

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

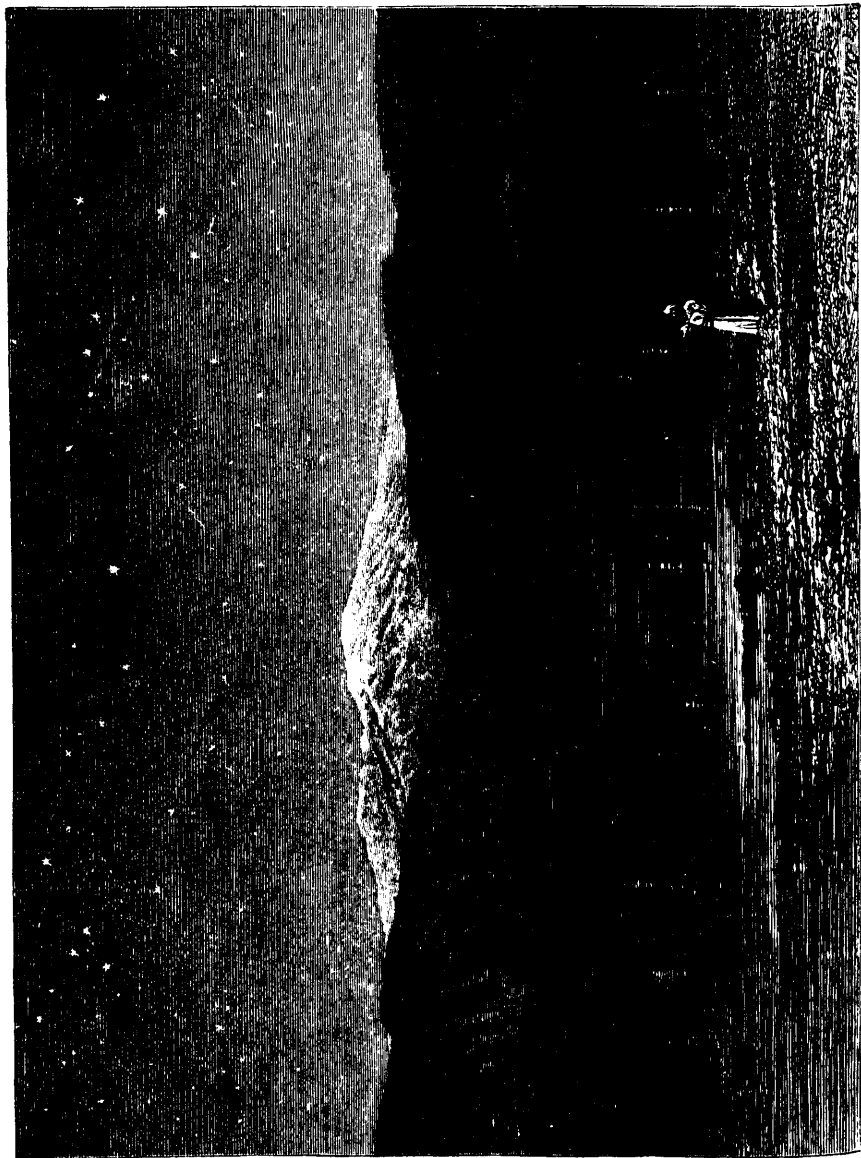
Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



“WHEN THE BLUE WAVES ROLL SILENTLY ON DEEP CALLEE.” — HERMON IN THE DISTANCE.

THE
Methodist Magazine.

JUNE, 1894.

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.



TIBERIAS.

Clear silver water in a cup of gold,
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara,
It shines—His lake—the Sea of Chinnereth—
The waves He loved, the waves that kissed His feet
So many blessed days. Oh, happy waves !
Oh, little, silver, happy sea, far-famed,
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara !

Fair is the scene still, tho' the grace is gone
Of those great times, when nine white cities dipped
Their walls into its brink, and steel-shod keels
Of Roman galleys ground its sparkling sands ;
And Herod's painted pinnacles, ablaze

With lamps and brazen shields and spangled slaves,
Came and went lordly at Tiberias.

Now all is changed—all save the changeless things—
The mountains, and the waters, and the sky—
These, as He saw them, have their glory yet
At sunrise, and at sunset; and when noon
Burns the blue vault into a cope of gold;
And oftimes, in the Syrian spring, steals back
Well-nigh the ancient beauty to those coasts
Where Christ's feet trod.

Only what Man could do, man hath well done
To blot with blood and tears His track divine,
To sweep His holy footsteps from His earth.
In steel and gold, splendid and strong and fierce,
Host after host under that Mount has marched,
Where He sate saying: "Blessed the peacemakers!"
In rage and hatred, host with host has clashed.
There where He taught: "Love ye your enemies!"
Banners which bore His cross, have mocked His cross
Scattering His land with slain; till now, at last,
Truly the sword, not peace, is what He brought!

—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.



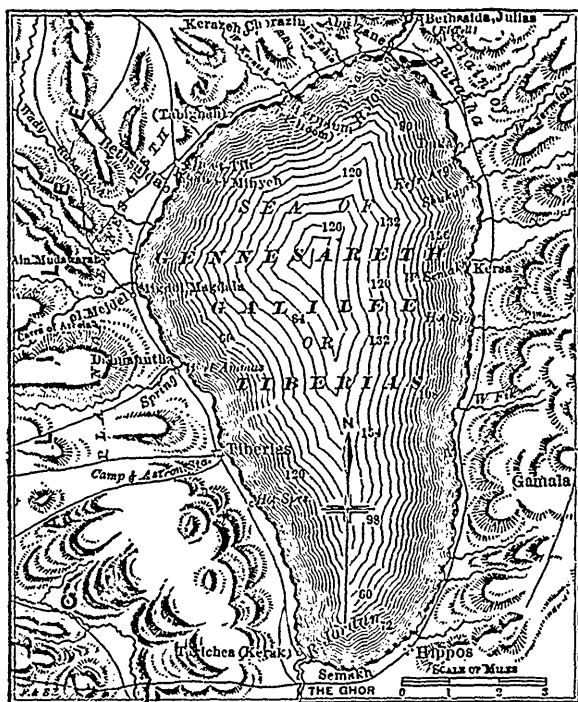
TOWN AND LAKE OF TIBERIAS.

It was near noon, when, riding down the steep slope from the Mount of Beatitudes, we reached the ruined Turkish castle of Tiberias, weathered by the storms of six hundred winters. Four massy round towers rise at its corners, connected by heavy stone walls of black basalt, but all are rent and shattered by earthquakes. Beneath their shadow we spread our rugs

and ate our lunch. The vaulted corridors which run around the court in several stories are still preserved. Climbing to the roof, where an old cannon still lies, we enjoyed a beautiful view of the little town, the blue lake and the mountains in the distance.

We envy not the man who can gaze unmoved upon these sacred

scenes. The lines of Sir Edwin Arnold, above quoted, express in part the emotions which rise in the soul. There is no place in Palestine so intimately associated with our Lord's life and teachings. This was the scene of much of His public life and mighty works. On its shores our Lord selected those twelve disciples who were to establish that kingdom of the increase of which there should be no end. Here was "His own city" and here in a special sense He was said to be at home. Here He walked on the stormy sea, and on its shores fed the five thousand, healed the sick



MAP OF THE SEA OF GALILEE.

in the busy streets of Capernaum, and here, after His resurrection, appeared to the disciples in the early dawn. These are the very hills on which His eyes gazed. Yonder is the distant Hermon, like the great white throne of God in the heavens, and here the silent stars still look down "when the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee."

This little lake, only sixteen miles long at its greatest length, and from four to seven and a half miles in width, yet occupies a larger place in the thought of Christendom than any other in the world. It is, as will be seen from our cut, of pear-shaped form.

The figures intimate the depth of the water, the greatest depth being 160 feet.

But how different from the desolation which at present reigns around this lake were its busy scenes in the life of our Lord! Then a dense population covered the Plain of Gennesaret. Many cities dotted its shores, whose half-buried ruins attest their ancient splendour and prosperity. Hundreds of keels stirred its surface and conveyed its busy commerce from town to town. Now you may wander for miles along its shore and see no sign of habitation, save some crumbling ruins, or a few lawless Arabs. Where now lies the wretched city at our feet were a marble palace, theatre and hippodrome, built by Herod Antipas; and stately villas studded like gems the mountain slopes. Aqueducts, long since shattered, carried water to numerous fountains, and to distant field and garden. The olive and vine, the palm and fig, and scarlet-hued pomegranate beautified the shore.



ON THE SHORES OF GALILEE.

Merchants from Antioch, Damascus, Palmyra and Decapolis, caravans from Egypt and Persia, Jewish rabbins, Greek philosophers, Roman officers, tax-gatherers and swaggering soldiers filled the bazaars. Josephus describes his collecting 250 ships at short notice for an attack on Tiberias. It is recorded that the Romans,

in a fierce and bloody sea-fight, lost from four to five thousand men, which will give some idea of the number and size of the ships which were employed. Now there are but half-a-dozen, and those were brought in sections over the mountains from Beirut. I woke as from a dream from the thought of this ancient splendour—and stern reality became again a presence.

We rode past the crumbling walls of Tiberias, which has the reputation of being the most squalid town in Palestine, especially abounding in that odious insect pest which gives it the reputation of being the court of the "King of the Fleas." As we rode along this historic shore we were amazed at the ruins of the former city of Herod—beautiful marble columns, carved plinths and capitals, lying half-buried in the sand. It would seem as if the colonnades of the ancient city faced the whole water-line. The very palace of Herod is in ruins. Its porphyry pillars are hewn into watering troughs. The temple columns are cut into mill-stones, and the threshing floors are paved with fragments of its marble walls.

We found our tents pitched on a beautiful greensward within a stone's throw of the lake, about a mile from Tiberias, near the famous Hot Springs mentioned by Josephus. There are two domed structures, in one of which is a large public bath much frequented by Jewish pilgrims. The four preachers of our party secured the exclusive use of a smaller one and enjoyed a plunge in water almost hot enough to cook an egg. The temperature varies from 130° to 140°, but it seemed no warmer than the Canadian hot springs at Banff, in the Rockies, or the famous baths at Leuk, in Switzerland. A native attendant thoroughly douched us with cold water as we emerged in a parboiled condition, and very refreshing we found it.

After dinner we gathered shells by the pebbly shore of Galilee, and pondered much on its sacred associations, and repeated McCheyne's beautiful lines:

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee;
For the glorious One who came to save,
Hath often stood by thee.

"It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide;
But He that was pierced to save from hell,
Oft wandered by thy side.

"Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea;
But, oh, far more! the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

“O Saviour, gone to God’s right hand,
 But the same Saviour still ;
 Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
 , And every fragrant hill.”



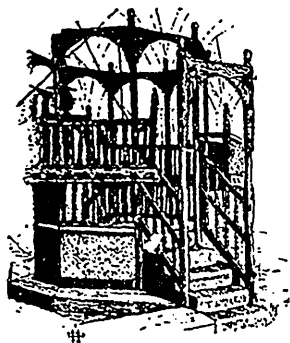
MOONLIGHT OVER GALILEE—TIBERIAS IN THE FOREGROUND.

In the soft sunset light we climbed the hill behind our camp and watched the lengthening shadows creep over lake and shore and the sun’s last kiss lingering on the snowy brow of Hermon. The surface of the water seemed changed to molten gold, reminding us of the expression of the Apocalypse, “a sea of glass mingled

with fire." St. John must often, with the Master, have gazed on such a scene, possibly from this very place, and, doubtless, in his vision of the crystal sea, and jasper wall, and gates of pearl, recalled the beauty of Galilee and the glory of Hermon.

Back of our camp was an old Jewish burying-ground, where a ruined sarcophagus marks the tomb of the great Jewish philosopher Maimonides, who died in 1204. Further up the slope is the tomb of the famous Rabbi Akiba who took part in the revolt of Bar-Cokhba, whom he recognized as the Messiah, A.D. 132.

Next morning we rode back to Tiberias to explore the mouldering town and visit its ancient synagogue. Tiberias is one of the four sacred Jewish cities, the others being Safed, Hebron, and Jerusalem. Here, about A.D. 200, the old traditional law, known as the Mishna, was published, and it was from a Rabbi of Tiberias that St. Jerome learned Hebrew. The town has about 3,000



READING-PLACE IN THE
SYNAGOGUE AT TIBERIAS.

inhabitants, half of them Jews, and very quaint they looked in their red and yellow gaterdines, fur caps and cork-screw curls. Some of the men were engaged knitting and spinning with an old-fashioned distaff. We clattered over the narrow stone-paved streets to the very ancient synagogue by the sea-side. It was a very quaint structure, with groined arches and strange octagonal pulpit or reading-stand, shown in our cut. We were shown an old Hebrew codex in a case, a foot in diameter and two feet long, also the ancient rolls of

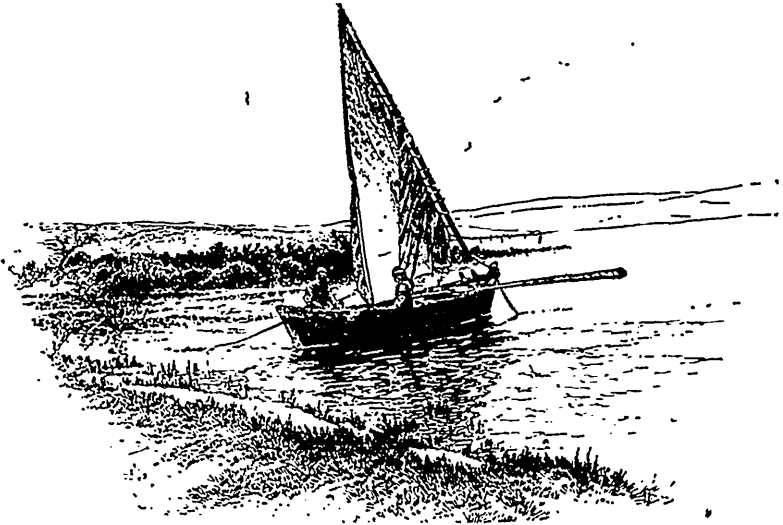
the law, in ten silver cases, ten inches in diameter and a yard long, richly decorated with the seven-branched candlestick and other Hebrew designs. An undying lamp was burning before the holy of holies as in Catholic churches.

"We do not read," says Dr. Manning, "that our Lord ever entered Tiberias. The reason is, doubtless, to be found in the fact that it was practically a heathen city, though standing upon Jewish soil. Herod, its founder, had brought together the arts of Greece, the idolatry of Rome, and the gross lewdness of Asia. There was a theatre for the performance of comedies, a forum, a stadium, a palace roofed with gold in imitation of those in Italy, statues of the Roman gods, and busts of the deified Emperors. He who 'was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel' might well hold Himself aloof from such scenes as these."

Dr. McLeod remarks that on the shores of the lake the tones of the voice were remarkably audible. The words sounded as in a

whispering gallery, and it was evident that the vast multitude could be addressed from the little boat with perfect ease.

At a little quay we embarked in a fishing-boat for Tell Hum. Our boat was about twenty feet long, with sixteen persons in all on board. In such a boat as this, doubtless, our Lord and His disciples must often have crossed this lake. The lake front of the town was flanked with stone towers and walls of black basalt. A crowd of fair-faced women and bright-eyed children were collected at the water-side cleaning fish, which filled the air with unsavoury odours, and washing clothes. We took on board, besides our party, a blind flautist, a black dulcimer-player, and a man who thrummed upon an earthenware tom-tom with a parch-



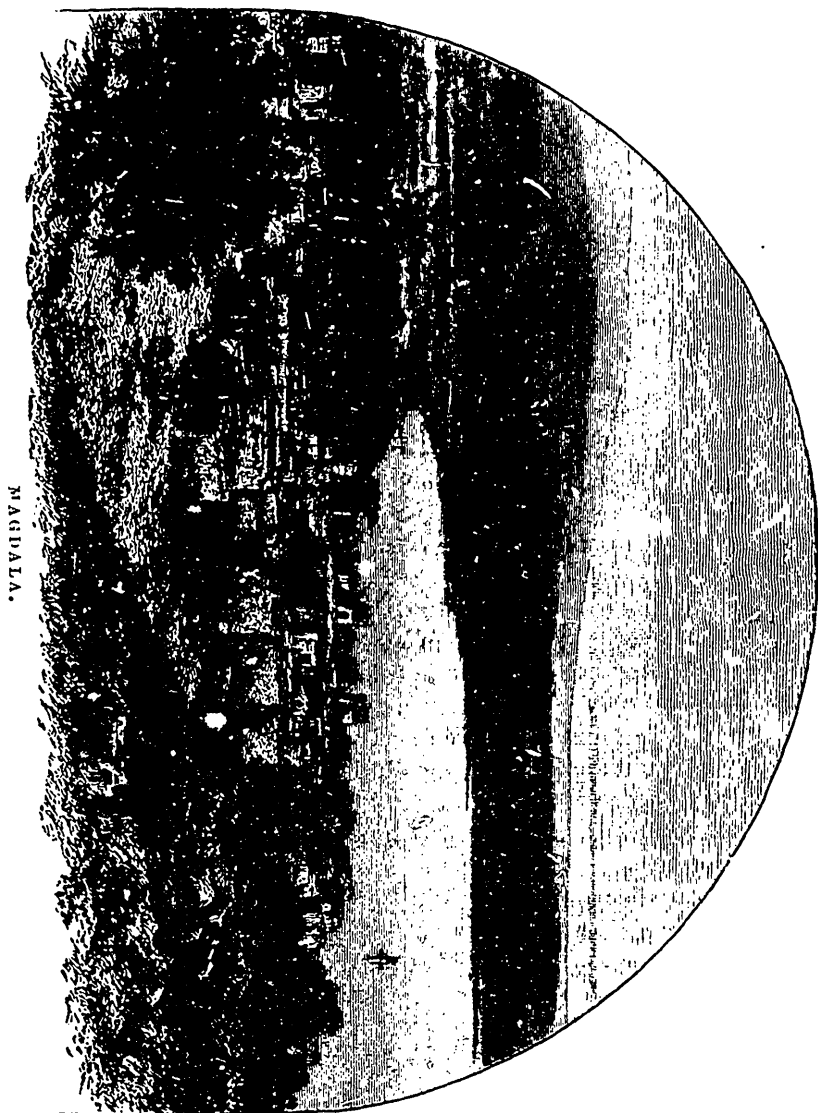
A FISHING-BOAT ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

ment top. They kept up a monotonous, chant with clapping of hands, which jarred upon the sacred associations of the place.

We wished our crew "to launch out into the deep," and raise their sail, but the gusts rushing down the valleys from the hills roughened the surface so that they crept timidly along the shore. Sudden storms still swoop down upon the lake, as described in the gospels. While gliding over its waters, we read the last chapter of St. John's gospel and other references to the lake, and mused upon its many sacred scenes.

A little north of Tiberias, beside a spring and stream, is the legendary site of old Dalmanutha, to which our Lord came after the miraculous feeding of the four thousand, when the Pharisees desired of Him a sign from heaven. (Mark viii.) Nothing now

marks this place. A little further on is the wretched village of El-Mejdel, once Magdala, the birthplace of that loving Mary whose devotion to her Lord has kept her memory fresh through eighteen hundred years, and given a word to every language in



Christendom. The single palm tree, shown in our cut, and a few thorn bushes cluster about its crumbling walls.

Of this spot Sir Edwin Arnold writes :

“ Ask not
Which was His city 'mid this ruined life !

None surely knoweth of Capernaum
 Whether 'twas here, or there. Perchance He dwelt
 Longest and latest at this nameless mound
 Where, on the broken column, rests the stork.

“Desolate most of all, with one starved palm
 And huddle of sad, squalid hovels, thou
 El-Me'del! burned a-dry beneath black crags,
 Choked with thick sand, comfortless, poor, despised.”

Back of the little hamlet opens a valley, bordered to the south by the high cliffs of Arbela, towering 1,150 feet above the lake. This valley, the “Valley of Doves,” as it is called, though it might as well be the Valley of Vultures, from the number of those ill-cmended birds that poise high in the air, narrows into a deep gorge. Many hundreds of feet above the road can be seen the mouths of numerous, seemingly inaccessible caves, the so-called Castle of Arbela, connected by passages, protected by walls and supplied with cisterns. These, in the time of Herod, were the resort of robbers, whom he tried in vain to extirpate till he lowered soldiers from the top of the cliff in huge boxes, who attacked them in their stronghold, suffocated them with blinding smoke, dragged them out with hooks and hurled them down the rugged rocks, as described by Josephus. These caves afterwards became the homes of Christian hermits.

North of this stretches for three miles the beautiful plain of Gennesaret, once a very Garden of Paradise, with fig and olive groves and gardens. It is now a thicket of oleanders, with deep pink flowers, fig and olive trees, and castor-oil plants. A tangled growth of weeds and grasses, starred with poppies and lilies and iris, gives it an appearance of wild luxuriance. Under proper administration the whole region might bloom like a very garden of the Lord. Once teeming with a busy population, it is now almost deserted.

Leaving to the left Khan Minyeh, where we were to camp, we rowed slowly on to the ruins of Tell Hum, near the head of the lake. With some difficulty we landed upon some rocks of basalt, and through a fringe of oleanders and tangled thicket of thorns, briars and thistles made our way to the mouldering ruins of Capernaum. The ground was strewn with the *débris* of an ancient city of considerable size.

Amid these ruins lie the remains of an ancient synagogue of white marble which must have been of exceeding beauty. Its outline can be distinctly traced. It is about seventy-five feet long, and fifty-seven wide, with walls nearly ten feet thick. It is composed of very large blocks of stone, among which are



RUINS OF CAPERNAUM.—HERMON IN THE DISTANCE, FORTY MILES AWAY.

numerous fragments of plinths and pedestals with carved reliefs. There were originally twenty-eight columns, two and a half feet in diameter, with Corinthian capitals and elegant mouldings; the bases of most of these still exist. On one lintel was carved the pot of manna with on either side a reed, probably Aaron's rod.

There is good reason to believe that these remains are those of that very synagogue built by the Roman centurion, on whose behalf the elders of the Jews "instantly besought Jesus, for he was worthy for whom He should do this, for he loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue." To him also the Saviour paid the memorable tribute, "Verily, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." If this be true, and the demonstration seems positive, this is surely one of the most sacred spots on earth, for it was doubtless, in this building that our Lord uttered His discourse recorded in John vi., and possibly not without reference to the carved pot of manna, He repeated the words, "I am the Bread of Life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead."

Near here, doubtless, by the seaside was the Custom House

where Matthew heard the words, "Follow me," and the garrison where the centurion of the gospel held command, and the house where Jesus said to the sick of the palsy, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

These ruins mark our Lord's "own city." Here it was that He healed the paralytic who was let down through the roof. Here it was on that busy Sabbath day, described in Mark i., that He cast out unclean spirits, healed the mother of Simon's wife, and "at even when the sun was set they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils, and He healed many that were sick of divers diseases and cast out many devils."



RUINS OF WHITE SYNAGOGUE AT TELL HUM, CAPERNAUM.

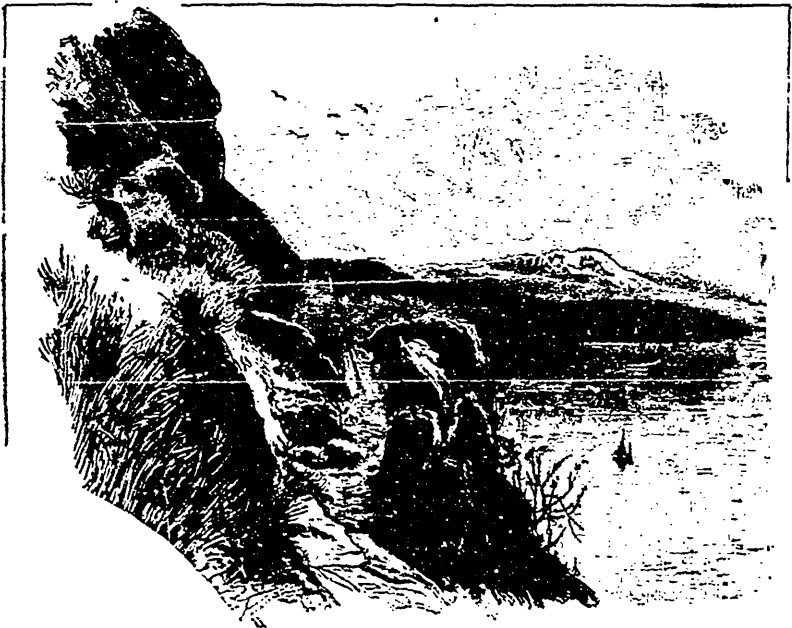
Our Lord on entering His public ministry left His quiet village of Nazareth, secluded among the hills, where He spent thirty years of His life, and came to the mixed and busy population of this gateway of the nations. These are the rounded hills, this the winding shore, these the blue waters, and above all bends the tender blue sky on which the eye of Jesus must often have lovingly rested.

How vividly amid these thorn-grown ruins come home the words to our minds, "and thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell." So fearfully, it has been well remarked, have the woes pronounced upon Capernaum, Chorazin and Bethsaida, wherein most of His mighty works were done, been fulfilled, that it has been a matter of dispute as to their very site. McCheyne well expresses this feeling in the lines:

"Those days are past—Bethsaida, where?
Chorazin, where art thou?"

His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reeds shade thy brow.
Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear?"

About two miles further north of Tell Hum is another group of extensive ruins, whose modern name, Kerezeh, points probably to the long-lost Chorazin. Tyre and Sidon had an eminence in wickedness, and the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah had been for generations a warning to mankind, yet these guilty cities which rejected Christ have a deeper guilt and condemnation.



THE CLIFF AND ANCIENT AQUEDUCT AT KHAN MINYEH.

In full view across the head of the lake was the broad plain, somewhere on which the miracle of feeding the five thousand took place. But the wind had so risen that our timorous boatmen refused to cross. So we sent for our horses to convey us back to Tabeyeh, and a rough ride it was, through tangled thickets and crumbling ruins. A spring, gushing from the cliff, fills a reservoir, from which, by a stone-hewn aqueduct, the Plain of Gennesaret was once copiously watered. The aqueduct can still be distinctly traced, as shown in our cut. A picturesque old mill, square, solid and moss-grown, is still supplied by this stream.

This spot has been conjecturally designated as Bethsaida, the "House of Fish," the home of Peter and Andrew and the two sons of Zebedee, who left their boats and nets at the command of Jesus to become fishers of men.



THE SEA OF GALILEE FROM AIN-ET-TIN.

A short ride farther brought us to Ain-et-Tin, "the fountain of the fig," one of the prettiest spots on the lake, where on a grassy plain stood our snowy tents, always a welcome sight to the weary traveller. Here is a ruined khan, Khan Minyeh, built to accom-

moderate caravans passing from Egypt to Damascus. Its broken arches and crumbling masonry, over which Mr. Read and the writer climbed, are probably of Saracenic origin. A high cliff behind is strewn with ruins of what was evidently a castle, or guard-house to command this highway of commerce. Here in the soft evening light we looked over this sacred lake and beheld in the clear atmosphere, seemingly close at hand, the opposite shore. The western sun shone through the rifts in the clouds upon the far hills of Galilee, like the smile of God on this favoured land. We could distinctly see the steep cliff near Girzeh, in the country of the Gergesenes, where "the devils entered into the swine, and the whole herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters." This is the only place in the entire circuit of the lake where the cliffs do rise precipitously from the waters and where such an event could take place. It is a curious circumstance that this spot is still ploughed up by the rooting of wild boars. The memories of that last sunset view over this hallowed lake can never pass away. There can be no farewell to scenes like these.

One of the earliest pilgrims to Palestine, Sir John Mandeville, 1322, thus describes, in his quaint old English, the sea of Galilee and its associations:

"Upon the sea (of Galilee, Tyberie or Jenazareth) went our Lord drye feet; and there He toke up Seynt Petir when He began to drenche within the see, and seyde to him, *Modice fide, quare dubitasti?* and after His Resurrexioun, our Lord appeared on that see to His disciples and bad hem fysshe and filled alle the nett full of grett fisshes. In the See rowed our Lord often tyme; and there He called to hym, Seynt Petir, Seynt Andrew, Seynt James, and Seynt John, the sons of Zebedee.

"In that Citee of Tiberie is the table, upon the which our Lord eete upon with His Disciples, after the Resurrexioun, and thei knewen Him in brekyng of Bred as the Gospelle seythe: *Et cognoverunt eum in fractione panis.* And nyghe that Cytee of Tyberie is the Hille where our Lord fed 5 thousand persons, with 5 barley Loves and 2 fisshes. In that Cytee cast an brennyng Dart in wrattle aftir our Lord, and the Hed smot in to the Erthe, and wax grene, and it growed to a gret Tree; and zit it growethe, and the Bark thereof is alle lyke Coles. . . . Fast beside is is Capharnaum: that contree is clept the Galilee of folke (Gentiles) that were taken to Tribute of Sabulon and Neptalym."

THE TWO FLOWERS.

THERE grow in the Garden of Life two flowers our souls to prove;
 The passionate rose of self, and the spotless lily of love.
 We never can have them both—one flower for each of us blows;
 We choose the lily for aye, or forever we choose the rose.

—S. S. Times.



CROSSING THE RHONE GLACIER.

OVER THE FURKA PASS.

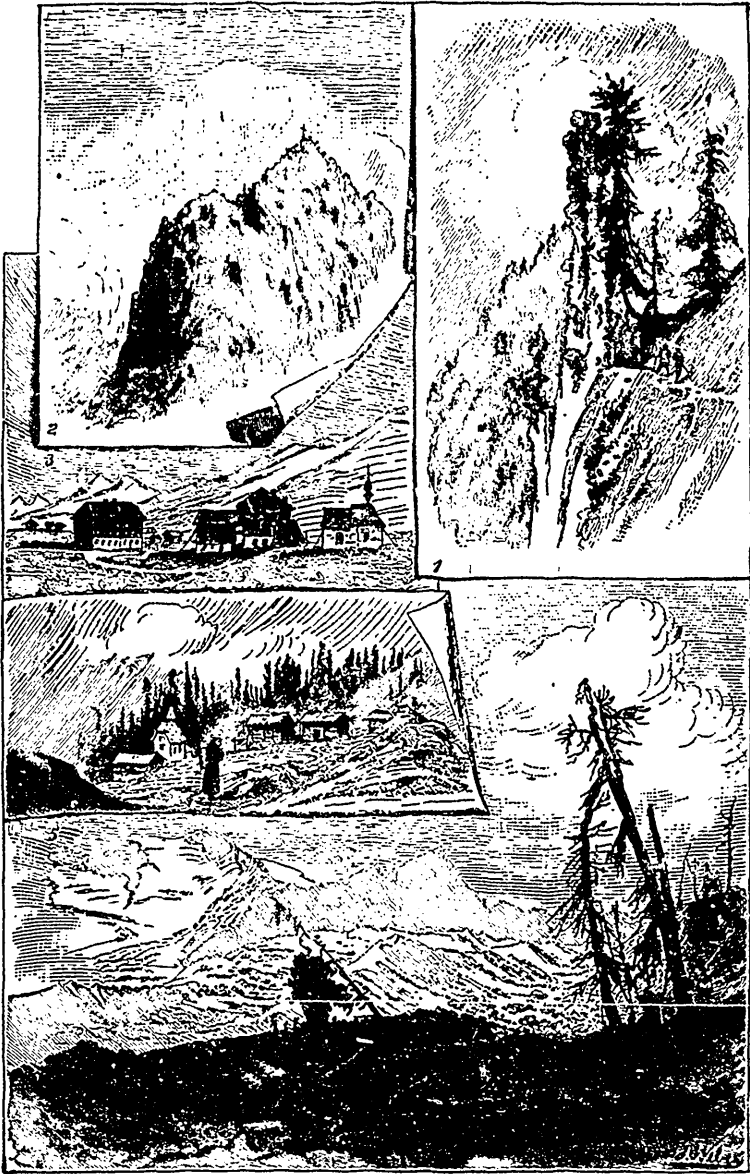
BY F. O. WOLF



ON THE SIMPLON ROUTE.

THE canton of Valais
comprises the upper
basin of the River

Rhone, extending from the Furka Pass to the Lake of Geneva, and is enclosed by two vast mountain ranges. Although the canton embraces an area of nearly 2,000 square miles, its population scarcely numbers 100,000; for nine-tenths of the surface is either buried beneath snowfields and glaciers, or is uninhabitable, owing to its rugged and inhospitable character, being in part exposed to the frequent ravages of mountain-torrents, in part occupied by wild and romantic ravines and glens, or by extensive forests, many of which have never felt the woodman's axe. In the valleys a tropical heat reigns, in which grapes and almonds ripen; while on the mountain heights an arctic cold prevails, with icy winds sweeping over fields of never-melting snows.



1. GODWERGITHUR. 2. EGGISHORN. 3. RIEDERALP. 4. BETTENALP.
5. ON THE ALETSCHE GLACIER.

The mountains, fields, and forests are the haunts of chamois, marmots, eagles, and various other species of wild animals and birds, while every summer the Alpine pastures afford grazing to numerous herds of cattle, from the milk of which large quantities

of cheese are prepared. Hunting and fishing, and, to a greater extent, cattle-breeding, agriculture, and wine-growing, form the principal occupations of the inhabitants of Valais. Enchantingly beautiful and majestic are our alps and mountain-peaks when in summer the alpen-rose bushes are full of blossoms, and when the air is redolent of the sweet scent of the violets, when the bells of the cattle join their melody to the alphorn of the herdsman, and when the rosy-cheeked daughters of the mountains "yodel" merrily as they bind together the fragrant grass that clothes the sunny slopes.

But when the mountains let loose the piercing wintry blasts, when all the roads are choked with snow, and when with thunderous crash the avalanche rushes down into the valley, spreading terror far and wide—at such a time the wild grandeur of the Rhone Valley is revealed. The dwellers among these mountains and valleys must needs be a hearty race not to lose courage in the midst of these awful wildernesses; faith and confidence in God are needed, in order to persevere under such heavy toil and amid so manifold cares and anxieties.

The Furka (8,092') is the highest pass in Switzerland available for wheeled carriages, and next to the Stelvio (9,232') the highest in all Europe. "Ex æternæ noctis caligine"—from the darkness of eternal night—said ancient writers, Rhodanus issues forth. For us the mountains have lost their terrors, and each year sees thousands of tourists flock with eagerness to this once dreaded and avoided spot.

Venez, an engineer of Valais, was the first who ventured to propound (in 1821) the bold and much combated theory of the former greater extent of the Rhone Glacier. He succeeded in demonstrating that not only the entire canton of Valais, but a much larger district, comprising the basin of the Lake of Geneva, and extending to the Jura, was anciently one sea of ice, which even passed the crests of the latter mountains and descended far into the plains of France.

The principal glacier of the Alps is the great Aletsch Glacier, which surpasses all the rest not only in extent but also in beauty. In order to see it in its full extent we ascend the Eggishorn; a good bridle-path leads to the summit, which, though rising nearly 10,000 feet above the sea, is one of the most frequented spots in Switzerland. The stately trees find plentiful nourishment; it is easy for them to strike their roots deep into the moraines of long-vanished glaciers. Mountain torrents plough deep furrows in the loose earth and often carve it into fantastic forms, resembling castles and towers, and peopled by the poetic imaginations of the

mountaineers with fairies and "Godwergi," or elves. Close by the wayside stands one such strangely-shaped earthen tower

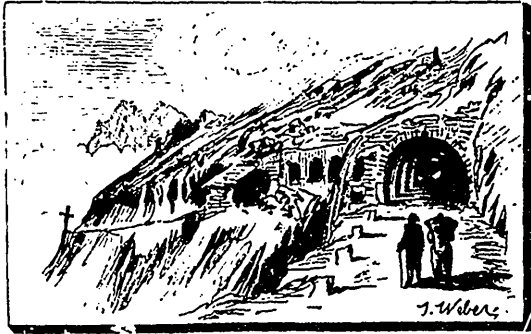


THE ALETSCH GLACIER, FROM BELLAÏP.

called the *Godwergithür*. At its summit it bears a crown of granite, and it was believed to have been the chief seat and gathering-place of the Godwergi. (See illustration page 548.)

Arrived at the top, we take our seat at the foot of the weather-beaten cross, on one of the enormous blocks of granite forming the summit, and contemplate at leisure the magnificent prospect presented to us. Far in the depths beneath the vast Aletsch Glacier is seen in its full extent, with its numerous tributaries. There is a most interesting and remarkable echo, producing an effect which I shall never forget. One of my servants blew a short and lively air on a bugle which he carried with him. At well marked intervals, at first faint, then much louder and clearer, the third time fainter, and finally dying away quite mournfully, like the lamentations of the maiden imprisoned in the glacier, the notes were reverberated by the rocky walls of the Aletschhorn.

Beyond the glacier, in the distance, rises the peerless form of the *Jungfrau*, glistening like silver in the sunlight; and keeping watch close by her is her faithful companion, the dark, broad-necked *Mönch*. Countless other peaks are arrayed on every side

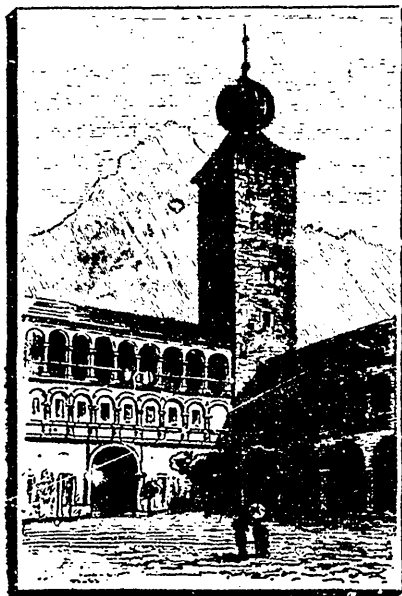


AVALANCHE GALLERY.

and form a brilliant circle on the wide horizon. At an altitude of 7,710 feet above the sea lies a lake in a hollow 1,000 yards in length, and about one-third as much in breadth, surrounded by lofty rocks and by the ice-masses of the glacier. Blocks of white ice float like swans over the dark-blue water, whose waves break in foam with the least breath of wind against the emerald-green walls of the glacier. It has long been known that this lake empties itself periodically. Within two or three days the enormous volume of water, amounting to about 350,000,000 cubic feet, finds its way through the glacier, and causes a terrific cracking, crashing and snapping among the fissures and narrow icy vaults. The angry and tumultuous waters pour violently through the chasms of the glacier, overflow the lower parts of the valley of the Rhone, and occasion extensive floods, terrifying and distressing the people of Valais.

A walk over the Aletsch glacier, which, including its snow fields, is fifteen miles in length, while its average breadth is nearly a mile and a half, is a source of the greatest interest. The solemn

and suggestive silence which reigns in this icy valley, and which is broken only by the sound of occasional falling stones or fragments of ice, and by the rushing of the glacier-stream—as well as the stupendous magnitude of this mass of ice, with its moraines and its countless fissures and crevices, filling the entire valley to a depth of who shall say how many hundred feet, and descending down to the very habitations of men—these ice-encrusted mountains enclosing the valley and cleaving the blue vault of heaven with their dazzling white peaks—these wild, jagged ridges of rock, bearing witness to fearful convulsions of nature in by-gone ages



COURT OF THE STOCKALPER PALACE.

—these sunny, grassy patches on the very verge of the glacier, which alone remind us that we are still in proximity to a fertile region decked with exuberant vegetation, forming as they do the chosen habitat of many a richly-dyed little mountain flower—all these remarkable, wonderful, and grand attributes combine to form a picture which impresses itself upon the mind and imagination of the traveller in ineffaceable outlines. The pigmy-like figures on the glacier, shown on page 546, will be noticed.

It is exceedingly impressive to walk over the glacier, to leap boldly over the numerous crevices, pass with due caution

around the séracs (blocks of ice) that threaten to topple over, to admire the numerous “glacier tables,” and to listen to the brooks, called “glacier mills,” which are lost to sight in the azure depths—and linger wonderingly as though we were transported to another world!

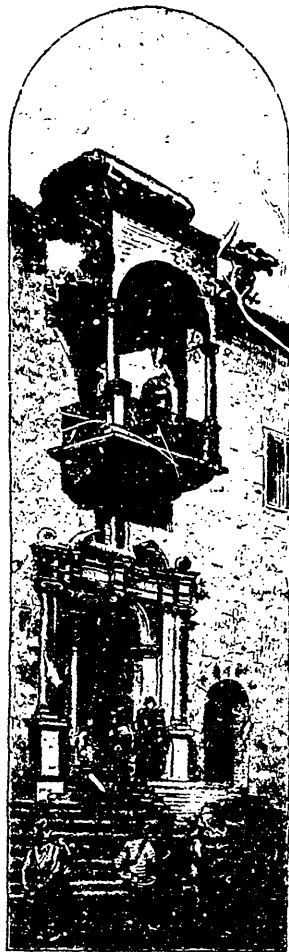
A symbol of perfect purity, the glacier tolerates no foreign matter within its vast body, but ejects it again. It breaks its way with irresistible force, and pushes aside whatever opposes its advance. Is it therefore to be wondered at, that in the old poetic days, when spirits played so great a rôle, these fairy-like palaces and subterranean habitations of crystal were peopled with “ice queens” who, surrounded by their “glacier maidens,” reigned

over the immense glacier realm? St. Barnabas, according to a local legend, is said to have preached to the people of the Valais, as St. Peter is said to have visited the St. Bernard Pass.

The little town of Brieg, capital of the district of the same name, lies 2,244 feet above the level of the sea. The main street leads up a steep ascent to the palace of the Stockalper family. Three huge towers (the badge and armorial bearings of this family), surmount the extensive building, and the whole is surrounded by a park-like garden. Passing through the gateway of polished serpentine, we enter the inner spacious court, shown in our cut, page 552.

Caspar Stockalper, Baron of Duin, Knight of the Holy Ghost and of the Order of St. Michael, lived in the seventeenth century. He it was who built on the heights of the Simplon Pass and in Gondo hospices for the reception and relief of travellers overtaken by storms or by fatigue. The count's great wealth excited the envy of his fellow-citizens, and he, the greatest benefactor of his native province, was driven from his home and deprived of the greater part of his property.

The chronicler describes him as a man who, owing to his great natural gifts, his talents, his eloquence, his extensive learning, his sagacity, his foresight in the conduct of affairs, and his great zeal for the Catholic religion, deserves to be held in all honour by posterity. It is related of him that he could journey from Lyons to Milan and rest and lodge every night on his own property. His costume was that of the country, made of rough woollen cloth woven in his own house. In this dress he appeared even before the splendour-loving nobles of Milan; the gibes which they at first bestowed on him ceased when one of his magnificent horses lost a shoe and it was seen to be of silver. From that moment he was spoken of as "the rich count from Valais."

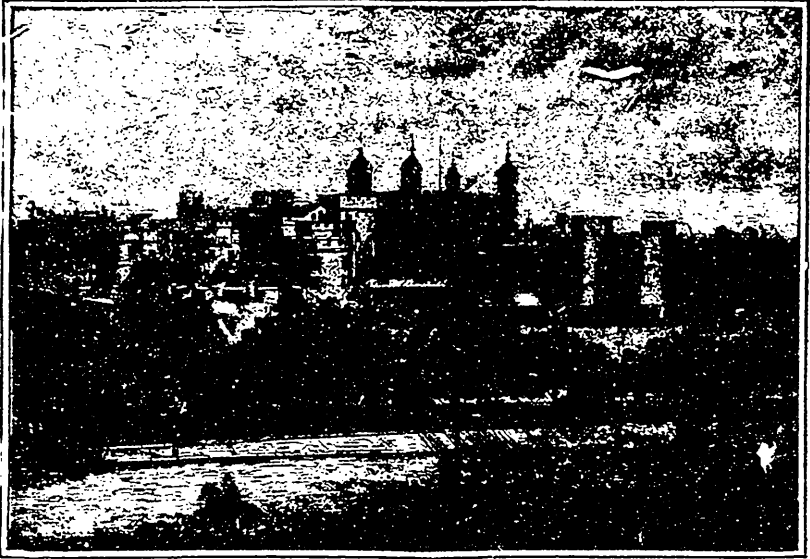


PRIVATE HOUSE IN BRIEG.

PRISONS, AND OUR RELATION TO THEM.

BY THE REV. R. N. BURNS, B.A.

I.



TOWER OF LONDON.

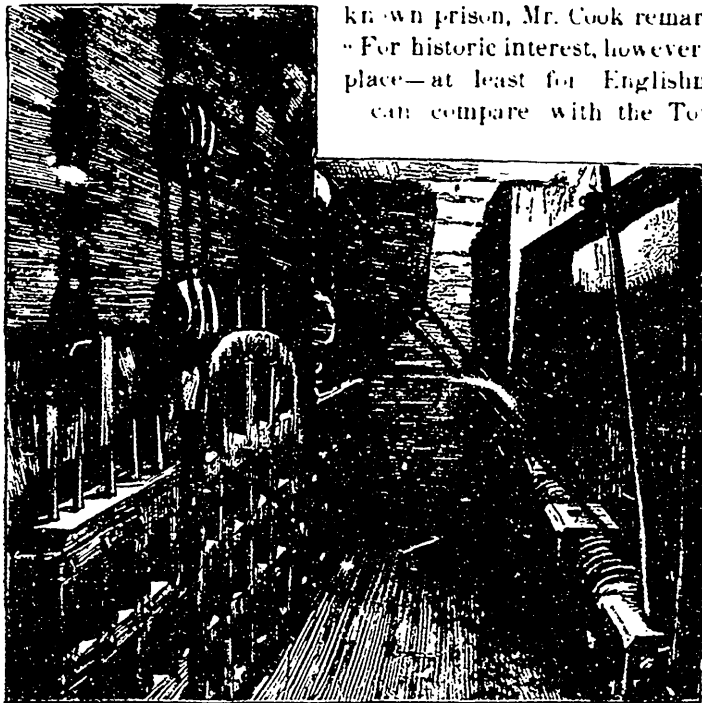
THIS article is designed to be a brief review of Mr. Charles Cook's interesting book, "The Prisons of the World." What this book may suggest to us concerning the other part of the subject—Our Relation to Prisons—will be developed in another paper.

Mr. Cook has been called, by so high an authority as C. H. Spurgeon, "the Howard of to-day." He seems to have eminent qualifications for his unpleasant but Christ-like task. His work, however, must have been a severe task upon sympathetic nerves and bodily health, especially when the time spent in such work was a holiday taken from other work. As Mr. Spurgeon says in the introduction, "it is not a very handsome way of spending a holiday." Few of us could tell of such self-denying toil, with such beneficial results, during any of our holidays.

The opening chapter of the book quite naturally refers to "Historic Prisons—Past and Present." In it are brief descriptions of the Conciergerie in Paris, only surpassed in notoriety by the dreaded Bastille of a century ago—of La Roquette, which he calls

the Newgate of Paris, and outside of which such horrible scenes of revelling and rioting are enacted when an execution takes place, even in the cold gray of early morning—the Bass Rock in the Firth of Forth, redolent with the memories of the noble covenanters, old Scotia's sturdy sons—and Lollards' Tower, in Lambeth Palace, where Wycliffe's followers, and other victims of bigotry, were immured.

In reference to another well-known prison, Mr. Cook remarks: "For historic interest, however, no place—at least for Englishmen—can compare with the Tower



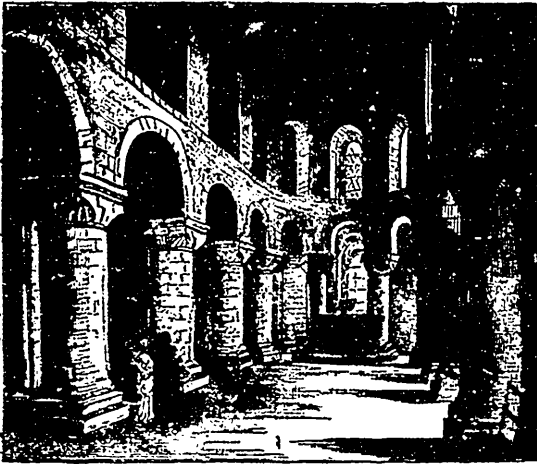
THE PORTCULLIS.

of London, which was for centuries a royal palace and a state prison. During its early history, from the Conquest to the expulsion of the Stuart dynasty, it was filled with courtly scenes as a royal palace. The eight hundred years that follow are full of haunting memories of base and bloody deeds of punishment."

One cannot look upon the names and broken sentences rudely carved upon its walls, without feeling the truth of Hepworth Dixon's words: "The saddest pages in our country's history are to be found scratched on the walls of the dungeons in the Tower of London."

Mention can only be made of the different parts of the main

structure, as the Conqueror's Tower, the Bell Tower, the Bloody



ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL.

Tower, the Flint Tower, the Devereaux Tower, the Lanthorn Tower, and the Beauchamp Tower. Of the latter Mr. Cook thus speaks: "I have stood on many classic spots during my life—on Mars' Hill, where Paul preached, and the Pnyx, where Demosthenes uttered his orations, in

the Mamertine prison, where St. Paul languished, on the spot where Napoleon looked on a burning Moscow, and on the Alps where Hannibal crossed—but nothing stirred my feelings, except it were Chillon, as the Beauchamp Tower. Saddest of all cells! Most solemn of prisons!"

Brief descriptions follow of visits to the Castle of St. Angelo, on the Tiber, and the Mamertine gateway that opened for St. Paul through martyrdom to glory.

Mr. Cook did not visit the prisons in various lands merely for the gratifying of a morbid curiosity, or to entertain the general public with an account of his strange experiences. His purpose was twofold. His first



STAIRCASE TO DUNGEON IN WHITE TOWER.

purpose was to bring spiritual good cheer to the inmates by conducting a simple Gospel service, and distributing parts of the Bible, especially the New Testament, translated into the various languages of Europe and the East.

Mr. Cook seems to have been especially successful in getting government credentials in many countries, enabling him to visit prisons within their bounds and to distribute portions of the Word of God, even where the Protestant religion does not prevail. A secondary and indirect purpose of his visits was to expose the often injustice of too severe sentences, especially in England, and thus aid in their correction; the abuses and imperfections in prison management.

It will be interesting to know what so competent an observer thinks of the equipment and administration of prisons in different lands. Great variations in discipline were constantly met with, "here the utmost liberty, there the strictest discipline; in one case I have hardly been able to distinguish by her dress a prisoner from the matron who had charge of her. In another place the apparel worn by the prisoner was hidden in the extreme; in one country I have seen an inmate eating raspberries, sweets and cakes; in another land I have known a man to eat a pound of candles through sheer hunger." Our author considers the discipline of American prisons to be rather lax as compared with English prisons. In Morocco one may see prisoners in chains, in misery and in want, without food or change of clothing, left to die of disease and starvation, for the imperious Sultan sometimes imprisons whole tribes at a time.

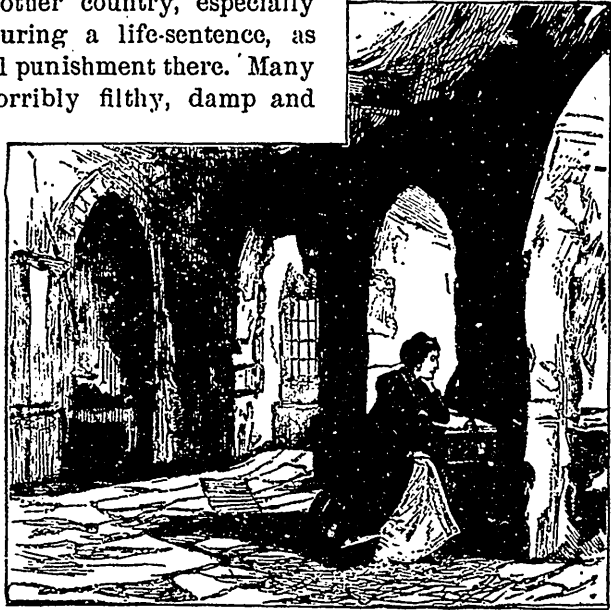
Mr. Cook considers the French prison system generally inferior to that of England, and especially is this true of the Paris prisons. This is chiefly due to the cruel severity of their long-continued,



THE FLINT TOWER.

solitary confinement, and the great scarcity of reformatory influences in prison life. In Belgium the prisons were scrupulously clean, the sanitary arrangements perfect, and the cellular system, that of separate confinement, in general operation. Of Italy he does not speak so highly. All its prisons were crowded, as Italy has probably more criminals, in proportion, than any other country, especially with those enduring a life-sentence, as there is no capital punishment there. Many of them were horribly filthy, damp and unhealthy, and utterly unfit for any human being to inhabit. A great improvement, however, has taken place during later years.

It makes one shudder even to read of the torture chamber at Chillon—the beam from which



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S PRISON IN THE BELL TOWER.

criminals were hanged—the underground dungeons—the dread oubliette—"a trap door with a few steps, descending to which the poor prisoner was led by his gaoler, and told he was free and might descend to liberty: in semi-darkness one—two—three steps were taken, and the man was precipitated upon sharp instruments from which he would fall into the lake below." Swiss prisons are now, however, humanely administered.

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod
 Until his very steps have left a trace,
 Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard!—may none those marks efface,
 For they appeal from tyranny to God."

The prisons of Spain were found to be filthy and poorly ventilated, and those of Austria little better. Of Greece, the less said the better. Germany stands high in the excellence of her prison system. Bibles are placed in the cells, the officers'

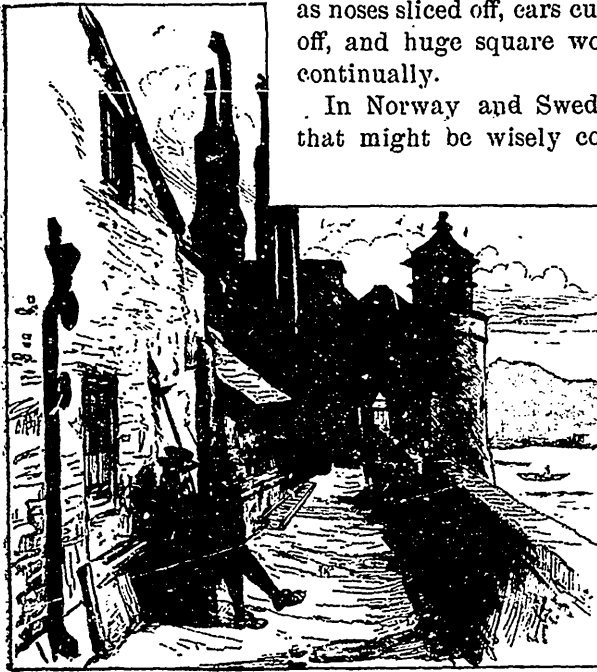
treatment of prisoners was characterized by a very humanizing spirit. In Wurtemberg and Bavaria there was nothing to admire. Prisoners were apparently treated like caged wild beasts, and little or no reforming influence surrounded them. In Turkey, as in nearly all Mohammedan countries, justice is administered in a very slipshod way, and filth and disease are the invariable characteristics of Mohammedan prisons.

Of the cruelties practised by the Chinese on their criminals, it would occupy large space to describe, such as noses sliced off, ears cut off, hands lopped off, and huge square wooden collars worn continually.

In Norway and Sweden there is much that might be wisely copied; the special

excellence of their management is that "the authorities feel when a man is sent to prison that he is then $\frac{2}{3}$ under their *parental and spiritual* jurisdiction, that *by God's blessing he may be converted.*"

Mr. Cook devotes two chapters to the prisons of Russia.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S WALK.

Possessing so many credentials from officials of other countries, he secured unusual freedom to visit the prisons, to speak to the prisoners, and to give away copies of the Bible. Intense eagerness was displayed by very many of the inmates to receive and read copies of the Word of God, and Mr. Cook found it "easy work to feed the hungry." Striking instances of the softening and uplifting power of the "old, old story," were witnessed by him while he was preaching to the thousands confined in Russian prisons. One remarkable case of conversion was that of a desperate criminal, who had committed no less than thirty murders, killing his father, mother and daughter, and who after entering the prison had killed a fellow-prisoner. At the suggestion of the

Governor, Mr. Cook went to his cell and talked with him. As he told the murderer how he had stabbed his own soul when he stabbed others, and then spoke to him of the marvellous love of the Saviour, who prayed for his very murderers, and loved sinners, and desired to save the very worst, the hardened nature softened, and the man truly repented. He visited this man twice afterwards, the last visit being seven months later, and from the man's own testimony, changed appearance and manner, and the confirmatory words of the Governor, ample evidence was furnished of his genuine conversion.

Mr. Cook's experience in visiting the huge forwarding prison,



DUNGEON OF CHILLON.

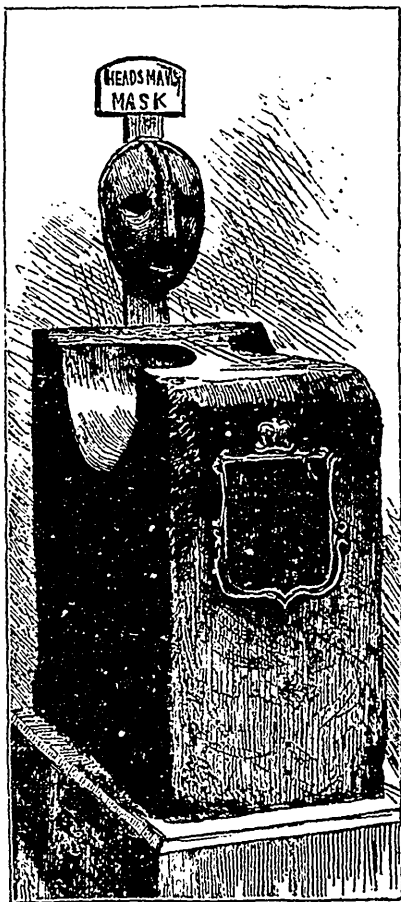
Moscow, where exiles stop on their way to Siberia, was touching and gloomy in the extreme. Here friends were permitted to say good-bye, probably forever, to these hapless "exiles of Siberia." One can hardly believe it possible that any nation could, in this advanced age, hold together while tolerating and practising such grave and wholesale injustice to its subjects. We would expect a mighty upheaval of sentiment and action in emphatic protest against the continuance of administrative processes by which loyal subjects can be exiled without any trial, when in most cases their only offence is that they have spoken against existing abuses, or were nonconformists to the Established Church.

From the statements of Mr. Cook and a fellow-worker, who

travelled through Siberia and visited its prisons, it would seem that Kennan had not written overcoloured descriptions of the horrors of Siberian exile. The terrible journey of these exiles beggars description, for though lately part of the way is by rail and water, still many of them have to walk four thousand miles, and are sometimes two years in reaching their prison dwelling, if they do not die on the way. It is no wonder that many do drop and die, when we think how they are herded together. Refined ladies, dignified nobles, cultured students, and coarsest criminals, are all mixed indiscriminately, and no proper changes of clothing are allowed. All become infested with vermin, and indescribable hardships are endured on the march from rain and cold.

One exile, with his wife, a cultured lady, and a baby boy twelve months old, marching to Irkutsk in a terribly cold storm, reached the prison only to find the child frozen to death in the mother's arms. The wife at the sight of the dead babe went raving mad, and yet, said the husband, "though my wife was mad, and my child dead, they left me in the courtyard of Irkutsk prison, with the thermometer at thirty degrees below zero,

waiting to be officially received by the authorities." This prison at Irkutsk, which is one of the principal ones in Siberia, was built to hold 450, but it has often contained 1,700 prisoners. No wonder that thousands perish from scurvy and other loathsome diseases, and that some try to escape, and in some way reach civilization and home. Mr. Cook tells a pathetic incident of a woman who escaped from the horrors of a Siberian prison, and



BLOCK AND HEADSMAN'S MASK.

traversed two thousand weary miles full of yearning to see her mother again, but was recaptured with her hand upon the latch of her mother's door.

When Russian officials are remonstrated with, by outsiders, about the horrible condition of Russian and Siberian prisons, they will often reply, "there is no money to meet the expense of building new prisons." This reply appears ridiculous and heartless in the extreme, when the traveller in Russia beholds two gorgeous visions as samples of courtly and civic wealth.

Standing on the historic Kremlin, at Moscow, and looking out over "the City of Forty Forties—that being the number of its churches, shrines and holy places—one beholds a crowded grouping of turrets and towers, of domes and cupolas, many of which are covered with gold, constituting a scene of barbaric splendour seldom seen outside of Russia. The gold used in the interior decoration of one building alone, the Church of the Assumption, was four tons and six hundredweight. Then let the astonished traveller walk through the gorgeous rooms of the imperial palaces at Peterhof and Tsarskey, to say nothing of Gatchina and the Winter Palace, and examine the costly trappings of the royal carriages, one of which is ornamented throughout the interior with rubies and diamonds. No wonder Mr. Cook said, when he looked upon such royal extravagance—"I wish that I had the power to exchange a fraction of this fabulous wealth into money, and be allowed to erect roomy and sanitary prisons for the ill-fated subjects of the Czar."

Coming nearer home it is Mr. Cook's opinion that the British colonies are following largely the lines of prison administration laid down in the mother country, with a little less of the severe and a little more of the compassionate. Of his visit to Canada, he says, "prisons were clean and well conducted, on the whole; ventilation very perfect, and all the rules of sanitation carefully observed." In a newspaper report of a later visit, about a year ago, I find that he complains of the smallness of the cells in some Canadian prisons, and the general lack of classification of prisoners. He pays a high tribute to Warden Massie, of the Central Prison, Toronto, and Dr. Lavell, Warden of the Provincial Penitentiary, at Kingston.

Of Dr. Lavell, Mr. Cook says :

"Let me add my testimony regarding the wardenship. In Warden Lavell the Government has the right man in the right place. I wish we had a thousand like him in the prisons of England. He is one man in a thousand for prison supervision. The Government should make him governor of all the prisons in Canada. He is a man of stalwart firmness, tempered with a kindness that I have not seen excelled."

As a result of his prison visiting, Mr. Cook has been for over sixteen years, by writing and talking, trying to stir up Christian people everywhere to breathe to God this prayer—"Let the sighing of the prisoners come before Thee," and where possible to help in distributing the Word of God amongst the prison inmates, that they may read of Him who came "to give deliverance to the captive."

A larger and more important duty rests upon us as Christian citizens, and we shall never understand the practical import of our Relation to Prisons until we find out that duty and attempt to do it. What that duty is, and how we may discharge it, will be considered in our second paper, and we will probably use many of Mr. Cook's prison experiences to illustrate the points we shall endeavour to make.

OVERCOMETH.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

To him that overcometh,
 Oh, word divinely strong,
 The victor's palm, the fadeless
 wreath,
 The grand immortal song !
 And his the hidden manna,
 And his the polished stone
 Within whose whiteness shines the
 name,
 Revealed to him alone.

To him that overcometh—
 Ah, what of bitter strife
 Before he win the battle's gage
 And snatch the crown of life !
 What whirl of crossing weapons,
 What gleam of flashing eyes,
 What stern debate with haughty foes,
 Must be before the prize !

To him that overcometh
 Shall trials aye befall,
 The world, the flesh, the devil,
 He needs must face them all.
 Sweet sirens of temptation
 May lure with silvern strain,
 And cope he must with subtle foes,
 And blanch 'neath fiery pain.

To him that overcometh,
 A mighty help is pledged,
 He wields a sword of purest mould,
 By use of cycles edged.
 And prophets and confessors,
 A matchless, valiant band,
 Have vanquished earth, and stormed
 the skies,
 With that triumphant brand.

To him that overcometh,
 Oh, promise dearest dear !
 The Lord Himself, who died for him,
 Will evermore be near.
 Here, dust upon his garments,
 There, robes that royal be,
 For "On My throne," the King hath
 said,
 "Mine own shall sit with Me."

To him that overcometh,
 Oh, word divinely strong !
 It weaves itself through weary hours
 Like some rejoicing song.
 For his the hidden manna,
 And his the name unknown,
 Which Christ the Lord, one day of
 days,
 Will tell to him alone.

MULTIPLEX TELEGRAPHY.

BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.

OFTEN it is remarked that the electric telegraph is a national necessity. Nothing is commoner now than the ubiquitous cedar pole, supporting, high in the air, its iron strands, along which human thought is flashed over our country's widest stretches in the twinkling of an eye. Puck could "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes;" our ruler of the fairyland of electricity can do it in a fraction of a second. As usual, the scientist's simple statements of fact are harder to accept than the poet's fanciful imaginings.

Sometimes we see, or hear of, those who barter their honour for gold, which they carry off to some distant place, expecting to spend it there in peace. Yet such is impossible. The electric nerves run over every part of our little globe, and wherever one may go, he is almost certain to tread upon some of them, and then his deep-sought privacy is no more.

In Canada, there are about seventy thousand miles of telegraph wire, over which four and a half millions of messages are annually transmitted. The United States, with its widely-settled area, has nearly eight hundred thousand miles of actual wire, and during 1893 over sixty million messages were sent. England has a smaller mileage, hardly one-third of that of the United States, but in that little country almost seventy million messages are sent every year. There the whole system is under government control, and the administration is excellent. Mr. W. H. Preece, F.R.S., the chief electrician, in a recent address, stated that on examining and analyzing all the messages arriving in Newcastle on the morning of January 20th, it was found that the average time of transit, from the hands of the sender to those of the receiver, was 7.8 minutes. A similar examination, at Glasgow, on January 15th, gave a mean result of 8.7 minutes. The University Boat Race, in England, must be regarded as a national event, for much care is taken to spread the result with great rapidity. A year ago, the race closed at fifty-two minutes, forty-seven seconds after four o'clock; one second later it was known in London, and three seconds after the finish, in New York. These feats are astonishing, and the more we think over them, the more wonderful do they seem.

The principles which underlie all the work in electrical telegraphy are not many in number, and not difficult to comprehend.

Hence we find a wider acquaintance with this branch of electricity than with any other. Yet, though many have a fairly definite notion of the mode of action of a simple telegraphic circuit, very few indeed have any idea of the manner of transmitting, at the same time, several messages over the same wire.

The theoretical arrangement I shall try to indicate, though a full explanation would become exceedingly technical. First of all, I shall briefly speak of the fundamental principles; then the common Morse system, one message at a time, will be referred to; then, the method followed in sending two messages simultaneously, This leads at once to the Quadruplex system, by means of which two messages may be sent in each direction, simultaneously, over a single wire, thus giving employment to four operators at each end of the circuit. I shall close by very briefly speaking of one or two other interesting systems.

The essential feature of the Morse system, which is the one universally employed, is the *electro-magnet*. Everybody is familiar with the steel magnet, whether in the horse-shoe shape, or in the form of the compass-needle. It will attract bits of iron or steel to itself, if poised will point north and south, and the south pole of one will attract the north pole of another, repelling one of its own kind. This is called the permanent magnet, because it will retain its magnetism for an indefinite length of time.

But the electro-magnet is not permanent. It is produced by an electric current, and as soon as the current ceases to flow, its magnetism is gone. Of course it cannot be of steel, as steel once magnetised is magnetised forever—unless we make it red-hot, or otherwise misuse it. A bar of the softest iron makes the best electro-magnet. In Fig. 1, A C is a bar of soft iron; about it are wound numerous turns of insulated copper wire, the ends of which are joined to a voltaic battery B, and when the current flows A C is a magnet.

The stronger the electric current which the battery supplies, the more powerful will be the electro-magnet. If the current flows in the direction indicated in the figure, the end A will be the north pole, and C the south pole; but if the direction of the current were reversed, the poles would also be exchanged.

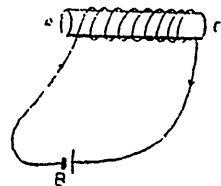


FIG. 1.

Thus the iron will not be magnetised at all, unless the current flows about it, and its polarity will depend on the direction in which the current flows. The number of times the wire is coiled about the iron core is important: it is found that a small current passing through a great many turns is

equivalent to a few turns carrying a heavy current. Also, if the wire be small and long, it opposes much resistance to the current's passing through it; that is, unless we have a powerful battery, very little current can thread the coil.

Next let us consider a simple Morse circuit. This is shown in Fig. 2.

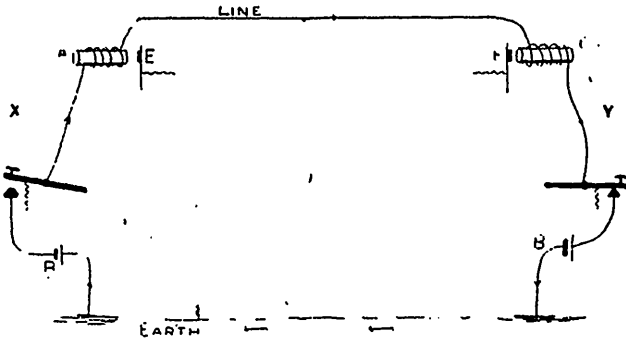


FIG. 2.

A and C are electro-magnets, one at each end of the line, and B, B are the batteries which generate the current. In front of the electro-magnets are pivoted the armatures E, F, the part near the magnets being of soft iron. To each is fastened a spring, to draw it back from the magnet when the current is not flowing. Now see what happens. The operator at X presses his key K, and the current begins to flow. It goes about the electro-magnet A, along the main line, about the iron core C, then down to the earth, by which it returns to B, ready for another round. When the current flows, A and C are magnetised, and draw the armatures E, F, towards them with a "click." Then X allows his key to be lifted by its spring, the current ceases, the armatures are drawn back ready for another signal. Thus when X presses his key he makes signals in his own office, as well as at Y's end of the line; indeed these signals are reproduced in every office through which the line passes. This is the simple theory of the ordinary circuit, one message at a time.

Let us now consider the Duplex system, whereby two signals are transmitted simultaneously. We saw that when X pressed his key, his own relay, or electro-magnet, was affected, as well as Y's. In the Duplex, the object aimed at is to have the relays so constructed that when X presses his key, his own relay is not affected, though that of Y is. Thus when X is working, Y's relay is giving signals; when Y is working, X's relay is in operation; and when X and Y are both working, both relays are in action.

The chief feature here is the differential electro-magnet, which is illustrated in Fig. 3.

A C is a bar of soft iron, and B is the battery, one end of which, as well as two ends of the wire, is connected with the ground. The current passes up from B, but does not pass about the wire as in the simple case. It divides, one half going about in one direction, the other in the opposite direction. As they flow in opposite directions, they neutralise each other, and the iron is not magnetised. However, if we can arrange it so that the current in one half of the coil may be much stronger than the other, that half will over-balance the other and produce a magnetic effect.

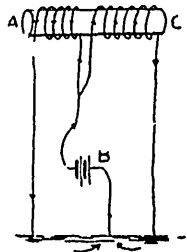


FIG. 3.

The simplest form of the Duplex is given in Fig. 4.

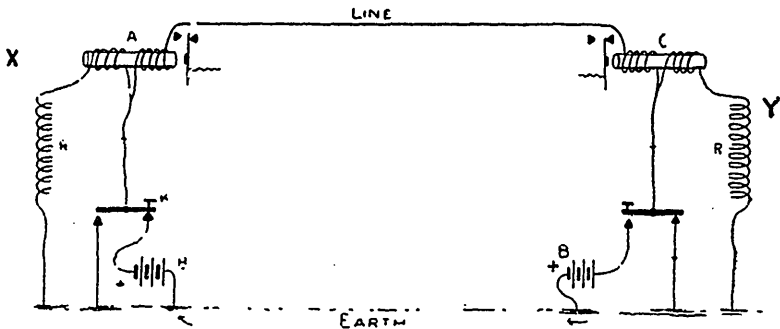


FIG. 4.

As before, the two offices are X and Y. The operator at X has pressed his key K downward (it turns about the point P), while the man at Y has left his as it naturally would go. Now let us trace how the current goes, and what it does. Passing from the battery at the X end, it goes up through the key, but divides at the electro-magnet, half of it going about the iron in one direction, then down through wire R to the earth, and across to the battery, thus completing its course. But the other half goes about the iron core in the reverse direction, passes along the line wire to the Y end, flows about the left end of the electro-magnet, and easily escapes to earth, and then gets back to where it started from. A little of this current goes through the other half of the electro-magnet coil, and reaches earth by the wire R (at the Y end), but this may be neglected. We now see what happens. The iron core A will not be magnetised, while that at C will be; hence when X presses his key, there will be a

response at Y's end, but none at his own. This is the essential in this Duplex method—the Differential Duplex, as it is called. When Y presses his key, X's instrument will respond, and when both X and Y press their keys, a response is given at each end.

Another method must now be explained. This is called the Polar Duplex. It will be remembered that the polarity of the electro-magnet depends on the direction of the surrounding current. Consider now a magnet such as we see in Fig. 5.

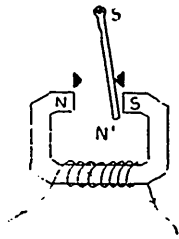


FIG. 5.

Here is a piece of soft iron, almost horse-shoe shape, with a current flowing about a part of it. If the current flows in the direction indicated, the ends marked N and S will be north pole and south pole respectively. Now the upright bar N' S' is steel, and is magnetised, the lower end being the north pole, and the upper the south pole. When the current is sent in the direction indicated this magnet would be drawn to the right, and striking

against a stop will produce a "click." However, if I make the current move in the opposite direction, the poles of the magnet will be interchanged, and the steel armature will be drawn to the left with a "click." That is, if an operator at one end of a line can change the direction of the electric current at pleasure, he can produce signals at the other end, if a magnet be arranged there, as shown above. This is the essential feature of the Polar Duplex, which is given theoretically in Fig. 6.

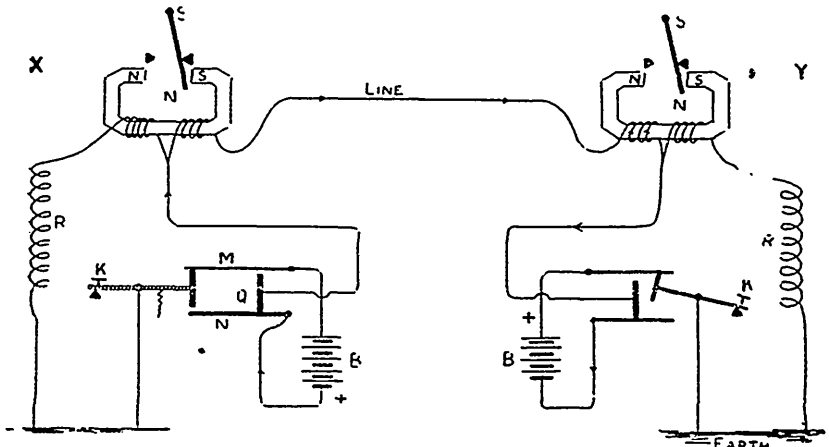


FIG. 6.

The various parts are indicated as before. At each end is an electro-magnet, with a piece of steel as an armature, a

battery, and a key and "pole-changer," that is, an arrangement for reversing the direction of the current from the battery. Thus when K is pressed down the current flows as indicated; when K is pulled up by its spring, the other end of it will leave the bar, and thus the current will flow through the line in the opposite direction. As before, the current from X will influence only Y's electro-magnet, while, when Y presses his key, X's electro-magnet will respond, and when both X and Y press their keys, as in the figure, both electro-magnets, or relays as they are called, will answer. Here again, each can call the other at the same time; in other words, an operator at X can send a message to a second one at Y, and at the same time a third one at Y can send one to a fourth at X. Thus the capacity of the line is doubled—two men at each end instead of only one, a receiving operator and also a transmitting operator being at each end, or four men altogether.

The next problem is to combine these two methods. In each system, an operator at X can transmit signals to Y, while an operator at the Y end is sending signals to X. In the Quadruplex arrangement, both kinds of instruments are used on the same circuit, the two ends being quite identical. In the Differential Duplex all that is required is a circuit of sufficient strength to cause the electro-magnet at the receiving end to act; while in the Polar Duplex, the direction in which the current flows is the all-important feature. In the next diagram (Fig. 7), is given a theoretical view of the arrangement of the instruments for the Quadruplex. As a figure embodying all the connections would be very complicated, I shall give only a half-view, namely, the two transmitters at X, and the corresponding receivers at Y, but it is to be remembered that at Y are two transmitters, and at X the receivers, or relays, worked by them.

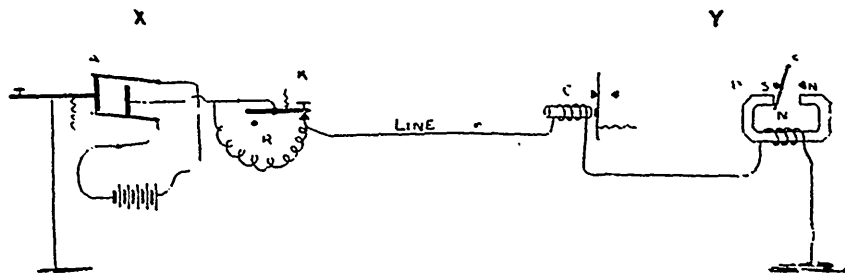


FIG. 7.

In the figure A and K are the sending keys, C and D the receiving relays, D corresponding to A, and C to K, B is the battery generating the electricity, R is a long coil of wire,

(of much "resistance," as it is said), and at each end the wire runs into the earth. Now see how the apparatus works. As figured, both keys are depressed. Then the current flows as the arrows indicate, and both relays at Y are affected. Suppose now, the key K is let go, and its spring pulls it up; then the current cannot flow so directly through the line, but must first pass through the fine wire R. In so doing it loses much of its strength, so much, indeed, that there is not left enough to work the relay C, a strong current being required to overcome its heavy spring, marked N. Hence by working the key K, the relay C will be operated, and as the direction of the current is unchanged, no effect is felt in the relay D. However, let the pole-changing key A be worked; every time it moves up and down, the *direction* of the current is reversed, but the *strength* is quite unaffected. Hence the relay D will be operated (as this depends on direction, not on strength), while the relay C will not give signals, as direction is immaterial for it, and the transmitter A has no effect on the strength. Thus at X, A can talk to C, and K to D, quite independently; and by a suitable arrangement, two operators at Y can speak to two receivers at X, at the same time. Thus by the Quadruplex system, two messages can be sent, and two received, at the same time over the same wire, thus eight operators being required to attend to a single line.

In practical operation many serious difficulties have arisen, but the inventor's genius has overcome them all, and the above system is very extensively used, especially in the United States. The expense of building a good telegraphic line is considerable, and when we remember that by using the Quadruplex, one line may be made to do service for four, we are not surprised to find its use so general.

At the present time, according to an eminent American expert,* fully twelve hundred circuits in the United States use the Quadruplex system. These circuits require about 333,000 miles of wire, but the companies making use of it are thus able to obtain the equivalent of about 4,800 single circuits, and nearly one million miles of wire. The 3,600 extra circuits, thus added by the Quadruplex, are called "phantom circuits." The system is used between all the principal cities of the Republic, within one thousand or twelve hundred miles of each other, and all sorts of messages are transmitted over them. To keep in repair the complex machinery, expert knowledge is needed, but the requisite expertness is soon gained.

* Wm. Maver, Jr., author of "American Telegraphy," New York, 1892.

Both of the two companies operating in Ontario—the Great North-Western and the Canadian Pacific—have a number of Quadruplex circuits in operation, and as Toronto is the greatest distributing centre, more are to be found there than anywhere else. The first company have an immense amount of local work, but find continuous employment for three Quadruplex circuits, and several more are kept in readiness for any emergency. In the latter company's head office, much of the business is between large cities, and four Quadruplex circuits are in constant operation. At night, to handle the immense amount of newspaper report-matter, coming from our eloquent representatives on Parliament Hill, Ottawa, this company find it necessary to use two Quadruplex lines, besides three single wires running to the capital.

The methods preferred in England, are the Delany and the Wheatstone automatic systems. In the former, a rotating axis drags a brush across sectors of a circle arranged side by side, and thus distributes signals to the several lines which are attached to these sectors. By this arrangement, which seems to work better in damp climates, several messages may be sent over a single wire, but as the number increases, the speed of transmission diminishes.

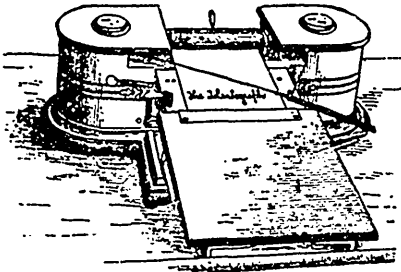
In the Wheatstone Automatic, a strip of paper, in which are holes corresponding to the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet, is fed into the machine, and thus messages may be sent with astonishing rapidity, a speed of from four hundred to six hundred words per minute being sometimes attained.

It may be interesting to note that, in the larger offices, the old chemical battery has found a strong competitor. As early as 1880, dynamos were introduced into the New York main office, and displaced several rooms full of chemical cells. In the Great North-Western office, in Toronto, three thousand batteries were removed, and the electric current is now supplied by seven small dynamos, four others being kept in readiness in case of any accident. Each of these machines occupies no more than a cubic yard of space, and should the business be doubled, the plant now in operation would be adequate. In the Canadian Pacific office are two thousand glass cells with their zinc, copper and blue-stone, but their occupation will soon be gone, as the dynamo will take their place.

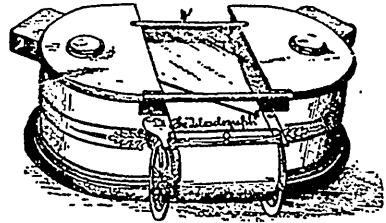
When it is learned that in this latter office some six tons of copper sulphate, or blue-stone, are consumed every year, and that on an average, each battery costs about seventy-five cents a year, we see how expensive is the chemical method of generating an electric current. On the other hand, the dynamos, though quite

expensive to commence with, take up very little space, require very little attention, are clean and beautiful in action, and so are much admired wherever used.

In the above remarks I have attempted to sketch but a small branch of electrical telegraphy. There are many other wonderful and charming applications, of which one of the most remarkable is Gray's Telautograph, which transmits an exact copy of the sender's handwriting, and which was in operation at the World's Fair.



TELAUTOGRAPH TRANSMITTER.

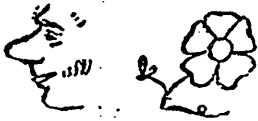


TELAUTOGRAPH RECEIVER.

A general view of the transmitting and receiving instruments is given in the small cuts. The operator writes with a pencil to which are attached two cords. Each of these is wound about a sort of cylinder at the farther corners of the box. As the pencil moves about, tracing out the message, these cords shorten and lengthen and thus make the drums, about which they are wound,

rotate. These drums are connected to corresponding ones in the receiver by means of two metallic lines, and by electro-magnets, polarised relays, etc., their motion is taken up by the receiver, and a facsimile of the written message appears on the paper. The specimen is the received copy. By means of the Telautograph sketches, plans, and one's own hand-writing are transmitted.

*Witness the work of the
Gray Telautograph*



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.

SPECIMEN OF WORK OF THE
TELAUTOGRAPH.

To attempt to predict the future of telegraphy is not a useful task. The telephone has come to stay, but it will hardly displace the old, strong, and sturdy telegraph. A cable larger than any immersed in the Atlantic, and 2,100 miles in length, is

to be laid this summer. Let us hope that these extensions may ever continue, till at last earth's teeming millions shall be united in a firm brotherhood of peace.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

"WHERE IS THE WAY TO THE DWELLING OF LIGHT?"

BY AMY PARKINSON.

I.

Who can shew us the way to the dwelling of light,
The abode of light and love ?
We long to be where never shadow of night
Steals over the skies, so transcendently bright,
In that wonderful land above.

Oh ! those shadowless skies arch a landscape more rare
Than a poet's rarest dream ;
Hill, valley and woodland such verdure wear,
The flower-bordered streams are so silvery fair
In the glorious light that gleam.

They who dwell in that country from sin are secure,
From sadness are ever free ;
Their garments are glistening white and pure,
Their hearts glow with love that shall endless endure,
For the King in His beauty they see.

But the way to that land lies through shadow and gloom,
Where dangers must cross the way,
And visions of dread in the darkness will loom,
For we know we must pass through the gates of the tomb,
Ere we enter the realms of day.

II.

One can shew us the way to the dwelling of light
Who suffered our sins to remove ;
He went through the dark to illumine our night,
He died that death never our souls need affright,
Himself is our Light and our Love ;

He has passed on before to that country so fair,
Where never is cloud nor night,
And has promised a mansion for us to prepare
'Neath those radiant skies, that His joy we may share,
And dwell with Himself in the light.

So we trustingly press through the shadow and gloom,
Where His footprints shew the way,
Nor heed the dread visions that threateningly loom—
For we know we but pass through the gates of the tomb
To our home in the realms of day.

TORONTO.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHILD WORKERS.

WHOEVER reads that in the State of New York some twenty-four thousand children are employed in factories, but that the law forbids the admission of any under thirteen years of age, settles back comfortably certain that with few exceptions all waifs and strays are provided for, and that at thirteen a child is not likely to be stunted or overworked. If parents told the truth as to age, and if there were fifty instead of the two inspectors who must cover the ground for the whole State, there would be some chance for carrying out the law. But it is hardly more than a form of words, evaded daily by parents, who want the earnings of the child,—the children themselves aiding them in the deception. The census returns touch only children in factories. They do not include either mercantile establishments or trades carried on in tenement-houses.

Figures drawn from the registers of night-schools and from many other sources make the number of little workers in New York City over one hundred thousand. The registers of these schools are full of suggestion, and in running over them one finds over two hundred employments in which children are engaged. Ink in all its processes, tassel-making, tin and paper boxes, whips, whalebones, feathers, artificial flowers, and tobacco are samples. The boys like to enlarge their profession and write themselves down as blacksmiths, architects, and in one case, "sexton's assistant." The last dusted pews and helped to shake cushions, while the young blacksmiths and architects were simply errand and general utility boys.

Girls share the same ambition that the boys feel, and in one school eighty of them registered as "nurses." Being interpreted this means that they take care of the baby at home while the mother goes out to "day's work." It is astonishing to see the real motherliness of the little things, who lug about the baby with devotion; and if they feed it on strange diet they are but following in the footsteps of their mothers, who regard the baby at six months old as the sharer of whatever the family bill of fare has to offer. The small German child is early taught to take his portion of lager with national placidity; the Irish children have tea or coffee and even a sup of the "craytur," and so each nationality is instructed according to the taste that is part of its inheritance. I have seen a six-year-old girl scrubbing the floor of the one room in which lived a widowed mother and three children.

"She's a widdy washerwoman," said the dot, a creature with big blue eyes and a thin, eager little face. "Yes, ma'am, she's a widdy washerwoman, an' I keep house. That's the baby there,

an' he's good all the time, savin' whin his teeth is too big for him. It's teeth that's hard on babies, but I mind him good an' he thinks more o' me than he does o' mother. See how beautiful he sucks at the pork."

The small housekeeper pointed with pride to the bed, where the tiny baby lay, a strip of fat pork in his mouth.

"He's weakly like, an' mother gives him the pork to set him up. An' he takes his sup o' tay beautiful too. Whin the summer comes we'll get to have him go to the Children's Home at Bath, maybe, or down to Coney Island or somewhere. I might be a 'Fresh Air' child meself, but I have to keep house, you know, an' so mother can't let me go."

This is one phase of child labour, and the most natural and innocent one, though it is a heavy burden to lay on small shoulders, and premature age and debility are its inevitable results. Far truer is this of the long hours in shop or manufactory. A child of eight—one of a dozen in a shop on Walker Street—stripped feathers, and had for a year earned three dollars a week. In this case the father was dead and the mother sick, and the little thing went home to do such cooking as she could, though like many a worker she had already learned to take strong tea and to believe that it gave her strength. She was dwarfed in growth from confinement in the air of the workshop, from lack of proper food and no play, and thousands of these little feather-strippers are in like case.

In another workshop in the same neighbourhood, children of from eight to ten, and one much younger, cut the feathers from cock-tails. The hours were from eight to six, and so for ten hours daily they bent over the work, which included cutting from the stem, steaming, curling, and packing.

Eight thousand children make envelopes at three and a half cents a thousand. They gum, separate, and sort. The hours are the same, but the rooms are generally lighter and better ventilated than the feather workers' surroundings. Many more burnish china, for, strange as it may seem, the most delicate ware is intrusted to children of ten or twelve. The burnishing instrument is held close against the breast, and this is a fruitful source of sickness, since the constant pressure brings with it various stomach and other troubles, dyspepsia being the chief.

Paper collars employ a host. The youngest bend over them, for even a child of five can do this. One child of twelve counts and boxes twenty thousand a day, and one who pastes the lining on the button-holes does five thousand a day. Over ten thousand children make paper boxes. Even in the making of gold-leaf a good many are employed, though chiefly young girls of fifteen and upwards. It is one of the most exhausting of the trades, as no air can be admitted, and the atmosphere is stifling.

Feathers, flowers, and tobacco employ the greatest number. A child of six can strip tobacco or cut feathers. In one great firm, employing over a thousand men, women, and children, a woman of eighty and her grandchild of four sit side by side and strip

the leaves, and the faces of the pair were sketched not long since by a popular artist. With the exception of match-making and one or two other industries there is hardly a trade so deadly in its effects. There are many operations which children are competent to carry on, and the phases of work done at home in the tenement-houses often employ the whole family. In cellars and basements boys of ten and twelve brine, sweeten, and prepare the tobacco preliminary to stemming. Others of the same age keep the knives of the cutting machines clean by means of sponges dipped in rum, thus spending their young lives in an atmosphere of liquor and tobacco. Cigar making in the tenement-houses goes on, though the fact is often denied.

In a report of the State Bureau of Labour it is stated that in one room less than twelve by fourteen feet, whose duplicate can be found at many points, a family of seven worked. Three of these, all girls, were under ten years of age. Tobacco lay in piles on the floor under the long table at one end where cigars were rolled. Two of the children sat on the floor, stripping the leaves, and another sat on a small stool. A girl of twenty sat near them, and all had sores on lips, cheeks, and hands. Some four thousand women are engaged in this industry, and an equal number of unregistered young children share it with them. As in sewing, a number of women often club together and use one room, and in such cases their babies crawl about in the filth on the wet floors, playing with the damp tobacco and breathing the poison with which the room is saturated. [Think of this, ye who use tobacco.]

Skin diseases of many sorts develop in the children who work in this way, and for the women and girls nervous and hysterical complaints are common, the direct result of poisoning by nicotine. In this one house alone thirty children were at work, thirteen of them strippers, doing their ten hours of work daily.

Twine-factories are clean and well ventilated, but they are often as disastrous in their effects. The twisting-room is filled with long spindles, innocent-looking enough, but taking a finger along with the flax as silently and suddenly as the thread forms. In one factory two hundred children under fifteen years old are employed spinning, winding, and twisting flax. In one room ten little boys, so small that they were mounted on a platform to enable them to reach the clamps that hold the flax, run the hackling-machines, and change the clamps as necessary. The machine must be fed continuously at both ends, and the boys work with energy.

In a twine factory several children lacked a finger or two, and one explained how it happened in her case.

"You see, you musn't talk or look off a minute. They just march right along. My sister was like me. She forgot and talked, and just that minute her finger was off, and she didn't even cry till she picked it up. My little finger always did stick out, and I was trying to twist fast like the girl next to me, and somehow it caught in the flax. I tried to jerk away, but it wasn't any use. It was off just the same as hers, and it took a great

while before I could come back. I'm sort of afraid of them, for any minute your whole hand might go and you'd hardly know till it was done."

In a small room on Hester Street a woman at work on overalls—for the making of which she received one dollar a dozen—said:

"I couldn't do as well if it wasn't for Jinny and Mame there. Mame has learned to sew on buttons first-rate, and Jinny is doing almost as well. I'm alone to-day, but most days three of us sew together here, and Jinny keeps right along. We'll do better yet when Mame gets a bit older."

As she spoke the door opened and a woman with an enormous bundle of overalls entered and sat down on the nearest chair with a gasp.

"Them stairs is killin'," she said. "It's lucky I've not to climb 'em often."

Something crept forward as the bundle slid to the floor, and busied itself with the string that bound it.

"Here you, Jinny," said the woman, "don't you be foolin'. What do you want anyhow?"

The something shook back a mat of thick hair and rose to its feet,—a tiny child who in size seemed scarcely three, but whose countenance indicated the experience of three hundred.

"It's the string I want," the small voice said. "Me and Mame was goin' to play, with it."

"There's small time for play," said the mother; "there'll be two pair more in a minute or two, an' you are to see how Mame does one an' do it good, too, or I'll find out why not."

Mame had come forward and stood holding to the one thin garment which but partly covered Jinny's little bones. She, too, looked out from a wild thatch of black hair, and with the same expression of deep experience, the pallid, hungry little faces lighting suddenly as some cheap cakes were produced. Both of them sat down on the floor and ate their portion silently.

"Mame's seven, and Jinny's goin' on six," said the mother, "but Jinny's the smartest. She could sew on buttons when she wasn't much over four. I had five, but the Lord took 'em all but these two. I couldn't get on if it wasn't for Mame."

Mame looked up, but said no word, and, as I left the room, settled herself with her back against the wall, Jinny at her side, laying the coveted string near at hand for use if any minute for play arrived. In the next room, half-lighted like the last, and if possible even dirtier, a Jewish tailor sat at work on a coat, and by him on the floor a child of five picking threads from another coat.

"Nettie is good help," he said after a word or two. "So fast as I finish, she picks all the threads. She care not to go away—she stay by me always to help."

"Is she the only one?"

"But one that sells papers. Last year is five, but mother and dree are gone with fever. It is many that die. What will you? It is the will of God."

On the floor below two children of seven and eight were found also sewing on buttons—in this case for four women who had their machines in one room and were making the cheapest order of corset-cover, for which they received fifty cents a dozen, each one having five buttons. It could not be called oppressive work, yet the children were held there to be ready for each one as completed, and sat as such children most often do, silent and half asleep, waiting patiently for the next demand.

"It's hard on 'em," one of the women said. "We work till ten and sometimes later, but then they sleep between and we can't; and they get the change of running out for a loaf of bread or whatever's wanted, and we don't stir from the machine from morning till night. I've got two o' me own, but they're out peddlin' matches."

Descending the stairs to reach the rear of the building, our way led past three little girls shovelling coal into bags.

On the lower floor, back of the small grocery in which the people of the house bought their food supply—wilted or half-decayed vegetables, meat of the cheapest order, broken eggs, and stale fish,—a tailor and two helpers were at work. A girl of nine or ten sat among them and picked thread or sewed on buttons as needed—a haggard, wretched-looking child who did not look up as the door opened. A woman who had come down the stairs stopped a moment, and as I passed out said:

"If there was a law for him I'd have him up. It's his own sister's child, and he's workin' her ten hours a day an' many a day into the night, an' she with an open sore on her neck, an' cryin' out many's the time when she draws out a long needleful an' so gives it a jerk. She's sewed on millions of buttons, that child has, an' she but a little past ten. May there be a hot place waitin' for him!"

From the notes of a physician whose name is a guarantee of accurate and faithful observation, and whose work is in connection with the Board of Health, I have a series of facts, the result of eighteen months' work. During this period of daily observation in tenement-house work, she found among the people with whom she came in contact 535 children under twelve years old, most of them between ten and twelve, who either worked in shops or stores or helped their mothers in some kind of work at home. Of these 535 children but sixty were healthy. In one family a child of three years old had infantile paralysis easily curable. The mother had no time to attend to it. At five years old the child was taught to sew buttons on trousers. She is now, at thirteen years, a helpless cripple, but she finishes a dozen pairs of trousers a day, and the family are thus twenty cents the richer. In another family she found twin girls, four and a half years old, sewing on buttons from six in the morning till ten at night; and near them a family of three,—a woman who did the same work, and whose old father of eighty and a little girl of six were her co-workers.

Does the Compulsory Education Law help these? It requires only fourteen weeks of the year, and the poorer class work from

early morning till 8 a. m., and after school hours from four till late at night. What energy for study is left under such conditions? The chief harm is not here, though this is harm enough. It is in the inevitable physical degeneration of the child. Thoughtful owners and managers here and there realize this, and many have testified that a child put out into factory life at eight or nine years of age becomes practically useless by the time twenty is reached. Physical, mental, and moral development are not only wanting but rendered impossible.

This is no place for the many questions involved, but every woman who reads, every man whose children look to him for teaching, may well ponder the issues involved. A world of thought and action is already given to the rescue of children from the slums. Let it reach one step father and rescue them with no less eagerness and determination from the factory. If present methods of production cannot go on without them, alter the methods. The loss on one side will be more than balanced by a lessening rate in our asylums, and a gradual lowering of the tax for their support, paid now with a cheerfulness which may well be transferred to another form of loss,—loss to-day, perhaps, but gain for all days to come. We expend money for foreign missions while the heathen are here at our own doors. Out from the child faces, preternaturally aged, brutalized, and defrauded of all that belongs to childhood, look eyes that hold unconscious appeal for that justice which is the birthright of every soul. Ignore it, deny it, and the time comes when the old words sound again, and we hear the judgment: "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea."

LONGING.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Oh, for the pure, clear gleam of the crystal river ;
 Oh, for the cool, soft shade of the spreading trees ;
 Oh, to be out in the free, fresh air forever,
 Where deathless perfumes float on the summer breeze !

Oh, for a sight of the fadeless flowers springing
 From the rich green meads, where living fountains be ;
 Oh, for the sound of the sweet, sweet voices singing
 The glad new song, on the shore of the glassy sea !

Oh, for the land where never is sound of sighing,
 Oh, for the Hand that wipes all tears away ;
 Oh, to be where there is no more thought of dying—
 But life and joy flow on through eternal day !

TORONTO.

HOW THE POOR WERE CARED FOR AT QUABBIN.*

BY FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, LL.D.

AUNT KEZIAH was old and feeble, and had many strange "feelin's," which she thought it important to detail and illustrate; but, though she was well past seventy, she was likely still to hold on for a score of years. Upon scanning her face attentively, there were evident traces of former good looks, if not of beauty. Her nose was straight, her forehead regular, and her blue eyes, behind a pair of silver-bowed "specs," had still a fine depth of colour, although their forlorn and piteous expression was at first more obvious than their contour and hue. Some effort of imagination would be necessary to bring back any youthful charm to her shrivelled face and figure, but there was no doubt that half a century before she had been an attractive woman. Her dress was plain and poor, and her spare shoulders were covered by a small shawl. Needless to say, she was always accorded a warm corner by the fireplace.

She was the neighbourhood's aunt, everybody's Aunt Keziah; and much more the aunt of those who were alien to her blood than of her own nephews and nieces. Strangers compassionately gave her shelter, when her kinsfolk had cast her off and appeared not to care what became of her. Probably she would not have been wholly agreeable as a permanent member of a household, for her conversation was not generally cheerful. With her experiences, how could it be? But if her relatives had been considerate people, with a little family pride, she would have been saved from the humiliation which fell upon her.

Her industry in knitting was remarkable. The play of needles in her poor, stiff jointed fingers ceased only when at intervals she explored the mysterious folds of her dress for the snuff-box, or wiped her "specs," dimmed by contact with her watery eyes. She inclined little to gossip, for her "subjectivity" was intense; her own past griefs and present ailments were of more importance than the affairs of neighbours.

Aunt Keziah told her story one day as follows:

"I was born on the Cape, in Truro, and lived ther till our fam'ly moved up here, say fifty year ago. When I say 'our fam'ly,' I mean my brothers an' their families, for father an' mother died daown to the Cape, an' was berried ther; an' I hadn't no sister.

"When I was 'bout nineteen, a young feller came e-courtin' me,—a sailor, an' a smart feller he was. E'enamost all on 'em daown ther is sea-farin' men. Some goes long v'yages, an' some only aout ter Chaleur, or the Banks, a fishin' in summer. My young man sailed sometimes to Europe, an' sometimes 'way raound to Aashy. When he axed me to merry 'im, I said he must

*From "Quabbin," a story of Puritan life in New England, by Francis H. Underwood, LL.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

settle daown on land; fer, ef he kep goin' on them long v'yages, his wife 'ould be same 'z a widdler all her days. He tol' me he'd du 'z I said bimeby, but thet he'd got tu go one more v'yage, 'cause he'd promised, an', bein' fust mate, they couldn't du 'thout 'im. I felt dreffle bad to think of his goin' off agin, for he'd told me 'bout the winds an' waves, an' haow the ship sometimes a'most stood on eend, an' sometimes rolled over so fur 't you'd think she wasn't never goin' to come up agin. Every night I dreamt of some offul hurricane, an' I saw Charles in a boat all alone on a sea that hadn't no shore; or else a-clingin' tu a piece of a mast, with sharks a-steerin' raound, an' makin' fer to bite 'im in two. I couldn't stand it no haow, an' when he come agin' we had a talk.

"Sez I, 'Charles,' sez I, 'the Scriptor' says, "What doos et profit a man to gain the hull world an' lose his own soul?" An' I say, what 'll it profit you er me ef you airn a year's wages, an' lay yer bones on 'tother side o' the world, or at the bottom of the sea? Here ye air on yer feet, on land, an' ef yer go ter sea yer don't know where ye'll be.'

"'Oh,' sez he, 'I've allus got thru', an' I sh'll du it ag'in. 'Twon't be long, an' it's the las' time.'—'O Charles!' sez I, 'sunthin' tells me 't yer can't allus count on luck. I've seen ye in my dreams, an' my heart stood still like a stone, 'twas so awful.'

"'Naow, don't you be talkin' 'bout dreams,' sez he; 'bad dreams is only f'm eatin' mince-pie.'

"'I can't help it,' sez I; 'ef you go 'way naow, I don't never 'xpect to see ye agin. Naow, *du* be persuaded!'

"He was tender-hearted ez a man, but trew grit ez a sailor. I c'd see that his feelin's pulled him one way, while his duty griped him 'tother. We had a long talk, but 'twas pooty much the same thing over an' over. At last sez he, 'The wages fer this v'yage, 'ith what I've got in bank, 'll jest make up enough to pay fer the haouse of the Widder Snow, that's for sale.'

"'It's a pooty house,' sez I, 'an' I ain't goin' to deny that 'tould suit you an' me to a turn; but I'd rather live 'ith yer under a whale-boat turned up-si-daown on the beach, then to hev yer go on a v'yage for a pallis.'

"He just kinder laafed an' kinder smiled, an' looked at me so sweet! 'Twa'n't no use. While he looked at me so, I couldn't do but one thing. You know what I done: I hung on his neck, an' kissed him a hundred times. I k'n see this minnit jest how he looked: blue roundabout, an' duck trowsis, black neck-han'kercher, low shoes, an' flat top cap. Haow his black eyes seemed devourin' me, praoud and soft by turns! Ah, he was a man 'ith a look an' a step; a man 'fer a woman to look twice at, an' to think abaout ever arter. Our partin' was pullin' heart-strings, an' when he'd gone, I was in a dead faint.

"His vessel was baound to Chiny, an' we sh'd naturally be 'thout hearin' from him fur nigh a year. But the year went by; an' then month arter month there was nothin' but waitin' an' dreadin', no news. In two years the owners gin up all hope, an' I wanted ter put on mournin', but the folks wouldn't hear on't.

What I suffered in them two years, nobody but God knows! I wonder I'm alive.

"Wal, there was a storekeeper daown thar, a decent enough man, who'd lost his wife, an' he come and axed me to be a mother to his little children. But when I thought o' my Charles, my heart riz right up agin this man. Who knows,' thought I, 'ef Charles ain't now on one o' them cannible islands, livin' on bananas an' cokernuts, or waitin' in some strange corner 'v the airth for a chance to git hum! I thanked the storekeeper an' sent 'im 'bout his business.

"I hed another offer, but that didn't take no time to ahnswer. So father sez to me, sez he 'Keziah, yeou'd better not go mournin' all yeour days. Arter I'm gone yeou'll need somebody to take keer o' ye. Don't throw 'way all yeour chances. Good men air skurce.'

"I ahnswered kinder lightly ;—I was so baound up in Charles that I couldn't think of another man.

"I might 'a had a hum o' my own to-day, instid o' bein' tossed about from pillar to post, like a piece o' worn-out furnitur'. I might 'a ben some darlin's mother instid of bein' everybody's aunt.

"Howsever, I'd made my bed, an' hed to lay in't. I wouldn't merry the men that wanted me, an' bimeby I come ter be so peaked with my sorrers, thet no man wuth lookin' at would 've had me.

"Fust mother died, then father. He hadn't much money, an' my brothers said, 'Let's go up in the west part o' the State an' buy a farm, an' you kin live with us.' I let 'em do what they wanted, an' went with 'em. I didn't much keer fer anythin' in life.

"They bought land, an' part on't ought ter be mine, but 'taint. They built a couple o' haouses, an' worked hard. An' I worked hard, year arter year, slavin' myself fust for Harmon an' his famly, an' then fer Joe, who, 'z yeou know, lived alone. Ez Joe hadn't nothin' better to du, he took to drinkin', and bimeby he got so bad 't I couldn't even go inter his haouse. Then Harmon's wife died, an' he got another. Yeou know her. I needn't say what she is. In which of the two haouses there was the most deviltry, I couldn't say. What I onderwent with that wife o' Harmon's I couldn't tell ye in a week; an' in Joe's house there warnt *nothin'*. He lived like a man who pulls the clabberds off 'n the outside of his haouse to burn fer ter heat the inside with.

"Them forty year! The time's like a nightmare when I think on't.

"When I had the rheumatiz, 'bout five year ago, an' couldn't do nothin', Harmon's wife put him up ter fling me on the taown, —send me to the poor-farm. I couldn't walk nor help myself more 'n a child three days old. But Harmon, he packed me inter the waggin, an' druv me ter the poor-farm, an' left me thar.

"The overseers was notified, an' they come, an' sez, 'Yeou can't stay here.' 'Wal,' sez I, 'I don't wanter stay here; but, ef I

should wanter, I sh'd like to know *why* I can't.' 'Cause yeou haint no settlement in this taown,' sez they. 'Yeou was born daown on the Cape; an' ther yeour father lived an' died, an' ther's yeour settlement. So yeou see, ef yeou'er flung on the teown, we sh'll hev to send ter Truro; an' the overseers ther 'll hev ter come ter kerry yeou off, an' take keer o' yer.' 'But,' sez I, 'I don't know anybody down ter Truro; it's forty year sence I was thar. I don't wanter go 'mong strengers. It's bad enough ter go ter the poor-farm when yeou know the folks.' 'Wal, that's the law,' sez they, an' off they went, an' I 'spose, writ the letter.

"Nex' few days I didn't du nothin' but cry. I couldn't eat, though Mis' Thurstin, the wife of the keeper, got me all the nice things she c'd think on.

"Then come a strange man a-drivin' up t' the haouse, an' when he come in, sez he, 'I've come fer yeou.' 'Wal, I ain't goin',' sez I. 'Yes, yeou be,' sez he. 'S'p'osin' I won't?' sez I. 'Then I sh'll make yer,' sez he. Then I gin a yell 't yeou might 'er heerd way over to the Widder Peasoe's place. I oughter ben ashamed, but I couldn't help it. I got the tongs an' the shovle, an' I dared that man to tech me. But my strength didn't hold aout. I was full o' rheumatiz, an' my poor hands let the shovle an' tongs drop. Then I dropped tu,—clean gone. Then Mis' Thurstin, she put me ter bed, an' Mr. Thurstin an' the strange man went tu the village ter git the doctor. When the doctor went back, arter seein' me, I've heered he made some talk 'bout kerryin' off a woman of my age in that way; an' there was considerable stir. The man from Truro finally went off, 'cause Reuf Wadley and Reub Newman they said they'd be answerable for any 'xpense, an' that the taown of Truro shouldn't hev any damage on my 'count.

"Yeou know how I've lived sence. Some o the time I haint lived, but jest ben distriberted in morsils raound the parish. I stay a couple o' weeks 'ith Reuf,—he's a good man even ef he's a little flighty,—then a couple with Reub. Then I come here; then I go to yeour uncle's, an' then to ol' Squire Hobson's, an' so on. All I hope is, the Lord 'll call me afore I wear aout all my welcomes; fer I ain't a-goin' t' Truro.

"Yeou don't ketch me talkin' hard 'bout the way my brothers treated me; there's enough to du that 'thout me. I am sorry for 'em. They're gettin' ter be old men. Harmon's older than I be, an' Joe, by his drinkin' ways, hez made himself actilly older'n Harmon.

"I haint got ter trouble 'em any more, nor any that was willin' to see their flesh and blood carted off to the poor-farm. I hope none on 'em will need sech a hum in their ol' days."

Such was the story of Aunt Keziah. She continued to make her rounds, not like Edie Ochiltree, as a "sturdy beggar," but as a modest friend and dependent. She knitted, darned, and mended, solaced and "rested" herself with snuff and wiped her dim "specs" until her weary eyes ceased from weeping.

A SINGER FROM THE SEA.*

A CORNISH STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

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

CHAPTER VII.—IS THERE ANY SORROW LIKE LOVING.

LOVERS see miracles, or think they ought to. Roland expected all his own world to turn to his love and future plans. The self-denying, forbearing, loyal affection Elizabeth had shown him all her life was now of no value, since she did not sympathize with his love for Denas. John and Joan Penelles were the objects of his dislike and scorn because they could not see their daughter's future as he saw it. He thought it only right that Priscilla Mohun should risk her business and her reputation for the furtherance of his romantic love affair. He had easily persuaded himself that it was utterly contemptible in her to expect any financial reward for a service of love.

Denas had more force of character. She was much offended at Elizabeth because she had wounded her self-respect and put her into a most humiliating position. She understood and acknowledged the rights of her parents. In trampling on them she knew that she was sinning with her eyes open. For she was aware that Roland was coming that night to urge her to go to London and become a public singer. She did not know how much money would be required, but she knew that whatever the sum was it must come from Roland. Then, of course, she must marry Roland at once. Under no other relationship could she take money from him. Yet on carefully questioning her memory she was sure that the subject of marriage had been avoided, or, at any rate, not spoken of in any discussion of her future.

"But," she said, with a swift motion of determination, "that is the first subject, and the one on which all others depend."

At eight o'clock Roland was with her. He came with his most irresistible manner, came prepared to carry his own desires in an enthusiasm of that supreme selfishness which he chose to designate as "love for Denas."

"You have only to learn how to manage that wonderful voice of yours, Denas," he said, "and a steady flow of money will be the result. You must have read of the enormous sums singers receive, but we will be modest at first and suppose you only make a few hundreds a year. In the long run that will be nothing; and you will be a very rich woman."

"You have often said such things to me, Roland. But perhaps

* Abridged from volume of same title. Price, \$1.50. Toronto: William Briggs.

you do not judge me severely enough. I must see a great teacher, and he will tell me the truth."

"To be sure. And you must have lessons also."

"And for these things there must be money."

"Certainly. I have upwards of five hundred pounds and you have one hundred at least."

"I have nothing, Roland."

"The money you told me of in St. Merry's Bank."

"I cannot touch that."

"Why?"

"Because I will not. Father has been saving it ever since I was born. If he is sick it is all he has to live upon. It is bad enough to desert my parents; I will not rob them also."

"You must not look at things in such extreme ways. You are going to spend money in order to make a fortune."

"I will not spend father's money—the fortune may never come."

"Then there is my money. You are welcome to every penny of it. All I have is yours. I only live for you."

"To say such things, Roland, is the way to marry me—if you mean to marry me—is it not? Among the fishermen it is so, only they would say first of all, 'I do wish to be your husband.'"

"I am not a fisherman, Denas. And it would really be very dishonourable to bind your fortune irrevocably to mine. In a couple of years you would be apt to say: 'Roland played me a mean trick, for he made me his wife only that he might have all the money I earn.' Don't you see what a dreadful position I should be in? I should be ashamed to show my face. Really, dearest, I must look after my honour. My money—that is nothing."

"Roland, if honour and money cannot go together, there is something wrong. If I went to London alone and you were also in London and paying for my lessons, do you know what everyone would say in St. Penfer? Do you know what they would call me?"

"Why need you care for a lot of old gossips—you, with such a grand future before you?"

"I do care. I care for myself. I care a thousand times more for father and mother. A word against my good name would kill them. They would never hold up their heads any more. And then, however bad a name the public gave me, I should give myself a worse one; I should indeed! Night and day my soul would never cease saying to me: 'Denas Penelles, you are a murderess! Hanging is too little for you. Get out of this life and go to your own place'—and you know where that would be."

"You silly, bigoted little Methodist! People do not die of grief in these days, they have too much to do. You would soon be able to send them a good deal of money, and that would put all right."

"For shame, Roland! Little you know of St. Penfer fishermen, nothing at all you know of John and Joan Penelles, if you think a city full of gold would atone to them for my dishonour. What is the use of going around about our words when there are straight

ones enough to say? I will go to London as your wife, or I will not go at all."

There was a momentary expression on Roland's face which might have terrified Denas if she had seen it, but her gaze was far outward; she was looking down on the waves and the boats of St. Penfer and on one little cottage on its shingle. And Roland's hasty glance into her resolute face convinced him that all parleying was useless. He was angry and could not quite control himself. His voice showed decided pique as he answered:

"Very well, Denas. Take care of your own honour, by all means; mine is of no value, of course."

"If you think marrying me makes it of no value, take care of your own honour, Roland. I will not be your wife; no, indeed. And as for London, I will not go near it. And as for my voice, it may be worth money, but it is not worth my honour, and my good name, and my father's and mother's life. Why should I sing for strangers? I will sing for my father and the fishers on the sea; and I will sing in the chapel—and there is an end of the matter."

She rose with such an air of decision and wounded feeling that Roland involuntarily thought of her attitude when Elizabeth offended her. And she was so handsome in her affected indifference and her real indignation that Roland was ready to sacrifice everything rather than lose her. He let all other considerations slip away from him; he vowed that his chief longing, his most passionate desire, was to marry her—to make her his and his only; and that nothing but a chivalric sense of the wrong he might be doing her future had made him hesitate. And he looked so injured, with his beautiful eyes full of tears, that Denas was privately ashamed of herself, and fearful that she had in defence of her modesty gone beyond proper boundaries.

Then the subject of their marriage was frankly discussed. Roland was now honest and earnest enough, and yet Denas felt that the charm of the great question and answer had been lost in considering it. Some sweet illusion that had always hung like a halo over this grand decision evaded her consciousness; the glorious ideal had become a reality and lost all its enchantments in the change.

After a long discussion, it was finally arranged that Roland should meet Denas at a small way-station about four miles distant on the following Monday evening. From there they could take a train to Plymouth, and at Plymouth there was a Wesleyan minister whom Denas had seen and who she felt sure would marry them. From Plymouth to Exeter, Salisbury, and London was a straight road. Denas would leave her home as usual on Monday morning, and her parents would have no expectation of seeing her until the following Friday night. By that time she would be settled in London—she would have been Roland's wife for nearly four days. These arrangements were made on Friday night, and on the following morning Denas went home very early.

Joan was elbow-deep in her week's cleaning and baking. John

had the uncomfortable feeling of a man who knows himself in the way. He had only loitered around in order to see Denas and be sure that all was well with his girl. Then he was a trifle disappointed that she had not brought him his weekly paper. He went silently off to the boats, and Denas was annoyed and reproved by his patient look of disappointment.

Joan bade Denas get her father's heavy guernsey mended and his bottle of water filled, ready for the boat. "They be going out on the noon ebb," she said, "and back with the midnight tide, and so take thought for the Sabbath; for your father, he do have to preach over to Pendree to-morrow, and the sermon more on his mind than the fishing—God help us!"

"Will father expect me to walk with him to Pendree to-morrow, mother? It is too far; I cannot walk so far."

"Will he expect you? Not as I know by, Denas—if you don't want to go. There be girls as would busy all to do so. But there! it is easy seen you are neither fatherish nor motherish these days."

"I wish father was rich enough to stay at home and never go to sea again."

"That be a bit of nonsense! Your father has had a taking to sea all his life; and he never could abide to be boxed up on land. Aw, my dear, John Penelles is a busker of a fisherman! The storm never yet did blow that down-daunted him! Tris says it is a great thing to see your father stand smiling by the wheel when the lightning be flying all across the elements and the big waves be threatening moment by 'moment to make a mouthful of the boat. That be the Penelles' way, my dear; but there, then, it be whist poor speed we take when our tongues tire our hands."

"'Tis like a storm as it can be, mother."

"Aw, then, a young girl should say brave words or no words at all. 'Tis not your work to forespeak bad weather, and I wish you wouldn't do it, Denas; I do for sure."

In an hour John came back and had a mouthful of meat and bread, but he was hurried and anxious, and said he had not come yet to his meat-list and would be off about his business. Then Joan asked him concerning the weather, and he answered:

"The gulls do fly high, and that do mean a breeze; but there be no danger until they fly inland. The boats will be back before midnight, my dear."

"If the wind do let them, John. Denas says it be on its contrary old ways again."

"My old dear, we be safest when the storm-winds blow; for then God do be keeping the lookout for us. Joan, my wife, 'tis not your business to be looking after the wind, nor mine either; for just as long as John Penelles trusts his boat to the great Pilot, it is sure and certain to come into harbour right side up. Now, my dear, give me a big jug of milk, with a little boiling water in it to take off the edge of the cold, and then I'll away for the gray fish—if so be God fills the net on either side the boat for us."

He drank his warm milk, buttoned close his pilot coat, and went off toward the boats. Denas had no fear for him, but Joan

had not learned trust from her husband's trust; the iron ring of the wind, the black sea, the wild sky with its tattered remnants of clouds, made her full of apprehension.

The afternoon wore away in gathering gloom and fierce scuds of rain. It was nearly dark at four o'clock, and Denas rose and brought a small round table to the hearth and began to put on it the tea-cups and the bread and butter. As she did so Joan entered the room. Her arms were full of clean clothing, but glancing at the table she threw them above her head and regardless of the scattered garments cried out:

"Denas! Look to the loaf! Some poor ship be in distress! Pray God it be not your father's."

Then Denas with trembling hands lifted the loaf, which she had inadvertently laid down wrong side upward, and placed it, with a "God save the ship and all in her," in the proper position. But Joan was thoroughly un-erved by the ominous incident, and she sat down with her apron over her head, rocking herself slowly to her inaudible prayer; while Denas, with a resentful feeling she did not try to understand, gathered up the pieces of linen and flannel her mother had apparently forgotten.

Into this scene stepped a young man in the Burrell Court livery. He gave Denas a letter, but refused the offer of a cup of tea, because "the storm was hurrying landward, and he would be busy all to catch the cliff-top before it caught him."

Joan took no notice of the interruption, and Denas felt her trouble over such a slight affair as a turned loaf to be almost a personal offence. In a short time she said: "Mother, your tea is waiting; and I have a letter from Mrs. Burrell, if you care anything about it."

"Aw, my girl, I care little for Mrs. Burrell's letters to-night. She be well and happy, no doubt; and my old dear is in the wind's teeth and pulling hard against a frosty death."

"Father knows the sky and the sea, and I think it is cruel hard of him to take such risks."

"And where will the fishers be who do take no risks? Fish be plenty just before a storm, and the London market-boat waiting for the take; and why wouldn't the men do their duty, danger or no danger?"

"I would rather die than be a fisher's wife."

"Aw, my girl, the heart for one isn't in you."

"I never saw you so nervous before."

"Nervous! Nervous! No, my dear, it be downright fear. I never knew what fear was before. I've gone down-daunted—that be the trouble, Denas. I've had such dreams lately—such creepy-like, ghastly old dreams of wandering in wayless ways covered with water; of seeing the hearth-place full of cold ashes and the lights put out; and of carrying the 'Grief Child' in my breast, a puny, wailing, bit of a baby that I could not be rid of, nor yet get away from—sights and sounds after me night and day that do give me a turn to think of; and what they do mean I haven't mind-light for to see. God help us! But I do fear they

be signs of trouble. And who goes into the way of trouble but your father? May God save him from it!"

"Trouble is no new thing, mother."

"That be the truth. Trouble be old as the floods of Dava."

"And it does seem to me religious people, who are always talking about trusting God, are a poor, unhappy kind. If you do believe, mother, that God is the good Father you say He is—if you do think he has led millions to His own heavenly city—I wonder at you always fearing that He is going to forget you and let you lose your way and get into all kinds of danger and sorrow."

"There, then! You be right for once, my dear. Your father, he do serve the Lord with gladness, but his wife's heart is nothing but a nest of fear. And it be true that I do not think so much of serving the Lord as of having the Lord serve me; and when it is me and always me, and your heart be top-full of your dismal old self, how can you serve God with gladness? You be right to give me a set-down, Denas. Come, now, what is Mrs. Burrell's letter about? I be pleased and ready to hear it now, my dear."

"This is what she says, mother:

"DEAR DENAS:—I am troubled about Roland and you. I want very much to talk things over with you. If I offended you when you were at the Court, I am very sorry for it. Come and spend a day next week with me. I will send the carriage to Miss Mohun's.

"Your friend,

"ELIZABETH BURRELL."

"What is she troubled about you and that young man? Is he not in London now?"

"He is here, and there, and everywhere. Would you go to the Court again, mother? I told you how Elizabeth behaved to me."

"Aw, then she had the bride-fever, my dear. She will be come to her senses by this time. Yes, yes, if you aren't very sure how to act, take the kind way rather than the ill way; you will be mostly right, my dear."

Of course Denas had no idea of taking either way, but the invitation furnished her with a reason for wearing her best dress on Monday; and she had been much exercised to find out a cause for this unusual finery. She felt quite excited over this fortunate incident, and she could not avoid a smile when she reflected that Elizabeth had so opportunely furnished her with the very thing she wanted.

The wind was now frightful, the icy rain rattled against the windows, and at the open door Joan could hear billow on billow, crash on crash, shrieking blast on shrieking blast. Midnight came, and no boats. There was a pitifully frequent opening of cottage doors, and the sudden flashes of fire and candle light that followed revealed always some white, fearful face thrust out into the black night, in the hope of hearing the shouts of the home-coming men. Joan could not keep away from the door. Denas

laid the Bible on the table before Joan and said: "Won't you read a psalm and lie down a bit, mother?"

"No. Read for yourself, and to bed then if you want to go."

Denas opened the book. Her father's mark was in the Psalms, and she began to read to herself. Outside the tempest raged wildly. It seemed to Joan as if hours passed in that interval of heart-trembling; she was almost shocked when the old clock gave its long whirring warning and then struck only *one*. Denas was asleep. Her hands were across the Bible, her face was dropped upon them. Joan touched her and said not unkindly: "A little bit of Bible-reading do send people to sleep quick, don't it, Denas?"

"I was so tired, mother."

"Aw, my dear, you be no worse than Christian in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' He did go to sleep, too, when he was reading his roll. Come, my girl, it is your time for bed. Sitting up won't help you to bear trouble."

"Mother, won't it be time enough to bear trouble when it is really here to be borne?"

"It do seem as if it would. Love be a fearful looker-forward. Go to bed, my girl; maybe you will sleep sorrow away."

So Denas went to bed and did not awake until the gray light of the stormy morning was over everything. She could hear the murmur of voices in the living-room, and she dressed quickly and went there. John Penelles sat by the fire drinking hot tea. His hair had yet bits of ice in it, his face still had the awful shadow that is cast by the passing-by of death. Denas put her arms around his neck and kissed him; she kissed him until she began to sob, and he drew her upon his knee, and held her to his breast, and said in a whisper to her:

"Ten men drowned, my dear, and three frozen to death; but through God's mercy father slipped away from an ugly fate."

"Oh, father, how could you bear it?"

"God help us, Denas, we must bear what is sent."

"What a night it has been! How did you live through it?"

"It's dogged as does it and lives through it. It's dogged as does anything, my dear, all over the world. I stuck to the boat and the boat stuck to me. God Almighty can't help a coward."

The storm continued all day, but began to slacken in intensity at sunset. There was of course no service at Pendree. John, even if he had not been so worn out, could not have reached the place in such a storm, either by land or sea. But the neighbours, without seeming premeditation, gathered in John's cottage at night, and he opened his Bible and read aloud:

"Terrors take hold on him, as waters; a tempest stealeth him away in the night. The east wind carrieth him away, and he departeth; and as a storm hurleth him out of his place."

And it was to these words, with their awful application to the wicked, that Denas listened the last night she intended to spend under her father's roof. John's discourses were nearly always like his nature, tender and persuasive; and this terrible sermon wove itself in and out of her wandering thoughts like a black

scroll in a gay vesture. It pained and troubled her, though she did not consider why it should do so. After the meeting was over John was very weary; but he would not go to bed until he had eaten supper. He "wanted his little maid to sit near him for half-an-hour," he said. And he held her hand in his own hand, and gave her such looks of perfect love, and blessed her so solemnly and sweetly when at length he left her, that she began to sob again and to stand on tiptoe that she might throw her arms around his neck and touch his lips with hers once more.

Her kisses were wet with her tears, and they made John's heart soft and gentle as a baby's. "She be the fondest little maid," he said to his wife. "She be the fondest little maid! I could take a whole year to praise her, Joan, and then I could not say enough."

In reality, the last two days, with their excess of vital emotions, had worn Denas out. Never before had the life into which she was born looked so unlovely to her. She preferred the twitter and twaddle of Priscilla's workroom to the intense realities of an existence always verging on eternity. She dared to contrast those large, heroic fishers, with their immovable principles and their constant fight with all the elemental forces for their daily bread, with Roland Tresham; and to decide that Roland's delicate beauty, pretty, persuasive manners, and fashionable clothing were vastly superior attributes. She was glad when the morning came, for she was weary of enduring what need no longer be endured.

It still rained, but she put on her best clothing. John was in a deep sleep and Joan would not have him disturbed. Denas just opened the door and stood a moment looking at the large, placid face on the white pillow. As she turned away, it seemed as if she cut a piece out of her heart; she had a momentary spasm of real physical pain.

Joan had not yet recovered from her night of terror. Her face was gray, her eyes heavy, her heart still beating and aching with some unintelligible sense of wrong or grief. And she looked at her child with such a dumb, sorrowful inquiry that Denas sat down near her and put her head on her mother's breast and asked: "What is it, mother? Have I done anything to grieve you?"

"Not as I know by, dear. I wish you hadn't worn your best dress—dresses do cost money, don't they now?"

"Yes, they do, mother. There then! Shall I take it off? I will, to please you, mother."

"No, no! The will be as good as the deed from my little girl. Maybe you are right, too. Dress do go a long way to pleasing."

"Then good-bye. Kiss me, mother! Kiss me twice! Kiss me again, for father!"

So Joan kissed her child. She gently smoothed her hair, and straightened her collar, and put in a missed button, and so held her close for a few moments, and kissed her again; and when Denas had reached the foot of the cliff, she was still watching her with the look on her face—the look of a mother who feels as if she still held her child in her arms.

Oh, love! love! love! Is there any sorrow in life like loving?

CHAPTER VIII.—A SEA OF SORROW.

When Denas reached the shop Miss Priscilla was dressing her shop window. She said that Denas was late, and wondered "for goodness' sake why she was so dressed up."

It gave Denas a kind of spiteful pleasure to answer: "She was dressed to go to Burrell Court and spend a day with Mrs. Burrell. When she sent Mr. Burrell word the day she would come the carriage would call for her."

"If you mean the day I can spare you best, I cannot spare you at all this week. There now!"

"I am not thinking of you sparing me, Priscilla. I am waiting for a fine day."

"Upon my word! Am I your mistress or are you mine? And what is more, that Roland Tresham is not coming here again. I have some conscience, thank goodness! and I will not sanction such ways and such carryings on any longer. He is a dishonorable young man."

"Has he not paid you, Priscilla?"

Before Priscilla could find the scathing words she required, an hostler from the Black Lion entered the shop and put a letter into the hand of Denas.

Priscilla turned angrily on the man and ordered him to leave her shop directly. Then she said:

"Denas Penelles, you are a bad girl! I am going to write to Mrs. Burrell this day, and to your father and mother also."

"I would not be a fool if I were you, Priscilla."

Denas was reading the letter, and softly smiling as she uttered the careless words. The note was, of course, from Roland. It told her that all was ready. He had engaged a carriage, which would be waiting for her on the west side of the parish church at seven o'clock that night; and her lover would be waiting with it, and, if Roland was to be believed, everything joyful and marvellous was waiting also.

This letter was the only sunshine throughout the day. Priscilla's bad temper was in the ascendant, both in the shop and in the workroom. She scolded Denas for working so slowly, she made her unrip whatever she did. She talked at Denas in talking to the other girls, and the girls all echoed and shadowed their mistress' opinions and conduct. Denas smiled, and her smile had in it a mysterious satisfaction which all felt to be offensive. But for the certain advent of seven o'clock, the day would have been intolerable.

About half-past six she put on her hat and cloak, and Miss Priscilla ordered her to take them off. "You are not going outside my house to-night, Denas Penelles," she said. "If you sew until ten o'clock, you will not have done a day's work."

"I am going home, Priscilla. I will work for you no more. You have behaved shamefully to me all day, and I am going home."

Priscilla had not calculated on such a result, and it was incon-

venient to her. She began to talk more reasonably, but Denas would listen to no apology. It suited her plans precisely to leave Priscilla in anger, for if Priscilla thought she had gone home she would not of course send any word to her parents. So she left the workroom in a pretended passion, and shut the shop door after her with a clash that made Miss Priscilla give a little scream and the forewoman ejaculate:

“Well, there then! A good riddance of such a bad piece! I do say that for sure.”

Very little did Denas care for the opinions of Priscilla and her work-maidens. She knew that the word of any girl there could be bought for a day's wage; she was as willing they should speak evil as well of her. Yet it was with a heart full of anger at the day's petty slights and wrongs that she hastened to the place mentioned by Roland. As she turned into the street at one end the carriage entered it at the other. It came to meet her; it stopped, and Roland leaped to her side. In another moment she was in the carriage. Roland's arm was around her; he was telling her how grateful he was! how happy! how proud! He was promising her a thousand pleasures, giving her hope after hope; vowing an unalterable and never-ending love.

And Denas surrendered herself to his charm. After the last three dreadful days, it did seem a kind of heaven to be taken right out of a life so hard and unlovely and so full of painful emotions; to be caressed and flattered and to be treated like a lady. The four miles she had expected to walk went like a happy dream; she was sorry when they were passed and the bare railway station was reached. It was but a small place lit by a single lamp, but Roland improvised a kind of couch, and told her to sleep while he watched and smoked a cigar.

In a short time he returned, and said that there was no train to Plymouth until midnight; but an express for London would pass in half an hour, and they had better take it. Denas thought a moment, and answered with a decision that made Roland look curiously at her: “No. I will not go to London to be married. I know the preacher at Plymouth. We will wait for the Plymouth train.” It was not a pleasant wait. It was cold and damp and inexpressibly dreary, and Roland could not avoid showing that he was disappointed in not taking the London train.

But the hours go by, no matter to what measure, and midnight came, and the train came, and the comfort and privacy of a first-class carriage restored the lover-like attitude of the runaways. Early in the morning they reached Plymouth, and as soon as possible they sought the house of the Wesleyan preacher. It stood close to the chapel and was readily found. A written message on Roland's card brought him at once to the parlour. He looked with interest and curiosity and some disapproval at the couple.

“Mr. Tresham,” he said, glancing at the card which he held in his hand, “you wish me to marry you. I think——” He was going to make some inquiries or objections, but he caught the

expression of anxiety in the face of Denas, and then he looked carefully at her and asked :

"Have I not seen you before?"

"Yes, sir, when you preached at St. Penfer last summer. I am the daughter of John Penelles?"

"The fisher Penelles?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh! Yes, Mr. Tresham, I will marry you at once. It will be the best thing, under the circumstances, I am sure. Follow me, sir." As they went along a narrow covered way, he called a servant and gave her an order, and then, opening a door, ushered the would-be bride and bridegroom into the chapel, and straight to the communion rail.

Denas knelt down there, and for a few moments lost herself in sincere prayer. After all, in great emotion prayer was her native tongue. When she stood up and lifted her eyes, the preacher's wife and two daughters were at her side, and the preacher himself was at the communion table, with the open book in his hand. The bare chapel in the gray daylight; the strange tones of the preacher's voice in the empty place; the strange women at her side—it was all like a dream. She felt afraid to move or to look up. She answered as she was told, and she heard Roland answer also. But his voice did not sound real and happy, and when he took the plain gold ring from the preacher's hand and said after him, "With this ring I thee wed," she raised her eyes to her husband's face. It was pale and sombre. No answering flash of love met hers, and she felt it difficult to restrain her tears.

In truth, Roland was smitten with a sudden irresolution that was almost regret. As Denas knelt praying, there had come to his mind many a dream he had had of his own wedding. He had always thought of it as in some old church that would be made to glow with bride-roses and ring with bride-music. Young maidens and men of high degree were to tread the wedding march with him. Dancing and feasting, gay company and rich presents, were to add glory to some fair girl-wife, whom he would choose because, of all others, she was the loveliest, and the wealthiest, and the most to be desired.

And then his eyes fell upon the girl at his feet, in her plain, dark dress, crushed and disordered with a night's travel; the bare, empty chapel; the utter want of music, flowers, company, or social support of any kind; the small, rigid-looking preacher, without surplice or insignia of holy office; the half-expressed disapproval on the countenances of the three women present as witnesses—it was not thus Elizabeth was married; it was not thus he himself ought to have been married. How the surroundings might affect Denas he did not even think; and yet the poor girl also had had her dreams, which this cold, dreary reality in no measure redeemed.

But the ring was on her finger; she was Roland's wife. Nothing could ever make her less. She heard the preacher say: "Come into the vestry, Mrs. Tresham, and sign the register." And then

Roland gave her his arm and kissed her, and she went with the little company, and took the pen from her husband's hand, and wrote boldly for the last time her maiden name:

"Denasia Penelles."

Roland looked inquiringly at her, and she smiled and answered: "That is right, dear. I was christened Denasia."

Very small things pleased Roland, and the new name delighted him. All the way to London he spoke frequently of it. "You are now Denasia, my darling," he said. "Let the old name slip with the old life. Besides, Denasia is an excellent public name. You can sing under it splendidly. Such a noble name! Why did you let everyone spoil it?"

"Everyone thought Denas was my name. Father and mother always called me Denas, and people forgot that it was only part of my name. Fisher-folk have short names, or nicknames."

"But, really, Denasia Penelles is a very distinguished name. A splendid one for the public."

"Why not Denasia Tresham?"

"Because, my dear, there are Treshams living in London who would be very angry at me if I put their name on a bill-board. The Treshams are a very proud family."

"Roland, it would kill my father if I put his name on anything that refers to a theatre. You don't know how he feels on that subject. It is a thing of life and death—I mean the soul's life or death—to him."

A painful discussion, in which both felt hurt and angry and both spoke in very affectionate terms, followed. It lasted until they reached the great city which stretches out her hands to every other city. Roland had secured rooms in a very dull, respectable house in Queer Square, Bloomsbury. He had often stayed there when his finances did not admit of West End luxuries, and the place was suitable for many other reasons.

Then followed two perfectly happy weeks for Denas. She had written a few lines to her parents while waiting for a train at Exeter, and she then resolved not to permit herself to grieve about their grief, because it could do them no good and it would seriously worry and annoy Roland. And Roland was so loving and generous. At his command modistes and milliners turned his plebeian bride into a fashionable, and certainly into a very lovely lady. Roland never once named money, or singing, or anything likely to spoil the charm of the life they were leading.

During this happy interval Denas did not quite forget her parents. She wrote to them once, and she very often wondered through whom and in what manner they received the news of their loss. It was her own hand which dealt the blow. Miss Priscilla really thought Denas had gone back to her home, and she resolved on the following Sunday afternoon to walk down to the fishing village and "make it up" with her. About Wednesday, however, there began to be floating rumours of the truth. Several people called on Priscilla and asked after the whereabouts of Denas; and the landlord of the Black Lion was talking freely of

the large bill Roland had left unsettled there. But none of these rumours reached the ears of the fisher-folk, nor were they likely to do so until the *St. Penfer Weekly News* appeared. John Penelles was hastening toward his boat, when he heard a voice calling him. It was the postman, and he turned and went to meet him.

"Here be a letter for you, John Penelles. Exeter postmark. I came a bit out of my way with it. I thought you would be looking for news."

The man was thinking of Denas and the reports about her flight; but John's unconcern puzzled him, and he did not care to say anything more definite to the big fisherman. And, as it happened, a letter was expected from Plymouth, on chapel business; for the very preacher who had married Roland and Denas had been asked to come to St. Penfer and preach the yearly missionary sermon. John had no doubt this letter from Exeter referred to the matter. He said so to the postman, and with the unconscious messenger of sorrow in his hand went back to his cottage.

For letters were unusual events with John. If this referred to the missionary service, he would have to read it in public next Sunday, and he was much pleased and astonished that it should have been sent to him. He felt a certain importance in the event, and was anxious to share his little triumph with his "old dear."

"Here be a letter from Exeter, Joan, to me, 'Twill be about the missionary service. I thought you would like to know, my dear."

"*Hum-m-m!*" answered Joan. "I could have done without the news, John, till the bread was baked and the floor was whitened." She had her back to John, but, as he did not speak again, she turned her face over her shoulder and looked at him. The next moment she was at his side.

"What is it, John? John Penelles, speak to me."

John stood on the hearth with his left arm outstretched and holding an open letter. His eyes were fixed on it. His face had the rigid, stubborn look of a man who on the very point of unconsciousness arrests his soul by a peremptory act of will. He stood erect, stiff, speechless, with the miserable slip of white paper at the end of his outstretched arm.

Joan gently forced him back into his chair; she untied his neck-cloth; she bared his broad, hairy chest; she brought him water to drink; and at length her tears and entreaties melted the stone-like rigour; his head fell forward, his eyes closed, his hand unclasped, and the letter fell to the floor. It did not interest Joan; nothing on earth was of interest to her while her husband was in that horror of stubborn suffering.

"John," she whispered, with her face against his face—"John! My John! My good heart, be yourself and tell Joan what is the matter. Is it sickness of your body, John? Is it trouble of your mind, John? Be a man, and speak to God and to me. God is our refuge and our strength—think o' that. A very present help in

trouble—present, not a long way off, John, not in heaven; but here in your heart and on your hearth. Oh, John! John! do speak to me.”

“To be sure, Joan! The letter, dear; read it—read it aloud—I may be mistaken—it isn’t possible, I am sure. God help us both!”

Joan lifted the letter and read aloud the words written so hastily in a few moments of time, but which brought two loving hearts years of anxious sorrow:

“DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER :—I have just been married to Roland Tresham and we are on our way to London. I love Roland so much. I hope you will forgive me. I will write more from London. Your loving child,
“DENAS TRESHAM.”

“Oh, Joan, my dear! My heart be broken! My heart be broken! My heart be broken!”

“Now, John, don’t you be saying such whist dismal, ugly words. A heart like yours is hard to break. Not even a bad daughter can do it. Oh, my dear, don’t you talk like that there! Don’t, John.”

“’Tis the Lord’s will, Joan—I do know that.”

“It be nothing of the kind, John. It be the devil’s will when a child do wrong such love as yours and mine. And there, now! Will you break your brave old heart, that has faced death a hundred times, for the devil? No, ’tis not like to be, I’m sure. Look at the worst of it. Denas does say she be married. She does write her name with his name. What then? Many a poor father and mother have drunk the cup we be drinking—nothing strange have come to us.”

“I do not believe she be the man’s wife.”

“Aw, my dear, I do believe it. And Denas be my daughter, and I will not let you or any other man say but that she be all of an honest woman. ’Tis slander against your awn flesh and blood to say different, John.” And Joan spoke so warmly that her temper had a good effect on her husband. It was like a fresh sea breeze. He roused himself and sat upright, and began to listen to his wife’s words.

“Denas be gone away—gone away forever from us—never more our little maid—never more! All this be true. But, John, her heart was gone a long time ago. Our poor ways were her scorn; she have gone to her awn, my dear, and we could not keep her. ’Tis like the young gull you brought home one day, and, when it was grown, no love kept it from the sea. You gave it of your best, and it left you; it lay in your breast, John, and it left you. My dear! my dear! she be the man’s wife. Say that and feel that and stick to that. He be no son to us, that be sure; but Denas is our daughter. And maybe, John, things are going to turn out better than you think for. Denas be no fool.”

“Oh, Joan, how could she?”

At this point Joan broke down and began to sob passionately, and John had to turn comforter. The two sorrowful hearts sat

together on their lonely hearth and talked of the child who had run away from their love. John thought he ought to go to Exeter and see all the clergymen there, and so find out if Denas had been lawfully married. Joan thought it a "whist poor business to go looking for bad news. Sit at your fireside, old man, or go far out to sea if you like it better, and if bad news be for you it will find you out, do be sure of that."

The next day it did find them out. The *St. Penfer News*, published on Thursday, which was market-day, contained the following item: "On Monday night the daughter of John Penelles, fisher, ran off with Mr. Roland Tresham. The guilty pair went direct to Lonon. Great sympathy is felt for the girl's father, who is a thoroughly upright man and a Wesleyan local preacher of the St. Penfer circuit."

One of the brethren thought it his duty to show this paragraph to John. And the "old man" in John gained the mastery, and with a great oath he swore the words were a lie. Then being sneeringly contradicted, he felled the "man of duty" prone upon the shingle. Then he went home and thoroughly terrified Joan. The repressed animal passion of a lifetime raged in him like a wild beast. He used words which horrified his wife, he kicked chairs and tables out of his way like a man drunk with strong liquor. He said he would go to St. Merwyn's and get his money, and follow Roland and Denas to the end of the world; and if they were not married, they should marry or die—both of them. He walked his cottage floor the night through, and all the powers of darkness tortured and tempted him.

For the first time in all their wedded life Joan dared not approach her husband. He was like a giant in the power of his enemies, and his struggles were terrible. But she knew well that he must fight and conquer alone. Hour after hour his ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp went on; and she could hear him breathing inwardly like one who has business of life and death in hand.

Toward dawn she lost hold of herself and fell asleep. When she awoke it was broad daylight, and all was still in the miserable house. Softly she opened the door and looked into the living-room. John was on his knees; she heard his voice—a far-off, awful voice—the voice of the soul and not of the body. So she went back, and with bowed head sat down on the edge of the bed and waited. Very cold was the winter morning, but she feared to make a movement. She knew it was long past the breakfast hour; she heard footsteps passing, the shouts of the fishers, the cries of the sea-birds; she believed it to be at least ten o'clock.

But she sat breathlessly still. John was wrestling as Jacob wrestled; a movement, a whisper might delay the victory or the blessing. She almost held her breath as the muttered pleading grew more and more rapid, more and more urgent. Then there was a dead silence, a pause, a long, deep sigh, a slow movement, and John opened the door and said softly, "Joan." There was the light of victory on his face; the cold, strong light of a lifted sword. Then he sat down by her side; but what he told her and

how she comforted him belong to those sacred, secret things which it is a sacrilege against love to speak of.

They went together to the cold hearth, and kindled the fire, and made the meal both urgently needed, and, as they ate it, John spoke of the duty before him. He had sworn at Jacob Trenager and knocked him down; he had let loose all the devils within him; he had failed in the hour of his trial, and he must resign his offices of class-leader and local preacher.

It was a bitter personal humiliation. How his enemies would rejoice! Where he had been first, he must be last. After he had eaten, he took the plan out of the Bible and looked at it. As he already knew, he was appointed to preach at St. Clair the following evening. He had prepared his sermon on those three foggy days that began the week. He then thought he had never been so ready for a preaching, and he had the desire of a natural orator for his occasion. But how could he preach to others when he had failed himself? The flight of his daughter was in every mouth, and in some measure he would be held responsible for her sin. Was not Eli punished for his son's transgressions? The duty before him was a terrible one. It made his brown face blanch and his strong, stern mouth quiver with mental anguish.

But he laid the plan on the table and crossed out carefully all the figures which represented John Penelles. Then he wrote a few lines to the superintendent and enclosed his self-degradation. Joan wondered what he would do about the St. Clair appointment, for he had asked no one to take his place, and early in the afternoon he told her to get the lantern ready, as he was going there. She divined what he purposed to do, and she refused to go with him. He did not oppose her decision; perhaps he was glad she felt able to spare herself and him the extra humiliation.

Never had the little chapel been so crowded. All his mates from the neighbouring villages were present; for everyone had some share of that itching curiosity that likes to see how a soul suffers. A few of the leaders spoke to him; a great many appeared to be lost in those divine meditations suitable to the house of worship. John's first action awakened everyone present to a sense of something unusual. He refused to ascend the pulpit. He passed within the rails that enclosed the narrow sacred spot below the pulpit, drew the small table forward, and, without the preface of hymn or prayer, plunged at once into his own confession of unworthiness to minister to them. He read aloud the letter he had received from his daughter, and averred his belief in its truthfulness. He told with the minutest veracity, every word of his quarrel with Jacob Trenager. He confessed his shameful and violent temper in his own home; his hatred and his desire and purposes of revenge; and he asked the pardon of Trenager and of every member of the church which had been scandalized by the action of his daughter and by his own sinfulness.

His voice, sad, and visibly restrained by a powerful will, throbbled with the burning emotions which made the man quiver from head to feet. It was impossible not to feel something of the

anguish that looked out of his large, patient eyes and trembled on his lips. Women began to sob hysterically, men bent their heads low or covered their faces with their hands; an irresistible wave of sorrow and sympathy was carrying every soul with it.

But, even while John was speaking, a man rose and walked up the aisle to the table at which John stood. He turned his face to the congregation, and, lifting up his big hand, cried out :

"Be quiet, John Penelles. I be to blame in this matter. I be the villain! There isn't a Cornishman living that be such a Judas as I be. 'Twas under my old boat Denas Penelles found the love-letters that couldn't have come to her own home. Why did I lend my boat and myself for such a cruel bad end? Was it because I liked the young man? No, I hated him. What for, then?" He put his hand in his pocket, took out a piece of gold, and, in sight of all, dashed it down on the table.

"That's what I did it for. One pound! A whist beggarly bit of money! Judas asked thirty pieces. I sold Paul Pyn for one piece, and it was too much—for such a ghastly, mean old rascal. I be cruel sorry—but there then! where be the good of 'sorry' now? That bit of gold have burnt my soul blacker than a coal! dreadful! aw, dreadful! I wouldn't touch it again to save my mean old life. And if there be a man or woman in Cornwall that will touch it, they be as uncommon mean as I be! that is sure."

"Paul, I forgive you, and there is my hand upon it. A man can only be 'sorry.' 'Sorry' be all that God asks," said John Penelles in a low voice.

"I be no man, John. I be just a cruel bad fellow. I never had a child to love me or one to love. No woman would be my wife. I be kind of forsaken—no kith or kin to care about me." and, with his brown, rugged face cast down, he began to walk toward the door. Then Ann Bude rose in the sight of all. She went to his side; she took his hand and passed out of the chapel with him. And everyone looked at the other, for Paul had loved Ann for twenty years and twenty times at least Ann had refused to be his wife. But now, in this hour of his shame and sorrow, she had gone to his side, and a sigh and a smile passed from heart to heart and from face to face.

John stood still, with his eyes fixed on the piece of gold. It lay on the table like a guilty thing. All Pyn's sin seemed to have passed into it. Men and woman stood up to look at it where it lay—the wretched tool of a bad man. It was a relief when Jacob Trenager gave out a hymn, a greater relief that John Penelles went out when they were singing it. Brothers and sisters all wished to talk about John and John's trouble, but to talk to him in his grief and humiliation was a different thing. Only the old chapel-keeper watched him going along the rocky coast at a dangerous speed, his lantern swinging wildly to his big strides.

But a five-minutes' walk brought John to a place where he was alone with God and the sea. Oh, then, how he cried out for pity! for comfort! for help! for forgiveness! His voice was not the inaudible pleading of a man praying in his chamber; it was like

the despairing call of a strong swimmer in the death-billows. It went out over the ocean; it went out beyond time and space; it touched the heart of the Divinity who pitieth the sufferers, "even as a father pitieth his children."

There was a glow of firelight through his cottage window, but no candle. Joan was bending sorrowfully over the red coals. John was glad of the dim light, glad of the quiet, glad of the solitude, for Joan was only his other self—his sweeter and more hopeful self. He told her all that had passed. She stood up beside him, she held his head against her breast and let him sob away there the weight of grief and shame that almost choked him. Then she spoke bravely to the broken-down, weary man:

"John, my old dear, don't you sit on the ash-heap like Job, and bemoan yourself and your birthday, and go on as if the devil had more to do with you than with other Christians. Speak up to your Heavenly Father, and ask Him 'why,' and answer Him like a man; do now! And go to Exeter in the morning, and make yourself sure that Denas be an honest woman. I, her mother, be sure of it; but there then! men do be so bad themselves, they can't trust their own hearts, nor their own ears and eyes. 'I believe' will make a woman happy; but a man, God knows, they must go to the law and the testimony, or they are not satisfied. It's dreadful! dreadful!"

They talked the night away, and early in the morning John went to Exeter. With the proofs of his daughter's marriage in his hand, he felt as if he could face his enemies. Joan was equal to them without it. She knew they would find her out, and they found her singing at her work. Her placid face and cheery words of welcome nonplussed the most spiteful; the majority who came to triumph over her went away without being able to say one of the many evil thoughts in their hearts; and not a few found themselves hoping and wishing good things for the bride.

But it was a great effort, and many times that day Joan went into the inner room, and buried her face in her pillow, and had her cry out. Only she confidently expected John to bring back the proofs of her child's marriage, and in that expectation she bore without weakening the slant eye, and the shrugged shoulder, and the denying looks of her neighbors. And of course John found no minister in Exeter who had married Denas Penelles and Roland Tresham; and it never struck him that Denas had been married in Plymouth and found no time to write until she reached Exeter. Neither did Joan think of such a possibility; yet when her husband came in without a word and sat down with a black, stubborn face, she knew that he had been disappointed.

That night John held his peace, even from good; and Joan felt that for once she must do the same. So they sat together without candle, without speech, bowed to the earth with shame, feeling with bitter anguish that their old age had been beggared of love, and honor, and hope, and happiness; and alas! so beggared by the child who had been the joy and the pride of their lives.

THE DRAGON AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER IX.—SOME OF SIN'S WAGES.

It was the latter part of June, and visions of England's unrivalled rural districts, of acres of level meadows sprinkled with flame-bright poppies, of hedgerows starred with bloom, of paths winding along bold chalk cliffs, or through fragrant hollows sweeping to the sea, persuaded us to leave the city for a season, and go into Kent. A day or two before this intended departure, we had been at that part of London, famous as Bunyan's death-place, Snow Hill, once a country-seat, and now in the heart of the world's metropolis—and turning from there, were within sight of the Old Bailey, when we saw, some little distance before us, a policeman upholding and leading a woman evidently intoxicated. Something in the slender, well-clad figure, in the thick coil of blonde hair unrolling down her shoulders, and something in the frightened child clinging to its mother's gown, wailing and stumbling and impeding yet more her dragging and reluctant motions, forced on us the horrible conviction that this was Nannie Rogers.

"Come, come," we said to our companion, "hurry, there is that poor, unhappy, most unfortunate woman."

"But what can we possibly do for her?"

"See, he is pulling her to the Old Bailey. Some little court is sitting there now, and he will get her committed as drunk and disorderly. Let us hurry in and tell who she is, that her husband is able to take care of her, that she is suffering from insanity, and that we will take her home in a cab—come quickly."

We darted under the black-browed arches where poor Nannie and her child had disappeared.

The Old Bailey, formerly a debtors' prison, has changed its uses, and now police courts are held there. On this particular morning, it so happened that Rogers had been called as a witness in some case, and was standing near the bar, when the shrill crying of a child at the open door caused many eyes to turn that way, and the horrified husband and father saw his wife and baby-boy in the custody of a brother policeman. It was a terrible scene; poor Nannie swayed unsteadily, her vacant eyes reddened, her lips quivering, her unnoticed child, its face bruised and dirty from a fall, clinging screaming to her dress.

Rogers forgot the court and his official duties; he only remembered those strong ties of nature that held him to his family; he rushed toward the door, all his British stolidity and decorum swept away in the flood-tide of his agony, crying, "Nannie! Nannie! My poor girl!"

The apparition of his father stilled Charlie's woe, and his great round eyes, full of tears, were fixed on the familiar face. Her

husband's voice penetrated to Nannie's dulled brain; she suddenly broke from her captor, who in his surprise was holding her loosely, and crying, "Help me! help me!" flung herself upon her husband's breast.

Rogers clasped the shaking, feeble form with its dishevelled head closely in his arms; his self-restraint and fortitude gave way, and he broke into dry sobs. It was but an instant—then he whispered something to the policeman who had brought in Nannie, and the man hurried forward toward the bar.

"Your Honour, the trouble is from Rogers' wife. She is out of her mind, it seems, being delicate, and she has got away from the woman who takes care of her. Rogers needs to get her soon home. She's not fit to be out a minute, your Honour. I found her, and brought her in, not knowing who she was, or what was wrong with her."

"Rogers can be excused from the case, and get his wife home as soon as possible," said his Honour, and, helped by a friend, who picked up Charlie, poor Rogers took his unhappy little family out to the pavement to find a cab.

We had neither spoken nor appeared on this scene, but divining how matters stood, it seemed that it would be the greatest kindness to call another cab, and go over to the "Dragon and the Tea-Kettle," to find Miss Chip, and send her to the rescue of the Rogers household.

The "Dragon and Tea-Kettle" was now in its summer dress. The season was most delightful; a warm, fragrant air pervaded all the streets of London. The wide door of the Temperance Eating-house stood open, while two or three pots of blooming flowers did their little best to vie with the great bouquets and huge pots of roses and geraniums which flamed behind Mr. Whaling's plate glass. On Miss Chip's desk was a bouquet, and also one on the long board of "the penny customers."

"I find—yes, I know by remembering," said Miss Chip to me, "that these street children are always fond of flowers. They are often driven from the public parks; they never see the country, their homes or haunts are squalid and gloomy, and flowers are the only good, pure, and beautiful things they ever see. I put a bunch of flowers on their table, if it's the only one I can get."

The old lady was still sitting by the fireplace, and still in her big chair, but the fireplace had been converted into a singular bower—a study in peculiarities in taste. The grate had first received a huge green branch of artificial leaves, and blue and red blossoms almost two inches in diameter; under and around this product of a lurid imagination was heaped a kind of shavings of paper, and tinsel of rainbow hues. On either side the jamb was set a big pot of geraniums, while two or three fuchsias and coleas made a semicircle in front. Upon a hook fastened in the high mantel hung a cage with a bird, a creature of such cheerful disposition that it was filling the air with its songs, to the intense delight of the old lady and some dozen wayfarers who were getting luncheon. "Do but see the dear old lady, how

happy she is," said Miss Chip. "Now, I never thought of getting her a bird, for all I might, knowing she was brought up in the country, and used to hearing 'em sing. But it never struck me—that's my hard, stupid way of not understanding people. But let Mr. Goldspray alone for thinking of kind things. *He* bought my old lady that bird last week, and Fanny bought those two fuchsias. Mother is clear delighted, and says it 'minds her of the country; she thinks she can hear the cows moo, and the call of the girls to the fowls in the farm-yard. Her mind's going, poor dear, but as it goes she's happier, and don't pine about Annie and father."

I told Miss Chip the trouble at Rogers', and asked if she could go there for an hour or so. I would take her there in the cab which was waiting.

She called Em'ly to take her place, and Jane, the luckless, to take Em'ly's place, and at once we set off.

"Here's another bit of my carelessness, for which may the Lord forgive me," said Miss Chip. "I might have known there would be trouble at Rogers', and perhaps I could have hindered it, if I had got there three hours ago. About eight o'clock I went near the "Elephant and Castle," to a place where some groceries were to be knocked down at a sale. It was a fine chance for me to get a chest of tea, a barrel of coarse sugar, and half a dozen barrels of flour. As I came away, feeling very pleased at getting so many things for so little, I ran against the widow woman I had got for Rogers, to stop with Nannie. She told me that she just had word that her little grandchild was dying in fits, and she must go to her daughter for the day. I asked her if Mrs. Rogers was quiet and safe to leave, and she said she seemed so, she made no objection to her going; she had left her with plenty to keep her busy, and had spoken to Rogers, who was on his beat, and said he would go home by twelve or one o'clock. If I had gone right there, knowing, as I do, so much better than others what trouble and craving are upon Nannie, I might have kept her in. Mark my words, she will never get over this, it will crush her entirely."

Before going into Kent, I went to see Nannie Rogers. Miss Chip's prediction seemed in course of swift fulfilment. Poor Nannie lay in her pretty, white bed, herself white as the pillows her blonde head so wearily pressed; her attendant, overwhelmed with sorrow that she had left her even for the dying grandchild, nursed her with a mother's assiduity. But no nursing or medicine could avail one whose whole hope and interest in life had perished.

"I cannot help these things," said Nannie; "if I live I fall, and I've asked the Lord to take me away, and He is doing it. I see now it is a craziness, as you told me; but for me and Rogers, and little Charlie, this craziness is all the shame and trouble of a sin. Something ate my will and my strength away, before I was old enough to know about it. Only the good Lord has patience, and rest, and helping for such as I am. Rogers is very good; he

never said a hard word to me—he gets me everything, but I see his heart is broken, and his life is dark. I told him last night I saw I had done him a great harm marrying him; I didn't mean it, or know how it would turn out. If I had, I wouldn't have done it. I told him he could have some good of his life when I was laid away, and I wanted him to marry soon, so he'd have a home, and Charlie a mother. I told him to marry some good, pleasant temperance girl, who would be kind to the little fellow; of course Rogers couldn't bear to hear me, but when I'm gone he'll heed."

It took Nannie a long time, and many efforts to say all this; she was in a very low state.

We went down into Kent for a month, and while we were there poor Nannie ended her troubled life, slipping peacefully and quietly out of this world, into that better world, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

We found beautiful and historic Kent just as cursed with liquor as other places. Every hamlet had its drinking-house; every tap-room had its throng; every public-house sold more beer or brandy than bread. The rural labourers, the hearty fishers, or seafaring men, were all alike robbed of a large portion of their health, their earnings, their comfort, by the demon of drink, that preys on the vitals of England. But why say of England? This vampire passion sucks the life-tide of every nation under the sun—it is a curse that has gone abroad over all the world.

Mindful of what would most gratify that steadfast soul, the mistress of the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle," we took to her old mother a little gift of country things, and with them a great bouquet of ox eye daisies and poppies, fresh and smiling, with their stems carefully kept in water. The trifling gift was accepted with immense gratitude.

"Mr. Goldspray brought her some wild flowers," said Miss Chip, "and the dear old soul nearly cried with delight over them. It was very kind and thoughtful of Mr. Goldspray, but the trouble with him was, he went for them Sundays. When he was a small boy, Sundays his father used to take him out in the country, and it's a habit he hangs to. He says he needs the air and the exercise, and the freshness. I tell him to serve God Sundays, and take a week-day now and then for the country. I fear how it will go. He'll drop into some of those pot-houses, and take to drinking again. It is too much temptation for him, poor boy. I do get him to go to church with me some Sunday mornings, and Sunday evenings it's Fanny's turn, and he goes. I know he goes just to go with her, but I'm glad he'd go for any reason. he may seize a word of Gospel. But, dear me, ma'am, why should I trouble you with my troubles for poor Bobby? I've other things to tell you. There was a city missionary, very good, visiting poor Mrs. Rogers, as Rogers' parson was out of town. So I met him there, and he got interested in this work, and came here, and asked me if on Sundays he couldn't have a kind of

Bible-meeting here in the eating-room, at three o'clock, and if I could get my little customer to come to it. So I told him in welcome, and we started last week, and had a very nice meeting. All in this house at it, and many of the customers, and poor Rogers, with little Charlie in his arms. The singing brought in many from the street, stopped some short who were going into Whaling's. Mr. Goldspray has promised to be here next Sunday, and help the music. It may do him good. Wouldn't you step in, ma'am, and see how it goes? There's a class of women made up, you could say a word to."

On Sabbath afternoon, agreeably to Miss Chip's request, we went to the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle," and found over forty people collected for a Bible service. Half of these were the juveniles of the penny-table, youngsters from six to fifteen years of age; there were several young girls like Fanny, as many young men, apprentices or porters, three or four staid, middle-aged men, like Rogers and Cook, and the rest were sad-faced, weary, hard-working women of the neighbourhood. As we entered, these, the earth's sorrowful and disinherited ones, were singing

"O Paradise, O Paradise!"

Mr. Goldspray, however, was not there, helping with the music. I saw Miss Chip watching the door, even during the reading of the Scriptures, and I perceived that she was uneasy. I did not think it well to say anything to her about the dereliction of her favourite, but I could not resist whispering to Fanny, while the classes were being divided, "Where is Mr. Goldspray?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Fanny, with a little toss.

"I see Miss Chip is anxious, and watching for him."

Fanny looked toward her benefactress, and the sorrow on the hard face seemed to move her; she said deprecatingly:

"Well, I couldn't help Mr. Goldspray's going off miffed."

"Oh, it's your fault then, is it?"

"I don't call it fault," said Fanny. "Mr. Goldspray has been too vexing. He was vexed Wednesday that I did not take half a day out, as was my turn once a month, and go to Kew or 'Ampton Court with him. I'm sure I wanted to go, but the old lady wasn't well, and was petty, and didn't want me to go, and so I stopped home, for she has not long to live, poor old dear. Then he said I thought more of everybody than him. Friday he up and found fault at my petting poor little Charlie Rogers, whose mother is dead, poor baby. He said it was to please Rogers, and that made me so mad I never spoke to him till this morning, when he came and asked me to go down the river on a boat with him, instead of going to church. Said his head ached, and he did not feel well. But my mother taught me to never go pleasuring on Sabbath, and I knew Miss Chip would not like it either, so I told him no, flat, and he off in a huff; said he would go alone."

"In truth, Fanny," I replied to this outpouring, "it would have

been far better if you had never listened to Goldspray at all, but had turned him over entirely to Miss Chip."

The Bible-reader and the city missionary had now divided the classes into different parts of the room, and asked me if I would talk a little to the sad-faced women. Out of the labour and anxiety and worry of the week, these toilers had been swept into this ancient hostelry-room, to hear a word of the rest that remaineth, and of that Friend and Burden-bearer who in all our afflictions was afflicted. I saw tears in their eyes, as at the close of the meeting I repeated to them the hymn :

"Come unto Me, when shadows darkly gather,
And the tired heart is weary and oppressed,
Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father,
Come unto Me, and coming, be at rest."

I found there was not one of these women who had not suffered from the work of the drink demon. Either their parents had involved them in hopeless poverty and ignorance, or drunken husbands had kept them in penury and disaster, or drunken children had broken their hearts, or they or their families had been injured and maltreated by drunkards. The same wail was from all.

The hour and a half allotted to the Bible service had passed by, and most of the attendants had gone out. Rogers and Cook remained talking with Miss Chip, two or three of the women were speaking with the city missionary, and the Bible-reader was getting the addresses of some of the children. The door stood open, and suddenly there was a familiar voice brokenly singing a lively song outside, and Mr. Goldspray staggered over the threshold. The brilliant Daisy's face was flushed, his eyes glittered with flickering flames, his hat was well on one side his rumpled curls; he was dusty; he walked with his legs wide apart. He gazed uncertainly about the room. "Hello! What's this? A party, Chip, eh? Oh, there's Fanny! Fanny, I say, I—I think you might; yes, Fanny, let's not quarrel; let's kiss and be friends!"

He was near Fanny, and lunged toward her to kiss her, when the furious girl gave him a violent push. He nearly fell, but caught a table, righted himself, and leered. "Hello, Fan', mad? Jealous, Fanny? Jealous of poor old Chip? Why, I'm not sweet on the old girl, Fanny!"

Fanny could bear no more. She deserted her old lady and fled crying from the room.

All her mortification and misery did not prevent Miss Chip from flying to the side of her mother into Fanny's vacant place. This brought her into range of Mr. Goldspray's gleaming eye. "Oh, yes, Chip—poor Chip—she's been awful good to me, I'll own; yes, I'll own that of poor old Chip."

Rogers couldn't stand this any more. He walked up to the swaying Bobby, seized him roughly by the shoulder, and crying,

"Come, you young rascal, you've made fool enough of yourself; you deserve to be kicked into the gutter, but instead I'll tumble you into bed," he dragged him off toward his own room.

For ourselves, we quietly slipped out of the door and got away as soon as possible, feeling sure that poor Miss Chip could best recover from her mortification and grief if left to herself. We might have felt unable to face our poor friend very soon, but one of the mothers in our Sabbath-class had an invalid child, for whom we had promised to interest a kind lady of our acquaintance. This friend had been moved to prepare some clothing, bedding, a cushioned chair, a basket of delicacies, and a bundle of plain work, and requested us to go with her in a cab to see the objects of her charity. We were obliged to call for the address at the "Dragon and Tea-Lettle," and Miss Chip urged that I should leave the cab and stop to see her on my return. I accordingly did so.

"I wish you'd talk a little to Fanny," said Miss Chip, looking down nervously. "It was all her fault that poor Mr. Goldspray acted so on Sunday."

"I am sorry for that; how was it her fault? Of course you would not have wanted her to go off on the river on Sunday?"

"Surely not; but if—if she had coaxed him a little he would have stopped at home, and have gone to church, and been at the meeting. You see Fanny miffed him, and her cold, tiffing ways made him desperate, and he off on the boat, and there was drinking there and it was too much temptation for him."

"I am very sorry; but do you think that Fanny has firmness and energy enough to protect such a one as Mr. Goldspray from himself? He needs stronger power."

"He is fond of Fanny, very," said poor Miss Chip, enduring agony. "If she would only be kind to him and coax him."

"Miss Chip, she is too kind. I don't think she should have permitted his attention at all. He is not a safe lover for any young girl."

"Oh, don't say so," implored Miss Chip. "I think so much of poor Bobby; he seems the last one left me, now my brother and sister and his sister are gone, and how I have longed to help him and save him. I thought I could do it by giving him a home and looking after him, but I cannot keep him from temptation,—there is so much temptation. I have made my mind that if he were married he would do well and be safe. He is very fond of Fanny. If they were married I am sure that would be all that was needed to save him. For his wife's sake he would do well."

"But, Miss Chip, he couldn't keep a wife. Pray, think—a pound a week."

"They could live here, and Fanny could wait on mother; I would pay her just the same. I'd take care of them both to save Mr. Goldspray," cried Miss Chip desperately. "I'm a poor, lonesome creature, with no one in the world; I would do for them and theirs!"

Oh, in this devotion to this unworthy, foolish youth; in this self-

abnegation of this sorely-trying soul, there was something noble and touching.

But Miss Chip thought of Mr. Goldspray only, and she had turned to me as a counsellor; it was needful for me to do my duty. I answered her.

"Miss Chip, you know that marriage does not cure an appetite for strong drink. It is a desperate remedy—it fails—it drags down two where one was going down alone. Think of your mother's experience."

"But Bobby is not like father," faltered Miss Chip.

"So your sister said about *her* husband."

Miss Chip groaned and drooped her head.

"Remember, Miss Chip, here is a young girl, not eighteen, motherless, utterly desolate in the world but for you. Could you urge her to marry a drinking man; to be a drunkard's wife; to be finally such a sad-spirited wreck as those women I taught on Sabbath? You know that children of those who have this long inheritance of the drunkard's thirst are almost always diseased or drunkards. Is it right to fill the world with these?"

"But I am so sure Mr. Goldspray would reform; he is so kind-hearted, and cheery, and he has had so little chance in his life."

"I think you are giving him an excellent chance," I said.

"Yes, but he is young and lively, and I am old and gloomy; if he had someone to love him and amuse him, always here, that he could take to. Not that he is not very grateful to me; you must not judge him by what he said the other day—drunken and crazy people never talk what they mean. He asked my pardon with tears in his eyes," added Miss Chip with tears herself, "and I forgave him willingly; but young folks are so hard. He asked Fanny's pardon, and she—she said she'd pardon him, but she could have no more to do with him, and he said that would make him desperate, and, indeed, I'm afraid it will. He will take to drink again, and go to ruin."

"And what does Fanny say to that view?"

"She says she can't abide a drinking man. I don't want her to; I want her to reform him."

Here was love, unreasonable as a mother's.

"We must be just all round, Miss Chip, and not throw away the girl because the young man insists on throwing himself away. If gratitude for such kindness and forbearance as yours will not hold Goldspray firm, I doubt that love for Fanny, or Fanny's influence, could do it. Better let Fanny renounce him entirely and let him fall back on you, and you may complete, in spite of this fall, the good work you have begun."

Perhaps some critical souls will here cry out, that, woman-like, I was here "too hard on the poor drunkard," did not "have sympathy enough for the weak and erring." In truth, my sympathy was really more for poor Miss Chip and Fanny than for the Golden Daisy, whom I chanced to meet on the sidewalk, and who was as light and airy, and as brilliantly blooming as if nothing had happened.

When I suggested to Miss Chip entire separation between Fanny and Goldspray, a gleam of hope and comfort for an instant crossed her face, and I added :

"Probably it will be better for Fanny to be away from here; if you choose, I will find her a place at service with a friend, who will take her as nursery-maid."

Miss Chip hesitated. "No, I cannot. My old mother would pine to death without Fanny; no one ever waited on her so well. And then, poor Bobby would break his heart,—he said he would unless Fanny made up with him. If he does go to ruin, I cannot feel that I have helped him on, or did less than all I could to save him, where he has too many temptations, poor fellow."

In truth, both Mr. Goldspray and Miss Chip had an ally in poor Fanny's heart. Mr. Goldspray was the first one who had ever flattered her, or paid her attentions; he had won some share of her feelings; his easy, gay ways bewildered and delighted the girl, whose whole life had been sombre and repressed. He had not aroused in her any deep emotions, nor real, strong affection, but neither he nor she knew how much her love was lacking in solid elements; that in truth, it was fancy, not love. However, at present her feelings clung to him, and moved by Goldspray's coaxing and protesting, and no doubt by Miss Chip's entreaties, Fanny relented, and took her lover once more into favour, on solemn promise of amendment.

Fanny said to me, "Before mother died she made me promise I'd never marry a drinking man, and indeed, ma'am, I won't be led from the truth. If Mr. Goldspray breaks down again I must let him go surely, ma'am."

Perhaps Fanny's resolves were strengthened just then, by the fact that the occupant of No. 6 was a young woman of the neighbourhood, wife of a drunkard, who shamefully maltreated her, and who had dragged her from her sick-bed into the street, on a rainy night, thrusting her almost unclad upon the wet walk, while he carried off the bed to sell for gin. Some women of the district rolled the poor victim in a quilt, and carried her to Miss Chip, while, fortunately, the drunkard so conducted himself after drinking his gin, that he was locked up for six months at hard labour.

"His wife is safe for that time," I said to Miss Chip.

"She's safe forever," said Miss Chip grimly; "she won't live six months."

As I suggested, this woman was a forcible object-lesson to Fanny at this juncture. I had stopped at "The Dragon and Tea-Kettle" to leave a text-card and a cup of calf's-feet jelly for the poor victim in No. 6, and was inquiring of Miss Chip as to the success of the Bible service, held at her house on Sunday afternoon, when we heard a great screaming and uproar in Whaling's. It was September, and warm; doors were open. As usual, Whaling's great plate-glass window was decorated with pots of blooming flowers, set among heaped-up bottles of various liquors, artfully arranged, and goblets, mugs, and glasses of all sizes, shapes, and

colours. As we turned our eyes this way, on hearing those demoniac shrieks, two great bottles, flung fiercely from within the bar-room, came crashing through the upper portion of the window into the street, narrowly missing, one, the driver of a passing van; the other, the head of a man crossing the road—while, instantly following this destructive crash, came Whaling's boy himself, through the lower part of the window. He seemed to leap out of the clutch of detaining hands; he dashed through and over the bottles, flowers, and glasses, and as they fell to ruin under his leap, he came out of the shivering window like a stone out of a catapult, his spring bringing him over the sidewalk, so that he fell on his poor, bleeding head into the gutter. Foremost among the group that sprang from the door of the gin-palace, came Mr. and Mrs. Whaling, Whaling furious and swearing, but when Mrs. Whaling saw her son lying senseless, probably dead, she broke into wild wails, and as, aided by others, she lifted him up, she wiped his insensible face with her silk gown, and uttered the wildest expressions of grief. Whaling also stopped his curses, to cry loudly for a doctor, and anon for protection of his exposed wares, and for someone to bring him a glazier.

The body of young Whaling was carried back into the house, his mother's lamentations sounding up the stairway, and on into the chamber she opened for her injured son. A doctor came at full speed—the police dispersed the gathered crowd—Whaling stood guard before his window, explaining to workmen, and directing his two white-aproned pot-boys.

"Nobody *there* knows how to do anything," said Miss Chip, regarding this sudden judgment fallen on her enemy. "Em'ly! Come to the desk. I'm going over there to quiet that screaming woman, and see what I can do for that boy; poor young creature, he's more sinned against than sinning."

An hour or two after, we stopped at the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle," to make inquiries on our way home.

Miss Chip was again at her desk—business brisk—everyone discussing Whaling's.

"Case of delirium tremens," said Miss Chip; "the poor boy can't pour down liquor as his parents can. His father keeps telling him he'll 'get seasoned,' and here's how it's turned out—boy's crazy, likely to have brain fever; between doctors' bills and other bills, it's likely to cost Whaling near a hundred pounds. Yes; I got the boy washed and bandaged, and laid comfortable; his mother could only wring her hands—poor soul, I pity her. Doctor's there, and they sent to the home for a fit nurse. Yes, I pity the boy. Em'ly! Mr. Rogers' chop! Jane! Mind what you're doing."

There was a dim light in Mr. Whaling's upper room, where lay the ruined boy. Mr. Whaling's lately gay window was barricaded by a big wooden shutter—the bar was as full or fuller than usual. Mr. Whaling must make up his extraordinary expenses.

We walked slowly home, meditating on

"Some of Sin's Wages."

CHRISTIANITY—IDEAL AND ACTUAL.

BY THE LATE REV. S. S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D.

THE very word ideal is a kind of inspiration. It points to something higher and more beautiful. It is the poetic side of things, and, though it may leave the actual lagging behind, it has power, more or less, to draw the actual upward and onward toward itself. The ideal is prophetic, and will not prophesy in vain. The actual is only for the hour; the ideal is for evermore, being the brightness and beauty of the infinite seeking to mirror itself in the soul of the finite.

Christianity, as a Divine religion, has this ideal character, but as embodied among men it must of necessity take on something of limitation and imperfection.

“*Quicquid recipitur, recipitur ad modum recipientis.*”

The history of the Christian Church, for eighteen hundred years, is but the story of this struggle of a Divine religion with human limitations. This makes Church history the melancholy tale that it is, and gives occasion to the sceptic and the scoffer. But over against the shadow stands always the eternal light, all undimmed in its native splendour, and so penetrating the human and earthly as to make it bear more and more the image of the Heavenly.

The confounding of the ideal with the actual, that is, the confounding of Christianity with the Church, is the most serious danger that always besets the believer on the one hand, and the unbeliever on the other. Men of the world point with scorn to the errors and imperfections of the Church; while the Church herself is disposed to an “apotheosis of error” by exalting her partial views and attainments, her forms and interpretations of Scripture, into a permanent standard, into an absolute and final expression of the religion of Christ. Thus it happened that Voltaire, in assailing the corrupt ecclesiasticism of his time, was generally regarded as assailing Christianity, for he assailed the long-continued and prevailing form of it.

The immense distinction between what was taught in the New Testament and what had usurped its place, scarcely broke upon the great scoffer’s mind, learned and acute as he was, and there are many still, even outside of the Roman Catholic Church, who fail to recognize as they should this great feature in the history of that period. Protestantism partly corrects the tendency to this confusion, by the prominence it gives to Biblical authority, and by thus reverting to the ideal and Divine standard as foreshadowed in the Old Testament, and fully revealed in the New.

But Protestantism is still human, has, so to speak, its un-Protestant side, and *erily* glides down into a kind of contented dogmatism. In fact it never did, in some directions, altogether raise itself out of the mediæval and scholastic system. It has vigorously asserted the great principles of spiritual life and progress, but in carrying out those principles it has to contend with the same old proclivities—the Popery in every man’s breast—and it has to battle as well with some new evils of an opposite kind. The Protestantism of England in the eighteenth century needed the Wesleyan revival to save it from death, and this fact is full of admonition for all time.

The Protestantism of to-day is slow to look inward and closely at herself; but there are signs enough of her blindness and weakness, and her need of some great visitation of God. In what way this visitation will come it is hard to predict, but it will assuredly come, and something is gained by every earnest word that tends to break the evil spell of self-complacency and dogmatic conceit, even though it be the harsh, rugged word of a man like Thomas Carlyle, or the retreating and Romanizing cries of saintly and scholarly men like Keble and Newman in the great Oxford reaction.

The Revised Version of the Scriptures, the increasing earnestness and freedom of Biblical study, the disposition shown in some quarters to revise and simplify subordinate standards, and the growing tendency among all Christian people to work together on a common basis of essential truth—all these are wholesome and hopeful signs. The assaults of the sceptic may also be overruled for good, by leading the Church to reconsider her lines of defence, to abandon untenable positions, and to discriminate more firmly between matters of faith and matters of opinion. Nor can the great Roman and Greek Churches fail to feel the disturbing and renovating influences of the time. Acknowledging, as they do, the common ideal, and many of the common evangelical principles, they will be either persuaded or constrained eventually to throw their misleading traditions into the background, and to defend their positions by reason and Scripture.

All forms and types of actual Christianity alike require to be perpetually and directly confronted with the inspired records, and with the life and character of Him who is the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. That which devolves upon the individual disciple of Christ for his personal improvement must equally devolve upon the whole body of disciples as collected in churches. To group believers together does not make them more infallible, nor does the adoption of the words of an eminent teacher, or conclave of teachers, make them any less the words of man, nor exempt them from the great law of mutation without which there is no healthy growth. The agreement of millions in an exposition of faith may be but the unanimity of ignorance or custom, and the venerableness of a system may be but the antiquity of error.

"Philosophy exists," says an eminent philosopher, "to correct the inadvertencies of popular thinking." The Holy Scriptures exist, among other reasons, to correct the inadvertencies and misconceptions, not only of popular religion but of systematic and school divinity as well. There is a close correspondence between the Church's apprehension of Christ in thought, and her apprehension of Him in life and character. Her thought is her imperfect intuition of the Divine ideal; her life is her imperfect realization of her own imperfect thought. She travels forward from thought to life, and also backward from life to thought. In this way she advances toward perfection, and needs freedom of movement on the theoretical side as well as on the practical. She is at best but the embodiment of *her conception* of the ideal, never altogether of the ideal itself. Her word is not the eternal *logos*, but her feeble rendering of it. The greatest sculptor mourns over the defects of his finest statue, having dreams of beauty that his chisel cannot reach; so mourns the Church over her failure to reach the full lineaments of her Divine ideal. Scholars and poets, through all time, labour to translate the songs of Homer, and fall short; actors struggle in

vain to give a perfect rendering of Hamlet and Lear; how much more must all our poor efforts fail adequately to render the sweet music of the Gospel.

There is need now, as always, to guard against the danger of reading the Bible in the light of our systems, instead of reading our systems in the light of the Bible. However old a commonplace this may be it is still the lesson for the day. Men are being everywhere tried and condemned by subordinate standards; perhaps it should not, or cannot, be otherwise, at least in the present state of the Church; but the subordinate standards must have also their hour of trial, nay, must be considered as always on trial, or else subordinate standards cease to be standards subordinate. Subordinate standards have their value and their use, if properly constructed, but the worst use we can make of them is to hold them as a rod of terror over the head of reverent and careful Biblical criticism, and a standing menace to every scholar who attempts a prayerful, yet free and independent study of the widest and most profound field of thought in the world, that great Oriental library contained in the sixty-six books of the Bible. So to use any merely human standards, by whomsoever formulated, especially when these standards are drawn out with mystical and metaphysical minuteness, and enforced with scrupulous and suspicious rigour, is to despise the words of Him who has taught us to call no man master, is to turn a reasonable and truth-loving religion into a hindrance and a snare, and to make the Church of Christ a shelter for antiquated and arrogant dogmatics, who will neither advance themselves nor let others advance. Into a Church so circumscribed and stereotyped, religious scholars of the highest order will not be disposed to enter, or, having entered, will soon be branded and thrust out.

And in vain are they thrust out, for from without if not from within, especially now that physical suppression is impossible, new ideas and disturbing forces must come, and for the prosperity of the Church should come, and those who most dread the disturbance are usually those who most need it. Mental stagnation leads to spiritual stagnation, and the unreal, if not hypocritical, use of cant phrases and barren forms. Immovable quiescence or finality in religious thinking has never yet been the Divine order, probably never will be, this side the millennium at any rate. The Italian police, some few years ago, in the days of the Pope's temporal power, refused admission to the famous work of Copernicus, "*De Revolutionibus Cælestium*,"—"Concerning the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies"—on the ground that they had positive instructions to keep out works of a "revolutionary" tendency. That ignorant policemen should confound the revolutions of the planets with revolution in the government of Italy may seem comical and absurd enough, yet this, after all, is scarcely a caricature of that overdone conservatism of which the Church has furnished only too many examples. But revolutionary ideas are as necessary as conservative ones, both together entering, as Burke says, into that "reciprocal play of opposite forces, by which God draws out the harmony of the universe." Not the heavens only, but the earth and the Church are preserved by eternal movement, verifying the familiar lines of our greatest living poet:

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

It would be a bold thing to say that the Church has now got beyond all her crudities and misconceptions. All history teaches that discoveries and conceptions of truth may be possible in one age which were not attainable at a previous time, and there is no good reason to confine this principle to secular science, if, indeed, there be any science altogether secular, or so secular as to have no modifying effect upon our views of moral and religious truth. God, Himself, has taught us to look for successive dispensations, and a gradual unfolding of His thoughts and ways; and who shall say that the Christian dispensation, as a whole, may not have eras or stages of growth, and developments analogous to the successive revelations of the olden time? The more glorious dispensation of the Spirit is surely not deprived of the imminent presence of God, but has rather the special promise of the Comforter to abide with us forever. Because the guidance is secret and silent, it is not, therefore, less vital and productive. And here we touch on the borders of that great and precious truth of perpetual inspiration, to which the Roman Church has long borne witness, but which she has so sadly distorted, and which some Protestant sects have equally misused, though in a different way.

It is not the written Word alone that guides the Church, any more than it is the written Word that gave her existence at the first, but rather the written Word along with the indwelling Spirit, and the overruling Providence. Nor does the Spirit interpret the sacred volume fully and all at once to the Church. How could it be so? The Church at best is but an earthen vessel that expands under the power of the truth through the mighty working of the Spirit. She presents the truth to the world, shaped and tinged, and flavoured by her own earthen mould. She must, herself, be partly fashioned by the literature, the philosophy, the jurisprudence, the general beliefs and customs of the time, though the Spirit within her will react upon these and give them higher and better forms. And it has been all along as it was with the Apostles at the first: "I have many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now." "These things understood not his disciples at the first." Not once only, but often, is it true that the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not; not once only, but often, the loving reproof is applicable, "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" Not once only, but often, through the long ages, the loving Saviour walks with His disciples, as on the way to Emmaus, making their hearts burn within them as He opens to them the Scriptures. By this perpetual living presence of Christ, and not by her own narrow definitions and forms of broken statement surely, the Church goes forward to regenerate the world. And it is good and hopeful to see her at last so inspired, by the divine life of the Son of God that she begins to deplore and spurn her own troubled ecclesiastical history, full though it be of glorious victories, mingled with error, and cruelty, and shame. Let her not be tempted by vain words to look back for her ideal to her long, wearisome wanderings in the wilderness, sweet memories though she have of the showers of falling manna, and the waters breaking from the rock. Let her rather prepare to put off the shoes of her pilgrimage, plant vineyards and rear a spacious temple. And let her hope that prophets will arise, bringing more Spiritual intuitions, and a wider range of sympathy with God and man.

Dark and saddening still is the state of the nations, even where the

Church is most influential. Eighteen hundred years have passed away, and heathen modes of speech and action still prevail over the greater part of the globe. But heathenism gets more and more abashed in the presence of the Christ, and scepticism itself draws lessons from the ideal religion of the New Testament, with which to rebuke the actual religion of Christendom. The multiplicity of sects is lamented, but even in this evil there is a soul of goodness. Blind to our own defects we can discover the blemishes of a rival. We burn our neighbour's dross in the fires of sectarian judgment. In this comparison and collision of thought and effort all are driven back upon the one ultimate rule and standard, and made to exclaim, "not as though we had already attained or were already perfect."

That all existing Churches fall behind the Divine standard will be readily allowed, but it is not sufficiently discerned that *new points of view and new methods of study* are required to prepare the way for better practical results. And new points of view and new light upon old truths must, to some extent, involve a readjustment and restatement of traditional conceptions and theories. There are those who hope for progress in religion without progress in theology, or for progress in theology without revision or modification of the traditions of the elders. They would put the new wine of faith, or spiritual illumination, into the old bottles of thought, and the new wine of thought into the old bottles of expression, forgetting that faith, thought and speech act and react on each other in many ways, and move along together in a process of perpetual renovation. The Church grows as grows a tree, the new bud pushing off the old leaf, putting forth again new leaves and blossoms for the new season, but always under the falling showers and quickening rays from Heaven. If the Church would advance she must study and welcome the conditions of advancement, one of which is emancipation from obsolete forms, and the art of rising,

" On stepping-stones
Of her dead self, to higher things."

The Holy Scriptures teach that growth in grace is coupled with growth in knowledge, and growth in knowledge implies not merely the addition of something new, but the correction and partial displacement of earlier and cruder notions. "Therefore every scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." It is sad to trace in the history of the Church her prevailing policy of repression, her attitude of fear, her zeal without knowledge, her clamorous outcries against new ideas,—ideas, perhaps, afterwards adopted and utilized as a part of her own heritage,—her bitter persecutions, now with dungeon, faggot and sword, and now with obloquy, anathema, and excommunication. Nearly every step of progress, not excepting even the great Wesleyan revival, has been won by some form of martyrdom, justifying the words of the noble Quaker poet :

" Every age, on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its sevenfold vial."

" It is the excommunicated men," says Pascal, " that save the Church."

It is to be hoped that this sarcasm will not in the future retain the point it has in regard to the past. The "liberty of prophesying" begins to find better recognition within the pale of most Protestant Churches, and it will further contribute to this end, if Christian people come to understand that the ideal of the Gospel is reached, not merely by retaining certain great essential elements of moral and spiritual truth, but by retaining them in their place of prominence, all minor points being permitted to fall into the background as matters of convenience and expediency. To this utterly subordinate place should long since have been relegated many matters of conjecture, speculation, and ritual, which have perplexed and fettered the Church of Christ. The Scribes and Pharisees corrupted the Jewish religion by laying stress on mint, anise, and cummin, an error that has often been repeated among Christians, and that is still a cause of weakness and reproach. The enemies of the faith are vigorously assailing the citadel; the professed friends are largely engaged in wrangling over some useless or embarrassing outpost. Multitudes are doubting of God; others are portraying Him in colours little adapted to satisfy either the intellect, the conscience, or the heart. The question of the time is, "What think ye of Christ?" The answer of many Christian teachers is that He came to save the world by abstruse metaphysical speculations, ecclesiastical routine, and sacerdotal charms. Meanwhile the world sighs and suffers for the simple declaration of a gospel consisting chiefly in a new heart and a new life, springing from repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

What to think of Christ, they will learn who surrender their hearts to Him in faith, love, and service, studying His words, following His guidance, and growing up into His likeness. Otherwise there is no way of thinking worthily or wisely of Jesus Christ the Son, or of God the Father. Compared with this all ecclesiastical forms and fine-spun theological speculations are but vanity and vexation of spirit.

To clear away the accretions of a darker age, to correct our mistaken valuation of trifles, to ignore our unimportant Church differences, to relax a little the binding rigour of our liminary definitions, to bring the light of fresh and *unbiassed* study upon the inspired Word, to reach out the hand of loving, Christ-like sympathy to perishing sinners, to recognize the occasional good thoughts and the common hunger for God even in heathen minds, to press the supernatural facts and cardinal truths of the Gospel upon the conscience and heart, these may indicate, in a rough, general way, the best direction for the Church's present effort, and in this direction she is moving. The pulpit, the lecture-room, the press, and even the discoveries of science, will severally and jointly contribute, and will, in God's great Providence, usher in that ideal Church, to which the Church of to-day will be—

"As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

YIELD not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

TOLSTOÏ: A LEADER OF MEN.

BY ENRICO NENCIONI.



TOLSTOÏ.

MEN, according to the author of "Sartor Resartus," can be divided into three great classes: those who consider the eternal inferior to the perishable, the soul to matter; in whom is extinguished the light of moral consciousness; those, and they are in the majority, who, slaves of what is apparent to the senses, yet preserve some confused recollection of the Divine Idea; for whom life is a species of magic-lantern with a succession of ephemeral scenes; who, without ever contemplating nature or interrogating their own souls, pass their brief and irreparable days among conventionalities, pretences, and social hypocrisies; mere human phantoms rather than divine realities: and finally those, very few in number, for whom life is a serious thing, of intense and tragic importance—like a bridge suspended between two eternities; those who suffer and enjoy with a deep consciousness of an invisible Divine Presence, with their thoughts constantly engrossed with duty and their responsibility for their acts to a supreme and infallible Judge. These last are the true salt of the world, and the sole

legitimate leaders of the nations. Prophets, legislators, apostles, kings, captains, philosophers, poets, men of science, artists, inventors, they all resemble each other, despite so great a variety in their purposes and means of reaching those purposes; by their profound feeling of the reality of life; by their hatred of, and war on, everything which is vain, monstrous, equivocal, unsubstantial, and false—things which are called Machiavellism, Jesuitism, parliamentarism, or dilettanteism. Universal history is at bottom naught but biographies of these *herbes*.

Among contemporaneous writers three, very specially, appear to me to belong to this small and sacred band: Carlyle, Browning, and Tolstoï. In these three, as in so many of their predecessors, from Dante to Schiller, from Shakespeare to Burns, from Milton to Shelley, the man and the writer are one and the same thing—their art for them was and is their life.

The author of "War and Peace," was, a few years ago, the writer who was most read and discussed. His readers belonged to all social classes, from the prince to the workingman, from the duchess to the peasant woman. His volumes were sold by the hundred thousand copies, were translated into all languages. Gustave Flaubert said he was comparable to Shakespeare alone; Matthew Arnold declared that he was a writer of the most healthy and robust mind.

All at once, abandoning novel-writing and the literary career, converted, or rather restored, to evangelical doctrines, leading a life of manual labour, of apostleship and charity among the poorest classes, Tolstoï wrote a book to explain the origin and the progress of his conversion—"My Confession"—and another to explain the essential characteristics of his

neo-Christianity—"My Religion." Strange is it, that a society imbued with anti-religious ideas and positive science, read the books of the converted author with the same curiosity and ardour with which they read his romances.

In "My Confession," the novelist, who had become a moralist and theosophist, tells in five or six memorable lines the whole story of his soul: "I have lived in this world fifty-five years; for nearly forty of those years I have been a Nihilist in the true sense of that word: not Socialist and revolutionary, according to the perverted meaning attached to it; but really Nihilist, that is, *lacking in all faith, believing in nothing.*" Here is another passage of the "Confession": "Early in my life I lost my faith; I have lived, like all other people, among the various varieties of life. I have done something in literature, undertaking to teach others things of which I knew nothing. Then the Sphinx began to persecute me, saying as to *Œdipus* of old: 'Guess my riddle or I will devour thee.' Human science explained to me nothing. To my incessant questions, the only ones that concerned me: 'Why do I live? What am I?' Science answered by teaching me a hundred other things which were of no consequence to me."

The whole Tolstõinian doctrine can be summed up in these few words: the law of Christ and its practice is the sacrifice of one's own existence for the good of one's neighbour; the law of the world, on the other hand, is a cruel and murderous struggle for one's own existence. The fundamental points of the religion of Tolstõj are these: Regulate your own life by the evangelical precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. Shun all violence. Resist not Evil. Divide the proceeds of your labour with the poor. Reverence the family—have no divorce, no libertinage.

Tolstõj is not a fool, as some think him, nor a mystic, as all call him. Mysticism is a transcendental

doctrine which sacrifices the present life to the future life. The doctrine of Tolstõj is not a dream or an ecstasy; but action, the knowledge and practice of life on this earth; just the opposite of mysticism.

The evolution in him has been complete, and also logical and rational. Perhaps there has never been a more noteworthy evolution since that of Blaise Pascal. The moral conversion that Tolstõj has narrated and described, was working in him for thirty years; and in his most famous and popular romances is found the germ of his last writings.

In his latest volume, "Salvation Is in Yourselves," Tolstõj answers the criticisms of the doctrines he expounded in his preceding works, and accepts, confirms, and eloquently sustains the full consequences of his theories. The spirit of this new book has been, with some reason, defined as *Evangelical Nihilism*. In the opinion of revolutionary nihilism, all governments, all political organizations, all laws, all administrations are evils—we should destroy the present social arrangement. So, for Tolstõj, every government is oppressive and anti-Christian, and our social order is essentially iniquitous. He, however, opposes violence, declares that *non-resistance* is the fundamental doctrine of Christ, and does not sanction armed resistance, even in the case of legitimate defence.

Notwithstanding Tolstõj's defects and exaggerations, how colossal appears the figure of this man, always sincere, always a lover of humanity, a hero of true and active charity, who lives with the poor and for the poor; a true leader, a true reality among so many phantoms; a word, a real word, amid so much falsity and emptiness of the parliamentary, journalistic, and literary babblers who infest Europe. Even those who dissent most from his theories, if there beats in their bosom the heart of a man, ought to bend reverently before the genius and the soul of Leo Tolstõj.—*Nuova Antologia, Rome, in Literary Digest.*

THE NEW ASTRONOMY.

HOW WE FIND INVISIBLE STARS.

BY SIR ROBERT S. BALL.

ON one occasion, when I was giving a lecture on the subject with this title, I received an anonymous letter in which I was asked how it was possible that I could say anything about "Invisible Stars?"

If they were not visible, it did not seem that we could learn anything about them. Ought not, my correspondent asked, a lecture on "Invisible Stars" to be about as attractive as a concert of inaudible music, or as the fragrance of inodorous flowers?

It is not impossible that somewhat similar questions may occur to those who read this little paper. Let me therefore say at once that the "Invisible Stars" to which I refer are made known to us by the help of photography. For beautiful though our eyes may be, and exquisitely adapted as they are to subserve the purposes of our daily life, it is yet true that as optical instruments they are somewhat imperfect.

The human eye wants a certain delicacy possessed by the photographic plate. It certainly has not the patience, if I may use the expression, possessed by the film of sensitive material. Hence it is that, in our attempt to explore the heavens, photography renders us most extraordinary aid.

Not alone does the camera enable us to obtain pictures of celestial objects possessing unchallenged accuracy, but its assistance extends a great deal further. A photograph of the celestial regions exhibits multitudes of stars and other objects far too faint to be discernible by any eye, no matter how delicate may be its perceptive powers, and no matter how powerful may be the telescope to which the eye is applied.

Thus it is that we obtain on our photographs the representations of invisible stars.

To explain the matter a little more fully I will describe how the

astronomer sets at work when he wants to obtain pictures of these objects which his eye can never show him. He requires, in the first place, a telescope which is specially adapted to the purpose. It must be understood that the object-glass of an ordinary telescope, even though it be of the most perfect construction, will never answer.

The photographic objective must be prepared with an especial view to photographic purposes; for the light which takes photographs is, to a great extent, quite different in character from the light which acts on the nerves of vision. Provided with an object-glass carefully wrought for this purpose, the astronomer places a prepared plate at its focus, and exposes it to the sky.

Precautions have to be taken to insure that the telescope shall move properly, for as the stars appear, on account of the rotation of the earth, to traverse the vault of heaven, it is necessary to follow them with the instrument. Otherwise the star would present a trail on the plate, instead of a sharply marked point.

To keep the plate following the stars, an ordinary telescope is attached to that which carries the photographic apparatus. The eye of the observer is applied to the second instrument, by which he watches one carefully selected star, and thus guides the whole apparatus, so as to insure that the movement shall be perfectly uniform.

The plates which are employed for this purpose are the most sensitive that can be made. To illustrate the precautions that have to be taken I may mention that a plate has been known to be completely fogged over and destroyed by the accidental circumstance that while it was being placed in the instrument a carriage happened to be driving up the avenue, and a flash from the carriage-lamp fell on the plate.

All being ready, the exposure is given, not for the small fraction of a second, which would completely suffice for the production of the picture under ordinary circumstances, but for many minutes, or even hours.

It is quite true that the very large stars would record their impression in a few seconds, but to obtain the fainter stars much longer exposures are demanded. It seems as if the little waves of light which come from the star and strike on the plate cannot succeed in engraving their impression until they have been allowed to operate for a time which has to be longer just in proportion as the star is fainter.

It thus follows that the longer a plate is exposed the more numerous will be the stars which can be counted upon it after the development has been completed. It is not unusual to find at least ten thousand stars on a single plate, provided an exposure of four hours has been given.

Indeed, in some cases it has been deemed advantageous to make still longer exposures. I have seen a beautiful plate representing the Cloud of Magellan, in the Southern Hemisphere, which had been submitted to starlight for no less than seven hours.

Many remarkable discoveries have been made by the examination of these photographs. The larger stars thereon depicted are no doubt those visible to the unaided eye; the intermediate stars, which may be counted in thousands, are objects which might be perceived in a telescope of considerable power; but the smaller points, which are barely discernible on the background of the plate, are the invisible stars. They could never be perceived were it not for the peculiar assistance which photography gives us.

Many of the most noteworthy achievements in this delicate and interesting branch of astronomy are due to Professor Pickering of Harvard College Observatory.

The examination of these plates reveals in the most startling manner the extraordinary profusion in which stars are scattered over the

sky. Remember that each plate can contain a representation of but a small part of the heavens. Not fewer than ten thousand photographs would be necessary, if we desired to form a map representing the entire surface of the celestial sphere.

If on each such plate there be on an average ten thousand stars—and this is a low estimate—it is obvious that not less than a hundred million stars must be spread over the surface of the sky. When we realize that every one of these stars is an independent source of light, and that dark objects in the stellar regions are not visible at all, we obtain some notion of the extraordinary abundance with which matter is strewn through the universe.

It must be remembered that each star, even the tiniest that is just depicted on the plate, is in itself a sun often comparable with, and often far surpassing, our own sun. It is the distance at which it is placed that makes it look so insignificant.

There are other departments of astronomy in which photographs are also very instructive, in revealing the existence of invisible objects. Take for instance, that well-known group of stars known as the Pleiades.

This charming little cluster has been looked at by every student of the skies for thousands of years. It has been most carefully scrutinized by those employing good telescopes. And yet it possesses a something which had never been noticed until Mr. Isaac Roberts took a photograph of the cluster with an exposure of four hours.

He then found that the well-known group of stars was surrounded, or, indeed, I might say bathed, in a widely extended fire-mist, or mass of glowing nebula. The light from this is of such a kind that it does not appeal to any nerves that are in our eyes, but it does produce an impression on the photographic plate.

Consequently, we are able, time after time, to reproduce on our pictures the ghostlike outlines of this cloud of fire, which can never be perceived by any human eye.

It is quite plain that this nebula can be no mere effect of some error

in development, or of some accidental intrusion of light. Widely differing instruments treated by quite different processes, invariably reproduce the same forms. We are therefore assured that what we are looking at has a veritable independent existence.

It is clearly some trace of that great primæval nebula by whose condensation the stars forming the Pleiades have been produced.

We can explain how the photograph supplements our eye in a two-fold manner. In the first place, the eye gets fatigued by staring long in hope of perceiving something which is very faint. The photograph, on the other hand, sees a faint object

the more distinctly the longer it stares. In the second place, the photograph possesses the property of being affected by light of a kind quite different from that which affects our sense of vision.

Thus it has come to pass that the camera has proved to be of such vast assistance to the astronomer. It not only shows him objects which are too faint to be perceptible to human vision, but it also exhibits to him objects where the question is rather relative to the quality of the light, than to its quantity.

Thus it is, that in a double way the camera has been of such striking service by its disclosures of "Invisible Stars."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF ZANTE.



ARCHBISHOP OF ZANTE.

THE Greek Archbishop of Zante, on his way home from the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, was a fellow-passenger with Bishop Thoburn from Singapore to Calcutta. A pleasant acquaintance was formed, and on arrival in Calcutta the Archbishop asked the privilege of visiting the Bengal-Burma M. E. Conference. He was cordially invited to do so, and when he made his appearance at the church door was received with the respect due his personal and official position. On the invitation of Bishop Thoburn he addressed the

conference at length. He spoke touchingly of the past history of his country, and said that the English-speaking people, and especially England and America, had fallen heir to the spiritual mission formerly given to the Jewish and Greek people. He expressed warm interest in the work which his Methodist brethren were doing in India and Malaysia, and, in closing, lifted his hands, and invoked God's blessing upon them and their work in words and with a manner which touched the hearts of all present. At the request of Bishop Thoburn he recited Paul's sermon on Mars' Hill in the original Greek, with the accent which only a Greek can give, and in a manner which no one who heard it will ever forget. Before leaving he shook hands with all present, and while doing so the audience joined in singing "God be with you till we meet again." The Archbishop was visibly affected by the warmth of feeling manifested by the Methodist brethren, and apparently also by the touching words of the hymn. He was escorted to the door, and on taking his leave embraced Bishop Thoburn and gave him the apostolic kiss, with every mark of warm affection.—*North-Western Christian Advocate.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

WARF our Hall, London, which has been one of the centres of the Forward Movement in the Metropolis, has been given up, and a Congregational Church, known as Craven Chapel, for many years the scene of the labours of the Rev. Dr. Liefchild, has been purchased and will henceforth be a similar busy hive.

Rev. J. Ernest Clapham, of the Home Mission department, is paying great attention to villages, in many of which there are great difficulties in the way of Methodist prosperity. Some of these places have been abandoned for years, but by the efforts now put forth they have been reopened. Evangelists have been employed, with many encouraging signs of progress.

Lady evangelists have been employed, and the good that has resulted from their labors warrants the belief that such agencies might be utilized with great advantage. Two of the sisters of Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., M.P., are valuable workers, and one of them occasionally occupies the pulpit with great acceptability.

The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon movement is being adopted in many places. Mass meetings of an attractive kind are held, which in many instances are numerously attended by the working classes, for whose special benefit they are held. Addresses are delivered on religious and social topics, with good singing.

It is to be regretted that the Missionary income is \$15,000 deficient for the current year.

The President of Conference is reported to have stated, that during the last thirty years, \$45,000,000 have been added to Church property, which now yields annually \$850,000 in the shape of pew rents.

According to a recent report there are 43,324 lay preachers in connection with Baptists and various branches of Methodists.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

D. Harris, United States Commissioner, says, "The Methodist Church is the strongest Church in the United States to-day. It has a power to reach the people, a power greater than any other Church. I have noticed the last thirteen years how the Methodist Church is sending out philosophers of a high order, and attacking the evils of scepticism as entrenched in such system. I have noticed, too, that in matters of highest scholarship the Methodist Church is sending forward young men into the first rank. And yet this remarkable Church does not lose the ground which it has always had in the enlightenment of the masses of the people."

Dr. Sandford Hunt, of the Book Concern, New York, says, "The Concern can only distribute \$100,000 of its profits this year, instead of \$125,000, as last year, among the Superannuated Ministers of the various Conferences."

The Methodist Forward Movement in New York, expends over \$500 a week. Daily union evangelistic meetings were continued for weeks in Niblo's theatre and the Cooper Institute hall. Three other theatres and several churches were used on Sunday. Well-known evangelists spoke, and hundreds of seekers asked for prayers.

The *Christian Advocate*, N. Y., reports from ninety churches over 2,500 converts. The *Presbyterian* reports over 1,500 additions to about fifty churches, and Mr. Moody reports that in three Western States over

54,000 persons have been added to the membership of Evangelical churches.

A camp-meeting has been held at Han-kiu-hin, near Kiu-kiang, China. For several hours daily, during a whole week, the Gospel was preached by missionaries and native helpers. Some days 1,500 or more people attended. Many of them never heard the Gospel before. Much good was accomplished.

At a recent session of the Bengal-Burmah Conference, there were twenty-one members, representing ten nationalities, only two of whom were Americans by birth. They sung hymns in ten or twelve languages, and one member could speak twenty-three different languages and read ten.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

Bishop Galloway has been appointed to write the life of the late Bishop H. N. McTyeire. With such a subject and such an author, we ought to get valuable and permanent addition to our biographical literature, so says the Nashville *Christian Advocate*.

Bishop Galloway is abundant in labours. Recently, after his return from Boston, he undertook a ten days' canvass, with the Rev. J. O. Andrew, for Southern University, Greensboro', Ala., the result of which was a subscription of \$17,000.

The General Conference of this aggressive Church opened in May at Memphis, Tenn. Dr. Sutherland was appointed to represent Canadian Methodism, a duty which he performed with distinguished ability and eloquence.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

At a village in the north of England, a mission was held which continued twelve days, and resulted in the conversion of 160 persons.

Twelve candidates have been recommended for the college, with a view to the ministry.

Rev. John K. Robson, who has been a missionary in China at his own expense, has gone to New York

to receive medical training, to better qualify himself for work in the Mission hospital.

The Christian Endeavour Societies have observed a special day for offerings, to be taken on behalf of local objects. Some church debts were thus reduced.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

Fears were entertained that there would be a decrease in the membership for the current year. Those fears have vanished, though it is not yet certain what the net increase will be. There have been very few years in which the connexion has had to report a decrease of membership.

The Forward Movement at Brantford, where a Central Hall was erected, has so far been crowned with success. A lady evangelist has been employed with success.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN.

Revivals have been enjoyed in several circuits. Mr. Buttle laboured at Bodmin, Miss Hocking was employed at Ashton, Miss Costin at Bristol, and Miss North at Exeter, at all of which places great good was done.

Great efforts have been put forth to reduce debts on churches, which have been very successful.

Reports have been received from New Zealand, where there is an increase of ninety-six members.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Coqualeetza Home at Chilliwack, British Columbia, has been opened; there are upwards of fifty pupils in attendance, and others are applying for admission.

Rev. Messrs. Hunter and Crossley have conducted a glorious work at Brockville, where more than 1,000 persons declared their purpose to seek and serve the Lord. The evangelists spoke strongly against dancing, card playing, theatre going, drunkenness, and other evils, and preached a free, full and present salvation from all sin, to all who receive Jesus Christ. Five churches united in the services and worked very harmoniously together.

Dundas Street church, Toronto, was next visited, and for four weeks the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and some evenings overflow meetings were held. We believe some six hundred persons gave in their names to become Christians. After an absence of six years the brethren have gone to Belleville, where their children in Christ, as well as others, will hail them welcome.

There are about 200 sons of Methodist ministers in Toronto. Among them are the following:—One judge, 1 bishop, 2 county crown attorneys, 1 public school inspector, 1 member of parliament, 3 queen's counsellors, 4 graduates in dentistry, 12 in medicine, 40 in arts and law, 3 bankers, 5 insurance agents, 6 clergymen, 3 organists, 1 librarian, 1 government employee, and 60 students at the various educational institutions.

Mount Allison college, New Brunswick, is the first Canadian college that granted full rights to women.

The revival services in connection with the French Methodist church, Craig Street, Montreal, were productive of much good. The pastor was assisted by Captain Perraud, of the Salvation Army, and Rev. M. Galliardet.

At Dorchester Street also much good was done by the instrumentality

of Misses Birdsell and Mason. The church was crowded night after night for some weeks, and several conversions took place.

RECENT DEATHS.

Of all the books that have been published respecting the Holy Land, probably none is so well known as "The Land and the Book," by Rev. Dr. W. M. Thompson, who was a missionary in Syria and Palestine for forty years. Though published in 1859, Dr. Thompson's interesting volume is still a great favorite with Biblical students. He has now gone to the heavenly Canaan, the better country than that of which he wrote so grandly.

Rev. Elijah Jackson, Wesleyan minister, who for 31 years laboured successfully in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and one year in Kent, where he was chairman of the district. He was a man greatly beloved, who did much hard work for Methodism.

Bishop Hill and his wife, of the Church of England Missionary Society, at Lagos, Eastern Africa, have died at their post. They were seized with fever within a few hours of each other. Mrs. Hill only survived her husband eight hours. They were buried together in one grave twenty-four hours after the death of Mrs. Hill.

A NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

(*Coahuila, Mexico.*)

BY E. H. STAFFORD, M.D.

THE desert stoic, silent of its power,
Looms with bare cactus fronds, a thing austere;
Its blossoms dream their beauty all the year,
Both through the still heats and the sandy shower.

But once each year, and at the midnight hour,
These censer leaves shake loose their rich perfume,
And paling petals, full of golden bloom,
With majesty unfold into a flower.

Even so have hearts, with vacillation sweet,
Thrilled into momentary love, or men
Caught Truth's pale face, ere rolled the clouds between.

Even so have dark souls, murdered by defeat,
Glowed with pure prayer, who never spake again.
Flowers of the desert midnight!—Who hath seen?

Book Notices.

The Holy Land and the Bible. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D., with original illustrations by H. A. HARPER. London, Paris, New York and Melbourne: Cassel & Co., Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Quarto, pp. 948. Price, \$5.00.

There is a perennial interest about our Lord's land which makes welcome each new volume of illustrations and description of its sacred scenes. Few writers have brought to their task such ample preparation, such broad Biblical scholarship, and such a charming literary style, as Dr. Cunningham Geikie. For a lifetime he has been a diligent student of the Sacred Book and of the vast and various literature written upon it. He traversed the land, its highways and its byways from end to end, from Hebron to Damascus, from Jaffa to Jericho.

The text abounds in incidents of travel, with copious references to passages of Scripture connected with Bourinot's book of sacred sites and scenes. An admirable coloured folding map accompanies the volume. Its most striking feature is the original illustrations by the accomplished artist, Mr. H. A. Harper, who accompanied Dr. Geikie for the purpose of making them. These engravings, of which there are many hundreds, are not cheap process cuts, nor crude photos with their high lights and black shadows, but careful line engravings interpreting the artist's thought. These cuts illustrate especially costumes and customs more truthfully, as well as more artistically, than the harsh photograph so difficult to render into a black and white engraving.

Every phase of Eastern life, in tent and field, in house and garden, in mosque and market, the manners and customs, which are such a perpetual commentary upon the Scriptures, are all

admirably shown. It has been well said that the Holy Land is a fifth Gospel, and is itself the best commentary on the words and life of our blessed Lord.

By arrangement with the firm of Cassel & Co., we present in connection with our own "Tent Life in Palestine," some of the most interesting and instructive of those handsome engravings.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena.

A working hypothesis for the systematic study of hypnotism, spiritism, mental therapeutics, etc. By J. A. HUDSON. Chicago: A. C. McClung & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 409. Price, \$1.50.

The new psychology is a much wider and more comprehensive study than the old metaphysics. It takes cognizance not only of the mind but largely of the physical organ through which it works, the brain and the nervous system. There are a number of strange manifestations, on the borderland between the physical and the spiritual that have long been the subjects of credulous belief or of arrant scepticism, such as mesmerism, hypnotism, telepathy and kindred phenomena.

The following is the author's statement of the object of his book :

"My primary object in offering it to the public is to assist in bringing psychology within the domain of the exact sciences. That this has never been accomplished is owing to the fact that no successful attempt has been made to formulate a working hypothesis sufficiently comprehensive to embrace all psychic phenomena. It has, however, long been felt by the ablest thinkers of our time that all psychic manifestations of the human intellect, normal or abnormal, whether designated by the name of mesmerism, hypnotism, somnambulism, trance, spiritism, demonology, miracle, mental

therapeutics, genius, or insanity, are in some way related; and consequently, that they are to be referred to some general principle or law, which, once understood, will simplify and correlate the whole subject-matter, and possibly remove it from the domain of the supernatural. The London Society for Psychical Research, whose ramifications extend all over the civilized world, was organized for the purpose of making a systematic search for that law. The society numbers among its membership many of the ablest scientists now living. Its methods of investigation are purely scientific, and painstaking to the last degree, and its field embraces all psychic phenomena. It has already accumulated and verified a vast array of facts of the most transcendent interest and importance. In the meantime a large number of the ablest scientists of Europe and America have been pursuing independent investigations in the phenomena of hypnotism. They too have accumulated facts and discovered principles of vast importance, especially in the field of mental therapeutics, —principles which also throw a flood of light upon the general subject of psychology."

The author's explanations of the phenomena above referred to are very ingenious and plausible. He supposes that there is a sort of duality of the mind, or, as he expresses it, an objective and subjective mind which may act independently of each other. The subjective mind is especially susceptible to suggestion and influence from without, and even by mental influence.

Mr. Stead's new magazine, entitled *Borderland*, is designed to investigate a number of these curious phenomena. Mr. Hudson treats them in a scientific manner. He shows that the phenomena of spiritism may be all explained without any recourse to the supernatural, that the so-called mediums may not be consciously deceiving, and yet may be thoroughly deceived themselves. The author has several chapters on psycho-therapeutics and mental therapeutics, or mind cure, which explains much of the phenomena of faith healing and the like, we apprehend. The author claims

that Christianity possesses that to which no other system of religion can lay a valid claim, namely, a sound scientific basis. His arguments for the immortality of the soul, and the moral necessity of an object of worship are summed up in the immortal words of Augustine, "O God, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee." This is the instinctive manifestation of filial love which proclaims our Divine pedigree, and demonstrates the universal brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

Inspiration and Inerrancy. A History and a Defence. By PROF. HENRY P. SMITH. 8vo., 380 pages. Price \$1.50. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This volume is the result of the author's trial before the Presbytery of Cincinnati. The trial attracted public attention to a striking extent. The author has here stated the case more fully than it could be stated in an argument before Presbytery. The volume is therefore, a contribution to theological science as well as a "footnote" to ecclesiastical history. Incidentally it discusses the question of doctrinal subscription and the enforcement of such subscription by ecclesiastical process.

Dr. Smith's spirit is devout and reverent, and not nearly so aggressive and defiant as that of Dr. Briggs. We do not agree with all the positions of this book, but it brings one into touch with some of the great controversies which are agitating the theological world.

Rambles in the Old World. By MILTON S. TERRY, Professor in Garret Biblical Institute. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, uncut edges. frontispiece. 342 pages, with complete Index. Price, \$1.00. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is not a mere diary of journeys, but a scholarly, discriminating study of the most interesting historic scenes and objects on the

continent of Europe. The author's familiarity with the classics enables him to select at once the spots most pregnant with historic interest; his knowledge of ancient and modern history gives him a practically exhaustless fund of valuable facts from which to enrich his descriptions; and his straightforward, lucid style makes every page a fascination. The book is a real and valuable addition to our literature of European travel. No one who contemplates such a trip should fail to read it, while to all it offers a vast fund of valuable information. Besides the ordinary sights of travel it recounts experiences at the German universities, in Greece, Italy, Constantinople, and other places, whose old historic past forms an impressive background for the many-coloured present.

The Raiders, being scene Passages in the Life of John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt. By S. R. CROCKETT, author of "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 409. Price, \$1.25.

This book is a distinct advance upon "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men." It places the writer abreast of those masters of style, Robert Louis Stevenson and James Barrie. Mr. Crockett is, we understand, a Scottish Presbyterian minister, which explains how it is that he knows so much of the strength and weakness of the brotherhood, and also the moral earnestness of his work. This is no introspective, subjective mental

analysis like many current books, but a wholesome, breezy, out-of-door story, full of adventure, full of manly feeling and of pure and honest love between man and maid. We had the pleasure of reading this story in advanced proofs from England, and sat up half the night to do so. It describes a condition of things in Scotland forever passed away. It has been compared to Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," but, to our mind, has far more condensed interest and dramatic power. It is very handsomely printed and bound, and reflects much credit on the enterprise and taste of the Methodist Publishing House.

Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness: A Short Historical and Critical Review of Literature, Art and Education in Canada. By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., D.L., (Laval). Montreal: Foster, Brown & Co. London: Bernard Quaritch. Quarto, pp. 32. Price, \$1.25.

Dr. Bourinot has rendered substantial service to Canadian literature and art by reprinting, with considerable expansion, his admirable paper read before the Royal Society of Canada. He gives a critical survey of Canadian achievements in both these departments, and adds very greatly to its value by extensive critical notes and a comprehensive selection from the poetical writers of Canada. The chapters on art, architecture and education are full of interest. The book itself is no inconsiderable contribution to our native literature.

A FRAGMENT.

WILL there be flowers in heaven? Oh, surely, yes!
Such fair, bright forms of fragrant loveliness
As not by human eyes have e'er been seen
Since Eden's bowers were wreathed with virgin green;
And sun-kissed hill or sheltered dell gave birth
To the pure blossoms of the sinless earth.

TORONTO.

AMY PARKINSON.

③ 12
S5437