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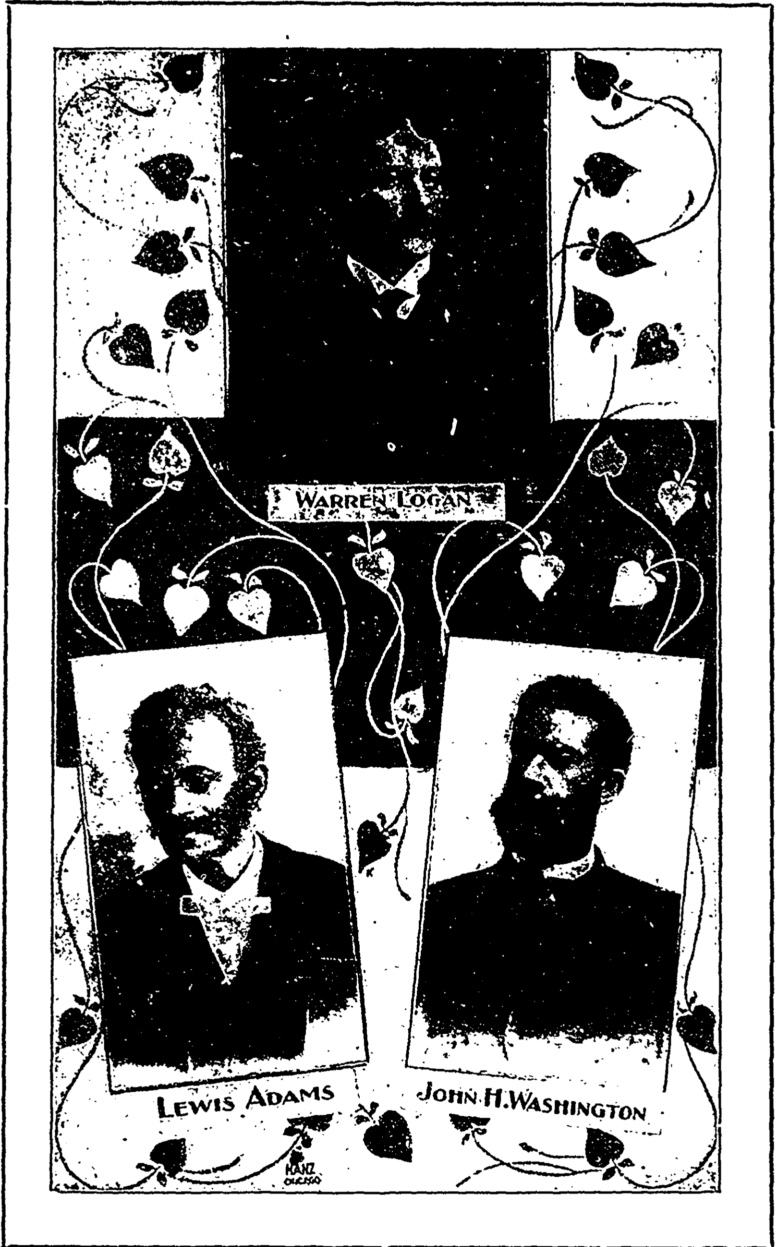


PROFESSORS AT TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1901.

OUR BROTHER IN BLACK.

THE LIFE STORY OF BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.*

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

THE record of the life and work of Booker T. Washington is one of those tales of fact which are stranger than fiction. He is the most striking personality his race has produced in America. He was born a slave, he does not know when nor where, "but suspects," he says, that "he must have been born some time or somewhere—about the year 1858 or 1859." He knows nothing of his father, except that he was a white man. To the love and tenderness of his mother he pays most filial tribute.

"She will always remain," he says, "the noblest embodiment of womanhood with whom I have come in contact. She was wholly ignorant as far as books were concerned, and, I presume, never had a book in her hand for two minutes at a time, but the lessons in virtue and thrift that she instilled will never leave me."

Among his earliest recollections are those of seeing his maternal uncle cowhided on his naked back. His shuddering groans made an impression on the boy's heart which, he says, he shall carry with him to the grave. Although not a slave on the plantation could read a line, yet in some mysterious way they kept informed of the progress of the war, and that it meant their freedom. The "grape-vine telegraph" was in constant use. When Lincoln's proclamation was made known his mother whispered, "Now, my

* "The Story of My Life and Work." Booker T. Washington, Principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. With an Introduction by Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Commissioner Peabody and Slater Funds. Copiously illustrated with photo-engravings, original pen drawings by Frank Beard. J. L. Nichols & Co., Toronto, Ont. D. E. Hughes, Manager, Toronto. Price, $1.50. Subscription only.

children, we are free." Soon came the chance to young Booker—which was all the name he had, he chose Washington himself—to go to school. To do this, the boy worked from four o'clock in the morning till nine, and after school hours. He early learned that most important lesson, faithful, honest toil.

He was sent to work in a coal mine, his mother hired some one to teach him to read at night, and he took his book to the mine and tried to read by the little lamp which hung on his hat.

Till he was a big boy he had never worn a hat, when his mother made one of two pieces of homespun jean.

LITTLE BOOKER AND HIS MOTHER PRAYING TO BE DELIVERED FROM SLAVERY.

He afterwards hired out to a Mrs. Ruffner, a New England woman, and was so faithful in the discharge of his duty that before he left her service she trusted him with anything in her possession. He writes:

"The lessons that I learned in her home were as valuable to me as any education I have ever gotten anywhere since. Even to this day I never see bits of paper scattered around a house or in the street that I do not want to pick them up at once. I never see a filthy yard that I do not want to clean it, a paling off a fence that I do not want to put it on, an unpainted or unwhitewashed house that I do not want to paint or whitewash it, or a button off one's clothes, or a grease-spot on them or on a floor, that I do not want to call attention to it."

One day amid his toil he heard of a school where black boys and girls could work their way if they had not money to pay for schooling. It was many scores of miles away, but he started out on foot to find it. For his outfit the old coloured people, born in slavery and utterly unlettered, gave him some a nickel, others a quarter or a handkerchief. His mother was in broken health, and he scarce expected to see her again. He was refused shelter in a village inn, and kept warm only by walking about through the night. This was his first experience of finding what the colour of his skin meant.

He reached Richmond, Va., hungry, tired and dirty, and wandered round the streets till midnight because he had nowhere to go. As half-starved he passed the food-stands "he would have promised," he said, "all he expected to possess in the future to have gotten hold of one of the chicken legs or pies which were exposed," but he crept under the sidewalk, and lay all night upon the ground without a bite to eat. Next morning he earned enough by helping unload pig iron from a vessel to buy a breakfast, which seemed to him the best breakfast he ever had. He continued to work a number of days, still sleeping under the sidewalk. Many years afterwards he was tendered a reception in Richmond at which two thousand persons were present to do him honour. The hall was not far from the place where he had sought shelter beneath the planks. He could not help reverting in thought to his painful experience.

He reached at length Hampton School with just fifty cents in his pocket. Unwashed and unkempt and ragged as he was he must have made a very unfavourable impression on the New England lady principal. At length she said he might sweep the recitation room. This was the chance of his life.

"I swept the recitation-room," he says, "three times. Then I got a dusting-cloth and I dusted it four times. When I was though I reported to the principal. she was a 'Yankee' woman who knew just where to look for dirt. When she was unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor, or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked: 'I guess you will do to enter this institution.'

"I was one of the happiest souls on earth. The sweeping of that room was my college examination, and never did any youth pass an examination for entrance into Harvard or Yale that gave him more genuine satisfaction. I have passed several examinations since then, but I have always felt that this was the best one I ever passed."

LITTLE BOOKER, A FAVOURITE WITH HIS MASTER, IS ALLOWED TO PEEP INTO THE PARLOUR OF THE "BIG HOUSE."

He earned his way by rising at four in the morning to make fires, do his chores and prepare his lessons. Only once a week did he get white bread. He used to wash his meagre clothing at night, for he had no change of attire.

Here he heard of his mother's death, which almost broke his heart, but the lessons of truth and honour and industry which she implanted in his soul became the most precious possessions of his life.

So crowded were the dormitories that General Armstrong, the head of the school, called for volunteers to live in tents during the winter. Nearly every student volunteered to go, among them, of course, young Washington. More than once in the bitter cold night the tent was lifted bodily in the wind, and they found themselves in the open air.

"I have spoken," he says, "of my admiration for General Armstrong, and yet he was but a type of that Christlike body of men and women who went into the Negro schools at the close of the war by the hundreds to assist in lifting up my race. The history of the world fails to show a higher, purer, and more unselfish class of men and women than those who found their way into those Negro schools.

"Life at Hampton was a constant revelation to me; was constantly taking me into a new world. The matter of having meals at regular hours, of eating on a tablecloth, using a napkin, the use of the bath-tub and of the tooth-brush, as well as the use of sheets upon the bed, were all new to me. I sometimes feel that almost the most valuable lesson I got at the Hampton Institute was in the use and value of the bath. I learned there for the first time some of its value, not only in keeping the body healthy, but in inspiring self-respect and promoting virtue."

READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION. THE SMALL LAD WITH SLOUCH HAT, STANDING AT THE FRONT, IS BOOKER.

He never saw three or four hundred men and women so tremendously in earnest as the students at Hampton.

> "Many of them," he writes, were as poor as I was, and, besides having to wrestle with their books, they had to struggle with a poverty which prevented their having the necessities of life. Many of them had aged parents who were dependent upon them, and some of them were men who had wives whose support in some way they had to provide for. The great and prevailing idea that seemed to take possession of every one was to prepare himself to lift up the people at his home."

On leaving Hampton he became for a time a waiter at the United States Hotel, Saratoga, where he was often in after years an honoured guest.

When about sixteen he became teacher of a Negro school near his native place. He taught both day and night school and two Sunday-schools. He induced his brother and many neighbours to go to the Hampton Institute. Three years later he had a chance to enter Wayland Seminary. The deep, religious spirit which pervaded the atmosphere made a profound impression on his life.

He was invited to return to Hampton as a teacher. He began a night class with men who had to work all day in the saw-mill or on the farm. This grew till it eventually numbered six or seven hundred eager students. He was a born teacher, and was placed in charge of seventy-five Indian boys. He learned that "the main thing that any oppressed people needed was a chance of the right kind and they would cease to be savages."

At the request of General Armstrong he went, in 1881, to Tuskegee, a place so small that he could not find it on the map. It was in the heart of the Black Belt, where the Negroes far outnumbered the whites. This was the great opportunity of his life. Here his best work was done. He had no money, but borrowed five hundred dollars to make the first payment on an abandoned farm. This subsequently grew to be an estate of 2,460 acres connected with the Tuskegee Institute. Mr. Washington insisted on enforcing

above all things the important truth that the best help for the Negro is self-help. Scarce a single Negro family or individual in or near Tuskegee did not contribute something in money or in kind, often at great sacrifice, towards the founding of the institute.

The only place that he could get to start his school was a dilapidated shanty near the coloured Methodist church, together with the church itself as a sort of assembly-room. Both the church and the shanty were in about as bad condition as was possible.

> "I recall," he writes, "that during the first months of school that I taught in this building it was in such poor repair that, whenever it rained, one of the older students would very kindly leave his lessons and hold an umbrella over me while I heard the recitations of the others. I remember, also, that on more than one occasion my landlady held an umbrella over me while I ate breakfast."

The unthrift of the Negroes was almost incredible. They planted nothing but cotton, and bought corn and bacon at the highest price at the store. Sewing machines were bought on instalments for sixty dollars, showy clocks for fourteen, although not one person in ten could read the time. In one cabin there was only one fork among five people, and a cabinet organ which cost sixty dollars. But very seldom did a family eat together. The father would take his hunk of bread and meat and start to the field, eating as he walked; the mother took her breakfast from the skillet in the corner; the children would eat theirs running round the yard like so many puppies. Every child that was big enough to carry a hoe was sent to the cotton field, while the baby was left at the end of the row to receive maternal attention at intervals. On Saturday the whole family went to town—ostensibly to shop, but one person in ten minutes could buy all that their money could pay for. The women sat around smoking or dipping snuff. The land and most of the crops were mortgaged.

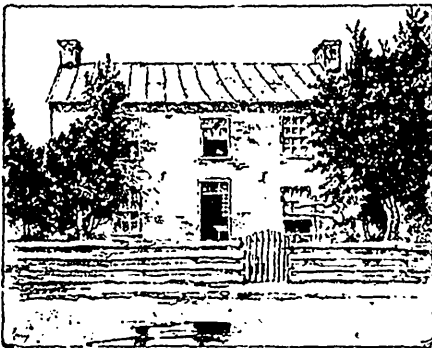
The schools, of course, were wretched affairs. In one of these Mr. Washington found five pupils studying from one book. Many of the parents were born in slavery. He asked one

BOOKER STARTING FOR HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

man how many were sold at the same time with himself. He said, "There were five of us: myself and brother and the three mules." The teachers in these schools had very exalted ideas of book learning. The bigger the book and the longer the name of the subject, the prouder they felt of their accomplishment. Some had studied Latin, one or two Greek.

"One of the saddest things," says Mr. Washington, "that I saw during a month of travel which I have described was a young man, who had attended some high school, sitting down in a one-room cabin, with grease on his clothing, filth all around him, and weeds in the yard and garden, engaged in studying a French grammar."

Some were studying and taught after a fashion "banking and discount," when a bank account was the last thing that any one in the neighbourhood was likely to possess. While the girls could locate the capital of China on the map, they could not locate the proper places for the knives and forks on the dinner table.



HOUSE IN MALDEN IN WHICH MR. WASHINGTON, AFTER LEAVING HAMPTON, TAUGHT HIS FIRST SCHOOL.

The chief ambition of some of the students was to get an education so they need not work. This is illustrated by a story told of a coloured man in Alabama, who, one hot day in July, while he was at work in a cotton-field, suddenly stopped, and, looking towards the skies, said: "O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and the sun am so hot, dat I b'lieve dis darkey am called to preach!"

Mr. Washington soon changed all this. He found an heroic helper in his noble work in Miss Olivia A. Davidson, who became his wife. While teaching in the South she closed her school to nurse a pupil ill with smallpox till he recovered. When yellow fever broke out in Memphis she offered her services as nurse. When she went to the Normal School at Framingham, Mass., it was suggested that as she was so very light in colour she might find it more comfortable not to be known as a coloured woman. She replied "under no circumstances, for no considerations, would she consent to deceive any one in regard to her racial identity." With rare enthusiasm she devoted herself to the uplifting of her people in the South.

The great work of building the Tuskegee Institute was one of faith. Mr. Washington began a building which cost $8,000 with only $200 in cash. He borrowed $400 from a friend, to be repaid within thirty days. On the morning of the thirtieth day he was without funds, but the eleven o'clock mail brought a cheque for exactly $400. Booker Washington spent much time in raising funds, sometimes speaking at five different churches in one day; and he records sleeping in three beds in one night.

At the end of the third year the Institute owned property valued at $30,000. At the end of the fourteenth this had grown to $80,000, and at the end of the twentieth to $300,000. The following trades were taught: Blacksmithing, carpentry, brickmasonry, brickmaking, plastering, farming, stock, poultry and bee-raising, saw-milling, wheelwrighting, printing, mattress and cabinet making, sewing, cutting and fitting, washing and ironing, cooking and general housekeeping.

Mr. Washington's theory of industrial education is, we judge,

the only solution of the race question in the South. In an address at Fisk University he said:

"While many wrongs had been perpetrated on them in the South, still it was recognized by all intelligent coloured people that the black man has far better opportunity to rise in his business in the South than in the North. While he might not be permitted to ride in the first-class car in the South, he was not allowed to help build that first-class car in the North."

Mr. Washington first came prominently before the American people by his address at the opening of the Cotton States Exposition, Atlanta, in 1895. At that Exposition the Negroes had a building and exhibits of their own of industries and art, including sculpture and painting, which, notwithstanding their social disabilities, was a great success. There are three Negro industrial schools in that city. At one of these, Atlanta University, the present writer spent a week. On its lawn was a huge boulder brought from Massachusetts as a memorial of its founder. This is a type of the unflinching devotion which led men and women of the finest New England culture to devote their lives for the uplift of the African race.

It was a novel experiment to invite a black man to address Southern white folk at a great public function. Alluding to the story of the ship's crew perishing of thirst when the fresh waters of the Amazon were all around them, till in reply to the signal, "Send us water," came the answer, "Cast down your bucket where you are," Mr. Washington made this appeal:

"To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongue and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted I would repeat what I say to my own race, 'Cast down your bucket where you are.' Cast it down among the 8,000,000 Negroes whose habits you know, whose fidelity and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have, without strikes and labour wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, builded your railroads and cities, and brought forth treasures from the bowels of the earth, and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South. Casting down your bucket among my people, helping and encouraging them as you are doing on these grounds, and with education of head, hand, and heart, you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past, in nursing your children, watching by the sick-bed of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future, in our humble way, we shall stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defence of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil, and religious life with yours in a way that shall make the interests of both races one. In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress.

"There is no escape through law of man or God from the inevitable;

"'The laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed;
And close as sin and suffering joined
We march to fate abreast.'

"Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you in pulling the load upwards, or they will pull against you the load downwards. We shall constitute one-third and more of the ignorance and crime of the South, or one-third its intelligence and progress; we shall contribute one-third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, depressing, retarding every effort to advance the body politic."

Mr. Washington awoke next day, like Byron, to find himself famous. Not only were the Negroes and whites electrified by this speech; its echoes penetrated to the remotest parts of the South,

and of the North as well. He received the autograph congratulations of President Cleveland and many of the foremost statesmen of his country. A lecture bureau offered him $20,000 for a hundred nights' lectures. He replied that his life-work was in Tuskegee.

He addressed also throughout the country large audiences, including the Universities of Chi-

PRESIDENT ELIOT CONFERRING HONORARY DEGREE UPON MR. WASHINGTON AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, JUNE, 1896.

cago and Harvard, at which such men as the Hon. J. H. Choate, President Cleveland and President Eliot presided. In June, 1896, Harvard University bestowed upon him the degree of M.A., Bishop Vincent and General Miles being similarly honoured on the same occasion. At the Alumni dinner he said:

"Why you have called me from the Black Belt of the South, from among my humble people, to share in the honours of this occasion, is not for me to explain. If through me, an humble representative, seven millions of my people in the South might be permitted to send a message to Harvard—Harvard that offered up on death's altar young Shaw, and Russell, and Lowell, and scores of others, that we might have a free and united country—that message would be, 'Tell them that the sacrifice was not in vain.'

"No member of your race in any part of our country can harm the meanest member of mine without the proudest and bluest blood in Massachusetts being degraded. When Mississippi commits crime, New England commits crime, and in so much, lowers the standard of your civilization. There is no escape—man drags man down, or man lifts man up."

Mr. Washington was the first of his race to receive an honorary degree from a New England University, and Harvard honoured itself as well as the object of its distinction.

In the same year Mr. Washington addressed the Christian Endeavour Convention, which met in the capital of the nation, making the journey from Iowa to Washington for that purpose. The next night he addressed 2,000 teachers at Buffalo. He had an engagement for a five minutes' address at Atlanta, to fulfil which he travelled 2,500 miles, and was well repaid, because it was his first opportunity to reach two hundred of the leading ministers, legislators, judges and press men of the South. These long journeys were a severe tax upon the endurance of any man.

At the Peace Jubilee, in 1898, Mr. Washington addressed with stirring eloquence the immense audience in the great Auditorium at Chicago, and as striking recognition that "a man's a man for a' that," despite his black skin and slave birth, he dined twice with President McKinley's party. In the same year he invited the President to visit the institution at Tuskegee. He thought that the visit of the Executive of the nation to a Negro institution

would do more than almost anything else to encourage the race. The President, Mrs. McKinley, members of the Cabinet and the State Legislature of Alabama visited the Tuskegee schools, and were met by a concourse of six thousand people. Among other wise things the President said were these:

"Integrity and industry are the best possessions which any man can have, and every man can have them. Nobody can give them to him or take them from him. He cannot acquire them by inheritance; he cannot buy them or beg them or borrow them. They belong to the individual and are his unquestioned property. He alone can part with them. They are a good thing to have and keep. They make happy homes; they achieve success in every walk of life; they have won the greatest triumphs for mankind. They give one moral and material power. They are indispensable to success. They are invincible. Every avenue of human endeavour welcomes them. They are the only keys to open with centainty the door of opportunity to struggling manhood. Employment waits on them; capital requires them. Citizenship is not good without them. If you do not already have them, get them."

A feature of much importance in connection with the Tuskegee Institute was the Negro conferences. Many hundreds, sometimes two thousand Negroes of all kinds and conditions, from all parts of the South, attended, discovered their deficiences, and learned the advantages of thrift, industry and economy. At one conference over a hundred reported that they had bought themselves homes. "A heap of our people," said one delegate, "don't like that part of the Bible which says, 'Six days thou shalt work.' You must not sit down and trust God; if you do you will starve. Get up and go to work, and trust God, and you will get rich."

After eighteen years' continuous work Mr. Washington's friends sent him to Europe for a holiday. He was everywhere received with distinction. He addressed a public meeting at the Crystal Palace, London, presided over by the Duke of Westminster, said to be the richest man in the world. He received much social attention from the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Henry Somerset, the Honourable James Bryce, the American Ambassador, and others of social eminence. He recounts with sadness and shame that within six years nine hundred persons were lynched in the Southern States, only a few hundred short of the total number of soldiers who lost their lives in Cuba during the Spanish-American war.

An illustration of the way in which he bridged the chasm between the whites and the blacks is the fact of the social receptions tendered him by white and coloured citizens at Atlanta, Montgomery, New Orleans and elsewhere in the South on his return. He pleaded earnestly for the social and moral redemption of his race.

"Here, in His wisdom, Providence has placed the Negro. Here he will remain. Here he came without a language; here he found the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Here he came in paganism; here he found the religion of Christ. Here he came in barbarism; here he found civilization. Here he came with untrained hands; here he found industry. If these centuries of contact with Americans have done this, can you not trust to the wise Creator, aided by the efforts of the Negro himself, and your guidance to do the remainder? At this point, are you willing to cease your efforts and turn the work over to others for completion? Your duty to the Negro will not be fulfilled until you have made of him the highest type of American citizen, in intelligence, usefulness and morality. The South has within itself the forces that are to solve this tremendous problem."

For foreign missions three denominations in the South give annually over half a million dollars; for the Christianization of

the Negroes at their very door, only $21,000. He urged the giving of not less for the heathen, but of more for those kinsmen at home. Ignorance, he says, is many-fold more costly for tax-payers than intelligence. He urged that training schools like that at Tuskegee should be duplicated in a hundred places in every State. He quotes the striking lines:

> "'The slave's chain and the master's alike are broken,
> The one curse of the race held both in tether;
> They are rising, all are rising,
> The black and white together.'"

The Tuskegee Institute comprises 2,500 acres of land and forty-two buildings, erected almost entirely by the students. One of these is an auditorium, with a capacity of 2,400 persons, in which are used 1,200,000 bricks.

A pronounced religious character is given the Institution by the Bible Training School, whose students preach and teach throughout a wide region. A choir and choral society, glee clubs and brass bands, comprising in all over three hundred persons, promote musical culture.

Much of the money for this great enterprise came from generous friends in the North, but much also was raised among the whites and Negroes of the South themselves.

"It was often pathetic," he writes, "to note the gifts of the older coloured people, most of whom had spent their best days in slavery. Sometimes they would give five cents, sometimes twenty-five cents. Sometimes the contribution was a quilt, or a quantity of sugar-cane. I recall one old coloured woman, who was about seventy years of age, who came to see me when we were raising money to pay for the farm. She hobbled into the room where I was, leaning on a cane. She was clad in rags; but they were clean. She said: 'Mr. Washin'ton, God knows I spent de bes' days of my life in slavery. God knows I's ignorant an' poor; but,' she added, 'I knows what you an' Miss Davidson is tryin' to do. I knows you is tryin' to make better men an' better women for the coloured race. *I ain't got no money, but I want you to* take dese six eggs, what I's been savin' up, an' I wants you to put dese six eggs into de eddication of dese boys an' gals.'

"Since the work at Tuskegee started, it has been my privilege to receive many gifts for the benefit of the institution, but never any, *I think, that touched me so* deeply as this one."

At times his reception in the North was discouraging. One gentleman told him he would not secure enough money to pay his travelling expenses. Within four years that gentleman introduced him in flattering terms to a public meeting in one of the largest halls in New York.

One gentleman gave him on a cold winter day a very cold reception and a very small cheque, who afterwards contributed $10,000 in a single sum. Another gentleman in New York did not ask him to sit down, but gave him in a gruff way $2 as if to get rid of him. This gentleman also subsequently sent a cheque for $10,000.

Mr. Washington's noblest monument is the Tuskegee Industrial Institute. For its maintenance he has secured a million dollars, and is now seeking an endowment of half a million more. We consider that he has contributed more to the solution of the tremendous Negro problem in the United States than any man living. His work is more practical and telling in its results than even that of the brilliant Negro orator, Frederic Douglass. It is not by trying to convert the Negroes by wholesale into teachers and preachers, doctors and lawyers, however important that may be, that the race as a whole will be elevated, but by training their brawn and brain in the hard, commonplace, everyday work by which character as well as nationhood is developed.

The following sonnet by a negro

poet to a negro educator is significant of much:

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

The word is writ that he who runs may read.
What is the passing breath of earthly fame?
But to snatch glory from the hands of blame,
That is to be, to live, to strive indeed.
A poor Virginia cabin gave the seed,
And from its dark and lowly door there came
A peer of princes in the world's acclaim,
A master spirit for the nation's need.
Strong, silent, purposeful beyond his kind,
The mark of rugged force on brow and lip,
Straight on he goes, nor turns to look behind
Where hot the hounds come baying at his
hip;
With one idea foremost in his mind,
Like the keen prow of some on-forging ship.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar,*
in New England Magazine.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

"President Roosevelt recently invited Mr. Booker T. Washington," says the *Independent*, "to dine with him at his private table in the White House. Mr. Washington was thus entertained in order that the President might consult with him freely and at length concerning his race in the South. It appears that this is the first time a negro has been asked to dine with a President at his home; and the incident has caused a general outburst of indignation in the Democratic press of the Southern States. The Memphis *Scimitar* says:

"'The most damnable outrage ever perpetrated by any citizen of the United States was committed by the President when he invited a nigger to dine with him at the White House. He has rudely shattered any expectations that may have arisen from his announced intention to make the Republican party in the South respectable.'

"'Another paper says: 'No atonement or future act of his can remove the self-imprinted stigma.'"

What an irony on the assertion of equality in the Declaration of Independence!

In the North the President's course is approved by many well-known men. For example, President Elliot points out that Harvard University entertained Mr. Washington at dinner, and gave him an honorary degree; and Bishop Potter's comment is that Mr. Washington has repeatedly been a guest at his own table.

We congratulate the President on his Christian manhood in trampling on a wicked prejudice which would be impossible in England and should be impossible in the United States. These fire-eating editors are doubtless inferior in character and ability to the cultured college president whom they despise.—ED.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

BY FLORENCE LIFFITON.

Old Year, farewell! farewell!
I keep the gifts you brought;
Long in my mem'ry dwell
The lessons you have taught.

Old Year, farewell! farewell!
I hold the friends you gave;
For them no parting knell,
No unrelenting grave.

Old Year, farewell! farewell!
You are a stepping-stone
To the attainable,
Alluring and unknown.

Old Year, farewell! farewell!
You die. I live. I pass
To—where? I cannot tell.
But you—Poor Ghost! Alas!

Toronto.

THE TRAINING OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S FAMILY.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,
Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto.

QUEEN VICTORIA was great not only as the head of her empire, but also as the head of her family. The world was enriched by her noble example as a woman, and her highest wisdom as a woman was revealed in the training of her children.

Speaking of her own training, she wrote: "I had the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother." In this she was most fortunate. Much of her great wisdom, her deep sympathy, and her high character had their source in the personal influence and training of her mother.

The spirit of true motherhood is the mightiest agency in the evolution of a child's individuality. Until recently, tenderness was regarded as a synonym for motherhood spirit, but though affection must ever remain its most vital element, a cultured intelligence in regard to every department of the child's physical, intellectual and spiritual life, and the processes of his best development, must be united with tenderness in a true mother. Misdirected and indulgent mother-love may become the most baneful influence in the life of a child. The large number of mothers' congresses, parents' clubs, child-study societies, and kindred associations that have recently been organized, are evidences that conscious humanity is awakening to this great revelation.

The Queen showed discrimination by recognizing that her mother was not only tender, but enlightened, and she wisely determined to become the most potent influence in the training of her own children, and to fit herself for this work which she recognized as her first and highest duty. Froebel chose as the most suggestive motto for parenthood: "Come, let us live with our children," and the motherhood of the world can never have a more perfect exemplification of this fundamental principle in child training, than was given by England's most illustrious monarch. The fact that the woman whose life was filled with more engrossing public duties and more serious responsibilities than that of any other woman, should yet find so much time for nurture and training and companionship of her children, is a most impressive lesson to the unconscious motherhood that substitutes imaginary obligations to frivolous social conventionalities for the most sacred duties of intelligent motherhood, and entrusts the physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual development of children to nurses, or governesses, or public schools, or Sunday-schools, or boarding schools, or any combination of individuals or institutions, and thus robs them of the supreme agency in their perfect growth in power and character.

Much as she desired to do so, the Queen was unable to devote her whole time to the guidance and companionship of her girls and boys, so she secured the services of Lady Lyttleton to assist her in the general training of her children. Notwithstanding the high attainments and superior wisdom of Lady

Lyttleton, the Queen gave her in writing certain rules which she wished to be carried out. One of these rules specified that "the children were to be as much as possible with their parents," and this law was the fundamental principle of the management of the royal household.

Another rule laid down for the guidance of Lady Lyttleton was that the children should have a life of "a simple and domestic character." She wished to avoid excitement and the introduction of ceremonials and conventionalities into the experiences of her children while they were young. She was anxious that they should have full, rich, genuine child lives, and that their natural child spirit should continue as long as possible. She respected the law that "childhood should ripen in childhood." She understood the depressing and warping effects of forcing adulthood in any form into young hearts and minds, and the evil influence of undue and unnatural excitement on the undeveloped nervous systems of children, so she wisely prescribed "a simple and domestic life" for her young family.

The Queen understood the great educative value of a close acquaintance with, and a genuine love for, Nature in early life. She was happiest herself when, away from the splendour of court life, she could enjoy the sweetness and inspiration of the grand old forest and the ocean at Osborne, or the impressive natural beauty of her mountain home at Balmoral. She loved to live with her children close to the heart of Nature that their intellectual and moral powers might unconsciously be enriched and stimulated by Nature's enchantments of beauty, and symmetry, and unity, and mystery, and life processes. God speaks more clearly to the child in Nature than in any other way. Adulthood, when it is most like childhood in purity and in the receptive attitude of its life, receives the benediction of God's revelations in flower, or forest, or mountain, or ocean, most truly and most fully.

Each child in the Queen's family had a garden plot of his own in which he was allowed to plant his own flowers or vegetables, which he was expected to cultivate and care for personally. This is the most productive kind of Nature-study in its revelation of life processes, and especially in defining in the imagination and the heart the apperceptive centres of the highest and most practical conceptions that should become dominant elements in human character.

Froebel taught that "every child should have some garden spot of his own." The world is slowly comprehending this great thought. Germany is adopting it as an essential element in child training. England three years ago authorized school boards to rent or purchase fields in which the teachers and pupils may spend one-half day of the regular school time each week. In lieu of this work in gardening, teachers may take their classes to the woods or sea-shore for one-half day of regular school time each week. In America a few men, notably Mr. John Patterson, of Dayton, Ohio, have learned to give children the educational advantages of gardening, not only by providing vegetable garden plots for them, but by training them to transform their most unattractive back yards into bowers of beauty and aesthetic culture. In Canada two noble men have recently offered half a million dollars to Professor J. W. Robertson, of Ottawa, to enable him to establish large gardens in connection with rural schools in as many centres as possible throughout the Dominion, in order to direct the attention of edu-

cators to this important department of the early education of children.

When the child sows a seed which develops into a plant of life and beauty, he sows in his own life the germs of a great thought which God will awake to conscious growth in due time : I have power to help God; God and I may be partners.

When he waters a weak plant and helps it to a stronger, richer life more productive of flower and fruit, he gains an experience which some day will reveal the corresponding truth: I have power to help all life to a broader, higher, truer, more productive life.

When he transforms a spot, where only weeds would grow but for his efforts, into a place of beauty or of productiveness, he lays a sure, symbolic foundation for the comprehension in later life of the great conception: I should help to make barren hearts beautiful; and every heart has some spot that I can help to make more bright.

Lincoln said: "I want it said of me, by those who know me best, that I have always plucked a thistle and planted a flower in its place wherever a flower would grow."

No child should be deprived of its right to a plot of earth to use for gardening. The Queen's children were little gardeners.

They had also a museum of natural history in their Swiss cottage at Osborne: a children's house, partly a play-house and partly a workshop, which was a most important element in the training of the family.

In the Swiss cottage the boys had a fine workshop in which they worked under the guidance of their father, and the girls had a well-fitted kitchen in which they learned to cook. The boys were trained to make even the bricks with which they built individual play-houses for themselves. Whether the Queen and her excellent consort understood fully the many economic, intellectual, and moral advantages of manual training and domestic science or not, their children had these advantages in their early life. The girls were taught sewing as well as cooking.

A most important feature of the home training of the life in the palace was the productive character of the recreations. There was plenty of rational entertainment, suited to children; there were long walks in the parks or woods, or up the mountains, at Windsor, and Osborne, and Balmoral; there were music, and drawing, and etching with mother and father during the leisure hours in the home.

Even what are called "innocent means of passing time" often inevitably lead to moral deterioration. Productive recreation is a department of family life that should receive wide and careful consideration. Children are naturally happiest when they are producers, when they are moulding or transforming things into new forms of utility or beauty. If they deteriorate into a destructive or negative condition, their trainers are to blame—not the children or God.

The physical well-being of the Queen's children received careful attention. The general laws relating to exercise, fresh air, cleanliness and plain food were faithfully carried out. It is said that one lady who for a time occupied a position in the palace wrote to a friend, that the children had not merely plain living, but "poor living." The food was really the best obtainable, but the cooking was "plain," and the number of courses limited.

One of the best features of the physical development of the children was their quiet, simple life. Serene nervous systems are the

most essential elements of perfect physical culture.

One of the greatest blunders made in the training of children, especially by the wealthy classes, is the shortening of the real child-life by forcing or allowing a premature assumption of manhood or womanhood. There are too many children, like the little girl described by Dickens in Martin Chuzzlewit, who "at the age of thirteen had arrived at such a pitch of whalebone and education she had nothing girlish about her."*

In Tytler's life of the Queen we are told that the Queen herself "was suffered to grow up according to a gracious natural growth, not forced into premature expansions." The plan of her wise mother was carried out in the training of her own family.

Another marked element in the training of the Queen herself became a definite ideal in the development of her children. Charles Knight, in describing the absolute freedom of the child Victoria, says, in speaking of the associations of the little princess with her mother: "Her merry laugh was as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the grove around her."

The unfortunate children of many fashionable people are not allowed to take their meals with their parents, and many others are still obliged to conduct themselves in harmony with the barbarous maxims: "Children should be seen and not heard," and "Children should speak only when they are spoken to." The Queen was a noble example to all thoughtless or selfish mothers who train their children according to these degrading theories. True freedom in the home is the only sure basis for a perfectly developed, happy, and balanced character. Children have a right to share in the home life freely. If they are not permitted to do so, they lose the many advantages of complete participation in the most blessed of human unities.

When a mere child, the Queen startled her music teacher, when he told her in a peremptory manner that "she must practice," by locking the piano, and calmly informing him, "There is no must here, sir." There was a much higher law in her home to which she always responded gladly. So will all children when parents thoroughly understand "the perfect law of liberty."

The religious training of her children was attended to by the Queen personally, as far as possible. She laid down rules in her memorandum for Lady Lyttleton that might safely be adopted universally:

1. She wished her children to grow up with "great reverence for God and religion."

2. This reverence should be based on "devotion and love, not fear and trembling."

3. Death and the future state were not to be made alarming and forbidding.

4. They should not be taught

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* The following verses on "Making a Man," by N. Waterman, show how not to do it in this respect.—ED.

Hurry the baby as fast as you can ;
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man ;
Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants ;
Feed him on b...in foods and make him advance ;
Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into a grammar school ; cram him with talk.

Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks :
Once boys grew up at a rational rate,
Now we develop a man while you wait !
Rush him through college, compel him to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.

Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can grow a mustache.
Let him forget he was ever a boy,
Make gold his god and its jingle his joy ;
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath,
Until he wins—nervous prostration and death.

"differences of creeds while young."

5. They should not be led to believe that "prayer could be made only on their knees."

6. They should be trained in "a simple and domestic way."

7. "They should be as much as possible with their parents."

When the Archdeacon of London complimented the young princesses on their accurate knowledge of their catechism, and said they must have an excellent governess, they informed him that "mother taught the catechism." Nor was her direct teaching the highest moral influence in their lives. The perfect sympathy of her daily life with her children was more full of religious uplifting than any mere teaching could be. Her teaching was thorough, and her life illuminated her teaching. Yet she was the busiest mother in the world.

THE SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen.—Luke ii. 20.

It was near the first cock-crowing,
And Orion's wheel was going,
When an angel stood before us and our hearts were sore afraid.
Lo, his face was like the lightning,
When the walls of heaven are whitening,
And he brought us wondrous tidings of a joy that shall not fade.

Then a Splendour shone around us,
In the still field where he found us,
A watch upon the Shepherd Tower and waiting for the light;
There where David, as a stripling,
Saw the ewes and lambs go rippling
Down the little hills and hollows at the falling of the night.

Oh, what tender, sudden faces
Filled the old familiar places,
The barley-fields where Ruth of old went gleaning with the birds!
Down the skies the host came swirling,
Like sea-waters white and whirling.
And our hearts were strangely shaken by the wonder of their words.

Haste, O people: all are bidden—
Haste from places, high or hidden:
In Mary's Child the Kingdom comes, the heaven in beauty bends!
He has made all life completer;
He has made the Plain Way sweeter,
For the stall is His first shelter and the cattle His first friends.

He has come! the skies are telling;
He has quit the glorious dwelling;
And first the tidings came to us, the humble shepherd folk.
He has come to field and manger,
And no more is God a Stranger:
He comes as Common Man at home with cart and crookèd yoke.

As the shade of a cool cedar
To a traveller in gray Kedar
Will be the kingdom of His love, the Kingdom without end.
Tongues and ages may disclaim Him,
Yet the Heaven of heavens will name Him
Lord of peoples, Light of nations, elder Brother, tender Friend.

THE STAR AND THE SONG.

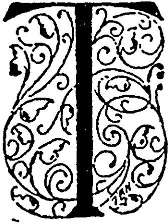
O Star that saw the Saviour's birth,
Still doth thy glory light the earth,
And not alone the wise men heed,
And follow where its spendours lead;
From north to south, from east to west,
The weary nations join the quest,
And lift from longing hearts the plea,
"The world's Redeemer! Where is He?

O song of angels, clear and sweet,
The tongues of men your notes repeat!
Your heavenly promise soars and swells
In every chime of Christmas bells.
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,"
In deeds of mercy speaks again,
And love, with precious sacrifice,
Leads where the world's Redeemer lies.

—*Emily Huntington Miller, in Sunday School Times.*

THE ROMANCE OF THE SAVINGS BANK.*

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.



THE savings bank, at least in its present form, like many another economic and philanthropic institution, is the creation of the nineteenth century. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, institutions somewhat akin to our modern savings banks existed in Berne, Basle, Geneva, Hamburg, and some other places. The one at Hamburg caught the covetous eye of the First Napoleon, who swept away its coffers and its existence as well.

The true pioneers of the savings bank, as now understood, were a British clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Smith, of Wendova, and a British lady, Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, of Tottenham. The former, in 1798, offered in conjunction with two of his parishioners to receive from members of his congregation any sum from twopence upwards, to be returned at Christmas with one-third of the whole added in interest. A depositor might receive his money before Christmas on demand, and in cases of sickness or loss of employment his savings did not preclude him from parish relief, if otherwise he could obtain it. A Christmas dinner was also given to the depositors at the expense of the three directors of the institution. Curiously enough, Sunday evening was the time chosen for receiving the deposits. This, no doubt, was in view of their motto, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him."

Mrs. Wakefield's scheme was started in 1799, for the benefit of women and children in the village of Tottenham, and under her own immediate superintendence. The arrangement was that members should pay according to their age, certain sums per month, which entitled them to a pension after sixty years of age. In cases of sickness four shillings a week was allowed. In cases of extraordinary misfortune or death a certain amount could be withdrawn. Honorary members paid subscriptions, which went to meet deficiencies and current expenses.

Perhaps the most important result of these undertakings was to awaken a degree of public interest in the subject of some safe and profitable investment for the savings of the poor.

The most enlightened, able, farseeing, and earnest advocate of savings banks who appeared at this time was Mr. Whitbread, a member of the British House of Commons. Malthies, in his famous "Essay on Population," published in 1803, had proposed the establishment of county banks, wherein the smallest sums might be deposited and a fair interest paid, to encourage young labourers to save their earnings in view of marriage; but Mr. Whitbread came forward with a comprehensive scheme, far in advance of anything previously proposed, and among other things suggested the connection of savings banks with the Post Office. In this latter he was more than fifty years ahead of his time.

Whitbread's "Poor-Law Amendment Bill" was introduced in 1807. In the course of the debate he

* "The Romance of the Savings Bank." By Archibald Granger-Bowie. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. The present article deals exclusively with the British savings bank.

made an eloquent appeal, in which he stated that "so few are found to make any saving, may, in a degree be accounted for by the difficulty of putting out the little they can raise at a time." For lack of support, he was compelled to let the matter drop.

Mr. Whitbread's efforts were not entirely lost, however. The savings bank idea had struck deep root in many thoughtful and philanthropic minds. Before the close of 1808 several savings banks had been started, one by Lady Isabella Douglas at Bath, and the Hertford Savings Bank, and, later on, the Southampton Savings Bank and the famous Exeter and Devon Bank.

Up to the year 1810 the banks which had been established for savings were more in the nature of charitable institutions, supported by benevolent persons. To a Scotch clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan, is due the honour of starting the first savings bank in Great Britain of a self-supporting character. Dr. Duncan was a man of great abilities, whose heart was set on benevolent efforts for the benefit of the poor. He associated with such men as Dr. Buckland, Dr. Chalmers, David Brewster, and Thomas Carlyle, who frequently met the village pastor, to discuss with him various schemes of practical benevolence. The result was the establishment of the Ruthwell Savings Bank, which in turn led to the commencement of the Edinburgh Savings Bank, which has remained one of the largest and most thriving of such institutions in the country.

The directorate of the Ruthwell Bank was large, and the powers they considered it necessary for them to exercise were much larger still. Before a person's first deposit could be received, inquiries were made as to age, the family affairs, and the moral conduct of the proposed contributor. According to the report which followed, it was decided whether his deposits should be received, and if so, what rate of interest should be allowed. The usual rate of interest to depositors was four per cent., but to those of three years' standing, whose deposits amounted to five pounds, five per cent. was allowed, provided the depositor wanted to get married, or if he had arrived at the age of fifty-six, or to his friends in case of death; or in case the possession of the money should appear to the court of directors, after due inquiry, to be advantageous to the depositor or his family.

Crude as were the efforts of those early savings banks, they attracted such widespread attention that parliamentary recognition and protection could not longer be delayed. In 1815, the Right Hon. George Rose introduced a bill into the House of Commons which, after passing through its various stages, became law in 1817. The chief provision of this bill empowered the trustees and managers to pay over the monies received to the account of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. Interest on the money thus deposited, in the hands of the Government, was guaranteed to the trustees of savings banks at £4 11s. 3d. per cent. per annum.

Within a year after this legislation more than five hundred savings banks were established in the United Kingdom. The influence of the movement likewise spread over Europe, including France, Germany, Denmark, and Italy. Towards the close of the year 1817, in a town in the North of England, where a savings bank had just been opened, twenty thousand pounds were deposited in one day. It was soon found that the rich were making ample use of the new banks, because they gave a higher rate of interest than could be obtained elsewhere.

So great did this abuse become,

that fresh legislation became imperative. In 1824 the Savings Bank Act was passed, which limited the deposits of any one person to £50 in the first year and £30 for each succeeding year. It was under this Act that the well-known form of declaration was first introduced, on which the depositor has to declare, in presence of a witness, that he has no account in any other savings bank.

It was evident that the savings bank had come to stay, but not without much opposition. The "Times" in 1844 devoted several leading articles ridiculing the whole system, which Dr. Chalmers characterized as "most glaring."

Much, however, remained to be done to place the savings bank on an entirely satisfactory basis. A most serious defect was in the liability of the trustees. The money sent to the National Debt Commissioners was safe enough, but for all other funds remaining in the hands of the trustees there was no other security than the honesty of the trustees themselves. In most cases these men were upright and trustworthy, but in several notable cases tremendous frauds were perpetrated. In the Cuffe Street Bank, Dublin, the actuary, a Mr. Dunn, had been allowed by the trustees to manage the whole business for years, which ended in Dunn's defalcations to the extent of £40,000. The Hertford Bank lost in a similar way, through its actuary, a clergyman, £24,000.

Mr. Whitbread's idea, broached in 1807, that the savings banks should be placed under the control of the Post Office, was now taken up and earnestly advocated by Mr. Charles William Sikes, of Huddersfield. Mr. Sikes' proposals were found impracticable, but he succeeded in awakening a profound and widespread interest in the subject.

In 1860, Mr. George Chetwynd, a bookkeeper in the Money Order Office, addressed a letter to the, then, Postmaster General, Lord Stanley, of Alderley, in which he outlined a plan for a system of savings banks, under Post Office control. This scheme embodied a number of the most important conditions, which have ever since been in use in the Post Office Savings Bank Department, and with which everybody is now familiar.

The Receiver and Accountant-General, Mr. Frank Ives Scudamore, endorsed the proposal, and it commended itself so strongly to Mr. Gladstone that he speedily brought the matter before Parliament. In the Commons Mr. Ayrton, Chief Commissioner of Works, opposed the bill, declaring that "the scheme of a national bank, however plausible it might look at the outset, would lead to the most serious consequences." In the House of Lords, Lord Mounteagle, a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, viewed the measure "with great alarm and regret," and delivered a long speech against it. It passed both Houses of Parliament, however, and became law on the 17th of May, 1861.

So eminently and universally successful did the new legislation become, and with such beneficent results, that a writer in Dickens' journal, "All the Year Round," might well say, as he did: "If there's a philanthropist that's hard up for an object, I don't know that he could do better than go about distributing tracts setting forth the rules, regulations, and advantages of the Post Office savings banks."

In six months after these banks began to be opened, there were no less than 2,532 Post Office savings banks in existence in the United Kingdom. And by the end of the year 1865, 3,895,135 deposits had been received from 857,701 depositors—the amount being £11,834,896.

In the same year it was discovered that out of 500,000 depositors

there were over 280,000 females, male minors, and trustees; 140,000 mechanics, domestic and farm servants, porters, policemen, labourers, fishermen; 50,000 tradesmen and their assistants, and farmers, some 5,000 school-teachers, over 4,000 soldiers and sailors, with 30,000 clerks, males of no stated occupation, and professional men.

The legislation of 1861 provided also facilities for the transfer by certificate of a depositor's account from a trustee bank to the Post Office without the necessity for any cash transaction. Great numbers of depositors took advantage of this provision. So much so, that out of 638 trustee banks which existed in the country in 1860, almost 400 have been obliged to close their doors. Those that have survived have been the stronger institutions, and these have so vastly improved their facilities and, through fresh legislation from time to time, have become so thoroughly safe, that at the present time there are 1,495,900 depositors with the immense sum of £46,699,686 to their credit.

The closing of the old trustee banks has often revealed the curious fact that there are many persons who view the Government institutions with considerable disfavour. Many a time a depositor has been heard to exclaim, "Ah, I hope it'll be as safe as it was in the old bank." It is with an incredulous look he often receives the information that with his new bank book he can go to any of the many thousand Post Office banks in the United Kingdom and get his money.

It sometimes happens that an old bank depositor will have a larger amount to transfer than the Post Office can receive as a deposit, In such a case £200 can only be taken on deposit, but an extra £200 can be received for investment in Government stock.

Depositors are often but imperfectly acquainted with the nature of such investments. One old lady who, on being advised to invest her surplus savings in stock, replied that "she had no mind to do that, as she had nowhere to keep the animals!"

The smallest deposits permissible in the savings banks was one shilling. But it was quite evident that this debarred multitudes from making any investments at all. If the pennies of the poor could be taken care of, the pounds would take care of themselves, and the shillings as well. So penny savings banks were started. The first bank of this kind was opened by a Mr. Scott in the town of Greenock, in 1857. In the first year 5,000 depositors placed the sum of £1,580 in the bank. Next year the Rev. Mr. Queckett, a London clergyman, established a penny bank in connection with Christ Church, St. George's in the East, and 15,000 deposits were made in it during the first year. In 1859 the Yorkshire Penny Bank began, and before the end of that year it had opened 58 branches and received deposits to the amount of nearly £80,000.

The cardinal principle of these banks is to help the poor to help themselves. But besides that, it has brought many individuals of the community closer together. It has given them an object of common interest and created a bond of sympathy otherwise lacking. It has helped to soften and tone down the rougher element of society, and awakened that honest pride and self-respect so necessary to the success and general welfare of any community.

"In these districts," writes Mr. Peter Bent, one of the former managers of the Yorkshire Penny Bank, "everybody knows when John Brown buys a pig, or when little Sammy Short gets a new

Sunday suit, or Sarah Smart gets a new bonnet or dress. "Dostaknaw," one woman will say to another, "he's been saving money in t' bank?"

In August, 1859, an Act of Parliament was passed under which penny banks were enabled to invest the whole of their proceeds in savings banks. Soon after, every savings bank of any importance had affiliated penny banks.

From the earliest days of its savings bank business the Post Office, too, has afforded a fostering encouragement in the formation of penny banks. This it does by the gratuitous supply of books and information, and the investment of their funds with the Government.

Up to 1880, the Post Office savings bank system had developed on the original lines laid down, but in that year, the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett was appointed Postmaster-General. That distinguished man gave almost phenomenal proof of the power of force of character to overcome one of the greatest of all physical disabilities, blindness. He threw his vast energies into the development of British postal facilities, and especially the Post Office Savings Bank Department.

It had long been felt that the shilling limit of deposit should be reduced, but the additional cost of management had hitherto proved an insurmountable difficulty. Mr. Fawcett, with the invaluable aid of Mr. Chetwynd, who was still living, solved the problem. The idea was a simple but ingenious one, and consisted merely in using postage stamps for the purpose of penny savings. A form was provided, and when twelve stamps were affixed it would be accepted as a shilling deposit at any Post Office savings bank in the United Kingdom. In little more than six months over 576,000 slips had been received, and more than 223,000 new accounts opened.

At the present time the amount saved in this way by postage stamps is between £90,000 and £100,000 a year. The plan has been extended to the children of the public schools, Sabbath schools and even the children of the Poor Law Union Schools.

In 1880, his first year of office, he carried through Parliament an Act to facilitate the transfer of deposits to Government stock, thereby enabling a large number of the poorer classes to acquire "a stake in the country."

Prior to Mr. Fawcett's time, much had been done to facilitate Post Office life insurance and old age annuities among the poorer classes. The system in use, however, had so many defects that but little business had been hitherto done on these lines. Mr. Fawcett set himself with characteristic energy to remedy these defects. He succeeded in devising a simple plan whereby the insurer or annuitant can use whatever savings-bank office is most convenient to himself. He can pay his premiums at such times and periods as are most suitable to him, and in such sums as from time to time he can best afford. Any male or female, whose age is not less than fourteen years, or not more than sixty-five, can insure for any sum not less than £5 or not more than £100. Immediate annuities or old age pay—that is, deferred annuities—are granted for sums not less than £1 or more than £100. In either case, husband and wife are treated independently. Each can insure or purchase old age pay for an amount not exceeding £100. These and many other similar provisions have made it possible for almost any one, however poor, to secure a measure of insurance or a deferred annuity for themselves or their friends.

In 1861, one room in the old General Post Office building in

London was sufficient to accommodate the staff of the Central Savings Bank. Here Mr. Chetwynd, with twenty clerks, conducted the operations of the new system. At the present time the staff numbers more than $2,500 persons, and the deposits have reached the enormous sum of £115,000,000. In 1880, a new building had to be erected—the splendid and spacious structure on Queen Victoria Street, London. It is an interesting and instructive fact that about one-half of the clerks employed in this immense establishment are women, and these are entrusted with the performance of much of the most difficult work required to be done.

Thousands of cases occur every year of depositors who have lost or mislaid their bank-books. Enquiries as to these bring out some curious replies: "My wife and me was having some words, and she broke the book in pieces;" "I dropped the book when I was milking the cow, in the shed, and when I found it the cow had it all chewed up, it was a maciated condition!" "Sir, I lost my book on Tuesday. Sir, it appears I had a little too much to drink."

Angry letters sometimes reach the Department. A lady depositor wrote in reference to the cost of some stock, that it "was a swindling concern, and no respectable firm would behave so." In a later letter, however, she acknowledged that she had written hastily, adding: "I dare say when you read my letter, in your own mind you said 'nasty, tiresome old woman (though I am not old), but tiresome I dare say I am."

Another lady wrote, thanking the comptroller for the care he had taken of her money for so many years, and said she believed there was about one shilling interest due her, which she begged the comptroller to keep and buy himself a present with! A father, writing for his son, stated that "Of course his handwriting has changed in all these years, likewise the size of his boots and clothes—in fact he is now growing a moustache." A lady, in withdrawing a few shillings, said that she and her husband were badly in need of employment, and asked if some could be given them. "She could do knitting and other needlework, and her husband would like a captain's place."

A notice of withdrawal from a foreigner once came, which read: "Plas sand at wins dea muni, im goanewe on satate," but it was interpreted: "Please send the money at once; I am going away on Saturday."

Another wrote: "After my decese let my three children eqely share; if not, if my speret have any power, i will rise out of my grave to them that do rong."

One depositor asked that a certain portion of the money he wished to withdraw might be sent to him in gold, and the rest in tobacco. He offered, if there was any question as to his identity, to send his photograph."

Progress is still the order of the day in the Post Office Savings Bank Department of Great Britain, as witness the facilities provided within the last few years for "payment by return of post," and "payment by telegraph" as well as other improvements in various directions.

Certainly the history of this wonderful economic movement is as great as it is, on the whole, beneficent in its results, and presages even better things to come.*

Paisley, Ont.

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* The United States Government is at length about to imitate the example of Great Britain in the establishment of savings banks for the poor.—Ed.

GLORIOUS GOSPEL TRIUMPHS.*

R. FITCHETT says: "Great as is the interest of the record here presented, the man is yet greater than the book. All through the seven Colonies of Australia the name of John Watsford is, in a sense, a household word, and there gathers about it a singular degree of love and reverence. John Watsford is venerated everywhere, and by men of all churches, or of no church, for his saintly piety, his fine record as a missionary and evangelist, his frank honesty, his transparent unselfishness, his utter devotion to the service of every good cause."

Let no one hastily conclude that Dr. Fitchett is guilty of exaggeration when, with glowing pen, he pictures his hero-saint—"fearless," "rich in strong-fibred, clear-sighted common-sense," "a man of resolute convictions and exultant faith, with a capacity for generous and fiery anger against evil," "a sort of patriarch and saint." The book abundantly confirms all that the disciple says of his master. There are many who remember the speeches of the great missionary meetings when John Watsford's "great spiritual influence swept over crowded audiences as the wind sweeps over a cornfield in the autumn."

At this special moment, when the people at home, irrespective of their varying opinions, are lost in admiration at the devoted loyalty and patriotism of the Australasian colonists, it is well that the Christian Churches should have the opportunity of reading a book written by a typical Australian, and written wholly from the Christian point of view. John Watsford in earlier days must have been an athlete of splendid physique, with a tender heart always, but no sentimentalist; too level-headed to be imposed upon by either rogues or cranks; quick to discern the need of the hour, and shrewdly understanding the times that were passing over him; reading accurately the signs of drift and destiny in the new nation into which he had been born, and how best the Methodist Church might serve; the Barnabas of Australasian Methodism—a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; a great missionary, an ideal evangelist, a singularly capable organizer of victory, a wise and fearless administrator.

This autobiography—for John Watsford tells his own story—and tells it with all simplicity and selflessness—unconsciously portrays a pioneer who has the good sense to see that in these new colonies a new Church must advance along several parallel lines. Fiji was his college, and no more fascinating story of a college career has ever been written.

In his early youth, with his brave young wife, he went to Fiji, supposing that he was entering upon his life's work, as he was in a sense. How he fought against the inevitable, and how the Missionary Committee fought, he striving to stay in Fiji and the Missionary Committee striving to keep him there, is described with a graphic pen. Neither he nor any one else then knew that God needed him elsewhere, and that all his splendid and heroic service among the cannibals of Fiji was but his training

* "Glorious Gospel Triumphs, as seen in my Life and Work in Fiji and Australasia." By John Watsford. With Introductory Sketch by Rev. W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

for a very different kind of work. It is, indeed, a wonderful story of providential call and preparation and driving forth—one of those stories which make us stand still that we may watch with awe the good hand of our God moulding the outline of His Church in lands where great nations are being born.

On his way to Fiji young Watsford fell under the influence of Daniel Draper, King George of Tonga, John Thomas, the Apostle of Tonga. In Fiji he was the colleague of Richard Birdsall Lyth—the little, quiet, intellectual, absolutely fearless Yorkshire doctor-missionary. He wrought side by side with that prince of skilled artizan preachers and apostles, James Calvert, and his heroic wife, Mary Calvert. He lived in the same house with John Hunt at the very time when John Hunt was preaching—there in cannibal Fiji—his "Letters on Entire Sanctification." One year—driven by the tempests of God, in spite of himself and all the will and authority of his Church —he spent with his wife, and without another white face, in the remote island of Ono—Ono, the Smyrna of the Australasian Churches, the idyl of modern Christianity. Another factor in his training was his intimate association with natives of force and individuality—men like Joeli Bulu, the noble Christian teacher and preacher, and on the other hand, Thakombau, in the days before his conversion. These were the tutors and these the influences used by an all-wise Providence in the training of young John Watsford for a career of varied and, one might almost add, unexampled usefulness in Australia and Tasmania.

The romance of the book will be found in the chapters devoted to Fiji. Justice has never yet been done to the story of the evangel in the islands of Tonga and Fiji. In reading the chapters devoted to early missionary labours we could not refrain from regret that Mr. Watsford did not undertake the task. He has, however, made a most interesting and instructive contribution to the history that is to be. His stories of Fiji are thrilling, and, strange to say, for the most part delightfully thrilling. The most sensational on the horror side is the circumstantial account, written at the time, of the strangling of old Tanoa's wives by Thakombau, of which Mr. Watsford was an eye-witness. It was he who, at the risk of his life, made repeated attempts to prevent the massacre. How he went to Bau day after day during the last days of the old savage king; how he pleaded with Thakombau, and even tried to purchase the lives of the doomed ladies, offering all that he possessed; and how on the fatal day he went again, with his life in his hand, and actually saw the awful tragedy, he has told with inimitable pathos and self-suppression in this volume. Once, before the death of Tanoa, he shook the steadfastness of Thakombau so far that he acknowledged the missionary was right in warning him. "You go, Mr. Watsford," said he, "and get the women to say they wish to live, and they shall live." I went and spoke to them, but I might just as well have tried to hush the ocean into a calm."

The following is one of the most striking illustrations we have ever read of the tremendous hold which faith has both upon a heathen and a Christian :

"When the rope was taken off, Thakombau, holding it in his hands, turned to me and said, 'Well, now, you see we are strangling them : what about it?' As well as I could for weeping, I said, 'Let no more die : spare the rest.' He replied, 'Only five have to die ; but for you missionaries there would have been twenty-five.' I pleaded hard for the lives of the three waiting to die ; but all in vain. Thakombau said, 'Are you not afraid to come here to interfere with our customs?'

'No,' I replied, 'I am not afraid. I come because I love you, and I love these whom you are strangling.' 'Love,' he said; 'oh, we all love them. We are strangling them because we love them.'

"I was greatly surprised that there was no noise, no crying. All was silent as death, except when, now and then, some one expressed her admiration of the ladies' dresses, or the king spoke to me or I to him."

We should like to have extracted many passages—the story of Verani, for instance, and especially the charming description of the building of the Methodist church in Ono, the conversion of the last of the heathen there, and the weird story of the Christian daughter of the chief, whom God, by a mighty tempest, saved from an enforced marriage with the notorious Tui-na-yau, King of Lakemba. But where there is so much that is entrancing, it is difficult to select.

In a quieter, but not less instructive, vein Mr. Watsford describes his life and work as a circuit minister. He "travelled" in many circuits in the three Colonies of New South Wales, South Australia and Victoria. The story is, of course, a graphic picture of colonial life, but above everything else it is a soul-stirring account of successful preaching, followed up invariably and without weariness by wise and faithful pastoral oversight. These chapters also abound with incident. Although the picture of a Methodist preacher's life from day to day is unmistakably colonial, it is at the same time thoroughly English. The common-sense of the man is quite as pronounced and remarkable as his evangelistic fervour, and his enthusiasm for the old Methodist doctrine of Entire Sanctification. You feel all the time that the man himself was what he preached.

We commend this volume to the student of modern church history, asking him to consider these three points: (1) The fact that it was an evangelist trained among the pioneers of Fiji who led the way in promoting higher education among the Methodist families and churches of Australia; (2) That this same trained and saintly evangelist prepared the carefully-organized plan of Home Mission work which made it possible for the Methodist Church, at a critical moment in colonial history and in its own history, to follow the "selectors" into the outlying claims and to establish among them those most potent instruments of civilization, Christian churches, and that for ten years John Watsford himself worked the organization; (3) That at another critical moment it was the noble spirit, the wise counsel, the fine instinct of brotherliness in him, of this same evangelist which made it possible for all the Methodist Churches to come together in that which bids fair to become a stable and a fruitful union.

It is an education in Home Mission work to read Mr. Watsford's account of his experiences and adventures as itinerant Mission Secretary. But the most extraordinary section comes almost at the end. The old evangelist is apparently quite worn out. Sickness has smitten him down in the midst of the circuit work to which, by his own choice, he has returned. He retires, and calmly, in a glowing sunset, awaits the coming of his Lord. And the Master does come, but not as the servant expects. He takes him by the hand and leads him forth, very gently, once more. He is drawn into evangelism. His strength returns. He passes through all the land preaching ceaselessly, holding conventions, conducting revival missions, gathering harvests of souls wherever he goes, rousing Christian men and women everywhere, welcomed by all Churches. It is wonderful. And the chapter in which this final episode, covering some years of a long and honoured life, is told, is simply headed in the

table of contents—"A supernumerary—Australia and Tasmania." An old man—a dear old man—who can write such a chapter, has won the right to give counsel to his sons in the Gospel, and to all the Methodist Churches throughout the world, concerning the perils of the times and how we as Methodists may best meet them. Would that this last chapter of wise counsels could be read in every ministers' meeting throughout Methodism.—Methodist Recorder.

CHRISTMAS.—IN WAR TIME.

[The following poem was written by Henry Timrod, the poet of Carolina, at that period of the war when the Southern Confederacy hung in the balance, and while its fate was not yet decided. Its longing for the return of peace may find an echo in some hearts that now wait for the ceasing of wars and the rumours of war, in the various quarters of the world.]

How grace this hallowed day?
Shall happy bells, from yonder ancient spire,
Send their glad greetings to each Christmas fire
Round which the children play?

Alas! for many a moon
That tongueless tower hath cleaved the Sabbath air,
Mute as an obelisk of ice, aglare
Beneath an arctic noon.

Shame on the foes that drown
Our psalms of worship with their impious drum,
The sweetest chimes in all the land lie dumb
In some far rustic town.

There, let us think, they keep
Of the dead yules which here beside the sea
They've ushered in with old-world English glee
Some echoes in their sleep.

How shall we grace the day?
With feast, and song, and dance, and antique sports,
And shout of happy children in the courts,
And tales of ghosts and fay?

Is there indeed a door
Where the old pastimes, with their lawful noise,
And all the merry round of Christmas joys,
Could enter as of yore?

Would not some pallid face
Look in upon the banquet, calling up
Dread shapes of battle in the wassail cup,
And trouble all the place?

How could we bear the mirth,
While some loved reveller of a year ago
Keeps his mute Christmas now beneath the snow,
In cold Virginian earth?

How shall we grace the day?
Ah! let the thought that on this holy morn
The Prince of Peace—the Prince of Peace was born,
Employ us, while we pray!

Pray for the peace which long
Hath left this tortured land, and haply now
Holds its white court on some far mountain's brow,
There hardly safe from wrong!

Let every sacred fane
Call its sad votaries to the shrine of God,
And, with the cloister and the tented sod,
Join in one solemn strain!

With pomp of Roman form,
With the grave ritual brought from England's shore,
And with the simple faith that asks no more
Than that the heart be warm!

He, who, till time shall cease,
Will watch that earth, where once, not all in vain,
He died to give us peace, may not disdain
A prayer whose theme is—peace.

Perhaps ere yet the spring
Hath died into the summer, over all
The land, the peace of His great love shall fall,
Like some protecting wing.

Oh, ponder what it means!
Oh, turn the rapturous thought in every way!
Oh, give the vision and the fancy play,
And shape the coming scenes!

Peace in the quiet dales,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men.
Peace in the woodland, and the lonely glen,
Peace in the peopled vales!

Peace in the crowded town,
Peace in a thousand fields of waving grain,
Peace in the highway and the flowery lane,
Peace on the wind swept down!

Peace on the farthest seas,
Peace in our sheltered bays and ample streams,
Peace wheresoe'er our starry garland gleams
And peace in every breeze!

Peace on the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of Peace! peace, peace in all our homes,
And peace in all our hearts!

JAMES SMETHAM, THE ARTIST SAINT.

BY JAMES CAPE STORY.

JAMES SMETHAM was one of those few lofty spirits whose intensity of goodness, whose glistening whiteness of soul, illustrate for us the purity of heart which sees God. These are the High Priests of all time, who, passing into the Holy of Holies, return therefrom, bringing a spirit and a message which are felt to be divine. If Matthew Arnold could speak of Marcus Aurelius and of Emerson as friends and aiders of those who, in an intellectual sense, strive to live the life of the spirit, so may we speak of James Smetham as called to a similar service on behalf of those who would live in the spirit in every sense, but mainly in the religious. To have known him in the flesh must have been a rare privilege, for this even Ruskin and D. G. Rossetti esteemed. It was, however, a privilege shared by few. He was not a public man. He wrought not for public applause; not even for public recognition. The volume which has made his name so honourably known was published after his death, and consists largely of letters not written for the public eye. In him truly the world entertained an angel unawares.

As to the outward record of his life, it will suffice to mention a few things. James Smetham was born at Pateley Bridge, Yorkshire, on the ninth of September, 1821. He was the son of a Wesleyan Methodist minister, and removed with his father's family from place to place, among others to Nantwich, Congleton, and Leek, keenly observant of the beautiful pastoral country, the rolling hills, and lovely vales, in the midst of which these places are situated. He was apprenticed to an architect at Lincoln, and was set to draw the figures about the Minster. "I spent," he says, "a grand solitary year at this work. With a key to myself, I poked about every corner at all hours, and twice a day heard the organ music and the choristers' singing roll about among the arches. I sat on the warm leads of the roof and looked over the Fens, and dreamed and mused hours away there, and then came down over the arches of the choir, and drew the angels drumming and fiddling in the spandrils." In pursuance of his desire to be a painter, he was allowed to leave the architect's office, and went to study at the Academy; eventually becoming a teacher of drawing at the Wesleyan Normal School, Westminster.

The son of one Methodist minister and brother of another, he retained throughout his life his respect for, and use of, Methodist ordinances. For many years he was leader of a class at Stoke Newington. And what a leader he must have been! His members were mostly of the humble class, but he entered with deep sympathy into their experiences, and found in them many points of contact and similarity with his own. They listened to his wise and gracious words, revealing a wonderful depth of spiritual insight, and felt a delightful stirring of soul. They did not know him as a distinguished

man; no one did; they only knew that he was different from most men, that the difference lay in the fact that he dwelt on high, and that in thought, speech, and manner of life, he was above the world.

Ruskin, delighted with some work of Smetham he had seen, requested an account of his life. The charm of the letter written in response is in its diffidence and modesty. The ordinary artist's life did not attract him. Hence he became little known in the artist's world. He made a plan for his life which included, beside art studies, literature and religion. This plan he pursued diligently for twenty-five years. He would not subordinate the culture of his spirit to the following of his craft. On this account, professionally he was a loser, but in a wider sense he gained. Certainly he never regretted the choice. His pictures had in them a subtle suggestiveness, a poetry half hidden, half revealed, as in the case of one finely described by W. J. Dawson, representing an old man walking home through the country lanes in the still autumn gloaming, his face toward, but looking beyond, the sunset. For Smetham the conception, the thought of the picture was the greatest thing.

Some of his work was exhibited at the Academy, and received the encomiums of such men as G. F. Watts.

In an age like this how pleasing it is to find that simplicity and contentment have not altogether disappeared from amongst men! It had been suggested to Smetham that he ought to travel abroad, but to him English landscapes, flowers, faces and ways had an inexhaustible delight. "My difficulty is to appreciate our little back garden—our copper beech, our weeping ash (a labyrinth of drooping lines in winter, a waving green tent for my babies in summer), our little nailed-up rose trees, and twisting yellow creepers, whose names I have been told a hundred times, but shall never get off by heart."

Smetham is conscious that many will regard his life as a failure. From a worldly point of view there might be reason for this conclusion. But that was not his point of view. Rather could he say with Paul: "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." But hear what he says of himself. "I do think that I am a little sympathized with as a painter who has not got on somehow; whereas in my own secret heart I am looking on myself as one who has got on, and got to his goal—as one who, if he had chosen, could have had a competence, if not a fortune, by this time, but who has got something a thousand times better, more real, more inward, less in the power of others, less variable, more immutable, more eternal. . . . Be this as it may, his feet are on a rock, his goings so far established, with a new song in his mouth, and joy on his head—and four and sixpence this blessed moment in his pocket, besides some postage stamps."

As an example of a quiet, steady worker, cheerfully doing his daily task, and not vainly regretful because he cannot crowd into one day the labour of many, Smetham may be commended to all. He says: "Of all lives a painter's is perhaps most complete in this respect, deliciously complete. Monday's face, Tuesday's hand, Wednesday's foot, Thursday's flowers and foliage, Friday's drapery, Saturday's flying touches—all there, just as you thought them, counting for you the fled moments of the past, and destined to live in hours and moments when you have fled beyond all moments into the unembarrassed calm of Eternity."

Smetham had his own idea of what letters of friendship ought to be. He says to a friend: "I wish that you would believe that the most trivial detail of your life is interesting to me. I set you an example by giving you what is uppermost always; whether it be etching, or painting, or visiting, or grumbling, or bad temper, or anything. This is the only way to keep on writing letters."

We may gather his thoughts about criticism from the following: "Don't get into the focus of criticism. Many men spoil their enjoyment of art by looking on it as something to pull to pieces, rather than as something to enjoy, and lead them to enjoy nature, and through nature to enjoy God."

Incidentally we are told that Kingsley gave up his professorship of History at Oxford because he could only make out history to be one long tissue of lies. That Nathaniel Hawthorne, when he saw the books in the British Museum Library, said: "Let us burn them all and begin again." And Smetham remarks on this: "How to hit the truth between these two moods, the book-mood and the life-mood, is the question." There is an amusing bit about Carlyle as a listener, which may serve to remind preachers of the rare occasions when they are hearers instead of speakers. They have known impatience then. Smetham says: "I went to Gilchrist's on Saturday. Found him living next door to Carlyle, and to be an intimate friend of his. The day before he had gone with Carlyle to hear Ruskin lecture at the Royal Institution. Carlyle kept inquiring the time every ten minutes, and at last said: 'He ought to give over now.' Ruskin is a favourite of his, or he would not have gone at all, for he hates art in reality; but Ruskin sent him a ticket."

The serenely trustful spirit of this man, his intense spirituality, his near acquaintance with things unseen, are, after all, what impress us most in reading this volume. "How could I be anything but quite happy if I believed always that all the past is forgiven, and all the present furnished with power, and all the future bright with hope, because of the same abiding facts, which don't change with my mood, do not crumble because I totter and stagger at the promise through unbelief, but stand firm and clear with their peaks of pearl cleaving the air of eternity, and the bases of their hills rooted unfathomably in the Rock of God?" . . . "The peace of God which passes all understanding, which baffles analysis, which has an infinitude of depth about it. As you cannot understand remote stars, nor the overhanging vault, which you cannot at all explore, but can feel as you feel your life, so you cannot touch this peace of God with your understanding. It lies around you like an atmosphere. It dwells in you like a fragrance. It goes from you like an elixir vitae. 'My peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you.' May God double to you His peace!"—New Connexion Magazine.

PRAYING AND HEARING.

To stretch my hand and touch Him,
  Though He be far away;
To raise my eyes and see Him
  Through darkness as through day;
To lift my voice and call Him—
  This is to pray!

To feel a hand extended
  By One who standeth near;
To view the love that shineth
  In eyes serene and clear;
To know that He is calling—
  This is to hear!

THE PARTING YEAR.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

Spectre! that stealest by,
While midnight tolleth slow,
With frosty, tearless eye,
And torch inverted low!
Thy step was once so light,
Thy face so smiling bright:
Set free,—
Depart thou haggard soul, for none will weep for thee!

Spectre! thou wanest now!
Thou, too, so lov'd and fair,—
No more. . . . We crown his brow
Who treads morn's starry stair:
Thou, with face veiled in woe
Down midnight's postern go!
Pass on,—
Like ghost when the cock crows, before the peep of dawn.

Thou didst shed many a ray
Of light through many a tear;
And thou didst take away
The hearts that were so dear;
The radiant souls revered
With thee have disappeared:
The wise,
The tender and the true, thou gavest to the skies.

Spectre! thy hour is past!
Though love thy name endears,
Our face is set, at last,
To light of coming years:
Thy song was sweet—'tis sung,
Thy lute is now unstrung:
When o'er
Our prime of power then we can court and charm no more.

Spectre! whose hand did touch
My heart! I prize thy lore
Thy parting robe I clutch,
I press thy hand once more:
For sorrow of thy worth,
Spirit! I go not forth
To cheer
With youths who welcome in so blythe the roseate year.

"WHERE WAST THOU, O WORLD!"

BY LOUISE DUNHAM GOLDSBERRY.

"Where wast thou, O world, what time I slept
In Mary-mother's arms?
In the cave alone, on the straw-strewn stone,
Abune her heart, Babe Christ she kept,
All sadly by Bethlehem!"

"And was it thou, Son Christ, that maid forlorn
Hid in dim cave-stall?
For a sign we sought, and a wonder wrought,
What day Judah's dear Lord were born,
To leaguer at Bethlehem!"

"For a sign ye sought that ye did not hea
My mother sing in the cave?
When the Star went by in a quaking sky,
And the cry of angels brake in the clear
White night over Bethlehem?"

"Sweet Lord, for that thy maid-mother's sake
Hide thy loving eyes from me!
Yea, the ox and hind Christ-king could find
Whiles world waited the sound of a battle-cry
And trumpet at Bethlehem!'

THE DOUKHOBORS IN RUSSIA AND CANADA.*

BY ERNEST H. CROSBY.

THE cruel treatment accorded during the past century and a half to the Doukhobors of Southern Russia, seven thousand of whom have settled in Canada, is another proof of the inhuman character of the Government of the Czar. Wherever these people have been, in Russia, in Cyprus, in America, they have impressed every one, including the Russian police, with their fine qualities, their gentleness, integrity, industry, cleanliness, and good feeling, and yet the Government of Russia has never ceased to persecute them, because they take their Christianity seriously, really love their enemies, and shrink from the idea of slaughtering them. The tenets of this sect are very similar to those of the Friends, although they seem to have thought them out quite independently. They reject all outward ceremonies. They have no fixed place of worship, believing that all places are sacred, but meet in each other's houses to sing and pray. The following is a specimen of the prayers recited at these meetings:

"How shouldest Thou be loved, O God! For Thou art my life, Thou art my salvation, glory, and praise; for Thou art my wealth, my eternal treasure; for Thou art my hope and my trust; for Thou art my joy, my eternal peace. Is it better for me to love emptiness, or the unknown, or that which is perverse, perishable, or untrue, more than Thee, my true life? Thou art my life, my salvation; and, therefore, in Thee alone do I place all my hope, my faith, my desire. To Thee, Lord, will I call with all my heart, all my soul, all my thoughts; deep into Thee shall I penetrate; to Thee alone shall I pour forth my soul; I shall wholly be in Thee, and Thou in me. I shall see and know in Thee, the true and only Lord God, Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. In Thy light shall we see light, by the grace of Thy Holy Spirit."

DOUKHOBORS IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

The name "Doukhobors," or "Spirit-Wrestlers," was first applied to them by their persecutors as long ago as 1785; but the only name which they accept is that of Christians. The quality upon which they insist the most is love, and they show their mutual love and confidence in their social and economic way of life, holding all things in common, each village or group having one treasurer, one granary, and one flock or herd, and each member taking what he needs from the common

* Abridged from the "Missionary Review of the World," from which by the courtesy of the publisher four of the cuts are procured.—ED.

store. They are very hospitable to travellers, putting all that they have at their disposal, and declining to receive any reward.

THE FIRST YEAR'S HARVEST.

It is their refusal to serve in the army which has caused most of their suffering. Early in the century many of them perished from persecution, and since then their history has been one long record of corporal punishment, imprisonment, and exile. They were first removed by the Government to the Province of Tauridi, and from there they were exiled in the forties to Transcaucasia. Their troubles increased in 1887, when universal military service was introduced for the first time in this province. This was a move which put to the test the strength of their principles. Some yielded and served their time; others refused, and were put into the penal battalions. At last, in 1895, the great majority of them determined to decline absolutely to offend their consciences, and, coming together in a great mass-meeting, they burned the arms which were their own private property.

Then began a duel between these inoffensive peasants and the whole power of the Empire. Twelve of them who were already in the army, and now refused to serve longer, were condemned to join the Ekaterinograd penal battalion. In March, 1896, we are told that they were "so wasted in body that one can hardly recognize them." And this is not to be wondered at when we read of the treatment which they received. On one occasion the men "were laid down, and on each side of them were planted drunken men, who began to flay them like ferocious wild beasts" "with thorny rods, five or six in one bundle." Each received thirty strokes. An eye-witness writes: "The blood spattered in all directions ; the prickles entered into the flesh, and when they were pulled out, bits of flesh fell down." Remember that these victims were guilty of nothing but following their enlightened consciences. Three of the twelve gave way, after submitting to such tortures, and since then they have been overcome with shame and remorse for their weakness. They were still, at last accounts, in the penal battalion. The nine others were sent to Siberia, and several of them have died.

A WOMAN AS GOOD AS A MAN.

But this is only one example of a consistent system of persecution. The animus of the authorities was shown when the Doukhobors assembled, as we have said, in June, 1895, to burn their arms. Under the false claim that this was a rebellion, and without endeavouring to ascertain the facts, although it was well known that these people altogether disapproved of the use of force, and never had recourse to it, the Cossacks were called out against them. While they were being driven away to the village of Bogdanovka to appear before the governor of Tiflis, they sang the following psalm:

"For the sake of Thee, O Lord, I loved the narrow gate;
I left the material life: I left father and mother;
I left brother and sister; I left my whole race and tribe;
I bear hardness and persecution; I bear scorn and slander;
I am hungry and thirsty; I am walking naked;
For the sake of Thee, O Lord."

TYPICAL DOUKHOBOR DWELLING.

The Cossacks who accompanied them tried to drown their voices with obscene songs, and when eventually they were quartered upon them, treated them with the greatest harshness. Both men and women were cruelly flogged.

That these floggings are not mere matters of form may be judged from the fact that one man, Vassia Kolesnikoff, was flogged until his boots were full of blood!

Another Doukhobor, Nicholas Posniakoff, who was flogged, sang the following prayer three times while the Cossacks were inflicting the punishment upon him:

"Lord, my Saviour, Thou art my light! whom shall I fear? The Lord Himself watches over my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Though they bring my flesh to harm, my enemies shall be put to shame. Let mine enemies rise up against me, yet will I not fear this; though a host rise up against me, my trust is in the Lord. My father and my mother deserted me in my infancy. My Saviour took me up and gave me life and prosperity. Place me, O Lord, in the way of truth by Thy holy law. Let not mine enemy trouble me! I trust in the life to come, but do not leave me in this life, O Lord, to the hands of the ungodly. Cover me, O Lord, with Thy right arm from all lying slanderers. Let my head now be lifted up against all terrible enemies. I offer with my heart a sacrifice. I call upon Thee, O Lord, in the psalms of those that serve Thee. With my heart and soul I cling to Thee; let me in truth not be confounded, for my trust is in God! To our God be glory!

The position of the Doukobors had at last become intolerable. They had the choice between yielding to the iniquitous demands of the Government or of being exterminated. At this juncture some kind-hearted Russians interceded in their behalf, and obtained from the Czar the immense boon of being permitted to emigrate at their own expense. The permission came none too soon. Out of one company of four thousand of them who had been driven from their homes, eight hundred had died in two years and a half. The interest of a group of English and Russian admirers of Count Tolstoi at Purleigh in

DOUKHOBOR FARM-HOUSE, CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

England was aroused, and the successful initiation of the enterprise of emigration and colonization is largely due to them.

Captain St. John, formerly an officer in the British army, who gave up his commission because he concluded that it was wrong to kill even in uniform, went to Russia with funds and set the movement on foot. He has written a most interesting account of his experience, only part of which has as yet been published. He was charmed by the unaffected piety of the persecuted peasants. It was not long before the police were on his track, and finally he was expelled from the Empire, an officer being sent to accompany him to the port of Batoum. Visiting Cyprus on his way home, he selected that island as the site of the first colony, and a ship-load arrived there last summer. The climate proved to be unsuited to the immigrants.

The heat was excessive for people accustomed to the cold of the Caucasus, and there was much

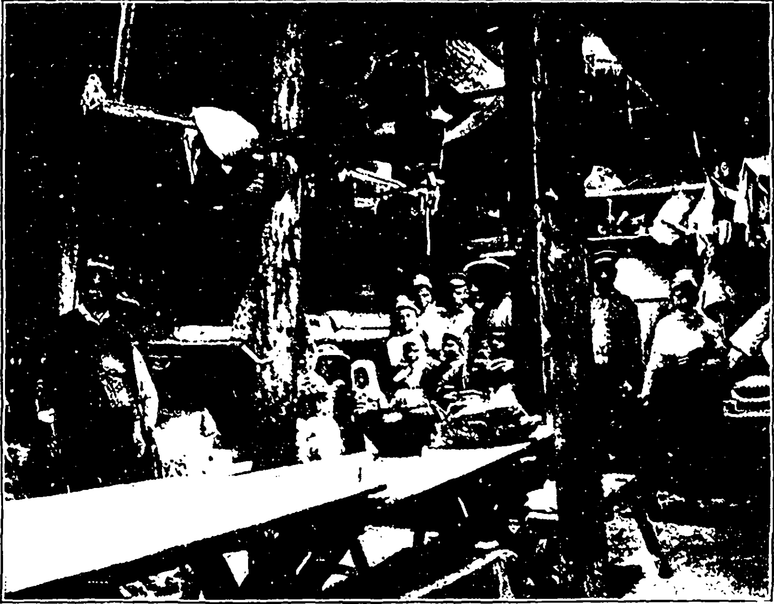
PLOUGHING.

illness among them. These colonists are still in Cyprus, but it has been determined to send them on to Canada as soon as transportation can be arranged.

Meanwhile Aylmer-Maude, an English member of the Purleigh group, who had lived long at Moscow as a merchant, went to Canada to see what could be done to place the Doukhobors on public land in the Dominion. His errand was skilfully managed, and proved completely successful. He secured the promise of 160 acres of excellent land in Manitoba for each family, and an allowance of one dollar per head for each individual. Temporary shelter was offered gratis in the emigrant buildings established at various points by the Government, and no oath of allegiance was exacted. We talk of the United States as a free country, but in several respects Canada showed herself freer for these immigrants than we could have done. In pursuance of this arrangement three ship-loads of immigrants arrived in Canada. The vessels were specially chartered, and sailed direct from Batoum on the Black Sea to Halifax. The second party were in charge of Count Serge Tolstoi, the son of the distinguished author and reformer.

IN SABBATH DRESS.

All the reports of these people which have reached us from Canada are most flattering. They are "sturdy, strongly-built people," we are told, "many of the men measuring nearer seven than six feet in height." They are strict vegetarians, and their appearance is a sufficient vindication of the merits of that diet. They are also scrupulously clean, and



INTERIOR OF DOUKHOBOR HOME.

this fact has impressed all observers. Clad in sheep-skins, like the conventional Russian peasant, the women wearing trimmings of bright cloth on their jackets, they presented a striking appearance on the quay at Halifax. Not one unfavourable comment upon their looks has come to my notice. And these Doukhobors in Canada are no exceptions. Those in Cyprus are of the same stamp. A lady in Cyprus writes:

"I hear from various acquaintances in the island the highest opinions of these people, and I must say that no peasantry ever produced the same impression upon me as they have done. The fine dignity of their bearing and expression, the clear, kindly acuteness of their eyes, the steadiness of their questioning look, the marvellous activity of their work—all are deeply striking. . . . On every face was a brightness and cheerfulness that amazed me when I considered their story and circumstances."

A Russian sympathizer gives an account of the sailing from Batoum of these Cyprus Doukhobors, and his opinion of them coincides with that of the lady in Cyprus. He says:

"From the deck handkerchiefs and caps were waved, and from the coast only four people replied--two Doukhobortsi, the English consul, and myself. For a long time I could see Potapoff's dear, gentle, earnest face. It was a solemn moment; from the steamer one could hear the singing of psalms. I was moved as I had rarely been before; tears were choking me. Dear, gentle people! What will become of them? Why are they persecuted? How deeply insulting is all that has been and is still being done to them—insulting to all humanity!"

Seven thousand Doukhobors are now in the Northwest of Canada; the Cyprus band are to follow them, and there still remain at least one ship-load, and perhaps more, in Russia who desire to emigrate. The transportation of so many people has already cost a great deal of money. The Doukhobors were always thrifty and well-to-do, but the ill-treatment which they have received in

recent years has exhausted most of their savings. The Friends in England have contributed nobly to their relief. Money is still needed to provide horses, ploughs and implements for the summer's work and houses for the settlers. The summer is short in that latitude, and the winter is severe, and no time is to be lost in preparing for it. The difficulties besetting the path of strangers in such a land, who come all unprovided with the first necessities, can hardly be exaggerated. The Doukhobors being very poor and unable to buy horses or oxen for all their ploughs, and many men being obliged to leave home to earn money, the women draw the ploughs as the easiest and quickest way to break up the soil.

It is to be hoped that the influence of these people may make itself felt throughout the continent. Their simple acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount, while most of us trim it down until it has lost all meaning, is like a breath of fresh spiritual air from across the sea. May their salt not lose its savour, and may their light illumine the whole land. In a world occupied with war and bloodshed, there is no lesson so necessary as the oft-repeated, oft-forgotten one, to love our enemies and to do good even to them who hate us and despitefully use us.

The few settlers who had occupied these regions before the Doukhobors came did not know what kind of people they were, and thought they might prove to be lawless and dangerous. One ranchman, who was about to make a journey and leave his wife alone in the house, just at the time of their arrival, went to the Doukhobors and by signs with his gun threatened them with death if they came near his ranch. The morning after his departure his wife heard a knock at the door, and

A DOUKHOBOR BED.

went with trepidation to the door, expecting to be assaulted. There she found a Doukhobor woman who smiled at her, for they could not understand each other's language, pushed her way in, took the milk pail, went to the barn and insisted in milking the cow for her hostess and doing other housework for her. She had taken this practical method of showing their good-will. This lady and her husband are now among the strongest friends of the Doukhobors. They have no children of their own, and would be glad to adopt a Doukhobor child, but these Russians love their children so that, notwith-

standing their poverty, not one child in all the settlements can be secured.

These people are anxious to become Canadians, and to be able to communicate with the Anglo-Saxon settlers around them. Knowing this, two ladies of Kingston, Ontario, Mrs. Varney, a Quaker, and her young cousin, Miss Nellie Baker, determined to establish a little summer school at one of the new Doukhobor villages at Good Spirit Lake. Mrs. Varney had already passed the summer of 1899 there, conducting a dispensary for the Doukhobors, who have no physicians among them. They pitched their tents near three of the Doukhobor villages, a small tent for their residence, another for the dispensary, which was under Mrs. Varney's charge, and a third, 20 by 20 feet, for the school, over which Miss Baker presided, and for which work her studies at Queen's University had fitted her. Mrs. Varney had won the affections of the villagers last year, and they were not slow to send their children to the new school, some of them arriving before the ladies had unpacked their luggage.

Miss Baker's report of their experiment, which has just been made to the Canadian Commissioner of Immigration, shows what difficulties she encountered. She found herself confronted by a tentful of boys and girls, with none of whom did she have a single known word in common.

"By signs and motions," she says, "I got them seated in rows on the prairie grass of the tent floor, and holding up a pencil said, 'One.' I could not detect any apparent comprehension. Then taking up another pencil I said, 'Two,' and added a third, 'Three.' Still no response, and my heart sank somewhat. However, I decided to repeat the method, and as I said 'One,' I noticed a look on a boy's face that told me he knew that I was counting, and I saw him turn and speak to the others. Almost instantly they understood, and soon, repeating after me, counted up to ten."

BREAKERS OF THE SOIL—A LABOUR EMERGENCY OF THE FIRST YEAR'S SETTLEMENT.

From this beginning the course of teaching proceeded. Some of the pupils walked five miles to school and five miles back every day. Miss Baker carried on this school for six and a half hours a day and for five and a half days a week, and as almost the entire time was occupied with oral teaching, some idea may be formed of the arduous character of her work.

She was naturally tired when the hour to close came, but the children were never tired. The favourite method was object teaching. They learned the divisions of time from a watch, to count money from coins, and so on. The children had a natural taste for figures, and at the end of the two months during which the school was open the older children had succeeded in

A UNIQUE GABLE END.

getting through one-half of the multiplication table, and some of the more advanced pupils were in the second reader (Canadian). In writing, she declares that some of them equalled or surpassed the teacher. The children were anxious to have tasks assigned to them to prepare at home, and never were satisfied with the amount of such tasks; they always wanted more. Their clothing was scrupulously clean and picturesque as well.

"Their needlework and embroidery," Miss Baker adds, "is simply wonderful."

At first the Doukhobors did not know that Miss Baker's work, like Mrs. Varney's, was entirely voluntary and unremunerated. When they found it out they sent a committee to her to offer her some compensation, although they were in need themselves. When she declined it they told her that they thanked her "all the day and all the night."

Some of the older boys, who did not know a word of any language but Russian at the beginning of July, after barely two months' teaching, correspond with Miss Baker in "fairly understandable English."

Upon the general character of the Doukhobors, Mrs. Baker writes:

"The dignified courtesy and hospitality extended to us in more than a score of their villages, the manly bearing of the men, the delightful sympathy and affection with which they regard everything connected with their homes—an estimation of the home that has little to learn from, and possibly something to teach to, even Anglo-Saxons—their dwellings, that already surpass in comfort and cleanliness those of any other class of settlers excepting those from older Canada and Great Britain, all testify to the desirability of the Doukhobors as settlers, who will, I believe, soon make good Canadian citizens. It does not require very keen perception on t'e part of one having had a welcome ... hundreds of their homes to be assured that this is a community living up to high moral standards and holding tenaciously to the simple tenets of Christian faith. Of their day-break services of a Sunday morning, their impressive intonation of the Scriptures, their beautiful singing and harmonious chanting of hymns, one could write chapters. They sing much of evenings in the villages and in going to and returning from work afield. A favourite chant, freely translated, runs as follows:

"'You tell me, stranger, where you are going.
With the hand safe in my Saviour's,
I will go over the mountain-side and valley,
Over fields and prairies, I will go, my friends,
To see the heavenly spring wild flowers;
I will go after Jesus,
Over the hard sand, and the Lord God be with me.
He leads us on to Heaven
In His paths of righteousness,
Straight, straight to the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

A little story will add a touch to this picture of a noble people: A lady living twenty miles from one of the Doukhobor villages wanted a girl for a servant. A young girl went to her on trial for a month, but at the end of the period she promptly returned to her home. Her employer came after her, wishing to keep her, but on no account would the girl go. Urged to give a reason, at first she only replied that she "could not," but finally she said, "I cannot go back; my mistress did not love me." This little story throws a flood of light on the servant-girl problem. It is love that the Doukhobors want in life and which they freely give. It was love that prevented them from learning to kill their fellows in the Russian army, and it was their too great love that made the Russian Government force its best subjects to leave their native land. It will be Russia's loss and Canada's gain. If they can only teach us on this continent the folly and sin of war, the joy of loving even one's enemies, and the impossibility of doing it with bombshells, their long pilgrimage and their years of hardship will not have been in vain.

AT YULETIDE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The Lord of Yule's glad gift to thee,
This Yuletide, be His heaven-born peace:
So from the fret of earth's unrest
Thy soul shall find surcease.

Be Christ, Himself, thy Christmas guest:
Thus, though from human friends apart,
Thou shalt have dear companionship
Of heart with loving Heart:—

And, while around the festal board
Others in merry converse meet,
Thine it will be with Him to hold
Communion high and sweet.

Toronto.

CHILD WIVES AND CHILD WIDOWS OF INDIA.*

BY D. L. WOOLMER AND W. H. WITHROW.

INDIA presents few sadder problems to-day than the condition of its child-wives and child-widows. The number of widows in that country is twenty-three millions, and many thousands of these are mere children. Mrs. Fuller speaks of one who was married at nine months to a boy of six. Girls are often married in their cradle, and if the husband for whom they are destined dies, they are doomed to the disgrace and shame and drudgery of widowhood, for they are deemed to be under the curse of heaven, and are doomed to the curse of earth, especially of the cruel mother-in-law. This custom has existed for twenty-five hundred years, and is a tyranny strong as that of caste itself.

PORTRAIT OF RAMABAI

From "*Wrongs of India Womanhood.*"

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The poor widow, whose bereavement in Christian lands calls forth tenderest love and sympathy, is treated with cruellest wrong. She must eat but one meal a day, must fast twice a month, must never join the family feasts, her beautiful hair is shorn away, her bright garb removed, she is almost literally clothed in sackcloth and ashes. The British Government prevented the burning of widows on their husbands' funeral piles, but the tyranny of ancient customs still oppresses the hapless victims. The well-known Pundita Ramabai was betrothed in childhood, but refused to accept the man chosen as her husband. She fought out her right in the courts. All India was roused. She had to pay two thousand rupees to her husband and bear the cost of the trial, several thousands more.

Of this lady a recent reviewer writes :

"A woman learned enough to receive the unique titl : of 'Pundita' from Hindu sages; practical enough to manage with admitted skill the finances as well as the inmates of large industrial homes, and spiritual enough to inspire scores of her

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* "The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood." By Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller, Bombay, India. With an Introduction by Ramabai. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 302. Price, $1.25.

To the courtesy of the publishers of this book we are indebted for several of the engravings which illustrate this article.

pupils with missionary ardour, is surely one whose work and name will be remembered in history. Some of the incidents in Pundita Ramabai's youth are sufficiently romantic to be repeated once more. Her father, a Pundit, instructed her in the Sanskrit learning, and commended her to a life of righteousness in the service of God. After some years of famine experience, in which she lost all her near relatives except one brother, and saw a good deal of high-caste Hindu home-life in different places, Ramabai began to lecture in Calcutta on the emancipation of women. Her erudition and

GROUP OF CHILD WIDOWS
From "Wrongs of India Womanhood."
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eloquence were much admired by learned Hindu audiences. She was married very happily at the age of twenty-two or three—the uncommon wisdom of her parents had saved her from the usual fate of Hindu girls, a marriage in childhood—but was left a widow with an infant daughter about a year and a half later. As she belonged to the more enlightened circle of educated Hindus in Calcutta, she was not ill-treated on account of being a widow, but returned to her former occupation of lecturing.

"The 'Ramabai Association' sprang up in Boston in 1887, and circles were formed in many cities of the United States and Canada, pledged to give support for ten years to a school for high caste widows. This school thus supported was established by Ramabai in Bombay, but soon moved to the healthier town of Poona. Its education was entirely secular, the object being to reach those who would on no account have entered a mission-school. In this Ramabai had hoped for the co-operation of the more educated class among her own people. But the difficulties of her position were greater than she had anticipated. She had found many Hindus who favoured her ideas of emancipation when she was herself a Hindu, though a freethinker. But she had since became a Christian, and though she did not teach Christianity in the school, she would not forbid the girls to attend the morning prayers in her room, which she conducted for the benefit of other Christian members of her household. This led, of course, to much trouble, as far as Hindu support was concerned. Many girls were taken from the school.

"About this time Ramabai seems to have made the startling discovery that while she had accepted Christianity as being better than Hinduism, and had been baptized some years before, she was still unsaved. She felt herself a lost sinner and rested not until she knew that her sins were forgiven. Later, she read the life of Amanda Smith, the coloured holiness evangelist, and realized her need of being filled with the Holy Spirit. She soon entered into her blessed life of spiritual power.

"In 1897, Ramabai's faith and energy in the work led her to seek three hundred girls from the famine districts, and a new home was established free from any restrictions as to religious teaching. The name of this new building was 'Mukti,' which means 'Salvation.' The old school 'Abode of Wisdom,' is still kept up and a rescue home, 'Abode of Grace,' was started in connection with the famine of 1899.

"In 1898 Ramabai revisited America and her work was placed on a new footing. The three institutions contained in 1900 about 1,000 inmates, and a very interesting feature of their management was that some eighty-five girls who formerly were pupils were employed as teachers or helpers in ministering to those less advanced. Others are being trained in

laundry work, or equally valuable trades. Some go out into the villages as Bible-women. The enthusiastic spiritual tone of the whole work is not less marked than its strong industrial organization."

The wrongs of womanhood in India are vividly described in the story of Pundita Ramabai.* The missionaries have done much for the succour of Hindu women. They have invaded the seclusion of zenana life, and taken the light of the Gospel to many a dark home and sad heart. But both the Mohammedan and Hindu religions degrade women to a mere chattel, and only the power of Christianity can emancipate them from this ancient thraldom. Here is the noblest work in which Christian women can engage on behalf of their heathen sisters.

* "Pundita Ramabai." The Story of Her Life. By Helen S. Dyer. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 170. Price, $1.25.

HINDU GENTLEMAN AND GIRL WIFE
From "*Wrongs of India Womanhood.*"
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A HIGH CASTE GIRL
From "*Wrongs of India Womanhood.*"
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The help that India needs is largely self-help. The handful of missionaries cannot themselves evangelize its many millions. It is only by raising up among the people teachers and preachers that this great work can be done. Pundita Ramabai is one of the most successful illustrations of what can thus be accomplished. Herself one of that despised class, a Hindu widow, she has devoted herself to the salvation and education of that most hapless, helpless class of women in the world. The story of her life contains the record of her marvellous success. She has herself been led into larger religious ex-

perience, great institutions have been built up, many widows and children have been rescued from degradation and trained in useful Christian life. In 1897 alone three hundred girls were saved from starvation, and nearly seven hundred and fifty girls are now trained under over a hundred faithful teachers, all but sixteen of whom render their services, as Spencer says, "All for love and nothing for reward."

India is too large for vague generalities. Its population of 280,000,000 embraces nations and races of great variety. A Mohammedan, for example, has several wives; the Todas, the hill tribe of the Nilgiris, are innocent of this evil, for among them a woman has several husbands. Contrasts might be multiplied between Parsees, with their delicate features and olive skin, and the negro-tinted out-castes and slave-castes; or between the stalwart, noble Sikhs and those natives of South India on whose faces and character devil-worship has set its degrading stamp; but the Hindus themselves, who number three-fifths of the population, offer sufficient variety.

A LOW CASTE WOMAN
From "*Wrongs of India Womanhood.*"
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An Englishman bent on mastering the mysteries of their code of worship attended Hindu debates where the orthodox and the advanced school met together in discussion. "Can you tell me," he inquired at last, confused by the arguments and counter-argument tossed like shuttlecocks from one party

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET MARRIED?
From "*Wrongs of India Womanhood.*"
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to another, "of one single article of your creed which you all hold in common?"

"We all believe," one of them replied, "in the sanctity of a cow and in the depravity of a woman."

As a rule, they act up to this article of belief, or rather, they live down to it. Yet once upon a time, even in India, there seems to have been a golden age for women. Their present social condition is traced to the Mohammedan invasion. The country was harassed by irruptions of Arabs and Persians from the year 1000 until it was conquered by the Sultan Baber in 1525. The Moslems brought with them not only ravage and bloodshed, but many evils hitherto unknown in the country. The Hindu homes were robbed of their women and girls to fill the harems, or zenanas as they are called in India, and the Hindus shut up their wives and daughters in order to protect them. Only the higher castes could do this effectually. Stern necessity required that the poorer girls and women in India should work, and it offers degrees of liberty on a descending scale. The higher the caste the more complete the seclusion.

It is not from want of natural humanity that a zenana is the darkest part of the house and farthest away from the entrance into the street. A Hindu is very religious; it is said that he even "sins religiously." His sacred books tell him that a woman must be protected; that she must not be allowed to look out of a window into the street; that no man except a near relation must look upon her face, and, if she offends, she may be corrected by "a rope, a whip, or a cane." They tell him some things to her advantage, but more frequently the reverse.

One sacrament only avails for these, the unbeloved of the gods—viz., marriage. Through her husband, a womán may obtain favour from heaven; therefore, neglect of the only means of grace is an infringement of the sacred law. For a high-caste girl of fourteen to be found unmarried in a Bengali father's house is a shame to her and her family.

But an ordinary marriage involves an expenditure to the bride's father of at least £60, and many daughters render him an object of pity and too often the prey of money-lenders. It may, therefore be easily imagined what care has been necessary from British officials to prevent girls being destroyed at their birth.

CHILD WIFE.

The earlier the act of giving a daughter in marriage, the greater the merit and the richer the reward in that vague, far-away condition where, after being born at least 8,400,000 times, a man may be absorbed into the spirit. Some infant girls, while still in their mother's arms, bear the marriage mark—a line of scarlet paint in the part-

ing of their hair, which is given at the initial ceremony of betrothal. Professional match-makers assist in finding a husband, and, when parents care for their children, the horoscope is usually consulted.

If the parents cannot afford much expense, or have not sufficient care for their daughter to trouble themselves with details regarding her future, they can find a cheap though religious alternative. Certain Brahmans wander about the country who are willing to marry

CHILD WIFE IN PROFILE.

as many wives as are offered to them. They obtain by this means free board and lodging in the houses of their fathers-in-law. The betrothal is accomplished, and the bridegroom goes on his way—perhaps never again to look on the face of his child bride, who, on her part, must all her life be faithful to him, and, at his death, become a widow. One Kulin Brahman in Bengal died not long ago, leaving at least one hundred widows.

In ordinary cases, the betrothal is followed by a second ceremony, which takes place when the bride is from eight to fourteen—the age regulated by the orthodoxy of her relations. On the day fixed for the marriage, the parents formally give their daughter to her husband, and the priests pronounce them man and wife in the presence of the sacred fire and of their relations and friends. A small, high-caste bride is often very happy in her importance. What if she is so laden with jewels that she cannot stand up, is she not still the queen of the day? But night comes; then she is placed in a covered carriage or litter, which will convey her to the house of her father-in-law. Her childhood is over, though she is a child still in her abandonment of grief. Her mother knows better than she does that the sobs and cries are justified. The bride is going behind the "purdah"—an impenetrable veil. Time will bring her little change but signs of age. If her great hope of being the mother of a son should prove vain, her husband will take another wife, but, despised and neglect 1, she must live on in the zenana.

A missionary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society heard screams issuing from a house in Krishnagar. She asked a man standing at the door what was the matter. It was only a little "bow" lately arrived in the zenana. She asked permission to enter, and was led into the women's apartments. In the dim light she could just discern a small heap in the corner, and plaintive moans told her that it was something living. She drew near and spoke, and a woebegone face appeared, to be instantly hidden in terror at the sight of a fair-complexioned Englishwoman. By degrees the sound of a gentle voice speaking her own language and the sight of a scrap-book inspired curiosity and confidence. The heap became more

VILLAGE IN INDIA.

and more animated as one picture after another was turned over before her eyes.

"What made you scream ?" the lady asked.

"They beat me," the child of eight years replied, and she drew up her "sari," and disclosed wales which showed that she had had ample excuse.

"Why did they beat you ?"

"Because I cried for my mother." And the face puckered afresh with recollection of lost love and care. And now that the new friend, whose tenderness had dried her tears, must leave her, what should she do! Before going away the Englishwoman pleaded with the mother-in-law not to punish the young wife again for the same offence.

"It is so natural that a child should cry for her mother," she urged. A smile was the only response. This was the young bride's honeymoon, and it was not an uncommon beginning of wedded life.

It is hard to find a bright side to the picture of zenana life. The weary monotony is seldom broken. Even domestic duties are beneath the dignity of a very high-caste wife. She smokes, she sleeps, she chews, she plaits her hair, she counts her jewels; at last she dies without hope or comfort.

"I shall spend all my life in this narrow room," said one young wife bitterly; "then I shall die, and they will put me into a narrow grave, and that will be the end of me."

Another, who had began to realize that there was a fair world outside the four walls of her prison, which she could enjoy if only she were allowed, looked with liquid eyes into the face of an English lady visitor, and inquired:

"Why are we so different from you ? You are like that bird," she continued, pointing to a dove which flew past the window above her. "You are like that bird flying toward heaven; we are like the same bird, shut up in a cage, with its wings clipped."

Seven years ago a little girl of nine years of age was seen on the

THE TEACHERS AND NORMAL STUDENTS, GIRLS' TRAINING SCHOOL, MADURA.

parapet of a house in Bombay. A policeman, noticing that she seemed inclined to throw herself down into the street, entered, and found the reason why her life had become too heavy a burden to bear. Her husband, a man of forty-seven, who had been already married fourteen times, had bought her from her father for fourteen rupees a month.

Imagination fills in the dark outlines of this picture with still darker shading, and traces in the background the ghosts of fourteen miserable victims. Perhaps the story of Bluebeard is as easy to credit.

If the child-wife has a hard lot, what of the child-widow?

It is well known that for many centuries it was the custom for a widow to die on the funeral pyre of her husband, and through this sacrifice of life to win the honourable title of "sati"—a virtuous woman. In 1829, Lord William Bentinck made this rite illegal; but for many years the religious instinct of Hindus evaded the British law. Carey and other missionaries were witnesses of the horrible sight, and neither their protests nor entreaties nor their threats of God's judgment availed to save the victim. In 1888 a native Christian in India showed some missionaries in the Godavery district the spot where his grandmother had performed "sati" in 1847. It is hardly a matter of wonder that a widow should prefer the short, sharp agony of the fire to the slow torture of a lifetime, which is often the only alternative. A Hindu gentleman writes: "To a Hindu widow, death is a thousand times more welcome than her miserable existence." The Hindu lady, Rukmabai, whose letters to The Times of India on "Child Marriage" and "Enforced Widowhood" roused a cry of indignation in England and America, writes:

"There are four principal castes among the Hindus, and of them all I think the third caste, the *Kayasthas* ('writers'), to which I belong, make their widows suffer most. When a husband dies, his wife

TRAINING INSTITUTION FOR GIRLS, AT PALMACOTTAH.

suffers as much as if the death-angel had come for her also. She must not be approached by any of her relations, but several women (wives of barbers) are in waiting, and as soon as the husband's last breath is drawn they rush at the new-made widow and tear off her ornaments. At the funeral, the relatives, men as well as women, have to accompany the corpse to the burning *ghat*. The men follow the corpse, the women come after, and, last the widow, led by the barbers' wives. They take care that at least two hundred feet intervene between her and any other women, for it is supposed that if her shadow fell on any (her tormentors excepted), she also would become a widow. One of the rough women goes in front, and shouts aloud to any passer-by to get out of the way of the accursed thing, as if the poor woman were a wild beast; the others drag her along. Separated from her husband, though she lives she is not alive.

"The English have abolished *sati*, but alas! neither the English nor the angels know what goes on in our homes; and Hindus not only don't care, but think it good. What! do not Hindus fear what such oppression may lead to? If the widows' shadow is to be dreaded, why do they darken and overshadow the whole land with it? I am told that in England they comfort the widows' hearts, but there is no comfort for us."

What can be expected of a girl who grows up with the sense that she is looked upon as an accursed thing? Every one is against her, and she has no hope of compassion or forgiveness from any one of the 330,000,000 gods whose property it is always to punish or torment. Small wonder if a child of five or six, realizing that she is a social leper, and credited with an inclination to all that is bad, should harden her sore little heart, and learn to justify her character. Here is part of a catechism taken from Hindu ethical teaching:

Q. What is cruel?

A. The heart of a viper.

Q. What is more cruel than that?

A. The heart of a woman.

Q. What is the most cruel of all?

A. The heart of a soulless, penniless widow.

Statistics are burdensome and hard to remember; but one fact proved by figures gives some idea of the load of misery laid upon innocent young shoulders. The last census showed that there were in India 77,918 widows under nine years of age. All are not treated with equal severity, for customs vary in different parts of India, and

WOMEN AT THE WELL, NAZARETH, INDIA.

humanity and natural affection often rise above cruel creed or custom. At the same time, the suffering of these children is beyond English conception. It shows a certain amount of enlightenment to allow girls to attend school, or to invite English teachers into a zenana. Yet, even in a Christian mission school, bejewelled little girls have been seen keeping a shrinking figure in a coarse white "sari" at arms' length lest her shadow should fall on them and bring ill-luck. Zenana visitors have noticed the cowed face of a widow standing apart and behind the wives, whose lessons she may not share, eagerly listening for some word of comfort.

"What have they against me?" cried a young widow to a zenana missionary. Her complaint was not of her relations, but of the gods whom they had told her she had offended in a former existence. Many widows meekly accept their lot, and try to expiate their sin by following the prescribed rules of discipline. They must only eat one meal a day, and that of coarse food. They must fast, in some districts every eleventh day, in others once or twice a month, and during twenty-four hours no morsel of food must pass their lips, and it is a merit not to swallow a drop of water. They must not sleep on a bed, lest they cause their husbands to fall from a realm of bliss. In the Deccan, their heads are shaven once a fortnight, and in no case

may they be adorned with the jewels so pleasant to the Oriental eye. Life is often made unendurable, and a widow contrives to escape either by suicide or by taking up the disgraceful calling of a dancing girl.

But these are no longer her only alternatives. A brighter day is dawning. The righteous Judge of the widow and the Friend of children has opened a way of deliverance.

Labour amongst these women is not in vain, though their overpowering number and the barriers which hedge them round might easily discourage human effort. The end is sure, for, even in the shades of darkness and ignorance, many of them are crying to the great unknown God to plead their cause. Can such a prayer as the following, written and used by a Hindu widow, fail to find an answer?

"O God, Almighty and Unapproachable, think upon Thy mercy, which is a vast sea, and remember us. O Lord, save us, for we cannot bear our hard lot. Many of us have killed ourselves, and are still killing ourselves. O God of mercy, our prayer to Thee is this, that the curse may be removed from the women of India. Create within the hearts of men some sympathy, that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longing, that, saved by Thy mercy, we may taste something of the joys of life. . . . O Thou Hearer of prayer, if we have sinned against Thee, forgive, but we are too ignorant to know what sin is."

Ought not a cry like this to reach the hearts of the nation to whom India has been given as a noble possession?

THE EVE OF MARY.

BY NORA HOPPER.

Sing out, and with rejoicing bring
Shepherds and neatherds to their King—
Their King who lies in stable stall,
With straw for all his plenishing;
Who in His hands most weak and small
Doth hold the earth and heavens all:
Sing loud, the Eve of Mary!

Bring in the soft ewes and their rams,
And bring the little crying lambs;
This stable's wide enough for all.
Bring hither all the bleating dams,
And bid them crouch around the stall,
And watch the wonders that befall
Earth, on the Eve of Mary.

This mother-maid with drooping head
Hath but a straw-heap to her bed;
Yet, did she list, would angels come
And make a palace of her shed,
With myrrh and music bring Him home—
'Mid these glad mouths the one mouth dumb—
Here, on the Eve of Mary.

But rather would she lie below
Thatched roof, and hear the north wind blow,
And pattering footsteps of the rain.
Ay, rather would she pay her throe
And take her joy: to quit all pain
His lips are on her breast again—
Sing low, the Eve of Mary!

Sing low, indeed; and softly bleat,
You lambing ewes, about her feet,
Lest ye should wake the Child from sleep.
No other hour so still and sweet
Shall fall for Mary's heart to keep,
Until her death-hour on her creep—
Sing soft, the Eve of Mary!

—*North American Review.*

THE CHILD.

When Mary sang to Him, I wonder if
His baby hand stole softly to her lips,
And, smiling down, she needs must stop her song
To kiss and kiss again His finger-tips.

I wonder if, His eyelids being shut,
And Mary bending mutely over Him,
She felt her eyes, as mothers do to-day,
For very depth of love grow wet and dim.

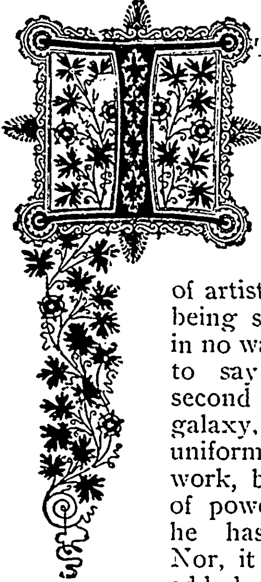
Then did a sudden presage come to her
Of bitter looks and words and thorn-strewn street?
And did she catch her breath and hide her face
And shower smothered kisses on His feet?

—*Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in the Christmas Scribner's.*

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

BY ALFRED T. STORY,

Author of "William Blake: his Life, Character, and Genius."



T would be a hard saying to acclaim Sir Edward Burne-Jones as the greatest English painter of the nineteenth century, the number of artists of the first rank being so large; but it is in no way excessive praise to say that he stands second to none in the galaxy, not only for the uniform excellence of his work, but for the wealth of power and originality he has thrown into it. Nor, it is equally just to add, does any other native painter supply, in the output of his genius, a higher or nobler impulse and stimulus to worthy efforts and lofty and creative thought.

It is curious to note, too, in connection with the career of Edward Burne-Jones, that it commenced at a time when the scientific spirit in its worst and most deadening form was everywhere rampant, depressing and degrading, if not utterly killing, imaginative art in every department of its activity. Perhaps his appearance was but one of the many signs of a revival of what we may term a renaissance of the complete man. It was a protest from the side of the spiritual, that man shall not live and thrive by his appetites and passions alone—that all the meaning in the world did not come up from the brute; that if we do bear the mystic marks of a low physical origin on

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

the one hand, on the other there are equally mysterious and significant signs and hieroglyphs, even in the house of life itself, telling of a hand and a power which reached down out of the dark, to lift the growing man up and bid him awake and inherit.

Thus is to be explained, perhaps, the fact that Burne-Jones never took his subjects from modern life. The actual appeared to have little or no charm for him. The life of to-day, with its multiplicity of aims, its low and vulgar ideals, its ugliness, its squalor, was, as would seem, repugnant to his sensitive nature. His life-dream was that of a bygone age. He harked back to a far-away past, to its myths and fairy-tales, to its heroisms and aspirations, for his themes. It was as though he would appeal from the bald realism—the cold matter-of-fact of to-day, to the wonder of a remoter time—to that sense of glamour which is an attestation of the mystery existing in the universe beyond the reach of mere intellect.

We have heard so much of this or that man's "message" to the world, when there has been no message, that the word has become something of a mockery; but we may use the term in regard to Burne-Jones without any suggestion of satire. If ever painter had message or mission to his age, it was surely this man, with his never-ending appeal—uttered in a thousand various keys—to that faculty of man's soul which allies him to, brings him in touch with, that which we call supernatural, because we cannot handle it with our hands and see it with our everyday eyes, but which is in truth only supernatural in the sense that it is at the very root and centre of all nature and being.

Herein lies the magic of Burne-Jones' art. Whatever there was of beautiful, or deep, or high in ancient myth and mediaeval legend, wherever there was a story or fable showing how the human spirit reached up towards that hand beyond the clouds, to that voice from out the dark—that he set himself to depict in such wise as to start men thinking afresh of the power and majesty of the unseen, of the endless struggle of the human soul with its enmeshments of the day and hour, of the beauty of sacrifice, and the might and eternity of love.

Look at it as we will, it is a wondrous story, and the life of him who told it to us anew is worth a few moments' study.

The leading facts thereof are soon set down. Burne-Jones was born at Birmingham on the 28th of August, 1833. His father, Edward Richard Jones, was of Welsh descent, and to those to whom the word "Celtic" spells all there is of precious in art or literature, this fact explains everything. Much has been made of the circumstance that his early surroundings were of a kind hardly likely to stimulate the artistic bent. These things, however, do not come from the material environment so much as from the inner spirit. Thence comes all that is most precious in the man: chance, opportunity, do but point the direction.

The boy was of so thoughtful a disposition that his father designed him for the Church, and with that object in view he commenced his studies at the age of eleven, at King Edward's School in his native town. Here he remained for eight years, and then, winning an exhibition in Exeter College, he went to Oxford to follow the usual course of study preparatory to taking orders. This was in 1852, when Ruskin's influence was already making itself felt in the university, as well as that of the young iconoclasts in art who had challenged the derision of the world by calling themselves the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Oxford had distinguished itself by the encouragement it gave to the new movement. Millais had received several commissions from Mr. Wyatt; and two of Holman Hunt's most characteristic pictures, "The Light of the World," and "The Christian Priest Escaping from the Druids," were purchased by Mr. Combe, the Director of the Clarendon Press. The same gentleman had recently also obtained possession of one of Rossetti's most beautiful drawings.

These works, but especially the little gem of Rossetti's, seemed to have fired the imagination of the young divinity student, who resolved there and then to devote himself to art instead of to the Church.

Burne-Jones was seconded in this determination by William Morris, who had entered Exeter College at the same time as himself, and with the same intention. Similar in tastes and aspiration, they had become fast friends, and

THE GOLDEN STAIRS.
—*E. Burne-Jones.*

their friendship was now deepened by a common resolve; for Morris, too, made up his mind to devote himself to art. Both kept their intention to themselves for the time being; but during the Christmas vacation of 1855, Burne-Jones ran up to London with the express purpose of seeing Rossetti. They met, and so struck was the latter with the younger man's earnestness and talent that he advised him to quit Oxford at once and go in for art at all cost.

The advice was not thrown away, and the beginning of 1856 saw Burne-Jones settled in lodgings in Sloane Terrace, Chelsea, with Rossetti for his teacher and friend. Morris followed him to town in the ensuing year, when the twain took lodgings together at 17, Red Lion Square, Holborn, so long associated with an art movement whose influence was felt to the ends of the earth. That, however, as Mr. Kipling would say, is another story. It must suffice here to follow—in broad outline—the career of the limner of the "Star of Bethlehem," "The Days of Creation," and "The Golden Stairs," the last named representing a troop of girls with musical instruments in their hands descending a winding flight of stairs. There is, so far as I know, no legend connected with this favourite picture. It is, as Blake would say, an invention pure and simple, but an invention of so delightful and suggestive a character that it deserves a story all to itself. May we not conceive that the artist had in his mind the conception of a fair heavenly host, a tuneful crowd of angels, descending the golden stairs from above to heighten and sweeten the lives of men with strains of celestial music?

Rarely has an artist of the first rank taken up the pencil so late in life as did "Burne-Jones. He was twenty-three when Oxford and its hopes were given up, and at the age of twenty-five he was complaining that he had still to drudge to acquire the facility he ought to have gained at fifteen. To this circumstance is due the awkwardness and angularity of much of his early work. But though thus imperfect in line and deficient in facile grace, there is

such evidence of thought, such manifestation of power, in these "first begettings" of his genius that they are full of undefinable charm.

Two visits to Italy during those early days did much to stimulate and ripen the artist's powers. Perhaps the first, in 1859, was the most productive. In that journey he visited Florence, Siena, Pisa, and the treasure-rich cities of Tuscany. How he revelled amid the visions of beauty created by Orcagna and Angelico, and the other painters of the great age, need not be told here. He returned with renewed inspiration, and was soon busy in the realization of many dreams. Amongst much other work that cannot be enumerated, he designed a window for the church of Waltham Abbey, the subject of which was the Creation —a subject which again, at a later period, engaged his pencil. In his "Days of Creation" we have one of the amplest and most original fruits of his splendid genius.

All the resources of his art are lavished upon these six winged angels, beautiful in their calmness and solemnity, who bear in their hands a crystal globe, wherein the successive acts of creation are depicted. Each is a separate picture in itself, and yet each is linked with each as day to day. The first angel holds a sphere in which we see the ordering of chaos, in obedience to the command, "Let there be light;" the sixth shows us a sphere in which are seen our first parents with the tree of knowledge, and the serpent coiled round its stem, in the background.

Those who remember the first exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery in the summer of 1877, will recollect the sensation caused by these canvases, and their companion pictures, "The Beguiling of Merlin," and "The Mirror of Venus." Nothing like it has stirred the art world since that day. But of the three subjects, that of the successive acts of creation touched the general and more serious-thinking public the most. There has, indeed, been very little in the realm of art in these latter days that has touched the public sentiment so profoundly as the depiction of those Six Days, wherein is shown, as it were, the six notes of creative might, which were followed by a seventh in G, marking a pause, in a contemplative and worshipful rest.

The same love of allegory which led Burne-Jones to picture the days of creation caused him to body forth in colour and form many other beautiful abstractions, such as the Seasons, and Day and Night. Few men have shown a nobler gift of thought in this direction.

Hope is the second in the trilogy of Christian virtues, and we see it personified in the guise of a beautiful woman fast bound in prison walls, yet gazing upward with serene and steadfast look, reaching out one hand towards heaven, whence comes all gladdest cheer, and holding in the other a bough of apple-blossom as type of earth's sweetest promise. Faith is represented as a grave-faced figure, walking amid shadows, and bearing an ever-flaming lamp in her hand.

In 1862 Mr. Burne-Jones was again in Italy, this time accompanied by his wife. Going with Mr. Ruskin to Milan, they afterwards proceeded to Venice, where the artist spent some time copying works by Tintoretto and other favourites of Mr. Ruskin; his own favourites, however, being Carpaccio and other older Venetian masters.

It is curious to note that it was Burne-Jones who discovered for the supreme art-critic of the age

the pre-eminent qualities of Carpaccio, whose excellences Ruskin had not hitherto seen or been impressed with, so preoccupied had he been with lesser men. In a very characteristic letter Ruskin acknowledges his indebtedness in this respect to his friend. It is dated "Venice, 13th May, 1869," and is as follows:

HOPE.
—*E. Burne-Jones.*

"My dearest Ned,

"There's nothing here like Carpaccio! There's a little bit of humble pie for you! Well, the fact was, I had never once looked at him, having classed him in glance and thought with Gentile Bellini, and other men of the incipient and hard schools, and Tintoret went better with clouds and hills. But this Carpaccio is a new world to me! I've only seen the Academy once yet, and am going this morning (cloudless light!) to your St. George of the Schiavoni; but I must send this word first to catch post.

"From your loving J. R."

Shortly after his return (February, 1864) Burne-Jones was elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and in the following May he sent four drawings to the Society's exhibition in Pall Mall. They were all notable works, but two in especial call for mention, partly because they mark the influence of his Italian sojourn, and in part because of their subjects.

One of them was that of "Christ Kissing the Merciful Knight," based on a legend well known to those who have visited Florence. According to the fable, a knight rode out on Good Friday to avenge his brother's death, but put up his sword and forgave the murderer when he prayed for mercy in the name of Christ, who had died on the cross that day. The same evening, as the Merciful Knight knelt before the crucifix on the hill of St. Miniato, the Christ bowed to kiss his cheek. The subject was so striking, was so startling, that many were repelled by the idealization of so crude a superstition, though, at the same time, none could doubt the power and originality of the painter as therein exhibited.

More generally pleasing was "The Annunciation" picture, which, in colour and design, forms an interesting contrast to Rossetti's well-known "Ecce Ancilla Dom-

ini." In later years the artist again returned to this subject, and in 1879 exhibited his great "Annunciation" at the Grosvenor Gallery. It is painted almost wholly in monochrome, its effect, therefore, depending entirely on design and expression. The pure and simple beauty of the composition, the chaste loveliness of Mary's face, and, as we may say, the homely pathos of the whole, while recalling somewhat the manner of the early Italian masters, strike a note that is quite modern. Nothing, for instance, can make us feel that his "Mary" is an Eastern woman. She is essentially an English woman, one, as we may say, from the every-day walks of life, and therefore no mere idealism or abstraction—in other words, not a Madonna, but a mother—the mother that was to be of Jesus of Bethlehem. In this, too, there is a note characteristic of the painter. He did not go ranging about the world for his models, but took for his men and women the types he saw about him, the men and women in the life of his day and country, with whom he had grown up and been more or less identified in effort and endeavour since his boyhood. It is this fact which makes Burne-Jones' pictures go home so deeply to the English people.

Another work, produced about the same time as the above, and equally exhibiting the painter's sympathy with mediaeval art, is the roundel entitled, "Dies Domini." It was exhibited in the winter exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1881. It explains the artist's conception of the Christ coming to judge the world; but the original must be seen to appreciate the beauty of the fair angel faces looking through a maze of azure plumage, touched with silver and rose, of those who bear Him through space on their mighty wings. Alike for strength of imagination, and power and beauty of design, this water-colour ranks among the artist's noblest works.

To the next few years belongs a rich array of world-known and as widely admired pictures, "The Wheel of Fortune," "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," and the "Chant d'Amour," among others; but it must suffice here to refer more fully to the "Morning of the Resurrection," so impressive a rendering of the Easter story. Two winged angels, with flame-diademed foreheads, keep watch by the rock-hewn grave where the Lord has lain. Each raises finger to lip in token of silence as they perceive the risen Christ approach, clad in His long blue robe. As they do this, Mary Magdalene, who has been peering into the empty tomb, turns suddenly round and fixes her sorrowful eyes on Him she will presently acknowledge for what He is.

The sacred theme is very powerfully handled, and we cannot but wonder at the mystery and solemnity with which the artist has invested the scene. The only criticism we would venture to make on the picture is to note the too square head of the Saviour.

"The Morning of the Resurrection" was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886, and the same year saw the artist's first and only exhibit on the walls of the Royal Academy. He had been elected an Associate the previous year, and he now sent to Burlington House a picture entitled "The Depths of the Sea," representing a mermaid carrying her mortal lover down on to the sand and shell-strewn bed of old Ocean. Seven years afterwards Burne-Jones severed his connection with the Academy, as he had previously his connection with the Society of Water-Colours. Hence it arose that this latter-day master, whose fame amongst the few rose year by

year, was, if not wholly unknown, little more than a name to the many. Hence, too, it came to pass that so striking a series of pictures as "The Briar Rose," was first given to the eyes of the world in a

FAITH.

—*E. Burne-Jones.*

private gallery. It is hardly creditable to the Royal Academy that such a thing should have to be recorded of it. While numbers of inferior men find their way into the ranks of the Forty, such painters as Burne-Jones, who leave the impress of a large and fruitful personality upon their age, are either kept outside or admitted only to the partial and discriminated "honour" of associateship. And how many there are—men of highest achievement—who, during the past half-century, have been denied the hospitality of recognition by their fellows of the R. A.!

This took place in 1890. In 1891, at the New Gallery, was exhibited a picture, if not greater than the "Briar Rose" series, at least one which will hold the world with a deeper grip and surer delight. I refer to "The Star of Bethlehem," painted in water-colour for the corporation of his native town, and now in the gallery of the Queen of the Midlands. The Mother of Jesus, with the Babe on her knee, is seen seated under a pent-house, wearing the blue and pink robes of early tradition. Tall white lilies blossom at her side, roses festoon the wattled fence, while numberless flowers of varied hue gem the grass at her feet. On her right, and a little in the rear, stands Joseph with a faggot of sticks under his arm, watching over the Desire of Nations and His Mother. Fronting the two are the Three Kings, led by a stately angel, holding aloft the star which has guided their course from their homes in the East. The picture is one that takes fast hold of the memory, and will not be forgotten. It is worthy of note that "The Star of Bethlehem" is one of the largest water-colour drawings ever painted, measuring, as it does, twelve feet by eight feet.

Two other pictures of the Nativity were painted for the artist about the same time for the Church of St. Michael, at Torquay. In one of them the Mother and Child are seen lying on a low bed of straw under two birch trees

rudely thatched, while three angelic beings approach the foot of the bed with their offerings. In the other two angels are seen conducting the one a king, the other a shepherd, to "where the young Child lay," the path leading through the same wood in which the other nativity is laid, and so being connected with it in subject and design.

It is impossible in a short article to speak of all the various phases and masteries of an artist's gift. Rarely is art found in one man dowered, as it were, with so many hands. He worked in oils and in water-colours; he painted cabinets and decorated pianos and organs; he supplied designs for stained-glass windows, as well as for tapestry and needle-work, and he himself executed panels in metal work and gesso. Indeed, there is hardly any department of decorative art which his hand did not adorn and his mind illumine. In him, more than in almost any other of our time, did Ruskin's doctrine of art ennobled by being devoted to moral and spiritual ends find a true and wholly fitting exponent, and to none more fitly than to him do Mr. Swinburne's lines apply:

"In a land of clear colours and stories,
In a region of shadowless hours,
Where earth has a garment of glories
And a murmur of musical flowers,
In woods where the Spring half uncovers
The flush of her amorous face,
By the waters that listen for lovers,
For these is their place?

"Though the world of your hands be more gracious
And lovelier in lordship of things,
Clothed round by sweet Art with the spacious
Warm heaven of imminent wings,
Let them enter, unfledged and nigh fainting,
For the love of old loves and lost times,
And receive in your palace of painting
This revel of rhymes."

—*The Sunday Strand.*

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Oh to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord shone bright!
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night!
To have kissed the tender, wayworn feet
Of the mother undefiled,
And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child!

Hush! such a glory was not for thee;
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for His dear sake?

Oh to have knelt at Jesus' feet,
And to have learnt His heavenly lore!
To have listened the gentle lessons He taught
On mountain, and sea, and shore!
While the rich and the mighty knew Him not,
To have meekly done His will!—
Hush! for the worldly reject Him yet,
You can serve and love Him still,
Time cannot silence His mighty words,
And though ages have fled away,
His gentle accents of love divine
Speak to your soul to-day.

In the pure soul, although it sing or pray,
The Christ is born anew from day to day;
The life that knoweth Him shall bide apart
And keep eternal Christmas in the heart.

THE METHODISM OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

BY THE REV. G. R. HOLT SHAFTO.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

IT has often been pointed out that a special and personal interest for Methodists attaches to "the most popular literary man living," in that he is essentially a product of Methodism. In one of his short stories, "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin," Kipling sketches a clever young agnostic who persists in airing his views to all comers, of whom he whimsically says, "his grandfathers on both sides had been Wesleyan preachers, and the preaching strain came out in his mind. He wanted every one in the club to see that they had no souls, too, and to help him to eliminate his Creator." Now, though this is by no means Kipling's creed, it has become a matter of common knowledge that both his grandfathers were Methodist preachers, and as his genius matures

more and more of a virile "preaching strain" becomes apparent in the "Prophet of Things As They Are." Though no one would argue that his style is that of the class-meeting or the pulpit, it seems, to the present writer at any rate, that the very pith and core of Kipling's teaching is Methodist still.

"The Prophet of Things As They Are" may be a descriptive title, but it is by no means an exhaustive criticism. It certainly represents one aim of the writer, particularly in his earlier work, and so far as it goes is true of his general purpose. He writes of life, work, and human nature as he finds it; and with an eye like to a photographic lens for accuracy of detail. At the close of a century, when much of contemporary literature and art was effeminate and decadent, Kipling reinvigorated the world's thought. In his tales he has probed many of the sordid elements of life and character, and sketched for us men and women who do mean, cowardly, and unworthy actions; but he has never allowed his moral sanity to be weakened or overclouded by the morbid and unclean. The spirit of all his work has been essentially healthy and manly; better by far than the mawkishness which arouses pruriency instead of repulsion by its half-glozing, wholly harmful hints at evil. "I am entirely a man about town, and sickness is no word for my sentiments," he writes, after a descent into a Hong-Kong inferno, where he goes to "see what they call Life with a Capital Hell." The mouldiness and staleness of it all is oppressive; the reader also feels, "If this be Life, give me a little honest death without the drinks and without foul jesting."

In a word, the purpose and effect achieved by Kipling's art is ever the right one. We do not find fault with the Bible for recording downright immoralities; we know that they are there to warn us of the repulsiveness of vice and its evil consequences. So many folk who are emphatically not among Kipling's admirers bear the highest possible testimony, unconsciously, to his art and motive. He certainly does not make vice, meanness, or cowardice attractive; the Unlawful is never painted to appear the Desirable; evil is never gilded or sprinkled with rose-water. A cleanliness perhaps like unto the smell of the disinfectant; but not entirely or unnecessary for an age that has heard the hideous, uncertain voice of the sex-novel and the problem-play. In the preface to a collection of short stories, Kipling says that they "ought to explain that there is no particular profit in going wrong at any time, under any circumstances, or for any consideration. But that is a large text to handle at popular prices; and if I have made the first rewards of folly seem too inviting, my ability and not my intention is to blame."

It is precisely because he does not make the first rewards of folly too inviting that some people characterize such stories as "horrid." But this method is strictly biblical, and may be easily paralleled from the Old Testament. We cannot abolish evil by ignoring it; and it is necessary that we realize the horror of vice sometimes, in order to learn the more strenuously to avoid it. The vileness of sin and the virtue of obedience to law are ever Kipling's gospel: the gospel of the prophets and of John Wesley applied to our life of to-day."

The sense of the presence of God in all the affairs of life, which impelled Wesley not only to the preaching of the Gospel of Repentance, but to the spreading of Scrip-

tural Holiness, is with Kipling in all his work. We have it in the Envoi to "Life's Handicap":

> One stone the more swings to its place
> In the dread temple of Thy worth:
> I thank Thee most that, through Thy grace,
> I saw nought common on Thy earth.

But the finest and most glorious inspiration to the duty of our work, and at the same time a reminder of its truly religious aspects, was the "Recessional," where the old Methodist leaven in his blood has full course, and where Kipling lays aside the barrack-room concertina to write to nobler strains. We have had Byron and Burns and Swinburne, with a fruitless gospel of anarchy and license; poets on whom had fallen not exactly a mantle but the futility of the Red Cap, preachers of liberty without any particular definition, and printed for the most part to an accompaniment of notes of exclamation: in Kipling we have an older note, the gospel of law and obedience, of duty and work. The old Scots engineer, McAndrew, hears it when his engines

> Fra skylight-lift to furnace bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,
> Are singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;
> Now, a'together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:
> "Law, Order, Duty, an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"

This same reverence for the laws of God shows itself also in a reverence for the things of God. His description of a Sunday service in Chicago recalls Wesley's severe stricture on the "pert, self-sufficient animal, with neither sense nor grace," who will "get up and bawl something about God." Kipling speaks of a place "officially described as a church," where to the assembled congregation there "entered suddenly a wonderful man completely in the confidence of their God, whom he treated colloquially, and exploited very much as a newspaper reporter would exploit a foreign potentate. But, unlike the newspaper reporter, he never allowed his listeners to forget that he and not He was the centre of attraction. With a voice of silver and with imagery borrowed from the auction room, he built up for his hearers a heaven on the lines of the Palmer House (but with all the gilding real gold and all the plate-glass diamond), and set in the centre of it a loud-voiced, argumentative, and very shrewd creation that he called God. One sentence at this point caught my delighted ear. It was apropos of some question of the Judgment Day, and ran: 'No! I tell *you* God doesn't do business that way. . .' Yet that man, with his brutal gold and silver idols, his hands-in-pocket, cigar-in-mouth, and hat-on-the-back-of-the-head style of dealing with the sacred vessels, would count himself spiritually quite competent to send a mission to convert the Indians."

A few days later, in the same trip, he visits Musquash, and rejoices in its peace, order and decency. "But what went straightest to this heart, though they did not know it, was that they were Methody folk for the most part—aye, Methody as ever trod a Yorkshire moor, or drove on a Sunday to some chapel of the Faith in the Dales. The old Methody talk was there, with the discipline whereby the souls of the just are, sometimes to their intense vexation, made perfect on this earth in order that they may 'take out their letters and live and die in good standing.' If you don't know the talk you won't know what that means. The discipline or *discipline*, is *no thing* to be trifled with, and its working among a congregation depends entirely upon the tact, humanity, and sympathy of the leader who works it. He, knowing what youth's desires are, can turn the soul in the

direction of good, gently, instead of wrenching it savagely towards the right. . . . It was all immensely interesting—the absolutely fresh, wholesome, sweet life that paid due reverence to the things of the next world, but took good care to get enough tennis in the cool of the evening; that concerned itself as honestly and thoroughly with the daily round, the trivial task (and that same task is anything but trivial when you are 'helped' by an American 'help') as with the salvation of the soul."

Dick Heldar tells his Maisie, "Success is not got by sacrificing others, but by sacrificing yourself and living under orders and never thinking about yourself." It seems a hard gospel to preach, and a harder one to live—to labour that others may enter into the fruit of our labours; but it is a principle that, since the times of Jesus Christ, has ever had its charm for noble natures. It is Kipling's own ambition to put his best into his work, and he owns that he is given to stern self-questioning as to how much of unworthy motive there may be in it, how often the knee has been bowed "in the house of Rimmon," to use a favourite quotation of his. Time alone can answer that satisfactorily. Meanwhile, we cannot but rejoice that the man who has won the ear of the English-speaking peoples is one who shows more and more of a true and worshipful spirit, who in his own free, strong, and graphic style appeals to the man in the street in language whose clean-cut terseness he has acquired in all corners of our empire. If he does not in so many words proclaim the gospel of the Cross, yet surely it is no small thing to be a forerunner proclaiming righteousness of life and a practical application of the Christian ethic as essential to well-being.

Abler pens than mine have demonstrated how the leaven of Methodism has worked for the uplifting of the spiritual life of the Churches; and in these days of many-sided activity it should be not without thankfulness that we recognize its working through other, yet mighty, channels to the same fulfilment of that ideal of a regenerated society which Christ set before His people. The call to noble ideals of empire, whose ultimate aim is service rather than glory; imperialism whose purpose is the uplifting of all to the same level, not the exploitation of the conquered for the mere extortion of tribute,—this call to international fulfilment of that Scripture which proclaims that "he who would be the greatest must be the servant of all," comes through the leaven which it has pleased God to make of our Methodism—a leaven which truly fulfils itself in many ways; and for its expression in the realms of secular literature we owe also our debt of thankful acknowledgment.—Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

Lo! we have travelled from a country far,
Through years of failure, deserts sad and wild,
And, even as of old came Eastern kings,
With costly treasures, led here by Thy Star,
We, too, would bring Thee our poor offerings,
O Word Incarnate! Bethlehem's Holy Child,
Accept our gifts and us of Thy great grace—
Myrrh for our Sorrows, Frankincense for our Faith,
And Gold for Love that is more strong than Death!

—*Christian Burke.*

WHAT HAPPENED TO TED.*

BY ISABELLE HORTON.

CHAPTER IV.

DARK DAYS, AND A FRIEND.

Pretty Nellie Breen, with her wistful eyes and her child face, was in sore trouble. Even the baby knew it, and felt called upon to abjure her afternoon nap and see if she could fathom the cause. She lay in her mother's lap looking up with troubled wonder at the tear-dimmed eyes and quivering lip, and then, as if the cloud on the mother's face had dropped its chill shadow on the baby heart, she put up her own little coral lip and uttered a remonstrant wail.

"Don't cry, dearie—don't cry. There'll be crying enough for mamma and baby, too, by and by."

But for baby's sake she brushed away the tears and smiled as well as she could for the ache in her throat. The baby, concluding that perhaps it was all right after all, contentedly thrust her small pink thumb in her mouth and rubbed her chubby feet together, still watching her mother's face, however, as much as to say, "Now, I'm willing to be good if you are; but, really, if you cry I'm going to cry, *too*."

Three weeks before Tom had been laid off indefinitely. The dull season was coming on, work was scarce at the factory, and, according to an unwritten law, the last men hired were the first to be dropped, and Tom was among the last hired. Winter was at hand, and the chances for a steady job decreased every day. They had been living on bread and black coffee for a week, and money for the rent was not in sight.

Worst of all was the change in Tom. He had grown gloomy and morose. It seemed to Nellie as if he could not bear even to look at her or the baby, and would scarcely stay in the house a moment longer than was necessary.

There were meetings that he attended, from which he came home more gloomy than ever and full of bitter words about the injustice of capital, the oppression of the poor, and dark hints of something desperate and direful about to be done—threats that oppressed Nellie's heart like the sulphurous stillness that precedes the bursting of a thunderstorm. The meetings were held over Downey's saloon, and more than once Tom's breath betrayed that he had been drinking. Teddy, too, was different. He sold his papers and dutifully turned over his small receipts to help in the household expenses, but he was much with the "gang" in the evenings, and Nellie was positive that there were enterprises connected with their association which he kept carefully concealed from her.

It seemed to Mrs. Breen that all the forces of evil were shutting down on her and hers with a deadly, fiendish grip, and she was so alone—so helpless—so ignorant. The impulse was strong upon her to take the baby in her arms and fly away from this awful place, which was certainly given over to the powers of darkness. But then came the thought of Tom and Teddy.

Twice since the night Teddy came she had seen the woman in black—the woman with the sweet voice; and each time her heart had gone out to her in a way that she could not explain. Once she had met her coming up the alley and though in the woman's face was no sign that she recognized her, it seemed as though her eyes spoke to her. And they were such kind eyes, tender and pitiful, like her voice. Then one other day she had heard a voice singing, a rich, sweet, strong voice, that came floating out among the miserable sheds and reeking tenements, until children hushed their chatter and men their curses to listen. And she had listened—straining her ears to catch the words—until the voice ceased, and it seemed that something good and pure had died out of the world. She knew the voice even before the door opened and the woman whom she had seen twice before came out and walked swiftly away. Nellie had treasured a snatch of the words, repeating them over and over lest she should forget:

> "On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe,
> Oh, Love Divine, for ever dear,
>
> . . . .
>
> And smile at pain if Thou art near."

Now in her distress she decided

that if she ever saw this woman again she would go to her and say—just what, she did not know—but it seemed that when she should look into her face the words would come.

The baby had fallen asleep, and Mrs. Breen's head sank on her breast. She felt too miserably hopeless even for tears. Then there came a knock on the door, and she started up, wondering what new calamity was at hand. Hastily laying the baby on the couch she opened the door, and stood face to face with the woman in black—the woman with the voice.

The little woman looked up brightly and smiled.

"This is Mrs. Breen, is it not? I am often about here, and I thought I should like to call and get acquainted," she said in her sweet voice. "I am Miss Westcott, deaconess for St. Paul's Church."

And now poor Nellie was quite dumb. She set a chair for her visitor, feeling that she was in a dream. If she had announced herself puttiwalla for a Mahratta of Benares, it would not have meant less to Nellie, who had never heard of a deaconess, and who knew St. Paul's Church only as a convenient landmark. All her words and her wits were gone, and she was saying foolishly to herself: "She is not pretty after all. It's just her voice and her eyes."

Miss Westcott tried with much diplomacy to loosen the stupid tongue, but Nellie could only look volumes and answer in monosyllables. The caller had almost decided that she should have to give it up for this time, when a shrill whoop outside, followed by a clamour of boyish voices, started a new and prolific topic of conversation.

"I saw a boy just outside the door—a bright little fellow, with dark hair and eyes. Is he—surely he cannot be yours?"

"That's Teddy. He lives with us; he hadn't any home, and we've taken him in."

"Oh, I wish he would come in. I'd like to ask him to come to our Sunday-school."

Nellie stepped to the door only to see three or four pair of flying heels disappearing in a cloud of dust down the alley; but now at last her tongue was loosed.

"Oh, Miss Westcott," she burst out; "if you could only do something for him. This is a terrible place for a boy, and he hasn't any other home. And he's such a bright boy, and so good to the baby and me."

"Does he go to school?"

"No, his clothes arn't fit to go. We're—we're—my husband's out of work just now, and we can't do much for him that way. I don't s'pose he'd go to Sunday-school, neither, but couldn't you talk to him?"

"What does he do? What does he like best? Does he read?"

"He sells papers and reads them sometimes. But he's mostly with a lot of boys I don't like, and there's a house where they go—I hear Teddy talking about it—they call the woman 'Mother Tooley.'"

"Mother Tooley, on Bannock Street?" The deaconess spoke quickly, almost sharply. Then, without waiting for an answer, she went on: "Does Teddy have much money? That is—does he do well selling papers?"

"Not so very well; he brings home some money. I don't know how we could do without it, now Tom is not working."

"Mrs. Breen," said the deaconess, decisively, "Teddy should be in school at once. He can sell papers nights and mornings. To spend one's time in these streets with nothing to do but mischief would ruin an angel. I know something of 'Mother Tooley'; more than I dare tell you now. Would you mind, Mrs. Breen, if I brought him a few second-hand clothes—enough so that he could go to school?"

A red spot burned out in Nellie's pale cheeks. "Oh, I couldn't—I'm sure Tom wouldn't like it."

"Now, see here, Mrs. Breen; Teddy is a little fellow, not old enough to take care of himself, and you are doing what you can for him. I believe that any boy that God has sent into the world has a right to enough to eat and wear, and what he needs to make a man of himself. If he hasn't a father on earth, we have all the same Father in heaven. Why isn't it as much my right as yours to help care for him? Have you a sister, Mrs. Breen?"

"No; nor a brother, nor nobody. I was bound out when I was little, and have taken care of myself ever since I was fifteen."

"What a lonesome little woman. Now, let me be your sister, dear. I will help you and you shall help me

—there are many ways in which we could help each other—and we both will help Teddy. Is it a bargain?" and the deaconess' hand was laid coaxingly on her arm.

Nellie's eyes were swimming with tears, and she could not trust herself to speak, but Miss Westcott read the unspoken answer.

"Then it's all settled. I'm coming again to-morrow, and I'd like to see Teddy, if possible. Good-bye, dear," and she was gone.

Nellie turned to the couch where the baby lay and kissed the sweet face of the unconscious sleeper half a dozen times. Then she fell on her knees, and burying her face in her hands, sobbed as if she could never stop. She had never consciously prayed in her life, but it seemed just then as if something had come near to her from that world of better things of which she had dreamed, and her whole nature was stirred. She had not told the visitor a word of what had been in her heart. She had not asked her a word about that "Love Divine for ever dear" of which she had sung; but she was coming again; she had found a friend; and the burdened heart was well-nigh breaking with the sense of relief. From that day Miss Westcott was a factor that counted on the side of good in all the equations of the Breen family.

CHAPTER V.

NELLIE FINDS A FRIEND.

Mrs. Breen watched for the deaconess' coming the next day with eagerness not unmixed with dread. She was eager to see her again, eager to have her meet Teddy. But in spite of all she had said, she dreaded the bundle of clothes, dreaded that even "Old Moll" and her drunken daughter, and the peeping faces across the way should see this lady visitor at her door with that badge of poverty and dependence. She could drink her coffee without sugar and eat her bread without butter, but she shrank from this that seemed to place her on a similar footing with those around her, in poverty, if not in shame.

But when the deaconess came she had in her gloved hand only the little testament and note-book, without which she was seldom seen. They had been talking but a few minutes when the back door opened and Teddy slipped shyly in and seated himself gingerly on the corner of a chair, as if poised for instant flight, should the humour take him. The deaconess turned to him brightly.

"Oh, this is the boy who told me the way to Mrs. Billinski's that night. Are you acquainted with Mrs. Billinski?"

"I know the B'linski boys, and Mis B'linski's brother is p'liceman on Pilcher Street, where I sell papers," replied Teddy, with growing assurance.

"Oh, I am glad to know that. Is that a good corner for papers?" and Teddy was launched into a little dissertation on the newspaper business in which he could give Miss Westcott valuable points.

"But, of course, you don't expect to sell papers all your life?" suggested the deaconess presently; "you want to be getting ready for a larger business when you are older."

"Yes," said Teddy, following the lead unsuspectingly. "I want to go to school and get an education, an' I'm goin' as soon as I can get some better clothes."

"We were speaking of that yesterday, Mrs. Breen and I," said the visitor guilelessly, "and I had some clothes at our house that I thought might answer for a little while, until you can get some new ones; these are not new, but whole and comfortable. I left the bundle at Pitkin's store, as I had an errand in another direction. If you would run down for them now it would save me a walk, and we could see how they fit."

Mrs. Breen breathed a little sigh of relief, and Teddy flew off with the very wholesome impression that he was conferring a favour on the "Christian Lady," as he had dubbed her in his own mind. In the measuring and fitting and planning that followed Teddy's return Miss Westcott really seemed to slip into an elder sister's place, and it seemed altogether right and natural for her to say, "Now you'll be able to start for school right away, won't you?"

"You bet I will," said Teddy, complacently settling himself into a gray jacket patched but clean.

"And how about the Sunday-school? We have a nice class of boys there about your size."

"Is it St. Paul's Church?" said Teddy, doubtfully. "I know the kind of fellers that go there; they are reg'lar swells. They wouldn't want me."

"Well, there's a mission on Warren Street, and the boys there are not swells."

"Do you teach there?" said Ted, with a half-mischievous upward glance.

"No; I wish I did. But the Sunday-school is the same hour as ours, and I cannot be in both places."

The mission without Miss Westcott failed to arouse any enthusiasm from Ted, and the deaconess was forced to content herself for the time with the assurance that Ted would begin school the next day.

Days went by. Ted kept his promise, and was becoming interested in his studies. Nellie heard less of Mother Tooley and the gang, and more of fractions and history lessons. Sometimes Ted would report, "I saw the Christian lady to-day. She was just goin' up the stairs at Galloway's," or "She was comin' round the alley corner," and somehow Nellie felt better just to know she had been near.

But with Tom matters grew no better, but rather worse. Nellie had spoken of the deaconess' visits, and once ventured timidly to express the wish that he might meet her, but Tom had replied with something as near like an oath as Nellie had ever heard him use, that she could "take up with her" as much as she liked for all of him, but he wanted no "canting church hypocrites" around him, and if she commenced preaching to him he'd soon tell her so. Since then Nellie had not mentioned the subject. A chance day's work for Tom now and then, and Teddy's papers, kept them from starving. The deaconess, too, seeming to divine how matters stood, sometimes managed to put into Nellie's hands a package of rice, or a piece of meat, or some other luxury. But Nellie could feel her own strength waning on the meagre, unappetizing diet, and she knew that Tom even more than she, felt the need of nourishing food. The smell of liquor was often on his breath now, and if she expostulated he became angry.

"What's a fellow goin' to do when he's so used up his head swims like a hornet's nest when a feller comes and asks him to take a drink? And if you buy it, it don't cost but five cents an' you get an egg or an oyster or suthin' besides. And, I tell you, Nell, it justs puts life into a man, and stops that awful gnawing in his stomach." And Nellie, who knew something of the "awful gnawing," was silent, saying to herself, "If Tom don't have something to keep up his strength he can't work, even when he gets it to do."

Even the baby's soft cheeks were losing their colour, and growing white and pitiful looking, and she cried more than ever before in her life.

One day the deaconess had spoken to Nellie about coming to the church, but she only shook her head.

"I use' to go sometimes before I was married. We generally went to the Catholic Church. There was always nice singing there. Tom's folks was Catholic, but he don't believe much in any church now."

"Catholic or Protestant does not matter, if we only know Christ as our Saviour."

There was a little silence, and then Nellie said with an effort:

"I heard you singing once, and I allus thought I'd give most anything to hear you sing that same piece again. It was something about 'Love Divine, for ever dear,' and somebody being near when you was in trouble. Seems if that's what I need. Now, when you're here, Miss Westcott, I could stand most anything, but you have a lot of folks just like us, I expect, to go and see, an' sometimes it is a good many days I don't see you at all. If there was somebody like you sung about that was always near, I know I could stand things better."

"That's it—that's just it," said Miss Westcott eagerly. "The Lord Jesus is just such a friend; always near—within call. Ah, better than that. He will come and abide in our very hearts if we will open them to Him. I think this must have been the hymn you heard; it is a favourite of mine." And the rich contralto voice rose with the words:

"Oh, Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pain, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
And smile at pain while Thou art near.

"Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
No pair we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

"On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe,
Oh, Love Divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near."

The singer's voice was full of sweet, triumphant assurance, but the listener's face was full of troubled longing.

"Oh, I wish I had such a friend," she murmured.

"Why, you have, dear. He is as much your friend as mine; He is as near to you; He loves you as well. I know He is knocking at the door of your heart, and asking you to recognize Him and let Him in," and then followed the "old, old story," and never had the sweet voice seemed so full of tender pathos. Then she said, "Let us pray," and both slipped to their knees, and the pleading voice went on as if speaking to someone very near and dear:

"Heavenly Father, we bring Thee this hungry soul; she is looking for Thee, and Thou art not very far away. Give her the knowledge in her heart that Thou art her ever-present friend —her loving Father."

And then Nellie heard her asking that Tom might find work and that Teddy might be kept from evil influences. All the things that her heart longed for were in the petition, presented with the sweet assurance of a child speaking to its mother. It was unlike any prayer Nellie had ever heard, though, to be sure, these were not many.

"I'd like to pray like that," said Nellie, wiping her eyes, "but I ain't educated; I don't know how to say things in fine words fit for Him to hear."

The deaconess did not smile, but said, with a simplicity like Nellie's own, "Never mind the words, dear; words are nothing between your soul and God. Go where you are alone, and just let your heart reach up to Him. He will understand all you want to tell Him, if you don't say a word, because, don't you see, He is spirit—thought—Himself; and He doesn't need words to make Him know what is in your soul. If words come, let them come, but if it is only love and longing desire, be sure He understands. Oh, I am so glad I can leave you with such a Friend."

For answer Nellie lifted the hand she had given her to her lips. Her heart was too full for her to trust herself to speak.

"There, none of that," smiled Miss Westcott, and taking the quivering face between her two hands kissed it as one would a child;—and was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

A PROVIDENTIAL MEETING.

One raw day in December, Tom, who had been out at five o'clock morning after morning, on a vain hunt for work, remained in bed until eight, sullenly declaring that there was no use in trying any more. There was not an atom of coal in the house, and Ted had started for school without his breakfast, leaving a few pieces of dry bread scattered over the table. Nellie was feeling faint and weak, but she could not eat. Her head was full of a project which she had been revolving all night. With trembling hands she pinned on her hat. It was the one with the pink roses under the brim, but the rose was crumpled and faded, and the hat had a bedraggled and disreputable appearance. Then she put on a rusty black jacket, a relic of the factory days.

All the time she had been thinking of the Friend—she would like to tell Him, and ask Him to go with her, but she dared not kneel before Tom, who now sat glowering before the cold stove, elbows on knees and chin in hands. So she went to the bed where the baby lay, and sitting down on its edge, buried her face in the baby's neck and "let her heart speak to God" as the deaconess had told her. The words were very few and incoherent: "O Love Divine—O Love Divine—living or dying, thou art near;" but her whole being was a cry out of darkness and loneliness, a cry for help, and somehow she felt strengthened and calmed.

The piercing air revived her at first, but she shivered and wrapped her bare hands under her arms as she hurried along. A walk of four or five blocks brought her into one of the principal business streets. The great windows, filled with holiday goods, sparkled with gems and glowed with colour.

Once she paused at the window of a great silk store feasting her eyes on the wonderful tints. Her own world was so colourless and dull. There was one piece of pale blue silk—blue of the hazy, melting tint that skies take in October, and over it trailed dim, pink roses and pale buds and leaves, so perfectly wrought that one might almost smell their fragrance.

As Nellie's wondering eyes drank in its beauty, a clear, laughing voice close at her side exclaimed: "See that blue embroi-

dered silk. Isn't it lovely. I'm going to tell Tom that nothing else will make me happy but a dress of that for the Heatheringtons' ball."

Nellie turned to see what manner of woman this might be whose "Tom" could clothe her in fabrics fit for an empress. As her eyes fell upon the fair, aristocratic face, superciliously unconscious of her own presence and regard, some of Tom's — her Tom's — bitter words came to her mind. Was this woman one of the idle rich, who fared sumptuously every day and lived by oppression and cruelty? A bitter pain tightened around her heart. Was it all a cruel lie about the "Love Divine," and was the world after all in the hands of a blind, cruel, relentless fate?

She walked on with dragging feet, until she came to a tall building over whose arched doorway was inscribed the letters, "Loan and Trust." She paused, about to enter, but as if her heart failed her she walked on aimlessly. This time a baker's store arrested her steps. Great heaps of pink and white confections, toothsome pastry, and luscious fruit that would tempt the appetite of an epicure was spread before her famished gaze. Fierce hunger blazed up in her eyes, and she walked resolutely back toward the stone doorway. But just then, among all the hurrying footsteps one paused close by her side, and a familiar voice spoke her name.

"Good morning, Mrs. Breen. I hurried to catch up with you, but I thought you were going to escape me."

"You here, Miss Westcott?" exclaimed Nellie, feeling strangely lost and bewildered for the moment.

"Yes; I saw you just as I got off the car. Are you going my way? Shall we walk together?" She drew Nellie's hand through her arm, and through Nellie's head flashed the impression that all unknown to herself at the silk store and at the confectioner's, she had been waiting for this woman, who was also hurrying to meet her. And with this came another impression that the things that were right and good were the real things after all.

"I was going into the Loan and Trust Building," stammered Nellie. "We've got to do something, and I thought that—maybe—we could borrow some money on our furniture."

"Is it so bad as that?" said Miss Westcott, and the clasp of her arm tightened a little. "Tell me all about it."

"There isn't any fire at home—and we can't starve. Tom has tried everywhere for work, and they say that after the holidays it will be worse than ever. If we could raise twenty-five or thirty dollars it would help us along for a while. Of course, Tom'll get work some time, unless——" but the "unless" suggested an alternative so dreadful that Nellie could not put it into words. She had never spoken to Miss Westcott of Tom's lapses, but she knew that every visible sign of dissipation and poverty was lessening his chances for honest work.

"And in the meantime," said the deaconess, "there will be the monthly payments to meet. Do you know how much they will be? Come, I will go up with you."

They had once more passed the stone doorway, and turned back.

"Oh, thank you. I was so afraid to go alone."

They entered: the deaconess led the way and stood by Nellie's side, as she timidly explained her errand to a sleek and prosperous individual who sat at a desk filled with papers.

"Um—m—m"—finishing some writing and pushing away the paper before he wheeled about to regard his customer. "You want to raise a loan on some furniture? About how much?"

"Twenty-five dollars, if you please."

"And what is the furniture?"

Nellie enumerated the articles that had formed their simple outfit.

"Been in use long?"

"About two years. We got them new when we went to keeping house. They cost us seventy-five dollars."

"M—m—m, yes; bought them on the instalment plan, I suppose, which means that you paid about fifty per cent. more than they are worth. Well, I'll send a man around to look at the things, and you can call in again to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" Nellie's face fell. She had hoped for a dinner to-day. "Couldn't you——" she began hesitatingly, but the deaconess interposed.

"Will you please tell us again just what your terms are."

"Well," replied the man with easy condescension, arranging his papers

with a white, plump hand, on which glittered a huge diamond, "You can read this contract. The payments will be made by coupons, two dollars and fifty cents monthly, payable in advance. The debt can be paid in thirty or sixty days, or it can run longer, providing the monthly payments are kept up."

"And if they fail?"

"Why, then we take the furniture," was the easy response.

"Two dollars and a half a month is thirty dollars a year. Isn't that pretty high interest on twenty-five dollars, with a security at least double the debt?"

"Those are our terms. You are not obliged to take them if they don't suit," he answered stiffly. "We don't call it interest, however."

"Mrs. Breen, I don't believe you'd better have him send the man; let's talk it over between ourselves first," and half-relieved, half-distressed, Nellie followed Miss Westcott, who left the office with her head very erect, and once in the street took Nellie by the arm again.

"Now, dear, you are coming home with me to dinner, and we'll see what can be done."

"But there's Tom and the baby!"

"Tom won't leave the baby till you get back. We'll take a car, and you can be at home again in an hour and a half," and Nellie gratefully submitted.

They stopped before a plain, brick building, bearing the words, "Deaconess Home" on the brass door-plate. Nellie was ushered into a comfortable parlour and bade to warm herself at the steam radiator. Half an hour later she and Miss Westcott were sitting by themselves at a table spread with viands which, with a cup of fresh and fragrant tea, seemed to Nellie luxurious indeed. And while she ate, Miss Westcott was talking and planning for her.

"I know a place where a boy is wanted at once, and I think Teddy would do nicely. Do you think he would take it? The wages are only three dollars a week, but that would be something to depend upon. It's a pity to take him out of school, but he could learn a good deal at night school. I'm afraid there isn't much hope for Mr. Breen to get steady work before spring, but he can certainly pick up an odd job now and then, which will help some. And you—can you sew, Mrs. Breen?" Nellie was confident that she could do plain sewing very satisfactorily. "That is good. I'm sure I can get you a little work occasionally, and that, too, will help. Of course, it's going to be a hard pull for the next three or four months, but if you can only keep out of debt and don't lose heart—that's the main thing—you may never have such a siege again. And, by the way, you have remembered to take this to the Friend of whom we were talking the other day, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have tried, but sometimes He seems far away."

"But He isn't far away, you know; no matter how it seems." And listening to the confident ring of the speaker's voice, Nellie wondered how she could ever have doubted it.

"I believe He put me in your way to-day just to keep you from loading yourselves down with a terrible debt, which for people situated as you are, is an absolutely fatal thing. Now for the present emergency; I was caught out in a heavy storm the other day, and the dress I had on is nearly ruined. It will have to be ripped and cleaned and pressed, ready to be made over. If you will undertake this for me I will pay you in advance, because of the present distress. I told you there would be ways in which you could help me. No, you don't need to thank me, and you shall not do it for nothing. It's no more unlawful for me to pay you in advance for work, than for you to have paid those money sharks interest in advance as you were going to do."

"What delicious bread!" said Nellie a little later, as Miss Westcott urged a third slice upon her.

"Yes; it's home made. Can you make bread? No? Of course not; you always worked in a factory and have had no chance to learn. But, dear, you know, home-made bread is far cheaper, more wholesome, and more appetizing. If you like, I'll come in to-morrow and give you a lesson in bread-making. I used to be a 'master hand' at it at home. And some time we'll have a lesson in soup making, too. You don't know how many nice, wholesome dishes can be made out of very little. And, don't you know, dear, that you can do more to keep Tom from going to the saloon by giving him good, nourishing food, and keeping a tidy, cheerful home

than by all the scolding and crying in the world ?"

"I never scold," said Nellie, "and I do keep the house clean; but I couldn't help crying, sometimes."

"You've done bravely, little woman. And of course, one can't do much when one has nothing to do with. But it is going to be a little better if Teddy gets that place, and we'll commence to-morrow with a sack of flour and see what can be evolved out of it."

What a day that was in Nellie Breen's life! She had left home with her face set toward misery and debt and despair; she was returning full of plans for the betterment of their condition, and of courage and hope with which to face the ills that must be endured. She felt as though she had been taken by the shoulders and turned squarely around.

"And it was all that blessed woman," said she to herself; "how did she do it?" But the "blessed woman" had thrown herself upon the bed in her little room, feeling for the moment that the last atom of virtue had gone out of her.

And soon as Teddy returned from school he was told of the prospective job, and seizing his cap he shot off like an arrow from its bow, only to return an hour later with downcast face. The man had just engaged a boy, he explained, slinging his cap with unnecessary violence into the darkest corner of the room.

"I could 'a tol' ye that 'twant no use to go after a place two hours after 'twas advertised," grumbled Tom, and the gloom went round.

But with the next morning came the deaconess, flushed, smiling, and out of breath with her rapid walk. Teddy was to have the place after all. The man had called upon her early that morning to say that yesterday's boy had proved a dismal failure, and that he had liked Teddy's "modest manner and gentlemanly address so well"—this with a smiling glance at Teddy, which he acknowledged with a blush—that he had decided to offer him the next chance. Ted had not left his address, but fortunately had given the deaconess' name as reference. The man had come to her, and she to avoid possible mistakes, had come herself to tell Teddy that the place awaited him if he could go at once.

This time all went well. Ted was engaged at three dollars a week, and grew perceptibly in dignity and inches, for upon him now devolved the principal maintenance of the little family at No. 13 McCorkle's Alley.

One evening shortly thereafter, Ted confided to Nellie as the result of mature deliberation, that the deaconess was a "brick," she had a "lot o' common-sense," and "didn't pester a feller all the time about goin' to Sunday-school and bein' good."

"But you know, Teddy," ventured Nellie cautiously, "that that's what she wants you to do after all." Then, with a violent effort, she went on, "I do wish you'd let her talk to you about Jesus, Teddy. She's done me a world o' good. I couldn't never 'a' stood what I have if it hadn't been for what she taught me about Him and His always standin' by to help us."

"Oh, bother," grumbled Ted. "That's all right if you like it, but the churches ain't for the likes of us, and Tom and me we know it. I'm goin' to bed."

But a few days later an event occurred which completely revolutionized Teddy's relation to society. A brown paper parcel was left at the Breens'. It bore the label of one of the leading clothing firms of the city. Opened, it displayed a natty brown wool suit, knee pants and jacket and a smart cap to match. They were just Teddy's size, and a card within was addressed "To the Principal Business Man at No. 13 McCorkle's Alley." Nellie looked on, her face radiant. "Oh, Ted, I know Miss Westcott is at the bottom of it," she exclaimed.

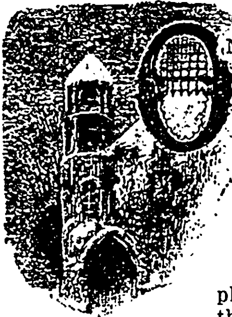
But Ted sat down regarding the new clothes in utter stupefaction. Then he took them up cautiously and measured them, holding them against himself; then he gazed upon the creases which advertised them as brand new store clothes—the first he had ever handled—with something akin to awe; and at length at Nellie's suggestion he went into the little bedroom and arrayed himself in them. He returned transformed, a little gentleman, a princeling. His eyes glowed, his hands trembled a little. He surveyed himself in the smoky glass over the sink and finally said, in a low, suppressed tone, "Say, I'm goin' to the deaconess' Sunday-school next Sunday."

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

THE FIRST SNOW.

BY F. CHARLTON.



NE of the exquisite surprises nature keeps in store for us is snow. She loves effects — transformation scenes—like the eternal child she is. Nothing pleases her better than a new dress. Her autumn splendours, the yearly riot of colour in which she indulges, are over; woods, lately brilliant, stand bare to the blast. Frosts have nipped the last flowers in the garden, hollyhocks and dahlias are a draggled ruin. A few evergreens, and those foul-weather friends, the faithful pine-trees, alone remain green. It is a sad sepia-coloured world, brooded over by pallid skies.

But the great queen will not long go in home-spun. She is preparing herself a robe of " white samite, mystic. wonderful." Who has not felt keen delight at the wild, almost articulate, cry of the wind which presages a heavy fall, and, listening intently in the night, has distinguished the characteristic swish which tells that, not rain, but snow, is driving against the panes ? It is a refinement of voluptuousness to know that a fierce snow-storm is wuthering without when you are snugly cuddled down in bed. If you are an epicure you give the reins to imagination, dwell with luxurious enjoyment upon the thought of all the unfortunates who may be exposed to the inclement weather. You picture solitary travellers across desolate moors, stumbling along in the teeth of the blinding drift until they sink down benumbed, unable to fight longer against the dread sleep that knows no waking—hapless seamen frozen stark in the rigging

whilst their ship drives upon an iron coast. A delicious shiver steals down your back as you pull the clothes more closely round you. If you are wise you will not remember that you have to turn out early next morning, but will console yourself, as did Browning's rejected lover, with the reflection: Who knows but the world may end to-night? Then you stray down the road to dreamland, devising for yourself a paradise of cosier, if less sensuous, delights than the Mohammedan—eternal repose in the drowsy ecstasy that comes between sleeping and waking, while a sublimated snowstorm of more than earthly violence for ever rages outside.

Perhaps the first snow of the year falls in the day-time. It is a grim, still day, the earth locked fast in the grip of a black frost. During the forenoon a few stray flakes wander about erratically. But it seems almost too cold to snow. Early in the afternoon, however, the air grows thicker—a grey woolly atmosphere; and presently the descent begins in earnest. There is hardly a breath stirring, no wind such as blowing over wide spaces pulverizes the soft down into dust as fine as sand in the desert. Large, white feathers fall unbroken. We go to the window and watch the bewildering whirl with dreamy pleasure. The children crowd round, shrieking with delight when we tell them that the old woman is plucking her geese. Fascinated, they press their faces close to the glass and gaze upwards into the depths of air peopled with myriads of eddying flakes. Faster and faster it snows, and the gloom deepens. Nothing can be seen now from the window but that soft riot of flying, fluttering, falling snow-petals. And we turn to the fire-lit room, the warm hearth, the snug chair, with enhanced enjoyment.

The morning after a heavy snowfall it is as though a new heaven and a new earth had been created overnight. The leaden sky of the day before is gone; the faint-red chimney-pots, snow-covered roofs and spires, stand out from a background of pale turquoise. The air is refined to thin purity; it steals into the blood like an elixir. Silence—the silence of trance, not death—muffles the world. The usual noises sound faint and far away. The "mesmerizer snow" has put the earth to sleep.

The most familiar landscape wears a strangely different aspect. Landmarks are blotted out, the valleys are literally exalted, the hedge is hardly distinguishable from the field it encloses.

Our garden is transformed into a grove of white coral, each branch, each little twig, a crystal fantasy. Common things are idealized into beauty, or distorted into grotesque. There is something freakish and fanciful about the snow, as if it were a game of nature's in which she displays roguish and madcap humours. It may be her substitute for the sand in which children revel so. So she banks it up over the garden mounds for castles, turns the posts in the yard into snow-men, powders the roofs and windows of the houses with it in wild caprice, and sometimes, just to show what she can do when she has a mind, decks the clothes-line along its entire length with a tracery of inch-deep fairy white.

What a pity it seems that her airy fancies should have to be demolished, that we must go out and sweep off the lovely bloom with which she has veiled our sordidness. And yet what occupation is more exhilarating than shovelling away snow? We owe to it a sensation of fresh piquancy. The middle-aged man whistles like a boy over his task, and even, laying down his spade, sends a surreptitious snowball at his opposite neighbour engaged in the same occupation. The wonder of dazzling whiteness in which he stands rejuvenates him unawares. To quote from the little known poems of Robert Bridges:

> "For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow;
> And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,
> Tread long brown paths, as towards their toil they go:
> But even for them awhile no cares encumber
> Their minds diverted; the daily word unspoken,
> The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber
> At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the charm they have broken."

THE GOSPEL OF THE INFANCY.

THE HOLY NIGHT.
—By Bouguereau.

Of this gospel of the infancy Dean Farrar beautifully says: "The story of the birth and childhood of Jesus the Christ, told with such wonderful simplicity and purity in the gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, has made a most profound impression upon the heart of the world. It has created new ideals of taste and conduct; new forms of grace and beauty; yes, we may even say that it has created a new kind of love and a distinct type of loveliness. It has given a new theme to poet and painter—a theme of which ancient art and literature knew comparatively little, and showed but few and faint traces. Childhood has only begun to 'come to its own,' in the works of art, as well as in the deeds of charity, since men have heard and believed the story of the Christ-child."

We present a few examples out of the many hundreds in existence of these pictures of which the world will never grow weary. The second of these is the quaint and odd little picture by Giotto, one of the earliest of the Italian masters. It is almost infantile in its character. The sheep are decidedly wooden, the figures are very

We do not refer to that apocryphal book in which are recorded many signs and wonders connected with the birth of Jesus, for which there is no Scripture warrant, but to that perpetual gospel of gladness which is preached to all the world at Christmastide. This blessed gospel of God's grace has been made the theme of sacred art from the rude carvings of the Catacombs down to the latest Christmas magazine. The great painters of all ages have brought their choicest gifts, the gold and frankincense and myrrh of their art, to lay at the feet of the Divine Child. For Raphael's exquisite Madonna and child the British nation paid the sum of $350,000. for the Sistine Madonna it would gladly give much more.

THE NATIVITY.
—By Giotto.

THE NATIVITY.
—By Le Rolle.

stiff. "But the sentiment of the picture," says Dean Farrar, "is perfect, and it is expressed with the simplicity of genius. The young mother is reaching out her arms to lay her newborn babe for the first time in his strange cradle. There is a tenderness of love, a wondering of solicitude, in her face and in her touch, that none but a poet could have ever conceived. Three of the angels above the stable are lifting up their hands in adoration—'Glory to God in the highest'—one of them is stooping to tell the shepherds his glad tidings of 'good-will to men,' but the fifth angel bends with folded hands of silent reverence above the holy place of the Nativity, and we feel that here indeed is 'peace on earth,' a peace of which every mother's heart knows something when she looks on the face of her firstborn child."

Our first picture is by Bouguereau, a modern French artist. All the light in the painting comes from the manger-cradle of the Divine Child. The shepherds bring their humble gifts of the firstlings of the flock, and gaze with adoration on the blessed Babe of Bethlehem.

Still more primitive in its character is the Nativity, by Le Rolle, another French artist. The scene is in the rudest kind of shed, where, upon a bed of straw, which is shared by the ox and the ass, the Lord of life and glory is born. What a contrast between the outward seeming and the real meaning of this sublime event. An old legend reads that the very stars in the firmament stood still in their sweep around the axis of the universe. The heavens themselves seemed emptied as "suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

THE NATIVITY.

Novus rex, nova lex,
Nova natalitia;
Novus dux, nova lux,
Nova fit lætitia.—Old Hymn.

Night of wonder, night of glory,
Night all solemn and serene,
Night of old prophetic story,
Such as time has never seen:
Sweetest darkness, softest blue,
That these fair skies ever knew.

Night of beauty, night of gladness,
Night of nights—of nights the best,
Not a cloud to speak of sadness,
Not a star but sings of rest:
Holy midnight, beaming peace,
Never shall thy radiance cease.

Happy city, dearest, fairest,
Blessed, blessed Bethlehem!
Least, yet greatest, noblest, rarest,
Judah's ever sparkling gem:
Out of thee there comes the light
That dispelleth all our night.

Now thy King to thee descendeth,
Borne upon a woman's knee;
To thy gates His steps He bendeth,
To the manger cometh He:
David's Lord and David's Son,
This His cradle and His throne,

He, the lowliest of the lowly,
To our sinful world has come;
He, the holiest of the holy,
Cannot find a human home.
All for us He yonder lies,
All for us He lives and dies.

Babe of weakness, child of glory,
At Thy cradle thus we bow;
Poor and sad Thy earthly story,
Yet the King of glory Thou:
By all heaven and earth adored,
David's Son and David's Lord.

Light of life, Thou liest yonder,
Shining in Thy heavenly love;
Naught from Thee our souls shall sunder,
Nought from us shall Thee remove.
Take these hearts and let them be
Throne and cradle both to Thee!

—*Horatius Bonar.*

LITTLE PETE'S LAST CHRISTMAS.

BY ISABELLE HORTON.

PLEASE, lady, gimme a flowah."

"Cah'y yo' sachel, lady? Do it fo' fi' cents. Oh, please, lady."

Besieged on either side at once, I surrendered at discretion, yielding my hand-bag to the author of the business proposition, and my bouquet of late goldenrod and purple asters, in toto, to his companion. The former was a wee picaninny, the broad brim of whose straw hat surrounded his little black face like a halo, and whose absurdly short legs were suggestive of nothing so much as a veritable brownie. The girl wore her kinky hair in a braid that curved outward and upward like the handle to a piece of grotesque ebony bric-a-brac. Her faded calico hung limply about her thin figure, stopping just short of a pair of broad, flat feet. she took the flowers, evidently surprised at her success, and glanced into my face, her elfish eyes eloquent with delight.

"Where do you live?" I asked, by way of being sociable.

"Jes' down yeah in Peck's Coaht," she said; then, with a sudden access of confidence, "You be's de lady what comes to see Viny Petehsen's mammy, be'n't yeh?"

"The identical one," I replied. "So you live near Vina Peterson, do you? Do you go to Sunday-school?"

"No'p; wha' fo' we go to Sunday-school?" she answered, diplomatically.

"Oh, all children ought to go to Sunday-school. They learn to sing and to march, and ever so many things. They learn about the Lord Jesus there, too. Do you know about Him?"

The "brownie," struggling manfully along with my hand-bag, looked up suddenly from under the big hat.

"Be yo' a Jesus lady?" he asked, solemnly.

"I try to be," I answered.

"Dah was a lady tole us 'bout Him once in the mission."

"La, yes; me'n li'le Pete use to go to de mission. Dat was much as ten yeah ago—cr sax, moah like. But sence we live down hyah we doan go no moah."

"That's a pity. I'll come some day and talk it over with your mother, and see if you can't begin again."

But alas for promises recklessly made! Thanksgiving work came on apace; sick calls multiplied; demands for work of all sorts kept heart and brain and hands busy, and days and weeks slipped by. It was in late December, and the air was full of flying frost-flakes, when I walked again in the vicinity of Peck's Court. Suddenly I spied a familiar figure, and heard a softly insinuating voice.

"Please, lady, has yo' got any mo' of dem yellah flowahs?"

It was Phyllis, but she was alone.

"Why, bless you, child, the goldenrod was gone long ago. Where is little Pete?"

"Li'le Pete's sick, lady. He's mighty awful sick, an' ma'am doan know what she's gwine t' do."

I paused, taking a rapid mental inventory of the day's doings—finished, on hand, and still to be done. But this might be urgent.

"I'll go and see him, if you like, now—with you. Show me the way."

For answer, she took my hand, and I felt the chill of her bare fingers through my warm lined glove. She led me into the Court, where the whirling wind mingled dust and soot and flying papers with the pure snowflakes. We climbed a rude flight of outside stairs, and pushed open a door which hung loosely upon its hinges. I saw a tumbled bed on the floor in the corner, and upon it little Pete, his cheeks burning with fever, and his dark eyes heavy and languid. A look of recognition brightened them as I entered the room, and he murmured:

"Lady—has yo' got any mo' dem—yallah flowahs?"

I knelt on the floor and stroked the hot forehead. "Do you want some flowers very much, little man?"

But eyes and thoughts wandered again, and he only muttered and moaned uneasily. There were no sheets on the bed, only a ragged patchwork quilt, and Little Pete wore the clothes he wore in the street.

"PLEASE, LADY, GIMME A FLOWAH."

"Isn't your mo'her at home, Phyllis?" I asked.

"No'm; she stayed to home sence li'le Pete got sick tell to-day, but dis mawnin' dey wasn't nufin' to eat in de house, an' she had t' go to work. She 'lowed she'd come home eahly an' bring sumfin' to eat, an' like as not she'll get us sumfin' fo' Christmas. Dat's to-morrow, you know."

It was three o'clock, and quite dark already, for over against the one window rose the dingy wall of a higher building. The little room was cold and bare, but clean. An antiquated bureau, with a bit of cracked looking-glass, stood against one wall. On another, at about the height of the children's heads, was tacked a highly-coloured lithograph, in which bedizened beauties of the vaudeville order played an important part. Bless the innocent hearts that see only the grace, and eliminate the gracelessness! Beneath the picture a box covered with gay chintz did duty for a table, and on it stood a bottle holding two or three stalks of goldenrod, faded, and fluffy, and dry, but still retaining some hint of its autumnal glory. It was evidently the children's corner—their pitiful altar to that

Beauty for which their little starved hearts yearned.

Feeling the chill of the room, I asked, "Haven't you any coal, Phyllis?"

"No'm; ma'am 'lowed she'd get some coal to-night, if she got her money." That precious one day's wages, which must buy food, and coal, and "sumfin' fo' Christmas"!

"Phyllis," said I, "I'm going out, and you must stay right here with little Pete till I come back. Will you?"

"Suah, I will," she replied, dutifully, and I hurried to the nearest drug-store and telephoned for a physician, and also to the Home for sheets and pillowcases, and a flannel gown. Then to a grocery, where I purchased some needful articles of food, paying for them from the small fund of "emergency money" I had by me. Then I halted before a florist's window—a perfect bower of roses, ferns, smilax, Christmas violets, and orchids, worth their weight in gold. I studied the cards on which prices were marked, and then examined, with calculating eye, the contents of my own small pocket-book. I could not use emergency money for such unnecessary luxuries as flowers at Christmas time, but, nevertheless, a flower they should have. Was it not Mohammed who said, "If I had but a single loaf of bread I would sell half of it and buy a hyacinth to feed my soul"? And a greater than Mohammed had said, "Is not the life more than meat?"

I selected three "Gold of Ophir" roses, their yellow cups half-open, and one blood-red Jacqueminot. Then I flew back, impatient of every step that separated me from the stairway in Peck's Court.

"See here, little Pete," I cried, tearing off the voluminous tissue paper wrappings, "these are for you; take them right in your hands, if you want to."

He took them weakly, and the great liquid eyes flashed a look of luminous gratitude into my face, and all at once the price I had paid for the flowers seemed pitifully small and trifling.

"Be you a Jesus lady?" he asked again, solemnly; and again I replied, meekly, "I hope so, dear."

"Now, Phyllis," I said, "I'll stay here, and you go and tell your mother to come home as soon as possible, and not to stop to buy food or coal. I have ordered enough for a few days, and she will need her money, for she must not leave little Pete again while he is so sick."

"Yes'm," and almost before the words were uttered she had vanished. An hour later, when the mother came hurrying home from her work, I had my little patient resting between snowy sheets in a clean, warm gown, a wet cloth on his throbbing head, and one yellow rose still held in his weak fingers. I was quite ready to resign my charge to her care, but she took my hand in both hers.

"De Lawd bless you, lady! You fix up my boy like dat, an' you give him such cos'ly flowahs, jes' lak rich folks. My chilluns, dey's wild about flowahs; de roses'll make Chris'mus for all us, fo' suah."

But little Pete was nearer the end than even I anticipated. Next morning, while the Christmas bells were ringing, and the yet unsoiled snow clung to gable and cornice, I hastened back to the Court. The mother met me with swollen eyes. The doctor had been there and had given no hope. He should have been called three days earlier, he said. The child was evidently sinking, but he knew me, and murmured something about "Dem yallah flowahs." I placed them in his hand again, the gold and the blood-red, and he smiled drowsily as his fingers closed over them. A few minutes later he opened his eyes wildly and threw up his hands.

"Mammy!" he cried; "mammy, I'se afraid."

She bent over him, sobbing.

"Don't be afraid, little Pete," I said; "I think you're going to see Jesus. But mamma is here, holding your hand, and the Lord Jesus will come to meet you. You won't be afraid with Him, will you?"

There was a flickering, convulsive smile on the babyish face, and he murmured:

"I'll give Him—de—yallah flowahs."

"Yes; give Him the roses, dear—with my love," and the little voyageur was gone on his long journey.

There were festive scenes in many a fair home that day, and the Christchild was honoured in grand cathedrals, but I think heaven and earth came nearest together in that little room in Peck's Court.

A CHRISTMAS HOMILY.

BY IAN MACLAREN (THE REV. JOHN WATSON, D.D.)

PERHAPS the most complete definition of God in all theology is contained in the Catechism of the Scots Kirk; and it runs, "God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being; wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth."

According to a pleasant story, the divines of the Westminster Assembly were so overcome with the majesty of the subject that they besought God by one of their number to illuminate their minds, and the Scots minister who offered prayer used those very words in calling upon God. They were accepted, so the story runs, as a direct inspiration, and it may safely be said that by the standard of theology there could not be a more perfect description of God.

And yet, if one should dare to criticise this noble utterance, it has one defect. It satisfies the intellect, it does not touch the heart; it is theology, a study in pure being; it is not religion, for it barely suggests a person. With all its careful selection of attributes, it does not from beginning to end mention love—the word which of all others one would have expected, and which embraces all attributes. When one desires to exercise his mind, he can find no better guide; when one's heart is broken, he will find this answer a marble pillow on which to rest. Why did not the learned divines, if one may venture to criticise such eminent and pious personages, inquire of that apostle who once laid his head on Jesus' bosom and felt the heart of God beat? Suppose they had taken the words of St. John, and written "God is love"? What ailed them at his description, who had lain in God's bosom?

Suppose they had heard Jesus, and had written "Our Father in Heaven." Would it not have made a difference in many hearts and homes if generation after generation of children had been asked, "What is God?" and learned to answer for their life long, "God is love." No doubt the God of the Catechism and of the Gospel is one, just as the Matterhorn is one mountain from its summit to the valley beneath; but the lofty peaks of glittering snow are not for any save the trained climbers of the race, and even some of them have missed their footing and been dashed to pieces in the perilous ascent. Many of us cannot breathe at such an altitude, and find ourselves at home in the clefts of the everlasting hills, where, in some sheltered place, the sun shines warmly, and the pure mountain flowers are blooming. We would lose our heads in speculations regarding the being of God, but we hide ourselves in His protecting and encomforting love, who is to us more than father and mother, husband and friend.

THE HEART OF GOD.

After a glimpse into the divine heart we know also that we have a sympathetic God. It is hard enough in any case to pray unto One whom we cannot see, and it is beyond our faith if we imagine Him sitting far withdrawn in His heaven, and untouched by this world's agony, which breaks beneath His feet as the spray of a storm upon a cliff. How can a transcendent God understand us, any more than we can enter into the feelings of an insect on which we placed our foot this morning? But a God immanent in us, who is affronted by every sin and wounded by every ill-usage, draws out our heart. He knows, He feels, because He has shared and has suffered. He also stretched out His hand and no man regarded; He has been betrayed and put to shame in His own house; He carries upon Him the burden of this world's care; He has had prodigal children, and been broken-hearted by His own friends; He also has been misunderstood, deserted, persecuted, insulted.

What trial of man has not also been the trial of God? What sorrow has not been felt by God? What sin has not been committed against Him also? Behold! before we pray He has heard us, not only because His ear is open to our cry, but because already in our affliction He has been afflicted.

"Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not here.

"O He gives to us His joy
That our grief He may destroy,
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan."

A NOBLE LIFE.

WALTER E. H. MASSEY.

With the death of Mr. W. E. H. Massey has passed away one of the best friends of Canadian Methodism. For a man so young (he was only thirty-seven) he had accomplished a great deal of work. Had God spared his useful life, he bade fair to accomplish vastly more. But God saw otherwise. His short life was a singularly happy one. Some men, born to affluence as he was, would have sought a life of ignoble ease, or of more ignoble pleasure. Not so Walter E. H. Massey. His life has been one of strenuous toil up to and beyond the measure of his strength.

From a wise father he early learned the dignity and blessedness of work. Having a love for literature and scientific research, he entered on a university course at Boston in his nineteenth year. On the death of his oldest brother, Mr. C. A. Massey, he relinquished these cherished dreams, and in his twentieth year entered the great business with which the rest of his life was to be so intimately associated. On the death of his father, in 1896, he became president of the Massey-Harris Company, and took an active part in the management of other great manufacturing industries. Even his leisure and recreation were turned to useful purposes. He created near Toronto a beautiful model farm, which he stocked with the finest grade of cattle.

In Walter E. H. Massey the man and the Christian were more than even the merchant and manufacturer. He grew up in a Methodist household, surrounded by the best and sweetest associations of Christian family life. The sons of the household used especially to delight in paying their tribute of affection to a mother's love and a mother's devotion. As a young man Mr. W. E. H. Massey became identified with Sunday-school and church work. While making a business tour of the world, and especially while visiting the sacred scenes of the life and labours of our Lord, he found time to write home a series of very interesting and instructive letters to his Bible-class. His interest in young men never ceased. For ten years he has conducted a young men's Bible league in connection with the Central Methodist Church, which has grown to a membership of nearly one hundred. To this league his best thought and study was devoted. In addition to their religious instruction, he promoted in every possible way the social and intellectual welfare of the members of the league. His beautiful home was generously thrown open to them, and he gave many instructive lectures and entertainments in their behoof.

Another object in which he was intensely interested was the Fred Victor Mission, the memorial of a deceased brother. This busy man of affairs, with many large business interests on his hands, still found time to give much personal attention to this Christian enterprise, and to give occasional lectures for the instruction and social betterment of the poor. He was an expert photographer, and found great pleasure in illustrating his lectures with stereopticon enlargements of his own photographs.

Mr. W. E. H. Massey was a generous giver, but more precious than the money value of his gifts was the sympathetic and kindly spirit in which they were bestowed—the gift of his time, his toil, himself, to these manifold philanthropies with which he was connected. The kind-hearted letter which accompanied his munificent gift to the Twentieth Century Fund is an

illustration of the enhanced value of such gifts.

Mr. Massey was a sagacious and prudent counsellor, and a man of courage and enterprise in the councils of the Church as well as in great commercial affairs.

Upon the sacredness of his domestic life we may not intrude. Never has the sweet idyl of the home been more beautifully illustrated than in the private life in which, amid the manifold cares of business, he found solace and joy. It seems a strange providence that so useful a life should be so soon cut off, that his sun should go down at noon-day, but God's ways are past finding out. Like the Psalmist we can only say, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth because thou didst it." His noble life is not ended. Through his personal influence and example he still exerts a benign and potent spell in moulding the life and character of those who came within the sphere of his influence.

Seldom have the tributes of the press given more unstinted praise than those bestowed on Mr. W. E. H. Massey. The Daily Globe makes the following reference to his noble life:

"Mr. Massey's name was widely known and respected not only by reason of his prominent connection with the great manufacturing industry which has spread its operations over every continent and among the islands of the sea, but it was beloved and revered among those engaged in the work of evangelization in every part of the empire because of the deep interest and practical sympathy he displayed in every movement for the uplifting of his fellowmen."

AN IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL.

A peculiarly impressive service was that when over a thousand of the workmen of the Massey-Harris Company, and many mourning friends, filled the Central Methodist Church, in which Mr. Massey worshipped.

In his admirable address at the funeral, the Rev. W. H. Hincks said:

"As a key to his character let me mention that he was pre-eminently a man of prayer. This was so marked in his life and was one of the secrets of his calm amidst the strenuous life he lived in the business world. Many of you knew him as a man who administered the largest manufactory of its kind in the British Empire, touching from his desk Australia, Germany, France, Austria, Great Britain, and this vast Dominion. We knew him in the evening at his home, and at his prayer service, where in the church he touched the throne of God in simple, direct, earnest prayer. About his prayer there was always a deep, earnest humility, tenderness, reverence, and self-effacement. He greatly prized the privilege of ministering to others in eternal things. The Bible-class on his Dentonia Park Farm, at which some seventy of his employees and friends gathered every Sunday during the summer, was an example of this.

LESSONS FROM HIS LIFE.

"Mr. Massey put home before wealth; business never starved out the lover in him, business never starved out the father in him, and never starved out his communionship with his family. You see him with the swing of commercial victory, conquering in all his business and philanthropic enterprises. I see him standing in the bedroom of his sleeping children, with his wife by his side. He revealed the unspoiled heart of fatherhood, untarnished by business and worldly honour, as he said, 'This looking at my children asleep is one of the luxuries of my life.' Amid the rush and roar of commerce, the faces of wife and children were ever before him, and were second only to his love of God and truth.

"The great lesson to all business men from Mr. Massey's life is: Put first things first; put Christ before even business; put wife and little children before business; put your health before business; stamp every dollar you have as perishable, and to be used for God and man; and, while you can live to use it, do good."

Come sleep! O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low!

—*Sir P. Sidney.*

MR. STEAD'S NEW CRAZE.

Mr. Stead seems never so happy as when prophesying evil against his own country. His latest craze in this line is his character-sketch of President Theodore Roosevelt, in the October number of The Review of Reviews. He has found in him the paragon of all the virtues, the man who has not a peer in Great or Greater Britain. the man who, if Mr. Stead's vaticinations are correct, is destined to become the head of the whole English-speaking world.

To show that we do not exaggerate we quote Mr. Stead's own words:

"We have no one, crowned or uncrowned, who can compare as a popular hero with Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. . . . Mr. Roosevelt has in him the stuff of which popular heroes are made, genuine stuff without any stuffing, whereas in this Old Country we have only such sorry substitutes as Colonel Baden-Powell and the Earl of Rosebery.

"Seriously speaking, it is quite possible that the democracy of Great and Greater Britain may come to regard with more personal liking and genuine admiration the new American President than any of our home-bred sovereigns or statesmen. . . . We have only Edward the Seventh at Windsor. Whereas, at Washington, they have for the first time a President young, ardent, magnetic, successful, and full of fire and 'go.' . . . When to the attraction of the superior magnitude of the United States there is added the magnetic attractiveness of the new President, who can venture to predict the result?

"It is probable that the first to feel the full force of this new factor will be the colonies. . . . Mr. Roosevelt stands before all these new Commonwealths as the proved type of virile energy, of fighting efficiency, and of administrative success." Is it not rather premature to speak of his "administrative success" before he has been a month in office? "How long will it be before they will begin to wonder whether, after all, it might be more to their interest to stand in with the bigger concern and to follow the lead of Roosevelt rather than dawdle on any longer with the superannuated old Grandmotherland?

"If such reflections should stir in the hearts of our colonists, one thing is certain. They will meet with reciprocal advances from the White House. Mr. Roosevelt has never made any secret of his conviction that there is no room for John Bull in the western hemisphere. . . . Nor can it be pretended that Theodore Roosevelt is a man to shrink from using the sword to carry out his political ideals."

"It is true that the Monroe doctrine 'at present' is not held to necessitate giving instant notice to quit to John Bull from the American continent. But it might easily come to that. If it did, Mr. Roosevelt would find ample moral justification for a war to sever Canada from England in the interest of the Canadians."

Let Mr. Stead speak for himself and not for Great or Greater Britain. The British commonwealths throughout the world have just shown the intensity of their loyalty to the great mother of nations from which they have sprung. The royal progress around the world, of their future Sovereign, has given them the opportunity to prove their devotion to the crown and person of the King. The blood of French and English-Canadians, of Australians and New Zealanders, shed upon the brown veldt of Africa, has cemented the Empire as nothing has ever done before. The Premier of the Dominion has just stated that no more Canadian deputations shall wait on the Washington Government seeking reciprocity. We look to the Motherland for the development of our trade and the perpetuation of our institutions. The Honourable John Charlton, member of the late International High Commission, has just told the New York merchants the same thing. We suppose the ignorant Boers, whom Mr. Stead has been stuffing with lies for two years, are willing to accept his rot, but no other men in the world, outside of a lunatic asylum, will do so. President Roosevelt and intelligent Americans would be the first to scorn and scout the mad maunderings of Mr. W. T. Stead.

Current Topics and Events.

The Mills Grind Slowly.

The prolonged and difficult work of wearing out the Boers by sheer attrition goes wearily on. "British troops are piteously ambushed, ingloriously sniped, cruelly derailed, shot down in some ragged skirmish" by men who often masquerade in British uniform. "The colonial troops and mounted troops spend themselves in desperate rides hunting down an enemy that ever divides, escapes, vanishes, reappears." But despite the cost of war in treasure and in blood the fixed resolve that "never again" shall such an attack at Britain's suzerainity be possible, abates not a jot.

The action of the great powers anticipates to some extent the verdict of history. Notwithstanding the international jealousies of Great Britain, the ceaseless activities by Boer envoys, at every chancellery in Europe, and the racial sympathies for the Dutch, no nation has ventured to impeach the justice of Britain's position in this unhappy conflict. An envenomed press, it is true, in large part suborned by the enormous secret service money of the Boers, pursues its loathsome campaign of lies. The London Daily Mail describes the mendacious methods by which the Groeblers, the Fischers, the Leyds, inundate the continental press with stories of British atrocities and British massacres. It is amazing that otherwise reputable American papers, even religious papers, will print and often endorse this tissue of lies. The ignorant Boers are still further deluded by talk of intervention, now that Russia, and now China, has declared war against England, that the King is a fugitive, that Cape Town is captured.

An Associated Press despatch states that in the course of the last year about 7,000 soldiers, both officers and men, from the armies of Europe have joined the Boer fighting forces in South Africa.

Add to these the scum and scoundrelism from the slums of European cities, attracted by the Boer gold, and some explanation of the prolonged conflict will be gained.

Mr. Kruger, when asked what he would do if an arbitration went against the Boers, is credited with saying, "We should take up arms again. We should never never submit to the results of arbitration if they were unfavourable to us."

Mr. Brodrick, the Secretary for War, states that everything possible is being done for the refugees, but no Government can secure the inhabitants of a country from privation when a small number of desperate men are sparing no means to render it uninhabitable.

Foreign Methods.

German students are bitterly protesting against Mr. Chamberlain's reference to the cruelties of the Franco-Prussian War, which they utterly deny. They had better read the confessions of the man of blood and iron, whom they so much admire, Prince Bismarck. In the secret history of the Prince by his secretary, Dr. Busch, with wearisome iteration he describes Bismarck's truculence.

"The proper strategy," he says, "is in causing the inhabitants so much suffering that they must long for peace and force the Government to demand it. The people must be left nothing but their eyes to weep over the war."

Speaking of the franc-tireurs, or uniformed peasant fighters, "It will come to this," said Bismarck, "that we will shoot down every male inhabitant." Whole towns and villages were burned, and at Bazeille many of the inhabitants.

When it was rumoured that Garibaldi and thirteen thousand of his volunteers had been made prisoners, the Prince grimly remarked, "That is really disheartening. Why have they not been shot?"

"There is no doubt," he writes, "but for me three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have been killed, and would not now have been mourned by parents, brothers, sisters, and widows." Bismarck complains that the sentimentality of the Queen of England, and the interference of Queen Augusta, delayed the bombardment of Paris.

Dutch and Belgian papers bitterly denounce the British, while Holland has carried on for twenty years a ruthless war against the natives of its ancient

colony of Java, and the savagery of the Belgians on the Congo is, an American writer in The Outlook affirms, "one of death-dealing cruelty and wholesale burning of villages." In one raid two hundred native villages were burned. Kitchener, it is true, burned Boer farms which, under protection of the white flag, were made an ambush for sniping at the British, and for concealing combatants and weapons, but he never swept the scythe of destruction over such vast areas as did Sherman in his raid through Georgia.

"Give Peace in Our Time, O Lord."

Every humane instinct recoils from the suffering endured alike by Britain and Boer, but single battles in the Franco-Prussian and American Civil Wars slew many more men than the whole South African campaign.

We seek not to minify this suffering, but to point out the injustice of the accusations of the bloodthirstiness of the British. War is at best a cruel thing, the last and most dreadful appeal. All the more wicked is its wanton precipitation. But never was war waged with greater clemency to the conquered than in South Africa. The British long for peace, and are eager to bestow upon the Boers ampler liberty than they ever had before—save only in the right to oppress alike blacks and Outlanders. For such a peace great numbers of the Boers equally long, and such a peace they all may have as soon as the irreconcilables lay down their arms—not before.

We share the feeling expressed by Canon Holland: We may cherish the memory of that scene which Mr. Paul Bull has recorded in The Chronicle, when Boers and British stood together, in the clear morning light, round the graves of two English lads slain in fight, and sang the English hymn that was familiar to both—

> "Abide with me: fast falls the eventide,
> The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide."

May we not hope that the two peoples may yet stand round the open grave of the war, into which they will have cast for burial all the bitter thoughts of hatred and of strife; and may join hands, and hearts, and voices, in prayer to God to pardon all that has driven them so fatally asunder?

A Great Explorer.

Mr. Peary's sledge journey during his last expedition, says Current Opinion, resulted in another most conspicuous addition to our knowledge of arctic geography. Greenland is the largest island in the world. With the neighbouring islands that geographically pertain to it, this Greenland land mass comprises probably nearly half of the total area of all the arctic islands. The coasts of Greenland, extending for some thousands of miles, have now been outlined, except the comparatively short stretch between Independence Bay, discovered by Peary nine years

LIEUT. R. E. PEARY.

ago, and Cape Bismarck, on the east coast. In addition to his coast work, he has travelled 2,400 miles on the inland ice cap. Two explorers have attained a higher latitude in the landless eastern part of the Arctic Ocean; but whether or not Peary succeeds next year in equalling or surpassing the approach to the pole made in the eastern hemisphere, he will always be known as the pioneer who has made far larger additions to our knowledge of the extreme northern lands and of the most northern inhabitants of the world than any other explorer.

Li Hung Chang.

With the death of Li Hung Chang has passed away the most notable man in the Celestial Empire. He has been described as the greatest statesman China has ever produced.

LI HUNG CHANG.

a man to be ranked with Bismarck and Gladstone. With the former he is perhaps comparable in his capacity for duplicity and truculence; but he has slight resemblance to the high-minded British statesman who "reverenced his conscience as his king."

The Tiger Tamed.

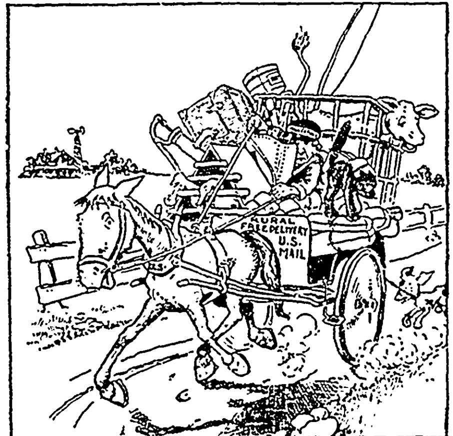
The crushing defeat of Tammany is an omen of brightest augury for civic righteousness, not only in New York, but in every place where the power of the saloon and gambling den has clutched the keys of government and despoiled the people of their rights. The long fight maintained by such men as Reis, Parkhurst, Roosevelt, and other lovers of their kind, against bossism, corruption, and fraud, has achieved a signal victory. But eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. The Tammany tiger is very tenacious of life. The spoils of office are a tempting bait. The modern problem of civic government is one of the most difficult of solution. But the civic reforms that have been won in Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, and even in that modern Babylon, London, show that an aroused public opinion, watchful with more than the hundred eyes of Argus, and strong with more than the hundred arms of Briareus, can conquer selfishness and greed, and enthrone justice and righteousness.

Mr. Reis shows us how the provision for the schools and play-grounds of the poor, and even for the protection of common decency in the tenement barracks, has long been frustrated by the greed of Tammany. What a picture we have in the prophecies of Ezekiel of civic righteousness in the description of boys and girls playing in the streets of Jerusalem, and what a city, whose streets are fit to be their play-ground.

Parcels Post.

A German manufacturer can ship an eleven-pound package from Germany to any State in the Union cheaper than it can be shipped from New York City. England, which has a parcels-post treaty with nearly every civilized nation on earth, exported $20,500,000 worth of merchandise through the parcels post last year.

There are many millions of people in the United States who live at a distance from any express office, and, consequently, when anything is sent to them they must go for it in person or procure the services of some neighbour or friend. In rural localities, where excursions to railroad stations are not an every-day occurrence, it often proves very aggravating to be compelled to suspend the performance of important duties, and make a special trip to a distant express office for one little package, which, perchance, is very much needed.



UNITED STATES PARCEL POST.

YALE BICENTENARY.

The victories of peace are more glorious than those of war. Yale University has just celebrated its bicentenary. In two hundred years it has cost less than the creation and maintenance of a first-class ship of war. Yet what incomparable service it has rendered the country—what a potent influence upon national life! Four of its graduates were in the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, three are to-day on the Supreme Court, and many hundreds have been trained within its walls to higher thinking and nobler living.

"Yale," says the Chicago Post, "ceaselessly searched for truth; with untiring energy she forced her way into the homes of the land, into the counting-room, the factory, the market, and the shop; with unwavering determination she fought for the best in citizenship, in government, in learning, and at the fireside."

Our colleges and universities are the best bulwarks of our national greatness.

It is reported that the 600 school-teachers recently sent to the Philippines took with them a lot of revolvers, and twenty thousand rounds of ammunition. One facetious writer describes the schoolmaster as carrying two or three revolvers, bowie knives, and a mountain howitzer. "Verily," he adds, "they are well prepared to teach the young idea how to shoot."

We refer elsewhere to the bitter criticism which President Roosevelt has received for the crime of dining with the foremost representative of the coloured people of the United States. This criticism, by a rabid section of the Southern press, seems all the more absurd since attention has been called to other distinguished occasions on which Booker Washington has been entertained. In his biography, he says, in England, at Windsor, he and his wife were the guests of Queen Victoria. He was also the guest of Bishop Potter, President Eliot, of Harvard University, and entertained at his own table President McKinley. President Roosevelt and Mr. Washington can both afford to treat with contempt the rabid criticism of a few fire-eating Southern editors.

The generous gift of $10,000 by Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, to Toronto University, the recent gift of $50,000 to Trinity University, the generous donations to Victoria and Queen's and McGill, and other great gifts in Canada, and still greater in the United States, are demonstrations that the sense of stewardship is being more widely felt among wealthy men. This spirit of broad human sympathy, of generous altruism, was never more strongly shown than in these later days.

We regret that the beautiful spectacle of the Pan-American involved a loss of about three million dollars. We are glad to know that the Glasgow Exposition netted a gain to the thrifty city on the Clyde of about the same amount. We note, as a coincidence, we do not affirm as a cause, of this discrepancy, that our friends at Buffalo outraged the Christian sentiment of the community by keeping the Exposition open on Sunday. The city of Glasgow, whose pious motto is, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word," religiously closed the exhibition on the Lord's Day. There may be a more intimate relation between these facts than the scoffer and the scorner will admit.

OUR CHRISTMAS ROSES.

Round the table, in the firelight, as the shadows come and go,
Fair and bright as are the angels, do our Christmas roses glow:
Our children's happy faces, our own smiling boys and girls,
With their eyes as bright as jewels, and their wealth of sunny curls.

God bless our "Christmas roses," our tender human flowers!
We thank Him who has granted such treasures to be ours.
God bless our "Christmas roses," from His own garden given,
To link us erring mortals with the golden gates of heaven!

Religious Intelligence.

Mission Boards.

In the glorious month of October, when all nature is transfigured and bedecked with purple and gold, the great Missionary Societies of our Church have their annual assemblies. The General Board of Missions of the Methodist Church met in the town of St. Mary's, October 10. It held a very successful session. One of the most encouraging features was the report of the tidal wave of revival which is sweeping over the great empire of Japan. Many thousands of persons are inquiring the way of salvation, and there are being added to the church daily such as shall be saved. Steady progress towards the unity and solidarity of Methodism in the presence of a consolidated heathenism is being made.

The great disasters which befell mission work in China through the Boxer rebellion affected our own Church less heavily than many other Churches. While our missionaries were compelled for a time to leave their work, yet their property has been preserved intact, and the missionaries are already returning to their posts. The venerable Dr. Hart, who has thrice gone as leader of Methodist missions in that land, and has thrice been expelled from his field of work, though impaired in health, is as full of missionary zeal and energy as ever. The mission press, which he recently planted in Chentu, has already achieved a marked success. It has distributed many millions of pages of Gospel truth, and is capable of a very great expansion. His appeal on this behalf, recently published in The Guardian, should stir every soul and lead to the more vigorous support of this important propagan of religious truth.

The income for the year is $270,-312.29, an increase in every item except that fluctuating one of legacies. Dr. Sutherland announced the rallying cry of the Church, the purpose of raising half a million for missions.

Missionary Finance.

This seems a large amount, but the irrefragable logic of figures shows how this result may be accomplished by the trivial sum of a cent a day from each member of the Church. The only difficulty is to get all to do their share—to arouse the multitudes who do little or nothing from their guilty apathy, to induce them to feel the luxury of doing something for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. The cent a day should be minimum—all can give this. Many now give ten times as much, and some give in our own Church a hundred, two hundred, three hundred times as much; and among our richer neighbours in the United States there are men who give over $100 a day to the cause of God.

The New York Independent, speaking of the M. E. Church of the United States, says, "The financial resources of the Church, with its nearly 1,800,000 communicants, are scarcely touched. They never can be adequately reached under the present system or lack of system. Fifteen hundred thousand dollars a year would not be too much to expect from the Church if the Church had an opportunity to know its privilege and duty."

Money is poured out like water for the gratification of men's appetites or for frivolous pleasures. Men who spend from ten to fifty dollars a year for tobacco often plead that they cannot afford to give a dollar to save the world. The drink bill of Great Britain and the United States alone is $1,450,000,000 a year—with twice as much more as the cost of the traffic—while the contributions of all the Protestant Churches of the world, for the conversion of the heathen, have never amounted to $10,000,000 a year. The value of kid gloves imported into New York, says Mr. Croil, is ten times as much as the amount given by all the societies in America to foreign missionaries. In that city, it is said that $7,000,000 are expended annually in theatre-going and kindred amusements, and that $125,000,000 are expended annually in silks, satins, laces, and other fancy goods. There is money enough and to spare.

During the last ten years, the conversions, in proportion to the numbers employed, have been thirty times more numerous in heathen than in Christian lands. Lo! the fields wave white unto the harvest; let us pray, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into the harvest.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Woman's Missionary Society is unique in this respect, that it has its income all in hand before it spends a dollar. Indeed, during the last year it received in bank interest $819. The General Society, on the other hand, has to pay out a very large sum in bank discounts in order to pay the claims of the missionaries. A large proportion of this could be saved if subscribers would only pay their money before Christmas, instead of many months later. What more appropriate Christmas offering could one make than to bring our gifts of gold, with the incense of frankincense and myrrh, the prayers of faith, to the feet of the world's Redeemer?

The past year has been the most successful in the history of the Woman's Missionary Society. Its total income from all sources was $50,972.58; an increase on the previous year of $8,410.30. Nearly $4,000 of this increase was from the special Twentieth Century Fund offering. What a marvellous growth from the small beginnings of this Society only twenty years ago.

The W. M. S. has shared the benefits of the revival in Japan. Almost all the 255 Japanese scholars in the schools have expressed their strong purpose to become Christians, and 61 have been baptized. Over 7,000 missionary visits have been paid, and access has been obtained to 117 new homes.

Four faithful women agents of the Society are now in Chentu, Western China, taking up the work which they were so reluctantly compelled to resign during the Boxer rebellion. We note with special satisfaction that a deaconess has been appointed to work among the French population in Montreal. In that city there are hundreds of Sisters of Charity of the Roman Catholic Church, who devote their lives to teaching, nursing, ministering to the sick and poor. Methodism will now be represented by what we believe is a much better type of woman ministrant. We believe their work will be found so helpful that the number will be soon increased, and the Methodist deaconesses become a factor of much importance in aggressive work of our Church in that great commercial metropolis.

The address of Dr. Maud Killam touched all hearts. Speaking of the need of China, she said New York has for its two and a half millions of population four thousand physicians, while for the same number of people in China there is only one. In no way can the hearts of the natives be reached with such a spell of power as by Christly ministering to their bodies, as well as to their souls, in their hours of sickness and sorrow.

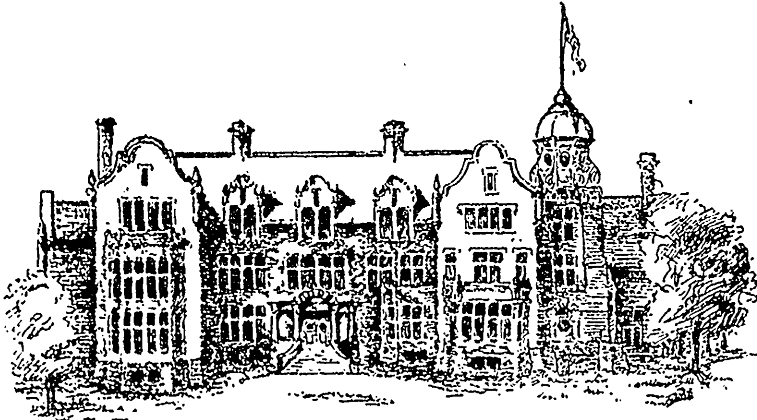
While the Society exhibits marked progress, still it expresses regret that there are many thousands of women in Canadian Methodism who are yet unidentified with its beneficent work, and that there are so few candidates applying for work in the the foreign fields. The missionary zeal of any Church is no unmeet criterion of its religious prosperity. The practical methods for diffusing missionary information of the W. M. S., the prayerful spirit of its gatherings, the zeal in their grand commission of its members, is one of the most helpful signs for the future of Canadian Methodism. Again, as in the times of the Psalmist, it is true, "The Lord giveth the Word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host."

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

The Provincial W. C. T. U. has also held its convention in the town of Stratford. It is carrying on its noble work of moulding opinion, maintaining the standard of civic righteousness and social reform, and watching with Argus eye the infringement of the law by an unscrupulous and aggressive liquor traffic. The story of the heroism of Mr. Leck and Miss Sproule, the agents of the Union, in visiting the six hundred lumber camps, employing probably 40,000 lumbermen, throughout New Ontario, and in promoting among them the interest of temperance and morality, stirs the souls of all who heard or read the report.

OUR COLLEGES.

Our colleges have again opened their halls to the great company of young people who are seeking better equipment for the battle of life. Never were these institutions so well fitted for their great work as they are today. The impulse received from the Twentieth Century Fund will long be felt.



WOMAN'S RESIDENCE, VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

At Sackville a splendid new building has taken the place of that recently destroyed by fire. At Montreal the principalship of Professor Maggs has been marked by vigour of administration and success all along the line of college work. The visits of Dr. Maggs to Toronto, and other centres, have won for him golden opinions from all sorts of people. Dr. William Jackson was formally inducted on October 24 into the George Douglas chair of theology, endowed by the late Mr. Hart A. Massey, of Toronto. His inaugural lecture receives very high commendation, and in this important position Dr. Jackson will doubtless do the best work of his life.

An advance step is made at Victoria by the inception of the new Woman's Residence, provided by the liberal bequest of $50,000 of the late Hart A. Massey. To this the Barbara Heck Association have contributed several thousand more for the purchase of land and equipment. The new building, as shown by our cut, is of that Elizabethan architecture which seems so appropriate to an academic building. The architects are Messrs. G. M. Miller & Co. It will meet a long-felt want in providing a home where the richest culture, social refinement, and intellectual training shall go hand in hand in developing the noblest type of Canadian womanhood.

A pathetic feature of the meeting of the College Executive was the report of the late Mr. W. E. H. Massey, who gave his best thought to the completion of the architects' design for the erection of this memorial of his late lamented father. It was his own last work for the Church which he so greatly loved and so faithfully served.

OFFICIAL PRECEDENCE.

In connection with the royal visit to this land came up again the vexed question of official precedence. This is a question which should never be raised in Canada. The non-recognition of this fact called forth vigorous protests from Dr. Potts, Dr. Herridge, and others. At the funeral of Sir John Thompson at Ottawa Dr. Carman's vigorous action procured a due recognition of the rights of Methodism. But why should there be need of protest? The people who arrange these court functions should understand once and for all that there is no privileged Church in Canada. Methodism asks no favours of the State, but she demands that her rights be recognized, and that no unjust discrimination shall be made against the most numerous Protestant Church in the Dominion, and a Church as loyal to the core as any in the wide Empire.

Rev. Professor Shaw has published an open letter to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which irrefragably sets forth the injustice of the present order, and urges a much-needed change.

Book Notices.

"The Modern Mission Century." Viewed as a Cycle of Divine Working. By Arthur T. Pierson. Author of "George Muller," "New Acts of the Apostles," etc. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-517. Price, $1 50, net.

In the religious world no aspect of the nineteenth century is so marked as the growth of Christian missions. It is, more than any that precede it, the missionary century. Dr. Pierson has made the subject of missions pre-eminently his own. It becomes, he says, with each new stage more *attractive and instructive*. This book is not so much a history in detail as a general survey, "as one seeks from some commanding mountain-top to glance over the whole horizon." "Such studies," he adds, "give new nerve to all holy endeavour. To find God's plan, and take part in God's work, is to mount his chariot, and, with Him, ride on to the final goal of the ages, conquering and to conquer."

Due prominence is given to woman's work in this wonderful century, and generous tribute is paid to the great Christian Queen who did so much to elevate her sex. "The Victorian era," he says, "coincides with that of missionary expansion, and, especially, of woman's epiphany—her emergence out of her long eclipse. Like Esther, Victoria came to the kingdom for such a time as this. God had a design in putting such a woman at such a time on the throne of the leading Protestant missionary nation; and, by her hand, for nearly two-thirds of the century, modifying, if not moulding, many of its great events and issues."

Her timid politicians, after the Indian mutiny, wished to make neutrality their attitude on the subject of religion, the Queen erased the phrase and added one, declaring her firm reliance upon the truth of Christianity and gratitude for the solace of religion. "Thus," says Dr. Pierson, "this Christian Queen, who was also a humble believer, fed on the Word of God and devout books, a woman of prayer and a lover of missions, sought to declare herself and her sceptre as in alliance with the King of kings."

The author notes the grand result of woman's work for women during the Queen's long reign. This includes the zenana movement, which revealed the fact that over a hundred millions of women and girls in India were shut out from all approach by missionaries, a million of them being widows, fourteen thousand of whom were under four years of age. The chapters on the martyrs of Jesus, the signs and wonders, and miracles of missions, the growth of mission literature, the translations of the Scriptures, the many examples of missionary heroism, are an inspiration to the reader. The book will have special value to mission reading circles. It is one of the very best that we know in its portrayal and interpretation of the great facts of Christian missions.

"Lives of the Hunted." Containing a True Account of the Doings of Five Quadrupeds and Three Birds. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. Author of "Wild Animals I have Known," "Trail of the Sandhill Stag," etc. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Pp. 360. Price, $1.50.

Mr. Seton-Thompson, though not a pioneer in animal stories—we have to go back to Aesop for that—has yet made the field emphatically his own. No one, we think, has so well described the life and interpreted the feelings of our little brothers clothed in fur or feathers as has he. The secret is his wonderful sympathy with the subjects of his study. Not even St. Francis, who preached to his brothers of the air and field, or Cowper, with his tame hares, more fully entered into their feelings. In the animals he finds the virtues most admired in man, as constancy, fidelity, mother-love, love of liberty, and the like. There is only one way he says to make an animal's history untragic, and that is to stop before the last chapter. Almost all die deaths of violence. In this we must not arraign the wisdom of the Creator. Better this than to die of starvation or cold. And have not the animals as good a right to prey upon one another as we have to prey upon the sheep, the ox, and deer ? One thing at least the animals are not guilty of, they do not

hunt for the fun of it, and destroy life in wanton sport; that is left for your modern Nimrod. This Mr. Seton-Thompson unstintedly denounces. These tales have an extraordinary fascination, all the more so to us as the animals described in this and Mr. Thompson's other books are mostly good Canadians. He describes our country and its environment with a wonderful fidelity. The humour of the story of "Johnny Bear," and of "The Kangaroo Rat," of "Tito," the coyote, relieves the tragic pathos of much of animal life, as that of "Krag, the Kootenay Ram." Two hundred engravings by Mr. Seton-Thompson are wonderful delineations of animal life. The author pays a generous tribute to the assistance of his accomplished wife in the preparation of this volume.

"Johnny Courteau and Other Poems." By William Henry Drummond. Author of "The Habitant," etc. With illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vi-159. Price, $1.25.

Dr. Drummond has proven his claim to be the laureate of Canada. No Canadian poet is better known abroad, and no Canadian book of poetry has ever before had the sale of 25,000 copies, reached by Dr. Drummond's "Habitant." The present volume exhibits the same rich vein of humour, the same fine sympathy with the French-Canadian people, and the same patriotic sentiment. The very names lend themselves to poetry better than our prosaic English ones. The Victorine and Zephirin, the Ursule and Louise, the Toinette and Hercule, the Camille and Eucharistc, have a music of their own. The very names of the railway stations in French Canada are like a page from Catholic missal.

The tribute to the pious cure and devoted doctor are etched with the delicacy of a cameo. Most of the poems are in that French-Canadian dialect which Dr. Drummond knows so well, but not all. The "Strathcona's Horse" is a stirring lyric.

"'Tis the voice of Empire calling, and the children gather fast
From every land where the cross-bar floats out from the quivering mast;

"For the strong young North hath sent us forth to battlefields far away,
And the trail that ends where Empire trends, is the trail we ride to-day."

It is an heroic tale, that of Madeleine Vercheres defending the little fort for six long days against an overwhelming assault of the Iroquois.

"'And this is my little garrison, my brothers Louis and Paul!
With soldiers two—and a cripple! may the Virgin pray for us all.'

"And six days followed each other, and feeble her limbs became
Yet the maid never sought her pillow, and the flash of the carabines' flame
Illumined the powder-smoked faces, aye, even when hope seemed gone
And she only smiled on her comrades, and told them to fight, fight on."

Small wonder that the rescue party

"Saluted the brave young Captain so timidly standing there,
And they fired a volley in honour of Madeleine Vercheres."

The echoes of Britain's conflicts on Dargai's lonely hillside, and on the brown veldt of the Transvaal are heard in these stirring poems. The very spirit of Canadian life finds expression here. The bright summer days, the brighter days of our Canadian winter, the romantic adventures of the voyageur in his red canoe, of the lumber camp, of the log jam, of the Indian Windigo, are all kodaked with photographic fidelity. The numerous engravings by Mr. Coburn, a Canadian artist, catch admirably the very spirit of the text.

"The Affirmative Intellect." By Charles Ferguson, author of "The Religion of Democracy. 12mo, cloth, 204 pages, 90 cents net. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

The author undertakes to show that Christianity in its broadest aspect is simply the attempt to supersede the old-world social order, governed by economic necessity and external authority, by a new-world order, governed by the human ideal—the faith of the affirmative intellect. He preaches that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. His philosophy deals not with the dead past, but with the pulsing present and the near future. The primal and spiritual impulse he finds in faith—the faith of the affirmative intellect. Its outward manifestations he sees, in

embryo, in three social organisms: the Church, the Political Party, and the University. To the university as the intellectual element of this combination of heart, body, and head, is assigned the obligation of leadership. Its duty is to train our youths in citizenship, not that they may passively enjoy benefits conferred, but that they may actively extend the blessings of liberty and civilization to all classes and conditions, as well as to all peoples and nations, that are in the world.

"The Eternal City." By Hall Caine. Author of "The Christian," "The Manxman," etc. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Pp. 638. Gilt top. Price, $1.50.

We began this book with a prejudice against it, a prejudice created by Mr. Stead's adverse review. We should have remembered that Mr. Stead read into Hall Caine's last book meanings which the author utterly repudiated, and was, we believe, amerced in heavy damages. The Methodist Times devotes a leading article to "The Eternal City," shows its earnest moral purpose and religious significance, an interpretation which the author in a letter to The Times certifies as correct.

The story is, in its way, a prophecy of stirring events in the future. The people of Italy, rendered restive and revolutionary by the pressure of crushing war taxes and social wrongs, change the entire social order. Their leader is David Rossi, who seeks to found a government on the principles of the Lord's Prayer and the Golden Rule. His protagonist is a cynical. selfish, unscrupulous prime minister, who becomes dictator of Italy, and who, by fraud and guile and treachery, for a long time frustrates Rossi's every effort, and even suborns his wife to betray his life. But a just retribution overtakes the dictator in the hour of his triumph, the King abdicates his throne, and a republic, based on Rossi's high ideals, is established. The book affords a striking character-study of the reigning Pope Pius X., who, in a dramatic scene, resigns his temporal authority to become a great spiritual power. The tragedy of the story gathers round the wronged and hapless wife of the revolutionary leader, who dies in her husband's arms in the hour of his triumph. Never has the ennobling, transforming, purifying nature of a noble affection been more vividly portrayed.

"Studies in Christian Character, Work, and Experience." By the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. Second Series. Pp. 252.

These studies have all the quaintness, the subtle humour for which their author is so well known. The very themes selected have an aptness that arrests the attention, such as "The Might of Mediocrity," "Sick Pearls," "Blue Distances," "The Apology of the Sneak, "Petrifaction." A sentence from the latter paper will indicate Mr. Watkinson's manner. After referring to the Knaresborough petrifying stream, he says, such streams "threaten our spiritual life, and unless duly resisted, steal away our vitality and leave us with the coldness and hardness of stone."

"The Dawn of the Reformation." By Herbert B. Workman, M.A., author of "The Church of the West in the Middle Ages." Vol. I. The Age of Wyclif. Pp. xv-310.

An introductory chapter shows the need of the Reformation. It is devoted to the "Seventy Years' Captivity" of the Papacy at Avignon. That city became more corrupt than Rome itself. All the tales of Assyria or Egypt, in the words of Petrarch, became fables in comparison with the vices in the abode of Christ's vicar on earth. A study of the noble character of Wyclif, the "Morning Star of the Reformation," follows. Then a chapter of intense interest on the English Lollards. The book is a terse and strong treatment of an important subject.

"Light Through Darkened Windows." A "Shut-In" Story. By Arabel Wilbur Alexander. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 176. Price, $1.00.

This is a tender tale of God's leadings through illness and suffering and sorrow.

The October number of The Bibliotheca Sacra, the oldest religious review on the continent, being now in its seventy-first year, has, among other able articles, a trenchant and forceful article by the Rev. Dr. Dewart on "Some Characteristics of Current New Theology," an admirable article.

THE INTERESTING SERMON ON THE HIGHER CRITICISM OF THE PENTATEUCH.
"The hungry lambs look up and are not fed."—*Harper's Monthly.*

Methodist Magazine and Review for 1902.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the splendid programme for the year 1902, which is announced in part in our advertising pages. Please note the special prominence given to Canadian Methodist missionary, social and religious topics. We are making arrangements for more sumptuous illustration of this Magazine than it has ever had before, and in addition to the articles already announced, for many others of great interest and importance. We hope to retain every one of our present subscribers and to greatly increase the number. We specially solicit our friends, tried and true, many of whom have been subscribers from the first number of this Magazine, issued twenty-seven years ago, to aid in extending its circulation and influence. Speak of it to your friends ; ask them to help you and us in building up a native Canadian and Methodist literature, a literature that shall be loyal to the loftiest ideals of life and conduct and character. We all aim at developing in our beloved Dominion a nationality that shall be true to the traditions of British liberty, of British institutions, of religious principle, of denominational loyalty, of broad-minded Canadian patriotism. Let us have an increase of, at least, a thousand subscribers, and we will surprise our friends with the marked advances that shall be made in this Magazine and Review. We shall endeavour to make it still more worthy of Canada and of Canadian Methodism.

It is gratifying on looking back over the year to note that we have more than fulfilled the promises made in our last announcement. The death of our beloved Queen, and the accession of our new Sovereign, caused the appearance of several well illustrated articles which had not been announced. This pressure has crowded over to a future number two or three articles already prepared, and a couple which have been promised have not been received in time for inclusion in this volume.

Copies of our illustrated announcement will be sent free to any one willing to promote the circulation of this magazine.