasant smile, "How these girls do grow! You were little Jane only a year or two ago, Miss Kimper."

Never before had Jane Kimper been addressed as "Miss." The appellation sent colour flying into her face and brightness into her eyes as she stammered out something about growing being natural.

"You haven't grown fast enough, though, to neglect good looks," continued Mrs. Prency; while Eleanor, endeavouring to act according to her mother's instructions, drawled, "No, indeed!"

Then the cobbler's daughter flushed deeper and looked grateful, almost modest, for girls read girls pretty fairly, and Jane saw that Eleanor was regarding her face with admiration.

"You girls of the new generation can't imagine how much interest we women who used to be girls have in you," said the judge's wife. "I'm afraid you'd be vain if you knew how much Eleanor and I have looked at you and talked about you."

"I didn't s'pose anybody that was anybody ever thought anything about girls like me," Jane finally managed to say.

"You're greatly mistaken, my dear girl," said the lady. "Nearly every one in this world talks a good deal about every

one else whom they know by sight. You really can't imagine how much good it does me to see you looking so well and pretty. Keep right on doing it, won't you? The girls of to-day must be our women, a few years hence; that's what I keep impressing upon my daughter day by day. Don't I, dear?"

"Indeed you do, mother." Eleanor said it with a look at Jane which was almost a signal for sympathy; the cobbler's daughter was greatly mystified by it.

"I don't see," said Jane, after standing awkwardly for a moment in meditation, "how a girl's goin' to be much of a woman that amounts to anything, one of these days, if she's nothin' to do now but dirty work at a hotel."

"Maybe you could change your work," suggested the lady.

Jane's lips parted with some hard and ugly lines, and she replied: "Some things is easier sayin' than doin'."

"Should you like a different position?" asked Mrs. Prency. "I'm sure it could be had, if people knew you wanted it. For instance, I need some one every day, for some weeks to come, to help my daughter and me with our sewing and fitting. There are always so many things to be done as winter approaches. I sometimes feel as if I were chained to my sewing machine, I have so much to do. But I'm afraid such work would seem very stupid to you. It would mean sitting still all day, you know—no one to talk to but Eleanor and me."

Jane looked wonderingly at the two women before her. No one but them to talk to! She never had imagined an opportunity to talk to such people at all. She supposed all such women regarded her as a part of the scum of the earth, yet here they were, speaking pleasantly to her—Mrs. Prency, a woman who naturally would fill the eye of an impulsive animal like Jane: Eleanor, the belle of the town—two women whom no one could look at without admiration. No one but them to talk to! All her associates faded from Jane's mind like a fleck of mist under a sunburst as she answered, "If there's anything you want done that I can do, Mrs. Prency, I'd rather work for you for nothin' than anybody else for any money."

"Come to my house as soon as you like, then, and we'll promise to keep you busy—won't we, daughter?"

"Yes, indeed," murmured Eleanor, who saw in her mind's eye a lot of her work being done without effort of her own.

"You sha'n't do it for nothing, however; you shall earn fully as much as you do now. Good-day," Mrs. Prency said, as she passed on, and Eleanor gave Jane a nod and a smile.

The hotel drudge stood still and looked after the couple with wondering eyes. The judge's wife dropped something as she walked. Jane hurried after and picked it up; it was a glove. Jane snatched it, pressed it to her lips again and again, hurried along to return it, stopped suddenly, thrust it into her breast, and then, passing the back of her ungloved hand across her eyes, hurried back to the hotel, her eyes cast down, and her ears deaf to occasional familiar remarks intended specially for them.

CANADA AND THE CANADIAN QUESTION.*

It has been known for some time that Professor Goldwin Smith was writing a comprehensive volume on this subject. No man living, from his exhaustive study of Canadian history, from his breadth of view, and from his charming literary style, is better fitted to prepare such a work. High as expectation has been raised, we deem it more than met in these pages. In the early and romantic history of our country Professor Smith has found a congenial theme. With a grace of diction surpassing even Parkman's, and with philosophic insight and a striking condensation of expression, he gives a graphic picture of the old régime and analysis of the spirit by which it was animated.

The Professor recognizes the enormous power of the Roman Catholic Church. "Not Versailles or the Pyramids bespeak the power of the king more clearly than the great church and the monastery rising above the cabins bespeak the power of the priest. Ten million dollars would probably be a low estimate of her property. Besetting the people from the cradle to the grave with her friars and nuns, she gathers in money of which none ever leaves her coffers, not even for taxes, since she asserts her sacred immunity from taxation. . . . To add to the holy fund the priests do not disdain to peddle amulets and trinkets. . . . But she has made the people in her way moral, as well as in her way religious. . . .

"Nevertheless, looking upon the condition of the people on the one hand, and the vast array of churches, convents and rectories on the other, we are reminded of Edmond About's saying about the peasantry of the Romagna, who were backward and unprosperous though they had fourteen thousand monks preaching to them the gospel of labour."

We think the learned Professor unduly pessimistic in his view of the outlook of the Province of Quebec. "Commercial Montreal in French Quebec" he says, "is becoming the outpost of an alien territory. Proposals have been made for transferring it from Quebec to Ontario, close to the border of which it lies." It is true that in the Eastern Townships and other parts of Quebec Roman Catholicism is extruding the Protestant population. But the growth of Montreal in wealth, in social influence, in educational institutions, is chiefly Protestant. We judge that the Presbyterian, Methodist, and the Church of England communions are increasing in influence relatively faster than the Roman Catholic Church. The Professor admits that "among the strongest bulwarks of Protestantism in the country is the Presbyterian College in Montreal." He also states that "there are in the Province French Protestants to the number, it is said, of about ten thousand. They have produced, in the person of Mr. Joly, who was for a time Provincial Premier, one of the most thoroughly upright and universally respected men of the Province." These converts from Roman Catholicism, we think, are the beginning of a revolt of the more intelligent and liberal French-Canadians from the fetters of Rome.

* *Canada and the Canadian Question.* By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. With map. 8vo, pp. x.-325. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., and William Briggs, Methodist Publishing House. Price \$2.00.

Professor Smith describes Ontario as the core of the Confederation, and gives a graphic sketch of its social, economical and political status. "Where there is wealth," he says, "there will be social distinction; and opulence, even in Toronto, sometimes ventures to put a cockade in the coachman's hat. . . . Wealth everywhere is power: everywhere to a certain extent commands a social position. . . . But wealth in Toronto society has not everything its own way." He deprecates the tendency to city life, and says: "The people cannot afford to be so well housed in the city as they are in the village, . . . and though they have more of crowd and bustle they have really less of social life because in the village they all know each other, while in the city they do not know their next-door neighbour." Inasmuch as our school system is practically secular, the "organ of religious teaching," he remarks, "is the Sunday-school. Of these there are said to be in Ontario nearly four thousand, nearly half the number being Methodist." He highly commends "the co-operation of the ministers of all Protestant churches at least, in good works. There is even talk," he adds, "of Christian union. . . . Economy may in time enforce, if not union, some arrangement by which a friendly division of the spiritual field may enable the village, which neither knows nor cares about dogma, to feed one minister instead of starving three."

Of the Protestant Churches in Ontario, he says, "The largest and most striking is the Methodist: striking in its combination of a powerful clergy with a democratic participation of all members in church work; strong, also, in its retention of the circuit system, which saves it from the turbulence bred in other churches by the restlessness of churches which grow weary of hearing the same preacher. "The Metropolitan Church of the Methodists in Toronto," he says, "is a cathedral. . . . The Presbyterian Church is that of the Scotch here as everywhere, a thrifty, wise and powerful clan. . . . The Anglican Church in Canada, as in England, may almost be said to be two churches—one Protestant, the other neo-Catholic—under the same roof in uneasy union; and hard is the part of their Bishop. They are held together by a laity unspeculative and attached to the Prayer Book."

The Professor deprecates the sending of Canadian boys and youths to the public schools and universities of England as seldom attended with good results. Speaking of Canadian games, he says, "Football is much played and under the regular English rule, everything being kicked except the ball."

Speaking of the limited literary field afforded in Canada, he says, "A literature there is fully as much and high in quality as could be looked for, and of a character thoroughly healthy. Perhaps some kind critic might say it retains some of the English sober style, and is comparatively free from the straining for effect which is the bane of much of the literature of the United States." The Canadian press, notwithstanding its limitations, he highly commends. "Toronto reads at breakfast-time the debates in the British House of Commons the evening before, and looks on as well as a Londoner at all that is going on in the world, and shares in full measure in the unification of humanity by the electric wire."

With rapid pen the Professor traces in outline the record of French Canada before and after the conquest. He pays the following noble tribute to the United Empire Loyalists—the pilgrim fathers of Upper Canada:

"This was the heroic era before politics, unrecorded in any annals, which has left of itself no monument other than the fair country won by those obscure husbandmen from the wilderness, or, perhaps, here and there a grassy mound, by this time nearly level with the surrounding soil, in which, after their life's partnership of toil and endurance, the pioneer and his wife rest side by side. . . . "The rough lot, we trust, was cheered by health and hope, while the loneliness and mutual need of support would knit closer the tie of conjugal affection. 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 lonely graves."

Professor Smith then admirably sketches the development of the political institutions, analyzes the Federal Constitution, and traces the fruits of Confederation. Into the discussion of "The Canadian Question" we shall not follow the Professor. He discusses five possible conditions: Dependence, Independence, Federation, Political Union with the United States, and Commercial Union. The latter he strongly urges as the best solution of the problem of the future. Discussion or even criticism of this theme is outside the province of this periodical. The book will bring the Canadian Question before the tribunal of public opinion in Great Britain and the United States, as well as in this country, with a weight of influence and with a brilliancy of manner such as it has never received before.

RECOGNITION.

BY MAUD RENNIE BURTON.

I AND my Soul stood face to face, alone.
 (Oh Soul, how black and scarred thou art when known!)
 And my Soul said,

"Look at me well, because I am thine own.
 Year in and out I grew as thou hast grown,
 And my feet followed in the way thine led."

Facing my Soul in dread at twilight drear,
 I shrank away and cried aloud in fear.

Then my Soul said,
 "Ay! cry and call; no man will ever hear:
 Nothing will answer but the echoes clear.
 Dost thou, then, shun the path thine own feet tread?"

Alone, but for my Soul at close of day,
 Small wonder that I cried and shrank away.

But my Soul said,
 "We are alone here, in the twilight gray.
 Thou Hypocrite! Fall on thy knees and pray.
 Why fear'st thou me?" I followed. Thou—hast led.
 —Independent.

Current Topics and Events.

METHODIST MISSIONS IN CHINA.

The article on Medical Missions in China, by Rev. Dr. Hart, cannot fail to very strongly impress its readers with the importance of the new Methodist Mission in that country. In that vast empire is collected one-third of the human race: a nation, not dull, slow, and ignorant, but quick, ingenious, and docile; a nation with probably the oldest civilization and the oldest literature in the world; a nation which, under the benumbing influence of its superstitions, exhibits a remarkable instance of arrested development, a sort of ossification of its institutions; yet, a nation of vast possibilities and, if it be not Christianized, one of vast menace to Christendom.

China has already a steam navy, with numerous war-ships, well-equipped with all the modern appliances—electric lights, torpedoes, improved cannon, everything necessary for the art of marine warfare. It has an enormous army, equipped in part with the latest weapons of precision; it has exhaustless resources of men and means; it has been learning in the school of science and war; it has been a keen student, as well, of diplomacy, and if it should become an aggressive force, might carry terror to the whole of Australasia, not to say to the British possessions in Burmah, Malacca, and India. These people are not unsusceptible of gratitude for favours received. They are eminently docile, faithful, and obedient to their employers. Probably in the providence of God the great overflow from China to the lands of Christendom may be the means of sending the Gospel from converted Chinamen back to their own land. Unfortunately, in many places the chief impression they receive is that of the intolerance, injustice, hatred, and cruelty of the baser elements of the so-called Christian nations. Nevertheless, many converts are made, and some

of these are full of zeal for the conversion of their fellow-countrymen.

The system of medical missions seems by far the most efficacious way of reaching these people. One of the first of these medical missionaries was a young woman from Canada, who won high favour in the imperial court for benefits conferred upon a near relative of the reigning sovereign. She now occupies an important and lucrative office at court. Our Lord Himself was wont to combine the healing of the body with the healing of the soul, and many who would reject the didactic teaching of the Gospel would hail with joy His practical benefits. We hope our Churches, mission bands, and Sunday-schools will take a profound interest in this new departure, and that an earnest, general, and systematic effort will be made to greatly increase the revenue of the Missionary Society, in order to meet the new tax made upon its resources by this aggressive movement on the hoary ramparts of Chinese superstition.

In addition to the Rev. Dr. Hart, Superintendent of the Mission, its first members will be Rev. G. E. Hartwell, B.A., B.D., O. A. Kilburn, M.D., and Rev. Dr. Stevenson, M.D., medical missionaries. These beloved brethren, and the ladies who, we understand, are to accompany the mission, will have the warmest sympathy and prayers of the Church in their great undertaking; and the mission which they establish, we doubt not, will have, also, liberal material support on the lines indicated in Dr. Hart's article, to make it the power and success that it ought to be in that dark land.

METHODIST MISSIONS IN PALESTINE.

The admirable contribution of the Rev. Geo. J. Bond, B.A., ex-President of the Newfoundland Conference, on the subject of the Methodist Missions in Moab and Syria, in this number, should receive earnest

consideration. Brother Bond has travelled extensively through these Bible lands, and is deeply impressed with the importance of the Methodist Church doing her share in the evangelization of the Lord's land, where the name of Jesus first began to be preached. There is a perennial interest about those sacred scenes which appeals at once to the judgment and the imagination. We doubt not that the inauguration of a mission in Palestine would awaken a sympathy and enthusiasm on its behalf that would greatly redound to the benefit of our entire mission work. As, however, the missionary committee has just inaugurated a new mission to the great Chinese empire—an empire embracing in its teeming millions one-third the population of the globe—it has not felt warranted in simultaneously establishing a mission in Palestine. If, however, any of our readers are moved to practical sympathy with the heroic Mr. Lethaby, Mr. Bond will be glad to convey their contributions to that brave-hearted missionary. Mr. Bond writes us that in his judgment the city of Nablous, the ancient Shechem, is the most promising place in Palestine for the Methodist mission. It is quite central and in the main route of travel, and a medical mission planted there would be, indeed, a light kindled in a dark place.

Our missionary authorities, we understand, do not see their way clear just at present to take up this new mission, in view of the pressing claims upon the Society in many other directions, and in adhesion to the principle to avoid going into debt. The Rev. W. Henderson, who has travelled extensively in Palestine, strongly urges, in a recent *Guardian*, a mission in Palestine, like that proposed by Bro. Bond. He states that some fifty consecrated students in our college offer themselves for missionary work wherever sent. He further states that many of our people are desirous that a mission should be opened in Palestine, and urges the importance from a strategic point of view of planting a mission in the Lord's land. He adds: "For

us as a people the duty of the hour is to send a missionary to Palestine as soon as practicable." He suggests that a school, or orphanage, be opened, as the uplifting of that land, like every other, will be effected by the regeneration of its childhood. "It will be desirable," he adds, "to have a mission, to some extent, under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Society," and concludes with the fervent remarks: "That country is waking up. Christian capital is projecting modern improvements. A multitude from different quarters are settling there. It is a land of imperishable interest. The set time to favour Zion has come." If any authorized Board will take up this work, we feel confident that the sympathy and enthusiasm of our zealous Epworth Leagues and Sunday-schools would be enlisted in the work.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

One of the most significant movements of the times is the federation of the Australasian colonies into the Commonwealth of Australia. Within the memory of men now living, known only as a penal colony, it becomes a great nation with a population of four millions, composed of the most adventurous spirits of the mother-country and their vigorous descendants. Sydney and Melbourne are already great metropolitan cities, each with a population of 360,000, rivalling in wealth and splendour some of the greatest cities of the motherland. The great "Mother of Nations," founding such bulwarks of civilization in the far east and west, north and south, as the new Dominion and this new Commonwealth, is building up throughout the world a Greater Britain, that shall maintain the Anglo-Saxon traditions and civilization in every part of the world. In her forty colonies she has planted the germs of a world-wide empire. As a recent writer, speaking of this new movement, remarks, "The loyalty of the British heart will still circle the earth with the morning drum-beat, and all the more warmly

that it will be a feeling unvexed by the jealousies of power." The genial critic in the *New York Independent* writes as follows of this great movement:

"The action of the Federation Convention, now in session at Sydney, in creating the Commonwealth of Australia, is one of enormous historical importance. It really inaugurates a new, great continental empire ruled by an English-speaking race. The Constitution attempts to combine the merits of the forms of government of both the United States and Canada, avoiding their defects. While the Crown appoints the Governor-General, the Governors of the States are elected by their legislatures. We expect nothing but good from this new imperial republic. It will unify the interests of Australia, will promote population and trade, will fill up the wilderness of the continent with people, and will create a strong Christian nation, of our own stock and faith, with which we shall be in the closest sympathy, and whose example will, we may well believe, control very considerably the future even of our Northern Canadian neighbours."

THE COLUMBIAN FAIR AND THE SABBATH.

THE *New York Independent*, with characteristic enterprise, obtained some weeks ago the testimony of many public men, governors, senators and statesmen, concerning the opening of the Columbian Exhibition on Sunday. These distinguished laymen, by a very large preponderance, expressed themselves very strongly against the opening. In the April number it has the opinions of ninety-three bishops and archbishops of the American Churches. These are still more strongly pronounced in their opposition to such desecration of the Sabbath. The eleven bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church are against it. So are the ten bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Of the twenty-eight bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church all but two are in favour of closing. Of forty-

four Methodist bishops only one, a coloured bishop in the South, who has peculiar opinions on many things, favoured opening it part of the day. Of six Roman Catholic archbishops, three strongly urged that it be closed on Sunday, and three that it be open in the afternoon. Of sixteen Roman Catholic bishops, four would close and eleven would open. These figures show, among other things, that one great menace to the sanctity of the Sabbath in the United States is the Roman Catholic Church. One cause of this is that it is so largely made up of a foreign element, with its lax notions of Sabbath observance. It is to be hoped that the strong remonstrance of the Christian people will prevent the great National Exhibition from becoming the engine for breaking down the keeping of the Sabbath. The demoralization and wickedness of an open World's Fair, with its Sunday excursions, Sunday drunkenness and the like, would make what should be a grand demonstration of the higher civilization of the age a barbarizing and de-civilizing spectacle.

THE LATE W. H. KERR.

With the death of the late W. H. Kerr Canadian scholarship sustains a great and irreparable loss. He was one of the few Canadian scholars who, amid the engrossments of business and professional toil, kept up his familiar use of the classic languages. Mr. Kerr was not only one of the most brilliant classical scholars of our country, but he also had a special felicity and grace in the composition of Latin and Greek verses. He often displayed his skill in the translation into these ancient tongues of some of the noble hymns endeared to all the Churches. Of these the readers of this *MAGAZINE* have enjoyed many examples presented in its pages. It is to be hoped that these fine translations may be published in collected form.

THE LATE DR. DE PRESSENSE.

The death of this distinguished scholar and author leaves a blank in the French Protestant Church not

easily filled. Pressense was the foremost figure of that Church. In his remarkable position as a Senator of the French Republic he rendered valuable service to the cause of Christianity, by promoting legislation favourable to Christian morals. His best service to the Church was rendered by his busy pen. He was the founder and chief writer of the *Revue Chrétienne*, his contributions to which have a remarkable ability and power. Among his more prominent works are "Early Years of Christianity." His volume on the Martyrs and Apologists of the Early Church is the most brilliant that we know of that important period.

PERSECUTION.

The Russian treatment of her Jewish subjects is a disgrace to the nineteenth century. It recalls the tales of the dark ages, when those Mordecais of mankind were mocked, and jeered, and spurned in every land. This persecution we deem more baneful to Russia than it is to the Jews themselves. In Moscow and St. Petersburg they are the brain and nerves of the nascent commerce of that undeveloped empire. In their expulsion history repeats again the tragic blunders of the expulsion of the Moriscos from Spain, and of the Huguenots from France. The saying of Napoleon is as true to-day as it was eighty years ago, "Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar beneath." Although venerated with a superficial polish of French politeness, many of their nobles of high rank betray all the savagery of their Slavonic and Tartar ancestry.

Equally brutal and short-sighted is the recent persecution of the Stundists of the southern provinces. These are a community of reformed religionists, who are seeking to recover the simplicity of primitive Christianity, long buried beneath the superstitions and puerilities of the Greek Church. Their religion is one of great spiritual purity and power. They have been called the Methodists of Russia, and doubtless their persecution, virulent

though it be, will no more suppress their religious zeal than the persecution of the Methodists suppressed theirs.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR BENNETT.

We exceedingly regret to learn the death of the Rev. Dr. C. W. Bennett, Professor of Archæology and Cognate Science in the North-Western University, Evanston, Ill. Dr. Bennett had made special study of the science of Christian archæology, and published a very valuable volume on that topic, which won distinguished recognition both in the Old World and the New. We had agreeable personal correspondence with Dr. Bennett on the subject in which we both were interested. He was exceedingly beloved by his students and by the Methodist Church, of which he was a devoted son and minister. He had projected other important works, from whose execution, in the mysterious providence of God, he was cut off.

VISIT TO EGYPT AND PALESTINE.

In fulfilment of a long-cherished purpose, the editor of this MAGAZINE contemplates, in the spring of 1892, to make, if Providence permit, a visit to Egypt and Palestine. After visiting Cairo and the Pyramids, he will go up the Nile as far as the first cataract, visiting the ruined temples and cities of Edfu, Luxor, Thebes, and Philæ. A month will be spent in Palestine visiting the scenes of Bible story, Joppa, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, Nablous, Nazareth, Galilee, over Mount Hermon to Damascus, Baalbec, and over the Lebanon to Beyrout. He will also visit Rhodes, Cyprus, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Corfu, Naples, Rome, Florence, etc. Dr. Withrow has consented to take charge of a select private party who may wish to make this excursion, which will be made under the best condition and at the most suitable time of the year. Any persons desiring information on the subject may write to Rev. Dr. Withrow, 244 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The net increase of members is only 688, though the total increase in some districts is nearly three thousand; the decrease in others reducing the net gain. In forty years since 1855, the increase was 163,445, or more than sixty-two per cent.

The number of young people in Junior Society classes stands at 62,406, an increase on the year of 1,605.

The West London Mission has 1,002 fully accredited members. The "Sisters" are doing a noble work amongst the soldiers, the policemen, and the "cabbies." They have also started a boys' club. A social hour is held at Prince's Hall service on Sunday evenings. *Advance*, the organ of the mission, has a circulation of 10,000.

The Joyful News Mission has an income of \$50,000, and has 101 evangelists at work and in training. Rev. J. C. Clapham says that "the agency is one of the most valuable movements of modern Methodism. Ministers, and laymen, and foreign missionaries testify to its utility. Rev. D. Hill, of China, says, "Thank God for such gifts to His Church."

The Wesleyan University Settlement in Bermondsey promises to be a useful institution. There will be twenty residents in the house, in addition to the warder, all of whom will be employed in home mission work. A women's settlement will soon be organized, where ladies will be accommodated who will labour among the poor women in the locality.

During the existence of the Extension Fund upwards of \$460,000 have been expended in aiding 1,200 cases, and has helped to introduce Methodism into needy localities where previously it had no footing.

From the thirty-seventh annual report of the Educational Society we learn that the amount expended on day and Sunday-school buildings during the past year was \$225,575.

The Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Society is doing a good work; 165 persons are on the sick fund, and 370 on the annuitant list, making a total of 535 on the funds. At the annual meeting held in York, in May, 970 pulpits were supplied by members of the annual meeting.

It is a matter of universal regret that the income of the Foreign Missionary Society is more than \$50,000 deficient. British Methodism to-day contributes \$20,000 less to this fund than it did twenty-two years ago. If the contributions to-day were proportionately equal to those of 1878, they would show an advance upon their present figure of \$125,000. The London, Baptist, and Church Missionary Societies also report large deficiencies.

Happily the missions abroad are prospering. In ten years as many members have been added within the bounds of the Madras District as were added in the previous seventy. Converts are multiplying among the Hindoos, and missions have been started among the Pariah people. A new mission is to be established in Mashonaland, Africa.

The University of Glasgow has conferred the degree of D.D. upon the Rev. J. Agar Beet

All the branches of Methodism in Great Britain are preparing to send about two hundred delegates to the Ecumenical Conference to be held in Washington, United States, in September next.

The *Christian Intelligencer* has the following interesting paragraph: "The Wesleyans in England, who claim the honour of having the best Sunday-schools in the world, regu-

larly hold public examinations with their scholars before they are promoted to higher grades. Their Sunday-school Catechism contains questions which might sometimes put theological students to hard thinking. With them the Sunday-school is no plaything."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Andrews has sent the amount required to the Centenary Memorial Celebration Fund, so that both the two great American Methodist Churches have contributed their pillar for City Road Chapel.

Bishop Taylor has lately reported from Africa. There are twenty-six stations in Liberia, in Congo seven, in Angola six; total thirty-nine. Missionaries in Liberia twenty-two, in Congo twelve, in Angola fourteen; missionaries not assigned, sixteen; total sixty-five. The African Conference reports three thousand members. Twenty missionaries were not able to reach the Conference; those in Congo and Angola were two thousand miles from the seat of Conference.

Bishop Taylor lost \$8,000 by the failure of Kean's Bank in Chicago. This money was intended to be used in redeeming African girls, whom the Bishop places in the mission schools. Several have thus been redeemed. The only way to get them is by purchase. They cost thirty dollars each.

Chaplain McCabe states that there were forty thousand fewer conversions in the Churches last year in consequence of the agitation on the admission of women to the General Conference. The Chaplain, however, rejoices that the missionary receipts exceed those of last year at the same date by \$59,000. No wonder that he has shouted himself hoarse.

The Epworth League is wonderfully popular. From the latest reports it appears that there are 5,130 chapters in the Northern Churches.

A pilgrimage to England is to be made during the summer by members of the Epworth League. City Road Chapel, London, and Epworth

will be visited. At the latter place services will be held in the Wesley Memorial Methodist Church.

Dr. Deems presented to the Missionary Board at New York portraits of Bishop Joshua Soule and Bishop James D. Andrew, who went off with the organization of the Church South. The portraits are a gift from gentlemen in the South.

Bishop Walden is in Europe holding the conferences there, and also attending the Evangelical Alliance at Florence, Italy.

Lum Foon, formerly a Methodist in San Francisco, gave up a good business and returned to China to do missionary work at his own charges. He has built a mission property in foreign style of architecture, with preaching hall and schools. The "Jesus" house is the talk of the country. Lum Foon preaches the Gospel and teaches school, having about thirty pupils under his care.

Fully thirty Methodist Episcopal Churches are dedicated in the United States every week. that is 1,560 a year.

Dr. Lucian Clarke, assistant editor of the *Christian Advocate* (New York), states that its circulation is the largest of any denominational paper in the world; \$125,000 are to be distributed this year among the superannuated from the Book Concern profits.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

Bishop Wilson has just returned to his home in Baltimore, having for the third time journeyed round the world, visiting the missions of his own Church and those of other denominations. He thinks that the outlook is encouraging all along the line.

The *Independent* of New York, in an excellent article on the centenary of the death of John Wesley and a history of the Church organizations that sprang from the great movement he inaugurated, writes very eulogistically respecting this branch of Methodism, which comprises forty-six annual conferences in the two hemispheres. Her members have

held all but the highest office in the nation. They are found on the Supreme Bench of the United States, in both Houses of Congress, in numerous executive mansions and foreign embassies, and in leading college chairs throughout the South.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

We are glad to record the fact that another Methodist has been appointed a member of the Dominion Senate. J. B. Snowball, Esq., of Northumberland, New Brunswick. He is a son of the late Rev. John Snowball.

The Wesleyan College at Montreal, at its late convocation, conferred the degree of D.D. upon the Rev. Marshall Randles, Professor of Theology, Didsbury, Manchester, England.

Methodism flourishes in Cape Breton in spite of much poverty and distress, amounting sometimes to starvation. There are fifty society classes, many of them large: Sunday-schools prospering: Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies going ahead: anti-tobaccoists actively fighting the pipe; about one-half of the business men have given up selling tobacco.

The following, which we have taken from a Presbyterian journal, is commended to the prayerful consideration of our readers: "At this season of the year our Methodist friends begin to 'invite' pastors, and the pastors accept, subject, of course, to the action of Conference. If the invitation—of course it would not do to say 'call'—works right in June and brings the new man after Conference all is well. If the invitation fails, as it may fail from one of a dozen causes, there is likely to be some friction. Our Methodist friends seem to be considerably enamoured with the invitation business. Perhaps if they knew as much about it as some Presbyterians do, they would not be so anxious to take a plank out of the Presbyterian platform. Many thoughtful Presbyterians, who have had much to do with giving calls and who have watched closely the way the thing is often done, have little or no faith in the system. The only

reason they have for not denouncing it is the difficulty of finding anything better."

The editor of *Canada* believes that the great Protestant Church of Canada at no distant date, strong in all the elements that give victory over infidelity and unrighteousness, will comprise both the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, and it may be others. "What a power that united Church would be."

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The Annual Committee, or Conference Executive, have resolved to recommend Conference to appoint a large and influential committee, and prepare a report on the proposed basis of Methodist Union. The said report will then be forwarded to the Conference of the Methodist Free Church, and if the answer of the latter be favourable it will then be an open question to be submitted to the quarterly meetings. One paper and three addresses will fall to the lot of the representatives of the Connexion at the Ecumenical Council which meets in the fall.

A bazaar was lately held in Manchester, which produced \$9,000.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

We are sorry to learn from our English exchanges that the College at Manchester is in serious financial difficulties. Some are even afraid that, unless help is speedily forthcoming, the premises may have to be sold. Could not many old Primitives in Canada render help. Who will join the present writer in rendering a helping hand?

A bazaar was held in Tunstall, which produced \$6,800.

The President of Conference, during his visit to the Isle of Man, spent a day with the Anglican Bishop at Bishop's Court.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN.

In 1850 the late Rev. James Way, the pioneer missionary, entered on his work in Australia at a salary of \$150 per annum. In December, 1890, his eldest son left South

Australia on a trip to India, Palestine, and Europe. In many respects the career of Chief Justice Way is exceptionally brilliant, even in the galaxy of distinguished sons of Methodist ministers.

As a proof of the kindly feeling now existing between the Primitive Methodists and the Bible Christians, it is proposed that where the Primitives are strong and the Bible Christians weak the latter body shall be absorbed by the former; and where the Primitives are weak, they shall give up their Society to the Bible Christians.

RECENT DEATHS.

The mortality among ministers has lately been great. We have to record the decease of the Rev. Charles Lavell, M. A., of Niagara Conference. He was in the itinerancy thirty-nine years, and for about ten years sustained a superannuate relation. Most of his itinerancy was spent in the cities of Ontario and Quebec. For several years he was Chairman of District, and once at least Secretary of Conference. He was a man

greatly beloved, a real Christian gentleman, and a minister of more than ordinary ability. He was the spiritual father of Dr. Potts, and was himself brought into the Methodist Church through the instrumentality of the late Dr. E. Ryerson.

The Presbyterian Church mourns the death of the Rev. T. McPherson, of Stratford. He was more than eighty-six years of age, a native of Ireland, but of Scottish descent. His piety was more than ordinary; he lived a life of holiness.

On April 15 the Rev. John Atkinson died at Benton Harbour, almost ninety-four years of age. He organized the first Methodist society in Quincy, Ill.; was a friend of Bishop Asbury and Jesse Lee.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South has been bereaved by the death of the Rev. John E. Edwards, D.D. He was a pastor more than sixty years. His last words were, "All is well!"

Bishop R. Disney, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Chatham, Ont., April 20.

Book Notices.

Who Wrote the Bible? A Book for the People. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Pp. 381. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

Dr. Gladden has a remarkable faculty for uttering timely truths in a very forcible manner. Of this his admirable book on "Applied Christianity, or Moral Aspects of Social Questions," a book which discusses the most exigent topics of the times, is a striking example. The present volume is emphatically a book for the people—for busy people who have not time nor, perhaps, ability to follow the learned discussions of Biblical critics, but who want to know the facts and legitimate conclusions of the current discussions about the Bible. Dr. Gladden gives us here the results, rather than the

process of scholarship in a plain, simple, straightforward manner. He answers questions, so far as they can be answered, which continually crop up concerning the sacred books.

He is staunchly conservative as to the essentials of Biblical criticism. He utterly rejects the vagaries of much of what is called the "higher criticism" of the times. "The theories of the destructive critic," he says, referring to the Pentateuch, "that this literature and this legislation was all produced in Palestine about the eighth century before Christ and palmed off on the Jews as a pious fraud, does not bear investigation." "It is," he adds, "an astounding statement, illustrating the length to which destructive criticism will go." "The incidental allusions strewn throughout the Pentateuch to camp life and its conditions," he remarks, "could not have

been introduced at a later period, and are a striking corroboration of the Mosaic origin of these books." With good-humoured sarcasm he adds, "I question whether Professor Kuenen and Professor Wellhausen with all their wealth of imagination could have done any such thing." His conclusion is: "That the legislation of the Pentateuch is genuinely Mosaic in its entire spirit and character." Dr. Harman makes a similar remark about the very ancient words occurring in these documents.

As to the book of Genesis Doctor Gladden explains the Jehovist and the Elohist elements of the original documents. He points out not only the conventional but literally predictive character of the Messianic and other prophecies of Scripture. One of the most important topics is that on the origin of the Gospels, even of the latest, the Gospel of St. John, of which the best criticism of the day finds striking testimony, even as far back as the first century. "The Origin of the Gospels," "Formation of the Canon," "How the books were written and preserved," and other subjects are all plainly elucidated. In the final chapter, entitled "How much the Bible is worth," he vehemently asserts that, notwithstanding its human elements, notwithstanding its "various readings," notwithstanding the difficulties of harmonization which sometimes arise, the Bible is divinely inspired, is a book of righteousness and a record of the development of the kingdom of righteousness in the world, is the revelation of God to man. We may not in every case agree with Dr. Gladden's treatment of special topics, but his general conclusion, and the tenacity with which he holds the essential unity, veracity, integrity, and indubitable authenticity of the Word of God, make his book an aid to faith of a most valuable character.

William E. Dodge, the Christian Merchant. By CARLOS MARTYN. Pp. 349. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. J. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street. Price \$1.50.

By the death of William E. Dodge,

the moral forces not only of the city of New York, but of the American Republic, sustained a great and irreparable loss. He enjoyed the blessing of a pious ancestry and a godly training. He was early made the subject of converting grace in a sweeping revival. He threw himself with zeal into Christian work, and this, says his biographer, he never interrupted for a single day. He early identified himself with the Sunday-school work, Bible study, missionary work, temperance work, anti-slavery, promotion of peace, Christian missions, evangelical alliance, and Christian association work. All this while he was diligent in business as well as fervent in spirit, carrying on great undertakings, forming a coal and iron company, engaged in extensive commerce by sea and land, railway and steamship enterprises, eight times elected President of New York Chamber of Commerce. He was a leading member of the Presbyterian Church, and the friend of the slave, the outcast, the reformed gaol-bird, the Indian and the heathen. Such a life is an inspiration to the young men of this age. In this book we get glimpses of many of the chief Christian workers of the century. The author has done his work well. He has photographed with realistic power a noble and remarkable life. We commend the volume for Sunday-school libraries and family reading.

A Concise Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge: Biblical, Biographical, Theological, Historical, and Practical. Edited by ELIAS BENJAMIN SANFORD, M.A. 8vo. Pp. 985. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

For ministers, local preachers, and Sunday-school teachers we know few books more useful than a compendious cyclopædia of religious knowledge. It is a library in itself, and if any subject needs special elucidation, it suggests the books and methods by which it can be best followed up. We have no hesitation in saying that, in our judgment, the book under review, as it is the most

recent, is also the best compendious cyclopædia that we know. Subjects of minor importance are treated very concisely, while subjects of major importance receive ample space. The editor has been assisted by over thirty of the most eminent religious writers of the country, representing the different Churches. Among these are Bishop Vincent, Dr. Selah Merrill, Dr. Josiah Strong, Dr. C. S. Robinson, and many others. As evidence of the completeness of treatment we may note that the subject of the Reformation fills fourteen double-column pages, and the reformed Church three pages additional. Methodism receives twelve pages, and the Wesleys five additional. Egypt twelve pages and seven illustrations. Palestine six, with coloured map. Jerusalem six pages and eight cuts; and many places in Bible lands receive description and illustration. An important feature is the copious list of authorities on subjects on which the reader might desire further information. Thus, in the article on the Catacombs, J. H. Parker's archæology of Rome, and the present writer's book on the subject are given as references. The book is very impartial, the history and doctrines of the several Churches being treated by recognized representatives of those Churches.

Toronto, Old and New; a Memorial Volume, Historical, Descriptive, and Pictorial. By G. MERCER ADAM; with introduction by Rev. HENRY SCADDING, D.D. 4to, pp. 212.

It was a very happy thought to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the passing of the Constitutional Act of 1791, whereby the Province of Upper Canada was organized, by the issue of this handsome volume, which records the rise and progress of the chief city of that Province. The execution of the design is as admirable as its conception. That the work has been done by the accomplished pen of Mr. G. Mercer Adam is a guarantee of its literary merit. The history of the city of Toronto is, to a large extent, the

history of the Province of which it is the political, commercial, educational and literary centre. The author traces, in his usual graceful style, the beginnings of Toronto in the old Indian days and under the French régime. He pays his tribute to the United Empire Loyalist fathers and founders of Upper Canada. He sketches the career of Governor Simcoe, and the picturesque incidents in the early history of "Little York." He records the events leading to the war of 1812-15, and the part which the town of York took therein. The early and more recent makers of Canada are faithfully portrayed. Dr. Strachan, the Robinsons, the Blacks, the Bethunes, W. L. Mackenzie, the Morrisons, the Andersons, and other pioneers. We think, however, the honoured name of Dr. Ryerson, the great antagonist of Bishop Strachan, the champion of constitutional liberty and the founder of our public school system, deserves more than the merely casual mention which it receives. But this is better than the treatment which it receives in Dr. Scadding's otherwise excellent volume on "Toronto of Old," in which it does not appear at all. The story of the rebellion is concisely told, and the results of the union of the provinces, the railway era, the Fenian raid, the confederation era, the recent development of the city are succinctly recorded.

Of special interest is the typographical and descriptive account of Toronto, illustrated as it is with many scores of admirable engravings of the principal streets, parks and buildings, public and private, and a brief biographical sketch of prominent citizens and public men in the educational and artistic professions, and its leading bankers, merchants and captains of industry. The resident of Toronto may well be proud of the architectural beauty of its public and private buildings, and of the evidence of its manufacturing and commercial prosperity. The engraving, printing and mechanical manufacture of this book, and also the interest of the subject, make it one which should be in every drawing-room or library of the city.

A Manual of English Prose Literature, Biographical and Critical; Designed mainly to show Characteristics of Style. Pp. xiii.-552. By WILLIAM MINTO, M.A., Professor of Logic and Literature in the University of Aberdeen. Boston: Ginn & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

We are glad to know that the classics of English literature are receiving more systematic and scientific study in our schools and colleges than ever before. The time was when men professedly educated knew far more of Greek and Latin writers than they did of the great authors of their own language. That time is past, and now some degree of acquaintance with those great writers is absolutely essential to any claim of a liberal education. Yet, few men have the time or opportunity for reading very widely in the vast library of English literature. That is the work of a life-time.

The advantage of the book before us is that, under judicious guidance and criticism, we have the marked characteristics of the great writers set forth and illustrated by quotations, with biographical and biological notes of great value. Professor Minto's book has the honour of reaching the third edition in Great Britain, as well as being republished in America.

An introductory analysis of style describes its elements and qualities, and the critical notes point out the merits and defects of style, enabling the student to acquire the one and avoid the other.

One hundred and fifty pages are devoted to the critical study of the great modern masters, De Quincey, Macaulay and Carlyle. The author then takes up, in historical order, the chief prose masters from the fourteenth century. Special attention is devoted to Sidney, Hooker, Bacon, Johnson, Burke, Paley and Hall, and more brief criticisms, with citations to many scores besides.

We are convinced that the reader will derive a much more intelligent, just and comprehensive view of

English literature as a whole, and of its great masters individually, by a study of this book, than by ten times the amount of desultory and unguided reading. The book is closely printed, and its 570 pages contain a fine body of English literature.

Documents Illustrative of the Canadian Constitution. Edited, with notes and appendices, by WILLIAM HOUSTON, M.A., Librarian to the Ontario Legislature. 8vo. Pp. xxii.-338. Toronto: Carswell & Co., Law Publishers; and Wm. Briggs.

In this volume Mr. Houston has given us a very valuable collection of historical documents. Upon his theory of education, which we deem unquestionably a sound and just theory, these documents form the true material for the scientific study of Canadian history. Of course, they must be supplemented by connecting links and records on matters of fact. But to comprehend the spirit of our constitution its origin should be studied at first hand.

Mr. Houston justly condemns the unintellectual method of "cramming" history by the deglutition of either books or lectures. He recommends strongly the seminary method used in the most modern universities, which is to be largely adopted in our own Victoria College. In this manner the study of the old English chronicles of Hollingshed and his fellow redactors in English history, and of Bradford's Journal and other contemporary records in colonial history give a new life and interest to the study of the social and political developments of the English-speaking race. The advantage of this mode of study is that it teaches the student to think for himself, which is the real and only intelligent method of education. Mr. Houston's long journalistic training and his politico-economic studies have given him special advantages for the editing and annotation of the documents herein contained. These annotations embrace much that is very valuable.